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on many roads in Phillips. Water rushed through roadways leaving debris and boulders across streets and washed away tar roads creating single lane only traffic after they were re-opened.

An assessment on Sunday showed that huge boulders were moved by the mighty force of Mother Nature, new sand deposits were created and deep holes were dug. Tar roads were reduced to looking at best like abandoned logging road and nearly impassable.

Road crews and emergency responders used heavy equipment to open dangerous roads after the heavy rains subsided.

Some holes along roadways and what was the actual part of the existing roads had holes as deep a four feet and created deposits as high as three feet.

Many in attendance at the Phillips Town Meeting were late following the storm trying to find alternate routes or simply in awe

of the damage from the previous night.

According to reports, many miles of roads were lost. Much of Route 142's major damage was addressed early Saturday morning before additional damage had occurred to the road. The side shoulders still experienced heavy erosion with the Sunday morning heavy rainfall.

Wheeler Hill Road looked like a one-lane dirt road at the intersection of Route 142 and Tory Hill Road and had barricades over broken tar sections that were impassable and dangerous.

With the rain continuing to fall on Sunday, Tory Hill Road was a four-wheel drive choice for some of those who had to travel it. With rain continuing on Sunday and Monday, conditions continued to dwindle.

Needless to say, representatives of the local highway department were unavailable for comments at the time.

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inches of rain falling. In June of 2007 we had less than two inches or 1.91 to be exact.

Pike said on average, we normally receive between four-and-a-half to five inches in the month of June and in 2007 we were below the norm. "This year and last the amounts are certainly elevated from what they should be," Pike explained.

Pike said that there wasn't much relief last year as 7.08 inches of rain also fell in July.

But in 2007, 2.5 inches of rain fell proceeded by 3.57 inches in 2006 for the months of July.

"The big concern is if it persists, how much more can the

already saturated ground take before things become unstable?" Pike asked.

Pike also reminded us that the annual precipitation is extremely stable year after year. Franklin County receives a pretty consistent amount of rain each year which averages 45 inches annually.

Although there is no proof, Pike said generally when a heavy period of rain happens such as over the past month, more than likely dryer periods will occur and offset those amounts to meet the pretty consistent annual rainfall average.

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movies I've seen in which this statue was torn from its foundation. Washed away by a gigantic tidal wave, zapped by an alien laser, uprooted by a tornado and targeted by a terrorist regime. And yet, there she stood, right in front of me. Torch lifted high, face serene, she was stalwart and unbending, watching over the harbor of the greatest country of free men and women in the world. I got goose bumps. A tear. And a smile.

That was the final tourist attraction that Patty and I visited while in New York. But it is not, in my opinion, the most important one. As symbolic as Lady Liberty is, she is just a bit of copper-sheathed steel. Inanimate. A thing of beauty — but a THING.

Before catching the train to Liberty Park, Patty and I went to Ground Zero. The place where the World Trade Centers once stood —themselves proud and tall.

I'd had reservations about going. I wanted to pay my respects, and yet, seeming to be a tourist in a place where so many lives were lost made me feel... I don't know. Cheap, perhaps. Like someone who got a charge or an adrenalin rush from being in close proximity to such a calamity. And that in no way resembled how I felt. In the end, Patty and I discussed it, and we decided to visit the site.

There is little remaining that resembles the images that were flashed across television screens worldwide in the days and weeks that followed September 11, 2001. Images of smoke and fire, of twisted steel and debris-filled streets. The ruins are gone, and atop the firm bedrock of the plaza, new industry is taking place. Massive cranes, dump trucks and laborers in reflective vests are all toiling to replace what was lost with something new —some other edifice that is proud and tall —and significant. Some monument to our strength of spirit, our resolve, and our willingness and desire to move forward with confidence and hope. And in the middle of that concrete jungle that is Manhattan's Financial District, the sun shone through on that misty afternoon, illuminating the site of one of our nation's newest battlegrounds. It seemed to shine just for me. My own beacon of confidence and hope.

We made our way to the Visitor's Center. It is a small museum overlooking Ground Zero, and is housed right next door to one of New York City's fire department substations. As we waited in line to enter the Center an engine pulled up, a firefighter jumped off the truck, and he moved to direct the driver in backing the rig into its bay.

Painted on the side of the truck was a memorial. Ten members of that tiny station were lost on 9/11. My throat closed, my eyes watered. Ten men from just that one, close-knit company. How sad. But how proud I felt to be counted as an American alongside such men!

I'm not going to go into detail regarding what the museum has on display. Anyone who's interested can easily find photos and information on the internet. I found I simply couldn't stay inside for very long. In a small back room, two whole walls are covered with the photographs of all those who died as a result of the terrorist attacks on the two towers. I sat on a small bench and stared at those faces. There were smiling faces, hopeful faces, faces caught unaware by the camera and displaying surprise, uncertainty, chagrin. Human faces just like mine and like those of my loved ones. Faces that belonged to mothers and sons and children and friends. As I sat there, I could hear the screams, I could smell the smoke, and see the flames and the twisted metal. I could feel the panic, the worry, the despair. These faces were never to be seen again, except in photos such as these, and in the memories of those who remained behind to carry on.

I wept.

I don't often contemplate what it means to be an American. I've always been one. I take it for granted. I'm guilty as charged. But once in a while, I'm given a rare opportunity for a moment of reflection. A pause for thought. The WTC Visitor's Center presented such an occasion. It reinforced my pride in country, but even more — it renewed my pride in my fellow Americans.

As I left that memorial site, I found myself humming the tune to a song. I haven't heard it since 1976, when my cousin Holly and I sang it at a celebration of our country's bicentennial. It's been 33 years, now —and I can't remember all of the words— but these few came flooding back into my mind.

Here is a land full of power and glory; beauty that words cannot recall. Oh, Her glory shall rest on the strength of Her freedoms; Her glory shall rest on us all. But... She's only as rich as the poorest of the poor. Only as free as the padlocked prison door. Only as strong as our love for this land. Only as tall as we stand! Here is a land full of power and glory. Beauty that words cannot recall. Yes, Her glory shall rest on the strength of her freedoms. Her glory shall rest on us all!

As I took one last look at the walls papered with the images of our countrymen and women, I realized that Her glory is resting very well, indeed.

God Bless America and the people who make Her great.

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