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**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

C/21



*Two sons (possible future Truckies!) glad to see their father home after a week away delivering two road trains of wheat and two of sorghum from farms to a cattle feed lot and an animal stock food processing plant.*

## ***LENNIE (too young to drive) and GINGER MICK on a LONG JOURNEY***



It's 1932 and Australia is in the grip of the Great Depression. One in three are unemployed. Decrepit shanty towns hug the outskirts of the big cities. A scrawny rabbit caught in a trap will feed a family for a week. Country roads are filled with broken men walking from one farmhouse to another seeking menial jobs and food.

On the outskirts of the South Gippsland town of Leongatha, an injured farmer lies in bed unable to walk – or work. World War 1 hero Captain Leo Tennyson Gwyther is in hospital with a broken leg and the family farm is in danger of falling into ruins.

Up steps his son, nine-year-old Lennie.

With the help of his pony Ginger Mick, Lennie ploughs the farm's 24 paddocks and keeps the place running until his father can get back on his feet.

How to reward him?

Lennie has been obsessively following one of the biggest engineering feats of the era – the construction of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. He wants to attend its opening. With great reluctance, his parents agree he can go.

So, Lennie saddles up Ginger Mick, packs a toothbrush, pyjamas, spare clothes and a water bottle into a sack, and begins the 1000+ kilometre (600+ miles) trek to Sydney.

Alone. That's right.

A nine-year-old boy riding a pony from the deep south of Victoria to the biggest and roughest city in the nation.

A different era; no social media; no mobile phones.

But even then it doesn't take long before word begins to spread about the boy, his horse and their epic track. The entire population of small country towns gather on their outskirts to welcome his arrival. He survives bushfires, is attacked by a 'vagabond' and endures rain and cold, biting winds.

When he reaches Canberra he is welcomed by Prime Minister Joseph Lyons who invites him into Parliament House for tea.

When he finally arrives in Sydney, more than 10,000 people line the streets to greet him. He is besieged by autograph hunters. He becomes a key part of the official parade at the bridge's opening. He and Ginger Mack are invited to make a starring

appearance at the Royal Show. Even Don Bradman, the biggest celebrity of the Depression era, requests a meeting and gives him a signed cricket bat.

A letter writer to The Sydney Morning Herald at the time gushes that "just such an example as provided by a child of nine summers, Lennie Gwyther was, and is, needed to raise the spirit of our people and to fire our youth and others to do things - not to talk only.

"The sturdy pioneer spirit is not dead ... let it be remembered that this little lad, when his father was in hospital, cultivated the farm - a mere child."

When Lennie leaves Sydney for home a month later, he has become one of the



most famous figures in a country craving uplifting news.

Loud crowds wave handkerchiefs. Women weep and shout 'Goodbye'. According to The Sun newspaper, "Lennie, being a casual Australian, swung into the saddle and called 'Toodleloo!'

He finally arrives home to a tumultuous reception in Leongatha.

He returns to school and soon life for Lennie - and the country - returns to normal.

These days you can find a bronze statue in Leongatha commemorating Lennie and Ginger Mick. But Australia has largely forgotten his remarkable feat - and how he inspired a struggling nation.

Never taught about him in school? Never heard of him before? We need to remember - and celebrate - Lennie Gwyther and his courageous journey.

God knows we need these stories now, more than ever.

.....



# ***Leanne Kelly - First Woman Oil Company Driver in the country***



My credentials are as follows;

- *Transport industry Chaplain with Transport for Christ*
- *Transport industry Chaplain with Chaplaincy Australia*
- *Cert 4 in Ministry*
- *Credentialed Mental Health First Aider*
- *Heavy Combination Driver*

It has been 38 yrs. since I joined the Transport industry in 1983 as a courier and worked up into rigid trucks and general freight, fridge vans, non hazardous bulk tankers. Then onto semi trailers, fuel tankers and much more over the many years.

I was the first woman oil company driver in the country as a 21 yr old. And the first woman company driver in many companies within Queensland at the time.

I loved improving myself daily with continued driver training and as much as I could learn from who ever I could pick up experience from.

I was never satisfied in being 'just a truck driver' I wanted to specialise, so I took on dangerous goods, fuel, LP Gas and chemicals.

I left the industry for a number of yrs. when my life changed. I married and established a new career which was nursing. I specialised in Palliative, Aged and High care.

In that time I also studied my Cert 4 in Ministry as I felt the calling to be a Chaplain.

Life took many bumps and turns and I was no longer married, I could no longer fight the craving to get back behind the wheel and at last I was able to fulfil my life long desire to drive multi combinations and heavy combinations. I have been involved in this area for the past 4 years and love road train work.

My ministry is mostly via the phone.

I can now combine my passion for Driving and caring for People by being a Transport industry accredited Chaplain. I am on call 24/7 to anyone who needs to have a chat. Whether its just to get in to their destination when exhausted, health, family, personal issues or just for a good laugh I've been there. I have experienced personally the affects of Depression, anxiety, family issues, abuse, suicide and health issues and am open to talk about anything really. I love learning about people and the lives they live, their experiences.



*continued on page 5 ...*

*continued from page 4 ...*

I don't push my faith on to anyone but am happy to talk about God and how I wouldn't even be still on this earth with out Him and His enduring Love and Protection over the many years on the road.

*He is my Rock,  
My Protector,  
My counsellor.  
My Father.  
My Saving Grace.*

- Leanne Kelly

.....



*Balranold truck stop*

## **Auger Trip**

Edgar and Neil set off one afternoon so they could tow back to a farm an auger from a manufacturer in Western Victoria. They travelled from Parkes, through Forbes, West Wyalong and Rankin Springs. Darkness fell as they were travelling on the Hay plain. Just before reaching Tooleybuc, their destination for the night, on the NSW side of the Murray River they saw a sign showing 10 Km to Goodnight.

Next morning, they zigzagged across western Victoria through the towns of Sea Lake, Hopetoun, Rainbow, Jeparit to

Tarranyurk on the Dimboola-Rainbow Road approximately 110 km from the South Australian border.

The 15.21 metres long, 28cm diameter auger was at the front of the factory where they were given an overview of its operation by Ambrose. After an oversize sign and a flashing light were attached to the towing vehicle, they set off to overnight again at Tooleybuc. Eighty kms per hour was the advisable speed for the tow, and care was needed with approaching vehicles and overtaking because the width of the auger wheels was wider than the little towing truck.

They breakfasted at Balranald truck stop, then on to Hay. Coming on to the Hay plain in daylight was certainly different from the night experience. Looking in an easterly direction, on the horizon an approaching truck appeared to be the size of a Matchbox one but was normal size when it passed.

At Rankin Springs they left the Mid-western Highway for Lake Cargelligo to spend the night. Next day was an easy stretch, through Condobolin and then to the farm at Parkes.

They were able to leave Highway Evangelists at truck stops; and were truly thankful to God for His journeying mercies and a safe trip.

The auger has since been put to use; filling a B-double with barley from a farm silo in 22 minutes compared to the original one taking 1 ½ hours.

- Neil Hawke

# Lights on The Hill Convoy and Memorial Service 2021

Dawn Presented Saturday 2nd October 2021 a near perfect morning, with the gathering of 409 trucks at the Port of Brisbane and Toowoomba with their destinations being Gatton Showgrounds in the Lockyer Valley west of Brisbane and East of Toowoomba.

Both convoys delivered a great deal of joy and eye candy to those members of the public and truck enthusiasts alike with much elbow grease and truck wash used to the max so to present each and every rigid truck, prime mover and tow truck beautifully.

All of which were, remembering, Honoring and Dedicating their day to Drivers and Family Members Lost.

The day was a great Success due to the Fantastic Team Effort of the dedicated Lights



On the Hill Committee and volunteers. The Showgrounds were pumping with live music, stalls and of course lots of transport workers and their families and public. All rides were free.

Sunday presented us with another stunning day at the Memorial Wall at Apex Park at Gatton.

The Memorial Wall was flanked by Prime movers of family members of Drivers who had lost their lives in the past year or so and their name plaques were being added to the all ready plaque soaked wall.

Such an emotional service, with dedications to those of our transport family we have lost.

The music, releasing of doves, laying of wreaths and flowers at the Wall's base and the final dedication by the number of attending trucks with their lights on and flashing and Air Horns ablaze all in unison.

A very moving time for all who attended.

*continued on page 7 ...*





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Congratulations to All drivers and companies who were able to attend and spare trucks at a very trying time of the year and the Lights on the Hill Organizing committee and volunteers for pulling it all together. And of course the many attendees, it was encouraging to see.

Bring on 2022!

Photo Credits:

*Memorial Wall Photo - Leanne Kelly*

*Drone Photos - Gotcha by Karl*

Article written by Industry Chaplain Leanne Kelly



*A truck driver stops at a road house with a penguin in the passenger seat.*

*The owner from the road house asks where the penguin comes from.*

*"I found him on the highway, what should I do?" the driver replies.*

*- "You have to take him to the zoo!"*

*The truck driver nods and drives away.*

*Three days later the truck driver came to the road house again. Surprised, the owner asks him:*

*"I thought you were going to take him to the zoo?"*

*- "I did, and tonight we're going to the movies!"*

# John the Stone-breaker

Years ago in England, before roads were tarred, men worked by the roadside breaking up big lumps of stone to a suitable size, ready for road mending.



One day the squire was passing an old stone-breaker, and heard him saying "Oh Adam! Oh Adam!" The sun was hot and the work very tedious and tiring. He took off his hat, mopped the perspiration from his brow, and repeated, "Oh Adam!"

The squire stopped and said, "Good morning John. Why do you say 'Oh Adam'?"

"Well, sir," said John, "if it hadn't been for Adam, I wouldn't have to do this weary job."

"How is that?" said the squire.

John replied, "Why, if Adam hadn't sinned, we wouldn't have to earn our living by 'the sweat of our brow'. He disobeyed God, and brought sin into the world, and we are all suffering from it."

"But," said the squire, "if you had been in the Garden of Eden, don't you think you would have done the same thing?"

"No, I'm sure I wouldn't," said he. "My missus and I often talk it over, and we would have been content with all the good things God had given us, and wouldn't have touched just the one tree He had forbidden."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the squire; and after a few more words, he went on his way.

Now the squire was a Christian. He knew that he was a sinner, but that Jesus had

borne the punishment in his place on the cross at Calvary – which is true of all who believe in Christ; and he had thanked God and accepted Jesus as his Saviour. And he wondered how best to help the old man.

So the next day he sent his footman to John's cottage with a message. "The squire wants you and your wife to come to dinner tomorrow at six o'clock."

The old people were delighted and, dressed in their best clothes, arrived the next night at the Hall.

The squire made them very welcome, and seated them with him at the table, set with many tempting dishes. After the first course, the butler entered and said that someone wanted to see the squire urgently.

So he apologised to his guests, and begged them to continue the meal, and to help themselves to anything they liked, "except that one," he said, pointing to one covered dish. Of course they readily agreed.

Left to themselves, they continued to enjoy the good things on the table. They'd never before had such a dinner! "I wonder what's under that dish cover," said the wife. "It's very strange that he would keep just that one back when he told us to help ourselves to everything else."

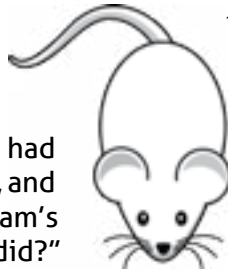
The more they talked about it, the more curious they became. "Let's just peep and see what it is," said she. "We won't take any of it; just lift the cover." So after some persuasion, John lifted the cover an inch or



two, and, lo and behold, an empty dish! But out ran a little white mouse!

They scrambled to try and catch it, knocking over a water jug and several other things, but the mouse got away. Imagine their feelings as they realized how foolish they'd been. "Well," said John, "we promised not to touch it and now we're found out."

Just then the squire came in, glanced at the table, saw the look on their faces, and guessed what had happened. Old John began to say something but soon stopped, for he had no excuse. The squire listened quietly, and then said, "Now, if you'd been in Adam's place, wouldn't you have done as he did?"



"Yes sir," said John, looking very downcast, "I expect I would have;" and both husband and wife went home sad, but much wiser.

This is a lesson for us all. Satan knows just how to tempt us, some in one way and some in another. We don't die for Adam's sin, but each one for our own. Though it's true that "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin;" the same verse tells us, "so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned."

But, thank God, we are also told that "By the obedience of one (Jesus) shall many be made righteous" (Romans 5:12, 19). And those who own they are sinners, and repent and turn to Jesus, are accounted righteous by God. Have YOU done that?

- The Shining Light

## *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

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# Travelling In The Tracks Of A Trailblazer

By T.S. Stauffer

Her name was Lillie, and every woman truckdriver today owes her a debt of gratitude.

"Hey, a lady is driving that truck!

My nineteen-year-old daughter was amazed to discover that ladies do indeed drive big rigs. I realised then that we had somehow neglected to teach her an important life lesson: women can become professional drivers and members of the trucking industry. She proudly nodded her approval of this impressive fact which had broadened her knowledge about life on the highway as she knew it.

The pioneer whose courage opened the field of trucking to women was Lillie Elizabeth Drennan (1897-1974). Holder of the honour of being the first licenced female truck driver and trucking company owner in the United States, she was known as a 'colourful personality'. She received her commercial truck driver's licence in 1929.

History tells us that the examiners were reluctant at first to issue a licence to her, arguing that her hearing impairment could make her a safety risk. Lillie, however, sensed some gender bias and successfully argued her case, using her impressive driving record and challenging them: "If any man can beat my record I'll just get out of here." (Evidently no one did!). It's told she drove an old Chevrolet truck and kept a loaded revolver by her side on all her many trucking adventures (although she never used it); and she was able to make a living doing what she wanted right up to her passing away in 1974.

Today many of the trucks on the road might have a mum, wife, sister or grandma behind the wheel. Women in Trucking Australia is a tremendous resource for today's professional driver. This non-profit organisation was established to encourage the employment of women in the trucking industry, promote their accomplishments and minimise the obstacles they face. All drivers deal with dangers on the road, pressures of relating to customers, co-workers, less than ideal working conditions and limited home time. Some of the top challenges facing women drivers include harassment, image and safety or security issues.



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Want to know more about "Women in Trucking Australia"?

Call **Leanne on 0412 834 484**, or check the website: [www.wita.com.au](http://www.wita.com.au)

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*Loading Ag planes with urea to top dress wheat and barley to potentially increase the yield. This is usually done from the ground but planes were used because of all the rain and they take only 8 minutes per load. The trucks also carry Av-gas so the planes can be refuelled.*



### **New website!**

As many of you are aware, ongoing COVID restrictions mean that many roadhouses are unable to have magazines, including the *Highway Evangelist*, available for truckies to read during their breaks. We have been working hard to provide an online solution – and we're pleased to announce that Transport for Christ Australia now has a website! Now, digital copies of the *Highway Evangelist* are available to read and download.

We are currently going through old photo albums to find historical TFC photos to add to the photo gallery – but we would love to publish your photos too. Follow the link on the gallery page to send them in!

**[www.transportforchristaustralia.com](http://www.transportforchristaustralia.com)**

### **Kev's Pride**

*When I was a lad knee high to a flea  
my uncle had an old truck, but you see  
it wasn't good enough for the job  
so he traded her in, went the whole hog;  
He brought home a double A 160 Inter  
take a walk around and you couldn't fault  
her,*

*a nicer truck you never did see  
from Wagga all the way to Sydney;  
Now this truck she served and did her best  
carting bales of hay from way out west,  
wheat and chaff and wool bales too  
I tell you mate, she was true;  
But as years went by I will not jest  
it was time for her to go to rest,  
in a yard of wrecks I saw her last  
now all I can do is remember her past;  
She used to be so sparkling and clean  
now young folks say she's just a has-been,  
if they could have only known her as I did  
as they walk by her now they'd lift their lid.*

*- By Michael John O'Brien*

# ***A World too Small for Me - But ..***

by Pablo Lopez

## **Chapter 10**

In 2001 while still working for Australia Post, I was having left knee problems, so I had an arthroscopy, which is done by four key holes, 25 minutes of cutting and cleaning, end up with a fifteen-minute DVD of what was done.

In previous issues I was seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, well the light is a running away train coming towards me when in 2004 I had resigned from the Post with both knees swollen and in pain.

I was not depressed but inside of me I was very concerned. I was 58 years old, what was I going to do?

My wife, pastors, and local church gave me a great deal of support, also God's Word backed me up. In Isaiah 40:31 it says:

*"but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint"...*

In 2005 I had full left knee reconstruction and right knee arthroscopy.

At the time my wife and other people from church worked as Disability Support Workers and they encouraged me to be on board as a DSW. I had to seek the Lord on this and I had peace. So I enrolled in TAFE and did an Aged Care and Nursing



*Mauricio with little Matias, Pablo and grandsons Marc Antoni and Mykaiah when Pablo went into a flight simulator.*

Assistant Certificate and also a Certificate 3 in Disabilities, and did two weeks of work experience in a nursing home.

It was a beautiful experience to be able to talk to people about a Saviour when they are only a step away from eternity.

As soon I had finished these courses, I was catapulted to work for DAHDCS at only 4 kms away from my home. The job description as DSW: it's to support 5 people with daily living activities. There were 3 males and 2 females in their late sixties. I was doing 20 hours a week among other staff in rotating rosters. The very first induction shift of only 4 hours I was left on my own!

I liked the new job, the people or clients were highly independent but still needed some assistance, in their everyday routines, always focusing on client centred approach and dignity and respect.

*continued on page 13 ...*

*continued from page 12 ...*

Where I was working was one of the best places. All the staff was competent and friendly.

I have many good memories of my time working there like the time when after dinner we were sitting having a cuppa and one of the male clients told me, "You know Pablo everybody has disabilities". I told him that he was 100% right; and that has helped me to be a better person and understand other people.

In 2019 COVID hit the world and March 2020 while we were planning to go to Israel and Greece the Australian Government suggested for people over 60 years old to stop working as frontline workers as we were vulnerable to the virus. At the same time Israel shut down its borders. We were disappointed but at the same time thankful to God that we did not get out of Australia and got stranded overseas. The Bucket List can wait!

In December 2020 I retired after 63 years of work, in front line, in the line of fire many times; I have seen God's protection since the time I was born.

Times when my mother had to ran away with us because my father was coming home drunk, when I was 5 years old my father got me drunk and I had to spent 7 months in hospital.

At 7 years old my mother left me in a reformatory school for boys; at 14 years old while I was riding a bike to work a car hit me and I went flying in the air and fell on the road almost under the car.

At 18 years old on an oil tanker while travelling on the Indian Ocean into the Atlantic there was a heavy storm that

lasted nine days. On the gas pipeline while working in an excavator I extracted unexploded dynamite and gelignite.

Or 12 years as a driving instructor, or 14 years as a truck driver sometimes falling asleep.

Now at 73 years old I'm so grateful to the Lord for His protection all of my days. To Him be the glory!

Please read Isaiah 55:6-12

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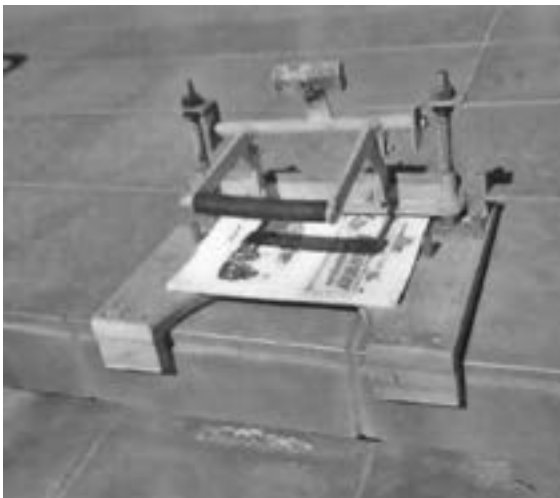


*Karl, with a Highway Evangelist paper, at Casula, NSW.  
Photo by Pablo Lopez*



*Loading Faba Beans (5-10 cents in size) by a flat bed auger so as to reduce cracking. The beans are transported to Melbourne to be manufactured into stock feed or put into a container and exported to Egypt. Photo by Annabelle Bonder*

.....



*This photo is of a gadget I was asked to make to press down on the folds of a magazine (HE papers being assembled at the Forbes office) so as to make them better for postage.*

*The angle iron base was great, a full length, passed to me over the fence by a neighbour who sold the house next door. The threaded bar posts given to me in Kingswood as scrap, and the half inch Whitworth nuts acquired along the way. The deformed bar pivot was part of a stake from the garden that supported a rose that died. The link screws were from a cousin of Yvonne's and the base board from a kitchen cupboard from the church that was cut up to go to the dump. The counter balance weight was from an evaporative cooler that a neighbour was about to throw away.*

*We came from the generation that were taught you never throw anything away as it might become useful someday.*

*- by David Parkin, submitted by Neil Hawke*



the lines: *"This is an evil generation. It seeks a sign, and no sign will be given to it except the sign of Jonah"* (Luke 11:29).

I was perplexed. I realised that I could not expect a particular sign. God's word was the answer to my question. Now it was up to me to take the decisive step of faith.

*"You who seek God, your hearts shall live." (Psalm 69:32). "If you seek Him, He will be found by you" (1 Chronicles 28:9).*

# TAILGATE

## **God Does Indeed Exist !**



### **Does God Really Exist ?**

A Christian from Israel tells their story:

I never had any desire to seek God. During my military service I learned to trust in myself, in my will power and my potential. I got on very well without God, yet I wanted to know whether He really existed.

I spent a lot of time thinking about this question. When I spoke to a friend about it, she said, "Why not ask God to give you a sign that He does exist?" So I asked Him for a sign as proof of His existence. So I suggested that He should wake me at 11 o'clock. I used to get up early every morning. I repeated this request several times, but without any success. I told myself that it must mean that God did not exist.

Later I met a Christian who assured me "God would never demonstrate His existence in such a way. He wants you to go to Him." That displeased me, but I couldn't help feeling that his words meant something.

When I was alone in my room a few days later, I opened the New Testament and asked God, "If you really exist, let me open the book at the place that I must read." I opened it and saw

I knew that I had to take the step of faith, but I kept postponing the decision. Then came the evening when I asked Jesus to come into my life. It was like diving into deep water, taking a step from which there was no going back. I opened the door to Him and He entered. That evening I made a right-about turn. I didn't understand everything, but I believed that God existed, and that Jesus was sent by Him to die for our sins. He forgave me all my guilt.

The Jewish faith is based, like so many other religions, on ceremonies and rules to improve a person's nature step by step. People hope to obtain God's favour and agreement by their own efforts. It is an attempt to earn salvation and eternal life, but it is a vain endeavour.

Jesus Christ, on the other hand, offers us the remedy. It can be summarised as follows: Give me your heart. I have done all that was necessary for you. Through my sacrifice I will cleanse you of your sins and grant you forgiveness. And I shall give you a new heart and a new life. (Read 1 John 1:8-9; John 3:5-7; 1 Corinthians 6:11)

*"Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon"* (Isaiah 55:6-7). - from The Good Seed



Call Chaplain John Wheeler—  
**Transport for Christ Australia Inc.**

PO Box 30, Mittagong NSW 2575  
Phone: (02) 4871 1216 or Mobile: 0408 117 775  
Email: jndwheeler@hotmail.com  
Website: transportforchristaustralia.com

**Regional representatives:**

**Queensland:** Shawn — 0411 607 155, Leanne — 0412 834 484  
**Lower Hunter NSW:** John & Shirley Bryant — 0476 893 922  
**South Coast NSW:** Ray Joyce — (02) 4421 4063 or 0409 154 886  
**Central West NSW:** Neil Hawke — 0455 216 363  
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The opinions expressed in the Highway Evangelist are not necessarily those of the Editorial Team or Transport for Christ Australia Inc.



*Josh cleaning around the turntable (after detaching the dolly that made it a road train) reverting back to a B double.*



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