
From: John Halpin <johnmhalpin@outlook.com>
Sent: Tuesday, April 14, 2026 6:35 AM
To: Clerk/BOS
Subject: Additional Information Submittal for the Board meeting of 04/21/2026
Attachments: My Happy Place.pdf

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Dear Clerk,

I wish to submit the attached document as additional information on the land use issue regarding composting of human remains. Could you please attach this document to the agenda item for the April 21st board meeting? I plan on attending the board meeting and giving an additional statement during the public comments portion for this item.

Thank You,
John Halpin

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CLERK. BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

My Happy Place

There's a place I quite often go to meditate, "My Happy Place". I discovered it one day while listening to a recording of rain and thunder. Once immersed in the sounds of pattering rain and distant thunder, I found myself in the clearing of a pine forest, lying on a bed of grass and moss. I opened my mind's eye to raindrops splashing on my naked skin cleansing my body and rejuvenating my soul. The air was pregnant with the sweet mingling of pine, wildflowers and aspen, remnants of my youth growing up in Colorado.

One day I mused, "What would happen should I take my last breath?". So, I did. One deep inhale then a slow exhale. My heart slowed then stopped and the electrical impulses that animated my body, controlled my mind and recorded a lifetime of memories slowly faded away. As my body cooled to the equilibrium beneath, a groundswell of life ascended from the earth, and descended from the skies. Insects, microbes, worms, bacteria, and mycelium converged to do nature's bidding. The wrecking crew had arrived for the final step in my lifecycle; Decomposition.

As I was broken down into the building blocks for all life on our planet, a bit of me was pulled by mycelial fibers to roots, that lifted me and transformed me into a tiny grain of pollen where I was swept away by a honey bee back to the hive ripe with the smell of wildflowers, and the taste of honey. Another bit was pulled to a tree, budding with new leaves and grazing caterpillars transforming into butterflies, fodder for a passing bird. A trickle on the forest floor leading to a creek carried more of me, to a river, to an estuary, to a bay then finally, the sea. Ingested by a passing fish who became prey to a salmon from the very river I just traversed, I was carried for several years only to return to the very spot where I entered the river. There, I was laid as an egg destined to repeat that very same journey.

In my mind, this is heaven!

The life cycle of every living thing on the planet can be broken down into four steps: Birth, Life, Death, Decomposition, and the diversity of life comes from the nearly endless combinations emerging from those steps. Elegant in its simplicity with unequalled beauty and wonder in its complexity. Nature never disappoints!

So, when I find myself on my actual death bed, it is my hope that the empty shell of my existence, will become part of a restoration project along this river that I love, so that so many parts of me can live on, and on, and on.

In the meantime, should someone hand me an apple and tell me it comes from an orchard that uses composted human remains, I will thank them, buff it up on my shirt, and as I bite down, I will smile and think of those who truly understand how nature works.