

January 16, 2007

Pollution Control Board
Attention: Clerk
100 West Randolph Street
James R. Thompson Center
Suite 11-500
Chicago, Illinois 60601-3218

*Articles from
this letter were
published in
the Peoria Journal
Star August 2006.*
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RECEIVED
CLERK'S OFFICE

JAN 19 2007

STATE OF ILLINOIS
Pollution Control Board

Dear Hearing Officer(s):

Subject: Hazardous Waste Landfill Expansion Threatens Illinois River, Farmland and Population of Peoria and Outlying areas

pc#134

The magnificent and majestic white pelicans--huge and slightly prehistoric in their appearance, are returning by the thousands to the Illinois River again on their migratory journey through our flyway.

I live on the Illinois River and see them fly in coming and going, Spring and Fall, along with the beautiful black ducks that often accompany them on their long journey. They are the most noticeable of the millions of flying birds that use our flyway every year along our river.

The Illinois River has more wildlife--ducks, geese, herons, eagles (now 700 are migrating here each winter) and of course, the white pelicans on their long journey from across America and across the world in some instances.

What does that have to do with the expansion of the Peoria Disposal Company Landfill issue? Everything! It's just one more of many signs showing that this issue is MUCH BIGGER THAN JUST THE PEORIA AREA!

These beautiful creatures--not to mention the deer, beaver, muskrats, now the still protected OTTER (having been on the endangered list for many years), hundreds of species of ducks, geese, swamp songbirds are abundant and experiencing a comeback in our river. If our water now or in the future is polluted with heavy metals, it will affect the wildlife and MIGRATORY BIRDS from North America and in some instances from other parts of the world. Let's not wait until they are on the endangered list as the brown pelican.

Please see the MONUMENTAL DECISION you have in your hands of stewardship to the world and to coming generations! How much money can buy this kind of miracle? How many businesses can "make this a better place to live and have jobs" once we lose or risk such a priceless gift from God? How much money would it take to restore it, once lost, if it even was possible to do so?

God gave man awesome power of stewardship over His creation and wildlife. With it comes heavy responsibility. Please be courageous in defending the Peoria area, North America, and the worlds most precious natural resources and living creatures (of which man is not the least!).

May God bless you and direct you, keeping His hand on you in protection as you protect His people--His world.

Frances Christine Ozuna-Thornton
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11700 N. Riverview Road
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Hearing Officers):
 Please vote "No" to the appeal and
 save our aquifer, river
 and future!

Chris Ozuna-Thornton

From: "Chris Ozuna-Thornton" <hisiam@insightbb.com>
To: "Chris Ozuna-Thornton" <hisiam@insightbb.com>
Sent: Tuesday, January 16, 2007 2:21 PM
Subject: Fw: Please Vote NO to the Hazardous Waste Expansion: The Saving of Little Sister

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The Saving of Little Sister (*A Native American Legend*)

Little sister lived in what appeared to be the quiet prairie surrounded by woods with some gentle sloping hills. She would listen to the breeze blow through her grasses and would hum a little tune in her quiet heart accompanying the love songs of the birds in the Springtime. The rains came and the summers, winters and falls and Little sister kept all of her memories of ages past. She guarded a treasure far beneath the earth which the rains, underground rivulets, and rivers had been storing up in secret for many ages.

One day a lonely traveler came by with a heavy pack on his back and asked Little sister if he might rest there awhile and leave his pack—the burden of many long labors and wars. Otherwise, he would have to carry the heavy burden to the land beyond the great hills, leaving behind his family. Little sister felt sorry for the man's dilemma, and agreed that he might rest it with her and go on his journey. She continued to hum her little song with the tree branches waving and whispering in her peaceful place.

The traveler was so grateful to be relieved of his heavy burden that he told his family members who lived nearby of his great good fortune and of Little sister's generosity. His family members decided to bring their heavy loads to see if Little sister could help them as well. Little sister wanted to help, but became uncomfortable, as her lovely peace was being disturbed and the packs were becoming heavier, more cumbersome and unsightly. She asked politely if they could find another place more suited to the burdens they bore. In their exuberance for having been relieved of their heavy burdens, they could not hear Little sister's quiet voice. Word spread and more and more brought their burdens to lay in her pleasant prairie and woodland. Her grasses were crushed and the trees were cut to make room for more loads. Now they were bringing them in wagons drawn by horses, and not only from her prairie lands, but from as far as the great hills and the great sea water.

Little sister's moans joined with the wind and her tears flowed as raindrops. The winds took her moans to her Big Sister Niagara. Niagara guarded a treasure of falls so thunderous and wild that rainbows of mists surrounded her in the sunlight. There was no secret as to her treasure. Perhaps the travelers did not know of the even purer waters hidden far beneath Little sister's virginal breast below the prairie grasses. She would send a raven to tell them.

By now the travelers were so busy bringing in so many loads that they were digging deep holes so as to have even more space. They were shouting and trading furs and beads to one of the travelers who was digging the big holes to make more room. He did not listen to the raven to hear of how Little sister's treasure was being soiled nor of how her heart was being broken. Little sister wailed, and her wail was swallowed up in the wail of a nearby coyote, who was sad at losing his den in one of Little sister's once beautiful glades. He thought, "I will tell her Big Brother Colorado, who flows in Arizona at the foot of the Great Canyon." So he howled to his brother coyotes and the message after many days and nights, reached her Big Brother Colorado. He was very angry. "How can they do this to my Little sister, he said, whose treasure is just as great as mine—only hers is silent and hidden beneath the earth so that generations might live, and rivers and springs might flow to the rich lands because of her." His anger

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became greater and he said a prayer to the Great Spirit and the smoke of his anger reached up to the clouds, which the Great Spirit blew in a great storm all the way to the Great Prairie of Illinois. The storm crashed with lightning flashes and deafening bolts of thunder with rains sweeping over what was left of the grasses and trees and the many scars on the land from the loads of many travelers. "Leave Little sister alone!" thundered the storm. "Take your heavy loads of refuse away from her so she may be what she was created to be!" "We will be her voice!"

But the workers only covered their heads to shield themselves from the wind and the rain and soon waved in more and more wagons carrying refuse to further pollute her choice haven of pure water lying far below. By now, the little aquifer was feeling the pressure of so many heavy loads and was frightened. If she should lose the purity of the countless hidden drops of water bequeathed to her care, what would she have left? How could she fill the springs, the rivulets and feed the Great River? She let out a great sigh, and the sigh was caught up to the four winds, carrying her sorrowful message to her Father, a beautiful Geyser, who supplied hot water, and healing baths for many—as well as a spectacular show of power for all to see. Her Father, upon hearing of her plight from the winds, cried out and exploded the boiling water and steam farther than ever before. "How can they do this to my Little one?" Can they not see that her waters are more healing than mine? Can they not see that many will thirst and die if her purity and her freedom from this refuse cannot be restored? Will no one be a Voice to speak for her? You are far too precious, Little one! Your Father and Big Brother and Big Sister will speak for you!"

And the winds brought back the message to all who lived in the village of the Peoria tribe in the Great Prairie of Illinois. The wind blew upon the crests of the egrets and herons which fish along the river's shores--across the shiny fur of the red fox running. It blew through the backwaters—watered by the springs-- where turtle's creep and frogs croak—where otters play and raccoons wash their fresh catch of mussels. The winds rustled the waves of the Great River where ducks squawk—in their ancient ritual of fishing, mating, nesting; and where Canada Geese guard newly hatched yellow goslings from the wind and from intruders.

Little sister peers from her crystalline, hidden aquifer not so very far away traveling underground from the River, and sees that time is of the essence. Something must be done. She again invokes the Great Spirit and asks "Who will speak for me?"

The next chapters of this story are to be written into history as we watch.

Will you speak for her?

F. Christine Ozuna - Thornton

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