

Patrick O'Sullivan
Goulanes
Bantry
Co. Cork
P75 XN61

13 May 2026

An Coimisiún Pleanála
64 Marlborough Street
Dublin 1
D01 V902

Re: ACP-324165-26, Maughanaclea Wind Farm

To whom it may concern,

My name is Patrick O'Sullivan. I am eighty-one years of age. I was born in the farmhouse at Goulanes where I still live, and I have farmed this same ground every day of my life since I was a young lad following my father out to the yard. My father handed the place down to me, as his father handed it down to him. I have nine children, seven sons and two daughters. My son Timothy lives just up the road. My son John is two miles away. My son Jeffrey is here in the house with me. My daughter Allison is about twenty kilometres off. The rest of them, wherever they are in the world, come back to this farm to visit, because this is where home is. It is the only home any of us have ever properly known.

My wife passed away just over five years ago. The house that was full for so many years is mostly quiet now. Jeffrey is at work all day. It is only me and the nature around me and the animals. I will be honest with you, it has been a lonely five years. What I have to keep me steady is the land and the work on it and the few cows I still keep, and the children and grandchildren when they come.

I go out around ten in the morning to start the work. I am in and out of the house all day after that, attending to whatever needs doing. I do most of the work myself still. I feed the cattle by hand. I take them out to the fields and move them about as they need moving. I keep only a few head; I have never wanted a big herd. I have always believed that a small holding, properly looked after, is the right way to use land like this, and that the land repays you for being respectful of it. I go back out the last time at about half past ten at night to say goodnight to the cows. I have done that for as long as I can remember.

There is one field below the house, what we call the bottom field, where I spend a good part of the day. When I pause from the work I stand and look up, and what I see from there is our own fields running up to the boundary, the forestry beyond it, and the wide open sky over the ridge of Maughanaclea above. What I hear there is birdsong, and the cattle, and the breeze coming down off the hill, and the deep quiet of a country place. That is not silence. There is always something. But it is a quiet I have lived inside for eighty-one years, and it is the quiet my wife and I made our life inside, and it is the quiet our children fell asleep to. It

is as much a part of the place as the house itself.

The proposal before you would put a turbine roughly two kilometres from this house on the ridge above the bottom field. The turbine would stand a hundred and sixty-nine metres to the tip of the blade. To give you some sense of that, County Hall in Cork is sixty-seven metres tall; this turbine would be two and a half times its height, standing not in a city but on a country ridge, with more of them strung along beside it. From the field where I stand each day to rest from the work, I would no longer see fields, forestry and open sky. I would see industry. I am told the construction would take eighteen months at least, with rock-breaking and heavy lorries on the road below, and after that the blades themselves would turn, day and night, with the noise of them carried down across the valley by the same wind that has always come off that hill. I want it noted on the record that I object specifically to the noise of this development, both the construction noise and the operational noise. The hills around this valley carry sound in ways the developer's modelling, in my view, does not properly account for, and what is described in the planning documents as a quiet rural area is in fact much quieter than most places in the country, which means any new noise from these turbines will be the more keenly heard.

I have farmed this land carefully, in a small way, all my life. It troubles me deeply that ground I have worked with that respect, and that my father worked before me, would be used for an industrial purpose of this scale. There is a difference between farming and industry, and putting machines of that height on the ridge above us, and cutting roads and pits into the bog up there to do it, is industry. It is not what the land of this valley has ever been used for, and it is not what most of us who live here would want it used for now.

I will tell you plainly that I have been diagnosed with cancer, because I think you should know it. I do not know how many years are left to me in this house. What I do know is that I want to spend the years I have on the work I have always done, in the place I have always done it, with the quiet I have always done it in. My cattle are like children to me. I have looked after them every day for longer than most people have been alive. To stand in the bottom field for what may be the last good summers of my life and to hear nothing but blades turning and lorries on the road below would take from me something I cannot find any other words for.

I want you to understand also that what is at stake is not just one old man and one farm. I am still very much part of the community here. I go to the dances at the community hall. I call in on my neighbours, and they call in on me. For many years now I have collected for the Irish charity Concern, going around the parish and beyond on their behalf, and over those years I have raised more than ninety thousand euro for them. Concern gave me a medal in recognition of it. I mention it not for myself but to say to you that the people who live in this valley are not a few names on a map. We are a community, and we are being asked to give up the quiet of our own homes, the look of our own fields, and the value of land we have spent generations working, so that electricity can be sent somewhere else and profit can be sent somewhere else again. That is not a fair bargain. The benefit fund being offered is not

adequate compensation, because what is being taken from us cannot be replaced.

I am not against the country trying to do something about the climate. I have lived long enough to see the weather in this valley change in ways my father would not have believed. But this is the wrong place for what is proposed. There is bog up on that ridge that should not be cut into. There are birds over it that should not be flown into. There are houses around it, mine among them, that should not be put inside the noise of it. Other places, off the coast and on ground already disturbed, would carry this kind of development without taking from people what we have here.

I have lived eighty-one years at Goulanes. I would like to live what is left of them in the place I know, with the quiet I know, looking up from the bottom field at the ridge the way I have always looked at it. I am asking An Coimisiún Pleanála to refuse permission for this development.

Yours sincerely,

Patrick O'Sullivan

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