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Submission Text

Ronna Cunningham

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I'm Ronna Cunningham, I'm from Texas, that's my homeland, but I've been in Montana-4841 Custer Avenue. I've been in Montana for almost 19 years. I decided tonight, I've been here long enough to claim it as my home. I came to Montana for a job. We moved to Bozeman with a little medical device company. I met my husband shortly thereafter. Got married, had babies, got trained as a teacher.

I'm a certified licensed teacher in the State of Texas. So I brought show and tell. I'd like to introduce you to Steg. Steg is a dinosaur who does not have a voice. She's got a little box in there, I got her on clearance. She's quiet, I need her. I brought my clock because I don't have a very good sense of time so I'm just going to chatter and chatter and chatter until you all stop me. I brought my postcard, because I have a very lousy memory for certain things. I brought a library because I read everything. I could have five PhDs, but I haven't written my dissertation. I have Mother Earth News, and I have to trap stuff so you can build your own clothing. Me and my husband, opposites attract. I got all the goodies on being self-sufficient, okay? We have a lot in common here, Montana and Texas people. We're tough. I have backyard chickens because I grow my own eggs, they're filled with nutrients. I got books. I got The Man Who Never Died. He wrote a song: Pie in the Sky when you Die By and By. Because the Salvation Army tried to shut him up. You know what, he went to jail, but he never died.

I'm here to explain to you that I am a canary in the coal mine. I am chemically sensitive, I have bipolar illness, I have flipped out on my family, I am a victim of domestic violence, and I have stitches in my head from two nights ago. Your nutrition, your clean water, and your clean air is critical to your health in every single way. I acted like an autistic child because I'm kind of like one. I had to go to the bank, I had to write on my arm. But I am a canary in the coal mine, I'm a sensitive individual. If I'm sitting in traffic smelling diesel fumes, it makes me ill. This is a real thing. The autism, the ADHD, the allergies, the asthma, these are our kids we're talking about. We have to fight for them. We have to fight for each other. We have to fight for our holy places, like this lady just told us about. We're all holy. We're the angels watching over each other, angels watching over me. So this Tongue River Railroad, I came in here and I said maybe, maybe, I don't know. I don't know enough. But after listening to you folks, I'm convinced. No is the right answer. No, no, no. Hell no.