

Kennedy Walls
Trenton

From the time I was 6 months old I was sitting on the stern of my grandfathers lobster boat. By the time I was 16, I was working in the stern of it. Centerfold. My pa has always called me his angel, so naturally, the boats name stemmed from there. My angel is the centerfold. From 16 to 23 I worked every summer baiting, banding, picking lobsters, stacking traps on the dock in the fall. When I felt like I could do more, I would go out all day with a family friend, and then again in the afternoon with my grandfather, who was getting older and only did a few hours of haul every day. One week he took off and I went to visit my grandmother further down the coast. I found a boat to fill in on while I was away. Her captain became my husband 2 years later. We brought a beautiful daughter into the world this past year. She is 1 now, and she spends a lot of her days chewing rope "helping" her daddy color coordinate every rope color, patch and change vents in every trap, paint every buoy in yellow and green. What I am hoping to convey is that lobster fishing is not simply a career that offers seafood to people around the world... it is a lifestyle. It is a roof over our baby's head. It is dinner on our table every night. It is what brought us together, it is what keeps us together. I am asking that you spend a day in our house while my husband is gone working from 2am to 7pm. I am asking that you spend a day in my husbands boots at the wheel of his vessel while he drains every ounce of his energy to keep our family well, healthy, functioning. I am asking whether you believe my child's future, my home, my family, my wellbeing is more important than any revenue that may be generated from offshore windmills? Maine fishing families matter. They keep the ocean healthy, they keep the coast alive and employed, and they keep Maine what Maine is, beautiful.