

To the Editor:

In the spring of 1958 my wife Phyl, our three children, and I bought a house, a couple hundred feet of chicken houses, and five acres of land, most of it planted with twelve-year-old filbert trees. In 1968 we built a new home and since then, many things have changed.

Phyl and I are now alone. I have been retired for thirty years; our three offspring have retired and have been out from under foot for a very long time.

Damascus has changed. It is now a city with all the confusion that comes with change. Taxes have gone up but other than paying people wages and providing a place to spend the day, I cannot see nor have I heard of any changes, let alone improvements.

When you drive through Damascus on Highway 212 from the west, you will drive through the confused area between Damascus and Happy Valley in the vicinity of 172nd.

If you are driving at the speed limit (45 MPH), you can look around at the landscape. Much to our surprise you will find neat, well manicured farm land. It is without a doubt the most beautiful view that you will see in the city. Care is taken by all the Siri family to ensure that the ditches are maintained, the fields are terraced to meet the ditches, and planting have been established and meticulously set out. The rows are as true as an arrow and the planting, harvesting, and clean up care is all accomplished without any distraction from the picturesque beauty of the scene.

We want to call your attention to the beauty that can surround us in Damascus and say thank you to the Siri family.

S. Parzy Rose II, Damascus



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