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We live in a land of giants. Giants who control over 90% of our wealth. Today's hearing may determine whether these giants get dominion over our safety, water, air, land and environment. With the simple stroke of a pen, laws could be made to subject localities, and First Peoples tribal lands to health risk and death. The Giants think they own the pen.

— Unlike Bill Clinton, I did inhale. Furthermore I have inhaled more than once. I love to inhale!

If a person is lucky enough to live until 80 they will have taken 672,768,000 breaths so they inhaled. Don't let an 80 year old tell you otherwise. They inhaled.

Not one of our breaths is unimportant in the circle of life.

— In much of Portland, My breath is your breath.

Air pollution doesn't respect borders. Scientists indicate that air pollution in China is responsible for increases in the Pacific cyclones but that the cyclones bring both air and rain water to disburse measurable particulates.

Pollution sources of air and water are safety issues for human population but

— even more than this air and water are sacred to human populations.

I wonder if Portland city council realizes the importance of the issues when it comes down to allowing transport through corridors of human and animal population, rivers, estuaries and habitat. A constant flow of fuel trains.

Where's the match? Who will light the match?

— Do you know the trains will travel over a dike, the Van port dike. Even FEMA is worried about the dike, right there in North Portland. St. Johns, the safety corridors of Lombard, Willamette and Columbia Blvds. The Port of Portland and millions upon millions of barrels of oil from fracking or perhaps coal. The railroad bridge, the dike the "cut" in St. Johns. Huge volumes of trucks going to the Port through St. Johns. Diesel trucks 24/7. My grandson has asthma. His State of Oregon Medical Clinic sits upon a designated truck route. Few words are needed to express this; we are made up of our environment. We are what we eat, drink breathe.

I know Bill Clinton wanted to inhale...but Bill Clinton was worried too. He stated through Executive order 12898 in 1994:

The Executive Order directs federal agencies to identify and address the disproportionately high and adverse human health or environmental effects of their actions on minority and low-income populations, to the greatest extent practicable and permitted by law.

I want to be able to go back to St. Johns and write Bill a letter telling him that it is OK to inhale if he should ever visit. I want to inhale. I want my children

to inhale. I want my grandchildren to inhale.

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My wife Susan and I were married in a high school play called "Our Town". Our Town was written by a playwright and author, Thornton Wilder. I was cast in the role of George Gibbs and my wife Susan was cast as Emily Webb. Emily's father was a newspaper editor. Emily lives her life with George until premature death during child delivery. Emily, in afterlife, goes from grave into the living world trying to get attention to the wonders of life that exist and existed in every day Our Town's homes and community life.

Well, this is 2015 and Our Town is in danger. Our Town is St. Johns. I drove by the property that has been slated to house apartments. I saw the remainder of the old church as it lay in ruins. If I hadn't known it had been slated for demolition, I would have sworn it was an act of terrorism. In fact I had the feeling that this is an act of economic terrorism. What will Emily and George do to save Our Town? Will Mr. Gibbs write any of Emily's pleas for sane development or will the likes of Our Daily Bread be wiped from memory. It is said, "No man is an island...but will it be said that one man can destroy an island?"