

FREE:- Please take one.

FOR THE AUSSIE TRUCKIE

SERVING THE TRUCKING INDUSTRY OF AUSTRALIA



Transport for Christ Australia



**HIGHWAY
EVANGELIST**

The Voice of the Christian Truckie

Print Post Approved 100004925

A/21



Alister (truck driver) with the mill receival operator unloading barley at an on-farm grain complex near Merriwa NSW for their use in the cattle feed lot/piggery. The barley was loaded at Forbes then transported by Wallace Bulk Haulage.



Shannon driving an AB triple configuration at Thallon Grain Corp depot between Mungindi in NSW and St George just over the border in Queensland.

2020 was a very successful grain harvest. Shannon travelled north with a road train to cart wheat or barley to grain retrieval places. The grain harvest starts in Queensland, moves south to NSW, then Victoria.

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Previous issue's front cover

Many thanks to those (Don, Kim and John) who sent in names of the vehicles in this photo: a difficult task, and there was no definite agreement.

The truck could be an International (approx. 1948), or a Reo, or a Diamond T.

Below is a photo of an International KB-7 taken at the Gundagai Truck Museum.



The next car could be a Rover, Wolseley (approx. 1950's) or a Vauxhall.

Everyone agreed that the following car was an Austin A40 (approx. 1950's).

The last car (half hidden) could be a Vanguard or Holden FX or another Austin A40.





Photo of a cement truck but this is not the one that broke down.

My true breakdown story

Is this story about Australia's most helpful town, or even more?

I am a truck tow haulier for a transport and logistics company with a Freightliner prime mover. I was travelling from Sydney NSW to Wonthaggi VIC, [on Bass Strait], with a load on a Thursday morning in Victoria. The day before the company asked could I get to Wonthaggi legally by 1100? As I had already done a Canberra delivery that morning, and had to get a trailer tyre changed, as I thought it could blow due to the hot weather we were experiencing, I said no, and the best I could do was about midday, if nothing went wrong. They checked with the customer and asked me to still do it. This company is a big player in Australian road transport, and quite rightly wants everything done legally. I find them good to deal with, as if something goes wrong you can always tell them, and they seem ok, as long as you don't lie about

anything. I couldn't afford anything to go wrong, like a flat tyre or sleeping in, to meet this ETA, even though it was legal.

Coming down the Hume Motorway near the northern Broadford exit I had a "check engine" light come on. It was yellow, which is not usually bad, as red is the one you really have to pay attention to. I checked the mirrors

and saw a lot of spray coming from the prime mover. I had been checking mirrors as it was heavy traffic and I had been doing some overtaking, but this spray was new. The light then went red and as the breakdown lane was narrow, I kept hitting the computer over-ride to get to the Broadford exit and get safe. The truck shut down as I was pulling up. I made it.

I tilted the bonnet and there was coolant everywhere. I checked the engine computer and it didn't give me any specific information, but a few codes all coolant related. After some time inspecting, I couldn't find where the leak was. It wouldn't start as I had low coolant, so I topped up the coolant, and it started. I still couldn't work out where it was leaking so I decided to keep going. I thought if it had a slow leak, I might have to top it up a couple of times to Wonthaggi, but after delivering the load, I could spend plenty of time then working out what was wrong. I had plenty of spare coolant.

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The truck only went about 80 metres then all the lights came back on. I thought, "This is going to be big, and I'm going to be late big time, maybe it was even an internal motor problem?" I checked the header tank and it was empty again, but still no obvious leak where coolant was coming from. I checked the oil and it had no water in it, that's good! I decided to keep topping up coolant and limp into Broadford.

As I came into the town limits, [60kph sign], I saw a service road on the left and swung in, and stopped in front of a caravan business before the houses started. I had to over-ride again to get there, and thought well at least I'm not out the front of someone's home with a beautiful rose garden or something. No one likes trucks! The motor shut down as I pulled up.



I rang Penske Power Systems in Sydney, [Detroit Diesel], who have looked after me for over 20 years as I've owned five Detroit Diesel engines and are loyal to them. They also service the truck. The foreman said I've probably split a radiator tank. I said, I can't find a leak, but I'm using coolant like steam! He said to remove the header tank from the radiator but leave the pipes connected, so I could fill the coolant again and see if the leak had been hidden. I did that, nothing. He then said to rev the engine with the cruise control to create pressure. Then I saw it, a split in the plastic radiator top tank 200

mm long behind where the header tank sits. Incidentally, I doubt Penske would tell a company driver to start pulling a company truck apart. [I am a qualified truck mechanic however].

I then went through the options I had. If I got a tow truck it could cost thousands, I was at least one hour from Melbourne, some tow truck drivers won't tow a complete semi-trailer and I was loaded as well, plus I didn't know anyone in Melbourne to fix it. I have

mechanical contacts in Sydney and Adelaide and places in between, as it's a route I know well, but no one in Victoria. Another small thing then registered in my mind. As it was only a plastic radiator, not steel like a Kenworth, it would be light. Upon enquiry, the foreman said two able bodied men should be able to lift it out, if it was stripped of the gearbox oil cooler, aftercooler, fan shroud, intercooler

and air conditioning condenser.

I then made the, [in hindsight courageous], decision to change it myself on the side of the road. I am a mechanic though. This is where the story gets really amazing, and has made the following 48 hours an experience I will never forget. I next sat down beside my truck and I prayed to God, "My wife always says you only give people what you think they can handle, and if you want this to go all pear-shaped and teach me some sort of life lesson I will accept that, but this is going to be big and I really need your help".

I then got going. Everything I'm about to say is true and I ask you to start counting all the things that started going well for me now:

Just after this the caravan business owner drove out of his gate, and asked if I needed any help. I said I was just trying to work out what to do and thanked him.

I rang Sydney and Melbourne and they both had a complete radiator in stock to suit my truck.

I had to find someone I knew who could pick it up on their truck and bring it to me. That might sound crazy, but I know a lot of people and I was just off the Hume Hwy about 90 kms from Melbourne, so not in the outback. I didn't want to trust this to a courier company or someone I didn't know. I rang an owner/driver mate of mine from Sydney, Neville, as I knew he had relatives in the area, who might know a truckie. How about this; he travels all over Australia, but that day he was in Melbourne of all places, and leaving at 8 pm for Sydney and yes, he would bring the radiator to me. That's if it was brought to him as he was really busy. I asked the Melbourne radiator people could they do that, and they said no problem. They didn't even charge me for delivery.

I then rang my customer as my plan was starting to work. They were really good about it considering it was an urgent load. They asked could I deliver it the next day? I replied I'm sorry but I would think Saturday, would they take a Saturday delivery? They checked and said ok.

Now this is the great part and it's early in the story not a punch line as is often the case. Only a short period of time had elapsed up until now from when I had prayed, and a lady named Heidi pulled up in a car. She said, "I saw you here with the bonnet up this morning when I took the children to school,

are you ok? Would you like anything, help, food, water? As I was about to say I think I'm under control I simultaneously saw a cross hanging around her neck. I knew instantaneously that God was going to get me through this, and this was definitely a message from God. I even thought of the connection of her offering me food which is a constant theme in the bible. We said good bye and I thanked her and then God.

I needed something to put about 50 litres of very expensive coolant into out of the motor to be able remove the radiator. I walked over to a landscaping/nursery business across the road and the lady there, Angela, gave me as many good clean 20 litre buckets as I needed. She also said that if I wanted anything, even just a cup of coffee, to come over as much as I wanted.

I drained the coolant and started to dismantle the whole front of the truck including the bonnet.

I then got an endless procession of people who wanted to help. People offering a shower in their homes. My mate rang his parents and they brought me water. Other people offered food. A man who owned a local quarry, Archie, pulled up and said I could borrow what ever tools I needed no problem. I was right for tools however.

The customer rang me late in the day and asked how was the progress. After a report I said, "I'm sorry, after everything that's happened, I don't think I even apologised for this failure when it first happened." They said, "don't worry, it's not your fault".

These are the same people who asked me to get there as quickly as I could legally. Talk about Grace.

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A WORLD TOO SMALL FOR ME Chapter 8

By Pablo Lopez

Not bad at all, Australia Post. In fact it's a really good company with calculated studies and systematic network that excelled, like a perfect spider web that was done in the middle of the night. When we got up, there it is, but we don't have a clue how it was made meticulously made in such perfection.

Because you only see the end result of it, the post men on bikes, trucks or vans now and then on the road or a visit to Post Office to pick up or drop off an item.

But the gross of the work is done at night, like I mentioned it before, it's like the spider webs.

Eighty per cent it's done when the commuters are asleep.

All mail centres, parcel centres, hubs and Post Offices are connected to deliver to customers including all that was coming to the country by sea or air mail, very rarely letters because people are using email and other electronic communication etc.

But the spare parts and any kind of dry food, liquid, chemical and beverages like wine etc anything that can be transported, those are delivered in the morning.

So efficient that Canadian Post, France Post and Japan Post to mention some, were coming to study our effective network that guarantees a parcel or letter to be delivered in twenty-four hours door to door in most countries in Europe.

Sad to mention that I have had to resign while I had the cream of the job as a container driver, linked to port shipping

and to overseas. We were five in the team, creating our Over Time during the week instead of working the weekend.

I finished from Australia Post in 2005 with problems in both knees; I had arthroscopy one after the other and later both knees reconstructed.

You may think where is your God in your health problems? I don't have all the answers but I know that He is the same yesterday today and forever, and that I'm His child and that He wouldn't let me down.

In the Bible Joshua 1:8 says, "Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid and do not be dismayed for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go."



Pablo reading the Highway Evangelist at lunchtime



Scott at the BP, Hoxton Park, NSW

A truck driver is driving along on the freeway.

A sign comes up that reads "Low Bridge Ahead."

Before he knows it, the bridge is right ahead of him and he gets stuck under it. Cars are backed up for miles. Finally, a police car comes up. The cop gets out of his car and walks around to the truck driver, puts his hands on his hips and says, "Got stuck, huh?"

The truck driver says, "No, I was delivering this bridge and ran out of diesel."

It Struck Thirteen!

(a true story)

In Plymouth, in the early 1800's, there lived a man called Captain Jarvis. His home was away from the bustle of the town in a lonely part called Lipson.

One evening Captain Jarvis was visiting friends in Plymouth, when he suddenly noticed the time. "Near midnight! And I have a long and gloomy walk home." He uttered a hasty farewell and left.

The moonlight fell softly on St. Andrew's Church, and as the Captain passed under its shadow, he stopped and gazed up at the splendid tower.

Suddenly the bell started tolling the midnight hour. Mechanically Captain Jarvis counted till the twelfth stroke had sounded and the echo was dying away. Then, to his surprise, the bell tolled once more – thirteen!

It was then the Captain realized he wasn't alone – a man, a stranger, was standing near him. "Sir," he said, "did you ever hear the like of that?"

"No," answered Captain Jarvis, "I never did. It's extraordinary. There must be something radically wrong with the clock." He moved to go as he spoke. "Goodnight, my friend," he said. "I shan't forget this night very soon."

"Goodnight, sir," the other returned. "'Twas strange we both heard it."

The weeks passed by uneventfully in the house at Lipson. But one night, Captain Jarvis woke with a wild foreboding, convinced that somebody was in urgent need and wanted him. In his dream he'd seen a face – that of the man he'd met in the moonlight under St. Andrew's tower. "Surely it's just a dream!" he said, and went back to sleep.

The next night, at the same hour, the same thing happened.



On the third night he was sleeping soundly; but at two o'clock the summons came again, and he sprang up and woke his wife. "I must go," he exclaimed. Mrs. Jarvis listened quietly. She knew her husband was a sensible, level-headed man. "It's no chance," she said. "God must be sending you on some errand of mercy."

Encouraged by her words, he dressed for a journey and went out to saddle his horse. As he entered the yard in the dim light he saw William, the coachman, leading the horse already saddled. "William!" cried the astonished master, "How is this?"

"I don't know, sir. Something woke me, telling me you wanted the horse."

As Captain Jarvis had no idea where he should go, he let the horse choose the way. The horse took the road across the plain and went on and on till it reached the river crossing.

It was scarcely daylight and the Captain was wondering how the ferryman would like this rude awakening, when - another surprise! The ferryman was standing on the shore waiting for them! "So it's you, cap'n?" said the old ferryman. "I know'd someone would be here soon, but I did'n know who."

"I can't understand it, John," said the Captain. "I'm mysteriously awakened and impelled to go out; William has my horse saddled for me; my horse brings me here unguided; and you're waiting on the shore to ferry me across!"

Once on the other shore, the faithful horse, guided by some instinct, jogged on mile after mile until they reached the town of Bodmin.

"What has brought me here?" the tired man asked himself distractedly as he wandered into the streets. There seemed to be excitement in the air and Captain Jarvis asked why. "There's a murder trial going on, master! Maybe you'd like to go and hear it."

Captain Jarvis scarcely knew why he accepted so dismal a suggestion, but he went to the courthouse and sat listening to what was going on.

The trial was drawing to its close, and the prisoner was striving with his last chance of proving his innocence. Was he at or near the scene of this murder on the night when it took place, or was he – as he repeatedly affirmed – miles away in the next county? This was the crucial question.

Captain Jarvis held his breath. The prisoner's back was toward him, and he couldn't see his face. But he heard the judge ask: "Have you anything to say for yourself?" and he heard the man reply, "No sir, except that I am innocent. There's only one man who can prove my innocence, and I don't know who he is. Some weeks ago on the night in question, he and I stood together in the town of Plymouth at midnight, underneath the clock in St. Andrew's tower. It struck, not twelve, but thirteen, and we remarked on it to each other. If he were here he could speak for me; but it's hopeless, for I cannot summon him."

"I am here, I am here!" shouted Captain Jarvis. "I'm the man who stood with the prisoner at midnight under St. Andrew's clock. What he says is absolutely true; it struck thirteen! I identify the prisoner as the man who was with me in Plymouth on that night."

The reputation of Captain Jarvis was well known and placed him above all suspicion. So convincing was his subsequent relation of the facts, that the accused man was pronounced innocent and set free immediately.

This story became widely known and wasn't attributed to chance or coincidence, but to the guiding hand of God.

Never was anyone more thankful than the accused man when, on the intervention of this witness at the eleventh hour, his innocence was proved. But do you know, dear friend, that God has intervened for you – not because of your innocence, but because of your guilt as a sinner.

Even in this day God still works miracles. He is still able to deliver those appointed unto death – and that's all of us! "For all have sinned" (Romans 3:23), and "...the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 6:23).

God prepares wonderful deliverance for those who cry to Him for forgiveness and accept Christ as their Saviour. "If the Son...shall make you free, you shall be free indeed" (John 8:36).

— Adapted from tract by Bible Truth Publishers

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Make peace with God today!



Come to Jesus Christ today and trust in Him alone for your salvation.

You can pray this prayer: "Lord Jesus, I know that I am a sinner. I believe that you died on the cross and shed Your blood to pay the penalty for my sins. Please forgive me and come into my life as my Saviour and Lord."



-
- I now put my trust in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, or
 - I now re-dedicate my life to Christ, or
 - I have previously trusted Christ and would like a Bible study

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Post to: Transport for Christ, PO Box 30, Mittagong NSW 2575

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At the end of the first day I was nearly exhausted. The heat had been incredible, I wore a hat and had block out on but I was bugged. I knew I needed help to get the radiator out the next day. My mate bringing the radiator said he would help me get the old one out, but it would be dark, I wasn't ready to pull it out, and I had to work on the new one to get it fitted up before it went back in, so I wasn't going to hold him up, late at night, when he had to drive hours to Sydney.

I rang Richard, a mate of mine that lives in Melbourne, who was retired, and who I worked with many years ago when I was an apprentice mechanic and he a spray painter. Yes, of course he would drive up and help. I offered him petrol money and his meals but was dismissed out of hand.

Before I went to bed that night, I rang my wife told her about Heidi turning up, the lady with the cross, after I had prayed, and she was gob smacked.

My mate arrived at 10.30 pm with the radiator. His parents had come and got me earlier that evening, let me use their shower and cooked me a meal. They had a cuckoo clock in their dining room that played Amazing Grace on the hour. Was this a sign? I joked with them that the first time I heard it I pulled my wallet out as I thought it was the offertory hymn. They gave me a blank look, and my mate Nev, a Catholic, laughed when I said this, he said later that they were atheists and wouldn't know what offertory meant! We had a good laugh.

They next day Richard arrived early from Melbourne and we pulled the radiator out and put it on top of the rocker cover of the engine about 1.5 metres off the ground. Then we couldn't work out how to get it down to ground level as it was about 1.0 mtr

by 1.2 mtr and very awkward and heavy.

I asked a man down the road in a business would he lend me his forklift, but he didn't want to get booked as it was unregistered, so he sent me to a man who had a registered forklift, saying, "If you strike out come back, I won't see you stuck". That next man said his forklift wasn't registered and was a little abrupt. I thanked him. We went elsewhere and the people there said they could lift the radiator down and put the new one in with their front end loader.

Anyway, the new radiator went in ok. Richard and I then worked on it all day, and the truck was nearly ready to go late Friday night. Richard was leaving that night, [after driving to nearby Seymour that afternoon to get me more Detroit Diesel coolant], and offered to sleep in his car to help me the next day. [I was sleeping in my truck as it has a bunk]. I politely refused saying I was nearly finished, but added that I would get him a room in a motel before I would let him sleep in his car.

That afternoon Heidi, came back with a hot meal for Richard and I, and two cold drinks. I asked, "Are you a Christian?" She replied yes, I told her I was too, and that when I saw her the first day I had only just prayed for help. I told her I thought the Holy Spirit had sent her, as it was soon after me praying.

That night, Annette, the daughter and manager of the quarry owner that offered me tools, came and got me, took me to a shower at their quarry, and took me back to my truck. Whilst at the quarry she gave me a tour of Archie's historic truck collection.

The next day I got the truck finished. Cleaned up my rubbish, cleaned the road down where I had been working, gave the front end loader driver, David, a carton of beer, and Angela at the nursery a bottle of

wine, and also bought some stuff off her for Christmas for my wife. I thanked the owners of the nearest house for not complaining about me being there for two days, with stuff all over the council strip.

Archie from the quarry company came to see that I was ok just as I was leaving. He invited me to their annual truck show next February with my wife, and we could sit at their table at the dinner.

Ironically, nothing went wrong on the job. When I dropped something, I found it again. When I couldn't undo a bolt, I waited until the next morning and it just came undone. When I lost a fan nut, I had another in my toolbox nearly the same. Did I discover I needed more parts? No. Things just don't always go this well. I also had the good advice from Penske. Was God watching me? You bet He was.

I have spent decades in the industry and most people just hate trucks. Any BBQ, dinner party, etc, that you attend, as soon as you say you drive a truck, someone always tells you a bad truck story, "I got cut off.... the truck driver was rude.... the truck held me up." The police and RTA in the 70/80/90's often seemed to dislike us, and when you got pulled up you usually got a ticket. They would find something. [I must say they are a lot fairer these days though]. We have some terrible truck drivers, but the percentage is really small. Especially when you consider the big miles that we do, and use that as a barometer, and all industries have poor operators as well. However rarely these days does anyone ever say, "You drivers work all night to put our groceries in the shops, or give us our newspapers on time, or pick up our rubbish, or deliver our building materials for our

house extension, or to deliver produce to city markets. Thank you."

The point of all this is that for that 48 hours, all I got was help and encouragement. No one complained. No police or council rangers said, 'how long are you going to be here?'" Just a thoroughly friendly town and a great character-building experience for me.

I offered Richard money for petrol and he refused. I sent him a thank you card with money in it a week later and he rang and abused me!

The truck hasn't missed a beat since. I got to Wonthaggi and unloaded by 5.30pm Saturday.

I have never seen so many friendly and helpful people in such a short space of time. My wife and I have helped a few people ourselves over the years, [like many Aussies do], both in and out of our industry, but I have never encountered anything like it. I googled their local newspaper to write a letter to the editor and thank them, but the paper folded, [excuse the pun], a few years ago. This experience reinforces my faith in people. More importantly it reinforces my belief in God big time.

— *Anonymous*



The Three Bushrangers

I told this story quite often, when I was a tour coach driver years ago, particularly to overseas people, regarding our bushrangers.

Three bushrangers came upon a humpy in the middle of nowhere, with smoke coming out of the chimney. As was their way, they barged in to find an old lady, who was crying, and demanded a meal quick-smart as they had ridden all day and were starving. The lady started cooking. When she served up the little that she had, one of them asked why she was crying.

She replied that she would lose her farm the next morning as the bank manager was riding out at 9 am to foreclose on the mortgage. They asked her why? She said her husband had died of tuberculosis two years ago, and she had battled on trying to make ends meet, did a lot of praying, and tried to pay the mortgage, but had no family or other help. She said that is why she wasn't upset about them barging in or feeding them, and had given them all the food she had left, as what was the point of life now?

They asked her how much she needed to clear the debt? She replied 20 pounds to cover the arears, or 55 pounds to pay off the farm. She said it may as well be 1,000 pounds for all the chance she had of ever getting that much.

The leader pulled out a big roll of notes and gave her the 55 pounds needed, and 1 pound for food. The lady protested and cried

more, but the men just rode away without so much as a good bye. The next morning the bank manager demanded the arears at 9 am, and was flabbergasted when the lady paid off the farm, but he handed over the mortgage papers, a receipt, and was soon gone as he couldn't believe his good luck.



The next day the local newspaper ran a big headline for those parts. "ARMED ROBBERY!" It seems the bank manager was bailed up about 5 miles from town on his return, and robbed of all his money by three bushrangers!

— by Murray Reddie



Scott refuelling at Hoxton Park BP

*"I love a sunburnt country,
a land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
of droughts and flooding rains."
By Dorothea Mackellar*

How true this is of Australia.

God has said – Genesis 8:22
"While the earth remains
seedtime and harvest and cold
and heat, and winter and summer
and day and night shall not
cease."

Matthew 5:45 "He (God) makes
His sun to rise on the evil and on
the good, and sends rain on the
just and the unjust."

After two years of severe drought, this
year is expected to be a bountiful harvest
for farmers.

So a farmer, in need of an additional
truck for cartage of harvested crops from
the paddock to town silos and also to on
farm storage, bought a S2600 International
bogie driver tipper with a 350 HP Cummins
motor.

On a Wednesday afternoon John, Edgar
and Neil left Parkes for Richmond. At the
ex-dairy farm at North Richmond they
were met by Chris, the farm manager
who gave them a detailed history of the
International. The clearing sale had been
on line because of COVID.

John drove the 2600 back to Parkes,
fuelling at Kurmond and driving into the
Bell RMS heavy vehicle checking station.

Since then the truck has been driven to
Forbes where at Ace Engineering extension

sides with a roll over tarp, ring feeder and
centre shoot on the tail gate were installed.
Then the tip tray body is to be sandblasted
and painted. In addition to grain haulage
at harvest, later the extension sides can be
removed so it could be used to carry gravel
to maintain the on farm roads.

— Neil Hawke



Before the harvest started, we were
praying here at Gilgandra for protection on
truck drivers and header drivers because
of such a big crop this year.

When crops are so big, drivers are tired
and the potential for accidents is more so.

Naomi and I, on a run from Gilgandra to
Lightning Ridge were counting, out of each
20 vehicles coming towards us 19 out of 20
were road trains; not B doubles or normal
semis, but road trains. This was especially
so between Gilgandra and Coonamble, and
Coonamble and Walgett.

I've been header driving and truck
driving since 1962 and have never seen a
crop like it, or trucks. But thank the Lord,
despite the busyness of it all, and tired
drivers, we heard of no serious problems
at all. Praise God."

— From Dave McCutcheon

A true story from 101 years ago. A story of the 1919 'Spanish' Flu pandemic.

Settle back and be challenged. Here is a true story from the Flower family archives. There is a God who hears a mother's and a father's prayers in a way that challenges even the most hardened unbeliever and can bring the power and reality of Christmas and the death and resurrection of Jesus into the darkest life.

The year was 1919. The Spanish flu epidemic was raging worldwide and in Australia as well. A thirteen year old boy named Arthur in the Sydney suburb of Sans Souci lay dying of that flu. The family had summoned their doctor who came, made an examination, shook his head and said "There is nothing that I or anyone can do. This boy will be dead within the hour. However, I do have some other patients nearby whom I may be able to help. Please excuse me while I attend to them. I will return in about 2 hours and write out a death certificate. He left. The lad's mother, a committed Christian did not take the doctor's word as final and fell to her knees in prayer for her son as the doctor walked out the door. She prayed and asked that God would be pleased to spare her son. She even promised that she would give him to God and do what she could to help that lad serve Him.

As she was praying, suddenly the boy sat up and extended his arms towards the foot of the bed his fingers moving as if trying to grasp something or someone that was there. "Lie down sonny, lie down, please rest." But the boy only replied "I'm reaching out to Jesus, He is standing in white at my bed and He wants me to follow Him...." Or words to that effect. Caroline, the mother, tried to pacify the child but could not. He suddenly seemed to have found strength and life....

About 2 hours later the doctor arrived with his book of death certificates ready to write another. He was shown into the sick room to be confronted by a 13 year old boy spooning soup into himself from a

bowl as if his life depended on it. The doctor was absolutely awe struck. "I came here to write a death certificate and I find the patient almost recovered and feeding himself no less. What has happened?" Quickly the mother recounted her prayer and the amazing raising up of her son.

The Doctor was both confounded and almost dumbfounded. "I'm not a believer Mrs. Flower" he said, "but I cannot explain this. Just ...well keep doing what you have been doing. I cannot explain the power of a mother's prayers or the God that she prays to. Please excuse me." And with that the doctor almost fled.

As you have probably worked out, the lad was Neil's father, Arthur Flower; the mother, his grandmother Caroline Flower.

Neil testifies; "My grandmother gave her son to the Lord and called on the name of the Lord to hear her. Had Arthur died, I would never have lived. But on December 16 of this year I will have completed 54 years of ordained ministry in which time I have seen great numbers of people from all around Australia and even overseas come to a living faith in the living God. Arthur has perhaps had his ministry through me. But this is what Christmas is all about.

The living God, breaks into this world with its rampant pandemic of sin, in order to show that there is new life, forgiveness and restoration no matter how bad the sinner. It's a 3 part process actually. Jesus comes as a real person, He offers himself to take the punishment for all wickedness and He rises again to show that He is Lord of all and can give a new start to all who reach out for it.



We love Christmas.... and Good Friday.... and Resurrection Day.... And we hope you will find reality, like Arthur; and Peace, like Nanna Caroline.

— by Jane and Neil Flower



TAILGATE

There were Sixteen Soldiers

*"The angel of the Lord encamps all around those who fear him and delivers them."
Psalm 34:7*

Two Christians, missionaries in Malaya, went into the town to draw out some money from the bank. As the return journey was too long, they decided to camp on the way back. Since the district was known for its bandits, they asked God for protection and went to sleep peacefully.

Some time later a man came for treatment at the hospital on the mission station. Looking hard at the doctor leaning over him, he claimed to have seen him before. "You were camping on a hill a few weeks ago." To the great astonishment of

the doctor, he continued: "I followed you with some comrades, knowing you had some money with you. We waited for nightfall to attack and rob you, but when we arrived where you were camping, we didn't dare because of the soldiers. There were sixteen of them, all wearing swords."

The missionary laughed, saying they had no soldiers with them. But when the bandit persisted, he stopped contradicting him, thinking that the sick man was suffering from a hallucination.

When he returned to London and told of this incident, someone approached him to inquire when that had happened. The doctor knew the exact date, and his opposite number said, "On that evening we had a prayer meeting. One man prayed especially for you. And I know that there were precisely sixteen of us present."

This illustrates the fact that prayer is an effective weapon. A Christian on his or her knees is, through God's power, like a soldier in combat.



*"The prayer of the righteous person is powerful in what it can achieve."
James 5:16b*





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