


**MEMORANDUM**

**TO:** Brent Hibbert, Assembly President  
Members, of the Kenai Peninsula Borough Assembly

**FROM:** Charlie Pierce, Kenai Peninsula Borough Mayor 

**DATE:** August 3, 2021

**RE:** Appointment Kachemak Emergency Service Area Board

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Pursuant to KPB 16.20.080, I hereby submit my recommendation for confirmation by the Assembly, of the following appointment to the Kachemak Emergency Service Area Board, seat B. The applicant is a registered voter and resides within the service area to be represented. Attached for your review is the request for appointment.

<u>Applicant</u>	<u>Board Seat</u>	<u>Term Expires</u>
Roy J. Wilson	Seat – C	October, 2021

Attachments: Request for Appointment Application

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Date

To:

RE:

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## Turner, Michele

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**From:** Kenai Peninsula Borough <webmaster@borough.kenai.ak.us>  
**Sent:** Friday, July 16, 2021 11:49 PM  
**To:** Blankenship, Johni  
**Cc:** Turner, Michele  
**Subject:** Service Area Appointment Application received  
**Attachments:** ServiceAreaAppointmentApplication\_2021-07-16 234833.pdf

**Select One**

Kachemak Emergency Service Area Board, Seat C (Term Expires 10/2021)

**Applicant Name**

Roy J Wilson

**Physical Residence Address**

40951 KAY CT

**City**

HOMER

**State**

AK

**Zip**

99603

My Mailing Address is DIFFERENT from my Residence Address

**Mailing Address**

pobh 136 Homer, AK

**City**

HOMER

**State**

AK

**Zip**

99603

**Email**

fallrun@sonic.net

**Daytime Phone**

9072996619

**Voter #**

**SS #**

**Date of Birth**

08/23/1946

I have been a Resident of the Kenai Peninsula Borough for:

Years

15

Months

2

I have been a Resident of the selected Service Area for:

Years

15

Months

2

What knowledge, experience, or expertise will you bring to this board?

Kesa service Board

July 14, 2021

My name is Roy Wilson. I grew up in a small farm town in Northern California where apples were king. I worked in the apples every summer from my 10th year until I left for military service after high school.

Fires and floods were part of life. I worked on a couple of major fires in my 18th year. I will, as long as I have a memory remember the feeling the terror when the wall of flaming brush in front of me lifted higher than my head and charged at me. Even when I saw that it was a bulldozer trying to escape the flames that first image is still baked in my memory. When our crew chief screamed to run for the trucks as the fire circled around behind my gang we ran and it felt like I should run all the way home to get away from the monster. None of us ran home and two miles back we started a new break even when what we wanted to do was find a place to sleep. When we finally, with the help of a shifting wind went back to our staging area we fell on the ground. I slept for 17 hours. Later I was to see fire from a different perspective as I watched films of first my brother's house then my sister's house being consumed by California's Tubbs fire. A home is not rebuilt in a few months. My siblings were out of their homes for more than two years before they could fight through the red tape and the crooked contractors.

Floods in winters' storms follow a big fire like that one. I filled and stacked sandbags to protect the warehouse where my company stored apple juice and sauce. By the time we had the sandbags chest high the water was waist deep. Unlike the fire, all we could do was evacuate and watch our levy topped. Years later after I returned from the army I sand bagged homes along the Russian river. My son lived there but his dwelling was low lying and the water was in the second story of his building too quickly to respond to.

Our Russian river ran wild when the big winter storms blasted through the area.

Several times I worked with the County of Sonoma delivering relief supplies to hungry homeless people who had homes only days before.

After Viet Nam, where I was an infantry company commander, in the 9th Infantry division, I was assigned to flight school, then the first Armored division in Germany. One of the missions was to medivac when needed. Some of these flights were wonderfully rewarding, flying a sick child to a hospital when the road was blocked by heavy rain and snow in the higher elevations. Others were horrible; one young soldier gasping for breath with his skull crushed and part of his brain lying on the seat next to him. The flight surgeon, driven crazy as he lost the battle against death, pounded on his chest, screaming and cursing the young man for giving up. I do not "get over" this kind of death. I deal with it one way or the other, either finding a way to come to peace with it or letting it

destroy me.

My civilian life after Viet Nam was mostly calm. I found an entry level job in a high tech company that put ultra thin films on various substrates to control the light that passed through it. I began as a parts cleaner and loader. In the next two years I was promoted several times and became supervisor of the department I worked in. In spite of my years of command I found I did not like civilian business mores. I performed my job for two years then resigned and asked to be sent back to manufacturing status. I was selected for a program that allowed qualified people to pass a state exam and become state certified engineers. I was able to get into a program that gradually raised my math skills and design capabilities. I had the pleasure of working on Space Shuttle windows, telescopes launched to study Jupiter, Saturn and Saturn's moons. Perhaps the most exciting was building a giant lens system for an x-ray telescope.

Pictures of the Cassini probe to Saturn and ones from the x-ray scope called Chandra can be seen at the JPL web site.

In my 27th year at the Company, OCLI/JDSU I had reached a point where I no longer needed a pay check. My retirement investments having worked out very well allowed me to resign and move on. I spent a lot of time with my grandchildren and fished to my heart's content. In 2005 I came to Alaska, but because of my widowed mother's fight against cancer I spent as much time with her as I did here. After her death I worked as a fisherman spending most of the year in Alaska. In 2007 I received my permanent fishing license and drew my first PFD in the October 2008 payout.

I still live in my house in Homer and have tried to be of service to my community in any way available. This opportunity to serve in a different setting is the kind of service I would like to do.

No one walks on water. I am an outspoken guy and sometimes give offense without intention. I have worked hard to better consider the way I express myself.

I find most on line resumes are tools for chest-beating and not always the best way to put forth one's capacities and experience. Resume will arrive

**If you would like to upload a copy of your resume, you may do that below.**

**Attachments must be in .PDF, .DOC or .DOCX format only.**

Upload your Resume

APPLICANT CERTIFICATION: I certify that the information in this Application for Appointment is true and complete and that I meet the specific residency and citizenship requirements of this office. I further certify that I shall meet the age requirements upon taking the oath of office, if appointed. I further acknowledge that by typing my initials below I intend to fully sign this document.

**Type your initials to sign**

RJW