

Madam Chair AB2004

My name is Larry Wautlet and I live in Salem and been married to Kathy for forty five years. My wife and I moved here in 2004 from California. We are In our late 60's and early 70's. I am a Navy combat Veteran with three tours in Vietnam. Kathy and I have worked hard all of our lives. We did not work for a company that supplied health insurance or any type of retirement plan. We raised four children and never were able to take regular vacations. We knew that social security would not be sufficient for us to retire so we saved and invested our savings in rental properties. We transferred ownership of these properties to a place we could afford and wanted to live. That's how we came to live here in Salem, Oregon. We made our investment according to established landlord/tenant laws and tax laws that were set up over a long period of time.

I attended this mornings open testimony session and commend your committee for the professional and orderly manner in which it was conducted. There is a tremendous problem facing our State with insufficient/affordable housing. I have the following points to elaborate on:

1. If large conglomerates are buying up rental properties and evicting entire projects to rehab. and raise the rents then I agree with AB2004.  
(how about exempting the smaller owners with say 40-50 units or less who have been doing a great job all along?)
2. If a tenant receives a no cause eviction their rental record is not affected, allowing them to seek other accommodation with out having to report a "For Cause Eviction".
3. More supply is needed Immediately but building permits and red tape/costs must be reduced to help longer term.
4. All Oregon residents must share in this housing problem not just landlords. (I heard one comment about opportunity for people to donate to this issue in exchange for tax credits)
5. I suggest a sunset clause, say in a year to give this law a chance to percolate. (This would give immediate relief and time to study it's actual affects)
6. I suggest asking the VA to help with their homeless Vets as is already happening in some areas.
- 7/ I suggest appealing to the many religions in the State to ask for their assistance. ( They hold tax exempt status but are still residents of Oregon

Comment: Although Oregon's housing issue is huge and immediate a great opportunity exists for a ground breaking solution. A solution that many other states would be more than happy to apply to their homeless problems.

I believe if we all listen to each other with respect and a desire to come to consensus we will be successful.

Thank you.

May 15, 2014 Journal to Derek from Mom and Dad with love.

May 26, 2014

Sitting at a bus stop, the trees roll lazily in the wind. The cool breeze teases my nose with faint sweet aromas. The sun burns hot, but I am in the shade. Everyone here is evidence of human presence, yet I sit alone. The landscape is tarnished by abuse, but nature in its glory brings balance to my heart. The sky is as rich as lapis lazuli. How is it that a once so full place now appears the same? All (?) scars sit waiting to be reclaimed and return once more into the earth. I sit pondering the (?) of this void, plagued by remorse of a life wasted, so much to offer, yet so much concealed. Watching, waiting, wondering, wishing, why? There were so many at the distance of mere fingertips. All around just waiting to be manipulated. Watching them wondering, wishing for someone to touch them, feel them, give them a new sense of reality. A sense of purpose, longing, wishing for something more. Something more that is always just out of reach, concealed, beyond the veil. This was their tragedy, but they are gone now and so it is mine, left to ponder eternally. Their system has become my system. I alone can create it, however I deem it shall be seen, but only my mind will ever entertain the story. There will never be another to taste of this reality. The fruit brought forth from nothing will never be picked. Its bitter skin peeled to reveal its wonderful treasures. The shade its leaves provide will never be home to a leathered and weary soul, No, the wonderful and unique aroma of its flesh will go into eternity never to be known. The distance and travels of the stories it once told washed away by the waves of eternity, melted as the wax of a candle, the form forever lost into darkness as the wick will never provide light to any eye henceforth. The pedals of its flower languish to share their color. The pedals scream out with purpose unfulfilled, unrequited, lost to the potential they will never share. They will shrivel as raisins do before the sun, their whisper of love untouched. Tears

form in my eyes for nobody but me. The beauty is too much for me to contain, and so the world holds it at a fingertips reach.

She used to argue with them so much, asserting her view over and over. I couldn't understand her desire to be heard, it felt to me unfounded. I used to sit at the graveyard for hours at a time. It is a very peaceful place. A place to remember. A place to forget. There are so many people in the world and oddly they are just as available as the corpses in the ground at the cemetery. I used to tell her to "go to the cemetery and assert your view on the headstones. The answers you receive there will be just as benign." She thought I was an asshole.

In trying to lose myself, it was the cemetery that found me. All the dead and gone just like raisins in the sun. Pedals to the flowers of life their color no more. Gone is their form, replaced with granite stones, breathtaking artwork, hedges and greenery. Annual reminders of impermanence. Every stone holding a story that was never told, only lived. A story now gone out like a candle in the wind.

It is a place of contemplation where your story, as those buried below, has no listener. It is a (?) thought to think yours is anymore important. Life is repetitious like the waves of the ocean. Some of them have meaning and they all have purpose. Remember that only occasionally do the rogues come. The waves worth sharing. The ones that leave a mark on the shoreline of life and yet, in time, even tsunami personalities are forgotten, washed away like footprints left in the sand.

The lifetimes I sat in that cemetery are reminiscent of the world I live in today. As I sit here at the bus stop not much is changed. The bus will never come. I can sit here for eternity. They are all gone. No change, they were gone when they were here. I still miss them. The cemetery was preparation for the world I now live in.

Walking down the fire roads deep in the foothills, massive light arrays seen in the distance. Lights like those they vie during road construction. There is red dirt scarred to the surface everywhere. Chainlink fencework and barbed wire. Trees seem to no longer exist, most are leveled to a parallel line with the horizon. Where the surface hasn't been ripped open, moss grows, dark moldy detritus, a lifeless realm. I am lost and gone, wandering through this time and space. I see massive equipment everywhere. Bulldozers as wide as highways, their paint splashed with red dirt like the blood of fallen heroes. Where the hell is everyone? The air is thick with loathsome fear, like breathing steam in against protest by the lungs. Someone somewhere is watching me. I know it, but cannot find a soul to share this fear with. Why am I so scared? What the hell is going on here?

I feel the straps of a large pack on my back and I know this trip is mine alone, but still I search through the landscape for an idea as to what happened. Suddenly I am in the midst of a small town that was once so original and now has become stamped by corporations. There are no lights but those of the bulldozers and

graders always in the distance behind chain-links. The windows of stores that held memories of good times are all boarded up. I can never return to those places as they once were. They used to teem with life, people everywhere running about their busy lives. They were so blissfully unaware of one another back then. At a fingertips distance, yet they moved along caught in their own story, never aware that it would soon be taken from them. I could scream at the tragedy, but alas alone I sit here at a bus stop. No amount of emotion can bring them back.

If we are not grateful for what we have, what make people think they will be happy when they get more. When I was in kindergarten I was at awe. Teachers seeked to master me and create my reality. They were disdainful of my free spirit, my derision towards outright control for the sake of it. "I am the teacher you are the pupil. Why must you be treated any differently than your peers?" What is gained when we are all the same? Continuity does not exist, form is always looking to change. There is no containment of energy. Life is free-form. I was against the grain of control from the start.

There will always be rogue spirits that come along to remind us that life is eternally changing and man cannot hold onto any part of it or attempt to put it into a box of standardized rules and regulations. When potential is challenged art is created. The results of those who dare to color outside the lines cause others to question themselves and their own path. In this way, society can and will be allowed to evolve further towards enlightenment. Perhaps the rogues will witness new wisdom to others benefit, and thus they too can gain from the teacher known as irregularity.