

Adam Zack

From: Abigail Prout <abigailmprout@gmail.com>
Sent: Monday, July 19, 2021 5:28 PM
To: Comp Plan Update
Subject: Vacation Rental cap for Lopez Island, please
Attachments: Home Of Belonging.docx

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Dear Planning commisssioners,

I am writing to strongly ncourage you to put a cap on Lopez Island vacation rentals.

I moved to Lopez Island in 1978. I attended school here, graduating in 1990, and moved off island for 15 years to attend college, graduate school, and to begin my professional career. I moved back to raise my family here in 2000.

I think its safe to say that I know the island community very well, and appreciate the small town lifestyle as both of my young daughters now attend school here.

The change to our island lifestyle is quite alarming. The sudden shift in demographics of those moving to Lopez post COVID is visible. This shift has has excelearted the amount of people visiting Lopez, has ignificantly raised real estate prices, and has made it nearly impossible to afford for many long-time islanders to even find a place to rent Many of my children's friends families are considering moving off of Lopez as thee island climate shifts towards one of being a "vacation destination" versus the sweet small island community that they moved to. While the social shift is of great concern to those community members who have less wealth, perhaps the most concerning factor to increasing the amount of Vacation homes is the impact on our fragile island ecosystem.

Increasing vacation rentals will add significant burden onto our limited water supply, and cause year round impact on our public lands, creating more likelihood of accidental wildfires, which could be devastating to our small forested island.

The pastoral friendly vibe of Loopez is a precious and rare experience. Kind of like an endangered animal. I beg you to consider carefully this highly charged decision, and to break towards caring for our precious island-speaking up for a voice of stewardship for the island, to protect the beauty and magic that Lopez is, and not to commercialize it for the financial gain of people who most often do not even participate or contribute socially to the island.

Please consider capping the vacation housing now to save us the long-term pain of losing the precious resources- both natural and social- that make the island such a rare jewel amongst the San Juans.

For the sake of the island and her community, please cap vacation rentals now.

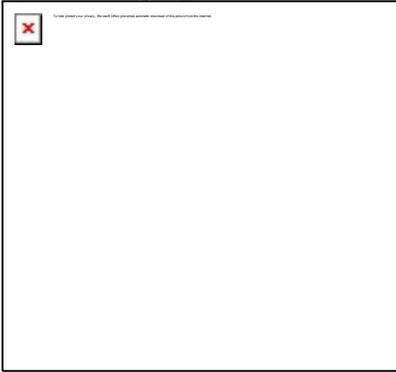
Thank you for your consideration.

Most sincerely,

Abigail

PS: I have included a poem that I wrote about Lopez Island in the hopes that it will stir your hearts towards conservation.

Abigail Morgan Prout, CPCC, PCC, MA
Creative Alliance Coaching
Activating Spiral Leadership



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Schedule time with me [here](#)



Home of Belonging

I am building a home of belonging
from repurposed intention
mossy grey pounded shoreline
tall black sway forests
of fir, damp cedar, alder

I belong to the roaring walls
of solstice fires
the ritual yearly witness of
our island children as they cross
the threshold flower crowned to grown

I belong to the Salish sea,
the teacher of patience as I learn how
to wait for boats
and wait for boats
and wait

I belong to the awe of the tides
ocean of emotion
twice changing in a day
a reminder of how much
is in constant shift under the surface
in and out and through
the narrow ripping straights
pulling between the craggy channels

I belong to the slicing barnacles
tight black-lipped muscles
bright sandpaper sea stars,
each one a party favor for the soul,
these deep teal kelp alleyways

woven with sleek shots of seals
gunning for sockeye
breaking the tension
with loud whelps! of air
to gaze with detachment
towards our land-lubbing ways

I belong to the people that came
before us in the crunch of
clam shells underfoot
joyful reverence, burning cedar
sacred in longhouses

sweet scent of hand hewed cedar
singing to the same spirits
that I sang to in the forest
this morning, repurposing intention

I belong to the story of the Orca whale
Of mama Tahlequah
nosing the sucking currents,
pushing her stillborn calf
around our small island
for seventeen days without eating,
consumed by grief,
tireless, as if to say,
“Look upon what I have loved and lost.
Do not look away. See this. Feel this.”

Like her, I belong to what I love
for when you love something
whole hearted,
you belong to it forever