

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/22



A fire occurred on a farm burning 10 hectares of unharvested wheat and 40 hectares of straw (stubble), before it was brought under control, then extinguished by the RFS volunteers.

Photo shows a Cat 1 Rural Fire Service (RFS) tanker holding one thousand litres being re-filled from a farm water truck - an Atkinson 2470 semi-trailer carrying 2x8000 litre tanks.

God Wanted My Attention and He Got it

January 18th 1995 I was out and about carting wood chip from the forests on the Sunshine Coast Qld; just loved the logging and forestry work and the skills I required to operate my truck successfully out in the bush.

I had what I thought was a good relationship with God but that was just about to be tested and expanded.

Early that morning I had been heading to the Port of Brisbane bulk terminal. I noticed inside the cab was very bright as if the interior light was on but no, or the first rays of sun was pouring through the wind screen in to the cab but no, the sun wasn't quite up yet ... really kinda weird feeling ...

Moving on to later in the day, we had experienced the first light rain of the day and I was heading back to base from the bush site west of Woodford. I was empty as the chipper had broken down and I had to do a shift change. I was following one of the company log trucks when at 60km an hour up a right hand sweeping bend that I had travelled over hundreds of times over the years I found my prime mover had lost traction in the wet, started to jack knife and fish tail up the road. I'm in a bit of trouble here now!

The second thought was I'd better ask God to save me! Which I did. The ride down was a bit rough as the truck and trailer and I dropped below the highway out of view below the road, connecting with a ledge after about 15 metres and rolling over ... finally coming to rest in half a dozen small trees upside down 30 meters down.

I was hanging by my legs caught between the seat and the steering wheel. Unable to move. I remembered to turn off the motor as I remembered they don't run really well upside down!!

Then I tried to call the office on the work radio, thinking how was I going to convince them of what's just happened ... just maybe my reputation of being a bit of a prankster was going to come back to bite me ... I had to wait in line on the radio to get through ... who would have thought ...

After convincing my boss I was actually in trouble and needed some help, I heard a voice and a male person called out "hello, are you ok?" I said I need help. The voice said, "Ohh love is the driver ok?" I said firmly, "I AM THE DRIVER". So this brave man kicked in the windscreen and climbed into cab and assisted in releasing me from my seat and steering wheel cage, and dragged me out by the scruff of the neck. By then emergency services were there standing back as they were listening to the small trees creaking under the weight of the truck; there was another 30 odd metres and a creek below us. They wanted to tie the truck off before I was to be rescued.

I was manoeuvred up the cliff face to the ambulance and taken off to hospital. The truck was rescued the next day and written off.

The cliff was known for many years after that as "*Leanne's Leap*" ...

Getting back to the bright light in the cab that morning – it was obvious later that Jesus was sitting in the cab of the truck with me that day; what other explanation was there really.



Much happened after that with my relationship with God and myself. I didn't have any outward signs of injury so most people thought I was ok, including my church family. So as I lived on my own at the time, I struggled with the nightmares and torment of PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder). Not too much was known about it then outside the military. So I wasn't treated for it. I remember one night wanting to just have some pain relief so I could have a very long sleep and wake up and the nightmares and pain was over.

God led me to a verse in His Word—"I promise I will NEVER LEAVE YOU OR FORSAKE YOU." I was crying when I read that. Then he sent an angel in the form of another driver on the phone. He was just checking in on me to see how I was going. He saved me from that bottle of pills that night and he saved my life.

It is so important to check in on our mates, colleagues, family, any time of the day or night. I can't stress it enough on how important that is. If you know God, be sensitive to what the Holy Spirit is breathing into you when it comes to this kind of care for one another.

We are Family, you and I ... we have our Transport industry family ... we do it tough, we work hard, we cop heaps every day, from all angles. We are a special breed. God made us this way, so embrace it, and care for one another. Travel safe Brothers and Sisters. May the hand of God be on you every minute of every day.

– *Chaplain Leanne Kelly*





"Well known in the Ariah Park district was Alleena based wheat lumper and prolific bush poet Michael William 'Tas' Murphy 1887 --1937. Remembered as a highly respected hard worker in the wheat industry, Tas held the Australian record, until his death, of 1500 bags a day, up a 22 bag stack on 4 consecutive days without an elevator."

Calculating 1500 bags at 81 kg per bag is 120 tonnes per day carried.

Back in those days, there was no weight limit on what you could carry.



They say kids brighten the home. That's because they never turn the lights off!

There is a story of a small boy who told his Sunday School teacher that when Satan knocked on the door of his heart, he sent Jesus to answer it!

What a very wise thing to do, whatever our age.

'Most people are bothered by the passages of Scripture they don't understand, but the passages that bother me are the ones I do understand.' - Mark Twain

Notice (translated) found on entering a French church:

"By entering this church it may be possible that you will hear the call of God.

However, it is unlikely that He will call you on your mobile.

Thank you for turning off your phones.

If you want to talk to God, choose a quiet place to talk to Him.

If you want to see Him, send Him a text while driving."

- From 'Church Outlook'

Trucks Carry This Country

Written by the 10-year-old son of a truck driver.

Truckies make the world go round. Almost everything you use in life is transported by a truck and its driver; from the food we eat to the toys we play with. They come in all different makes and sizes. - including the drivers. Truckies and their trucks are everywhere, on highways, back roads, service stations, loading docks, supermarkets.

Nobody understands why they do it. They miss their wives, their children, and their dinner. They are businessmen in blue singlets and stubbies and their home is their cab most of the year. They are scientists who haul dangerous chemicals and explosives. They are weather watchers who read clouds for signs of rain that can delay them; but nothing can stop them. They are caring people who are usually the first to stop at accidents to help. They are backyard mechanics who never read the instructions and whose hands are always dirty. Most truckies think they are great politicians who could run the country better than anyone. - and probably could!

They like sunshine, dry roads, honking their horns at children, music, and weekends at

home with their families. They don't like bad weather, traffic jams, four wheelers on the highways who are careless, the price of fuel and especially drunk drivers.

They miss the everyday things of life like cutting the grass, taking out the garbage and most of their children's big events which they only hear about. They even miss their bedtime.

They live on coffee and the thought of getting home safely. WHY? To be your source of food, building materials, clothing, and natural resources. In fact, nearly everything in your life has arrived in their trucks!

When they make it home safely and usually very tired, and their children yell, "Dad's home!" it seems all worthwhile.

It seems everywhere you look a truckie passes you by. Take time to wave 'hello'; it's a small thing but it means a lot to them.

Who are these people? ONE OF THEM IS MY DAD.

.....

(Editor's comment: When I was hit from behind, I had three small children in the car with me. The car was a write off. It was a truckie who stopped to help and stayed to tell the police that I had my right turning indicator on correctly.)



Waiting in line at the Parkes grain receival

Running From God

By Bill Payne

Have you ever done anything really stupid behind the wheel? Something that you knew was wrong when you started it, but you went right ahead anyway and then immediately regretted it? The occasion that sticks in my mind happened many years ago.



I was heading uphill with an empty tanker. A single lane hill like a dog's hind leg with very few spots where you could pass. And I came up behind another truck labouring under a heavy load. I knew that if I didn't get past I'd be stuck behind him all the way up the hill, so I pulled out to pass him knowing that even with an empty tanker I was pushing my luck as the first curve was only a few hundred metres away.

I thought, "If I do it, I'm liable to get into trouble ... but I'll do it anyway". And, sure, enough, I got into trouble.

I was halfway round him when a Ford came barrelling around the corner and I found myself on a head-on collision course with nowhere to go. I waited till the last minute and then swerved in certain that I would side swipe the other truck. To my surprise

and relief, the lane was empty. The other driver, seeing my predicament, had pulled off onto the shoulder so that I could get in.

After breathing a heavy sigh of relief, my first thought was to get out of there fast. I didn't want anyone knowing who had pulled such a stupid stunt! So up I went with the pedal to the metal, but the further I went the more guilty I felt. I not only owed that driver a big 'thank you' but also an apology so I pulled off at a wide spot and waited. It wasn't long before I heard him coming and when he came around the corner I stepped out and motioned him to pull in behind me which he did.

I walked back to his rig and looking up into his window I apologised and asked him if he wanted to jump down from his cab and beat the living daylights out of me.

A big grin broke out on his face and he did jump down from his cab, not to give me what I deserved, but rather to offer me his hand in friendship. He then offered to buy me coffee at the top. I've never forgotten that lesson or his kindness.

A lot of you reading this article are in the same situation in your relationship with God. Somewhere down the line you really blew it. Perhaps you engaged in some act of sexual perversion, maybe stole something, or cheated or lied. Maybe you were involved in getting someone else into serious trouble. Whatever it is, you are certain that if you were ever found out you would be ruined, so you ran, and you are still running. Running not only from the sin that haunts your life, filling you with guilt and self-incrimination, but you are running from God as well. You are certain that if you ever confronted God with your sin, you'd be condemned.

Do you think that God is less merciful than that driver was? I tell you NO. The Bible tells us that "God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." (John 3:17)

Aren't you tired of running? Aren't you tired of the fear and the guilt and the self-incrimination? If you'll stop and turn around (that's called repentance) and face God with your failures, asking Him for mercy and forgiveness, you will find God waiting for you with outstretched arms saying, "Welcome home."

Please stop running away from God.

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At pilots training back in the Air Corps they taught us, "Always try to keep the number of landings you make equal to the number of take offs you make."



Waiting in line at the Parkes grain receival

An old lady handed her cheque to a bank teller and said, "I would like to withdraw \$500."

The teller told her, "For withdrawals less than \$5000 please use the ATM."

The old lady then asked, "Why?"

The teller irritably told her, "These are the rules. Please leave if there is no other matter. There is a queue behind you."

She then returned the card to the old lady. The old lady remained silent. Then she returned the cheque to the teller and said, "Please help me withdraw all the money I have."

The teller was astonished when she checked the account balance. She nodded her head, leaned down and said to the old lady, "My apologies. You have \$3.5 billion in your account and our bank does not have so much cash currently. Could you make an appointment and come again tomorrow?"

The old lady then asked, "How much am I able to withdraw now?"

The teller told her, "Any amount up to \$300,000."

The old lady then told the teller that she wanted to withdraw \$300,000 from her account. The teller did so quickly and handed it to the old lady respectfully.

The old lady kept \$500 in her bag and asked the teller to deposit the balance of \$299,500 back into her account.

The teller was dumbfounded.

Captain Coutts

Captain John Coutts was a wild tyrant of a sea captain, but on one journey he was taken ill and lay on his back on his bunk in mid ocean, death staring him in the face. He winced in the presence of death, and fear of 'the beyond' took hold of him.



He sent for the first officer and asked, "Williams, get on your knees and pray a bit for a fellow; I'm awful bad; expect I'll go this time."

"I'm not a praying man, captain; I can't pray."

"Well bring your Bible and read me a bit – for my rope's about run out."

"I've no Bible, Captain."

"Then send the second officer here, perhaps he can pray a bit."

The second officer stood by his bunk. "Say, Thomas, I'm bound for eternity this trip; get down and pray."

"I'd do it Captain, if I could," stated the second officer, "but since I was a boy I've never prayed."

"Have you a Bible?" asked the captain.

"No Sir."

"Then tell the third officer I want to see him."

The third officer was like his superiors: he could neither pray, nor had a Bible.

The ship was searched for anyone who could pray or had a Bible.

At last, one of the men came saying he had seen a book like a Bible in the hands of the cook's boy, Willie Platt.

"Just see if he has one," said the captain.

"Sonny have you got a Bible?"

"Yes," said the boy, "but I read it in my own time."

"Oh, that's all right, boy. Fetch it and sit down here and find something that will help me. I am going to die. Find something about God having mercy on sinners."

Poor boy. He didn't know where to read but remembered his mother had often read Isaiah 53 to him. Willie turned to the chapter and read. When he read the 5th verse, "*But because of our sins he (Jesus) was wounded, beaten because of the evil we did. We are healed by the punishment he suffered, made whole by the blows he received.*"

"Stop boy; now that sounds like it; read it again."

Once more Willie read these words "He was wounded, etc."

"Aye, boy. That's good. That's it."

Willie then was braver saying, "Captain, when I was reading this at home, mother made me put me name in it. Shall I put my name in it?"

"Certainly, sonny"

Reverently the boy read, "because of Willie Platt's sins he was wounded, etc."

When Willie finished, the captain eagerly said, "Boy, read it again and put your captain's name in – John Coutts, John Coutts."

The boy read, "But because of John Coutts' sins he was wounded, beaten because of the evil John Coutts did. John Coutts is healed by the punishment he suffered, made whole by the blows he received."



"That will do, boy. Go on deck."

The captain lay back hearing these words ringing in his ears, repeating them, putting his name in.

Before he passed away the captain had witnessed everyone aboard his ship that Jesus was wounded for his sins, beaten because of the evil he did, and by the blows he received he, John Coutts, was made whole.

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

A/22

Memories ...

Is That all there is?

I was bought up in a small saw-milling town in Victoria and during my high school days I sat next to a boy whose only interest was trucks. I can still hear him clearly changing up and down through the gears as he sat beside me in class.



Poor Mrs Malcolm was trying to teach us English, and he spent the whole class double-clutching up and down through the gears. His father owned log trucks and he had a huge modern Federal; 6-cylinder petrol motor, five speed gear box and a two-speed vacuum operated Eaton diff. What a machine! He left school early and started driving trucks, but sadly he did not enjoy his life on the road long as he was tragically killed on the highway a few years later.

I wasn't as lucky as him; I had to stay at school but kept up my interest in trucks even though I didn't get a chance to drive them. I remember sitting at my desk to study at

night and spending all my time listening to the trucks drive by on the road outside. One truck I knew especially well was a 190 Inter with a 6 cyl Cummins, 5 speed gear box, 2 speed electric diff and a huge 4 inch, loud exhaust.

I could hear it start off 2 miles down the road and I knew every gear change. It wasn't until he was half a mile past our house that he finally changed into top gear.

It wasn't until I came home on university holidays that I got my first opportunity to drive a log truck. I went around to ask an old friend for a job and to my surprise he said turn up on Monday and start. I didn't have a truck licence, so we jumped in the truck and drove down to the police station to get one.

I had a great summer holiday getting up early to be in the bush before daylight, driving all day and getting home after dark, parking the truck, and turning off the key and thinking, "Is that all there is?" There was a great sense of excitement while the motor was going, but at the end of the day after the motor stopped there was a kind of emptiness.

I couldn't wait until the next day for the hustle and bustle to cover up this empty feeling.

Someone once said. "There is a God-shaped vacuum inside every man, which only Christ can fill."



I would not have been prepared to listen to any ideas about God back then. I didn't know there was a God out there who really cares. I thought you had to be 'goody, goody' before God would accept you. I knew that I could never be good enough.

Did you know that Jesus Christ never said to anyone "be good", "kick yourself into gear and straighten up"? He said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Come follow Me and I will give you my joy.

I still love trucks, even though you can hardly hear the exhausts anymore and they don't change gears much or crawl over hills at 5 mph. But I wouldn't change what Jesus has done for me for all the trucks on the Hume at night. Consider Him!

- by Harold Fox

.....

The night is pitch black

The road stretches ahead, only a few flickering lights midst the shadows of the tree.

You feel alone. Alone with the soft hum of your high-powered engine. Alone with the music, and the detached voice of the radio announcer.

No fellow travellers on a night like this? No other lonely drivers heading towards their

destination? Few in passenger cars; but there are those big trucks zooming their straight course, carrying their huge cargoes. You pass one and peer at the high cab to get a look at the face of the wide shouldered figure whose hands grip that large steering wheel.

Big men, truckies. Big of heart. Big in courage. Fun loving. People loving. That's how you think of them. You remember the slogan "If you've got it, a truck brought it." Quite a responsibility they have. Quite a responsibility he has because he is alone with that valuable load for many hours. All alone until he can stop for a steaming cup of coffee and a hearty hello to those in a roadside truck stop. He is all alone tonight. He will be all alone tomorrow night and the next and the next.

What does a truckie think about as he guides his big rig along the country's roads and highways? Does he worry about getting there safely? Does he think about the people he left behind? - or is it those at the end of this trip? How does he keep all his mental powers alerted for any eventuality - a storm, careless drivers, slippery road, any shifting of his load? How does he keep from feeling unbearably alone?

Some drivers can't. Who knows how many truck accidents can be credited to human error caused by human depression, human fatigue, human loneliness?

More and more truck drivers are finding the answer to the dreadful purposeless aching of the "nobody cares" feeling.

God says, "*Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God; I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.*" *Isaiah 41:10*

Do you have the "Nobody Cares" feeling?

Do you need prayer and a chat?

Ring the Prayer Hotline - 0408 117 775

THE U IN JESUS

Before U were thought of or time had begun,
God put U in the name of His Son

And each time U pray, you'll see it's true,
You can't spell out JesUs and not include U.

You're a pretty big part of His wonderful name,
For U, He was born; that's why He came.

And His great love for U is the reason He died.
It even takes U to spell crucified.

Isn't it thrilling and splendidly grand
He rose from the dead, with U in His plan?

The stones split away, the gold trUmpet blew,
And this word resUrrection is spelled with a U.

When Jesus left earth at His Upward ascension,
He felt there was one thing He just had to mention.

"Go into the world and tell them it's true
That I love them all – just like I love U."

So many great people are spelled with a U,
Don't they have a right to know JesUs too?

It all depends now on what U will do,
He'd like them to know, but it all starts with U.
Will YOU pass it on?

I share a Prayer

*I share a prayer with you Lord
As I turn the key,
Smoke bellows above my head
I need your help to keep
Me safe Lord
I'm not too proud for it be
Said!
I trust you will be my off sider
Sitting high on my left
Your eyes will be with mine I Know!
OH, I feel so blessed
Your hands will be with mine
Upon the steering wheel
I know you love me
That's a part of the deal.
As we head off down the highway
With hazards many ahead
My life is in your hands Lord
I'm thankful that it's you
By whom I'm being led.*

Copyright L. Dunning, 20 April 1994

A careless word may kindle strife;
A cruel word may wreck a life;
A timely word may level stress;
A loving word may heal and bless.
Speak timely and loving words into
someone's life today.

- Brenda Smith



UD at work, minus the dog.

The Nissan UD Harvest

In a previous life it operated as furniture removalist Pantech based at Wagga Wagga. It was bought at a public auction by a farmer as a cab chassis twin steer bogie drive. The new owner had a 7.38 metre tray top fitted with a telescopic hoist, with removable bin.

After two years of transporting grain from the farm to Parkes subterminal, the farmer realised the UD could haul more grain per trip, so he had an engineer build a dog trailer (single axle front and back) with a permanent centre delivery bin (boat bin) capable of carrying ten tonne, allowing the truck and dog a possible gross 42.5 tonne.

With the commencement of deliveries of grain by trucks of all carrying capacity to Parkes sub, two rows were formed because there were two automatic sampling spears side by side (where grain is vacuumed out).

As the abundant harvest progressed other grain receival places in the region filled and

were shut causing more truck deliveries to Parkes. A road was hastily graded in the shape of a C, then an S, making trucks line up side by side. One driver asked another which was the quickest row. His reply was, "It is always the other one."

When automatically sampled, a green or red light operated by the sample stand attendant allowed drivers to move further, where they would wait till someone from the stand called out the registration number of their truck; handed the driver a sheet with the particulars of the sample; whether wheat, barley or canola; moisture level, protein, impurities as a percent and if canola the oil content. The drivers could then move to the weighbridge where they were told where to unload - bunker or hopper to the silos.

If the moisture was above 12.5% for wheat or 8% for canola, it would not be accepted, resulting in a return trip back to the farm to be unloaded and another trip when the moisture level was lower.



The Transport for Christ office in Forbes, NSW. Local volunteers assemble Highway Evangelist papers here.



On the Newell Highway, Bogan Street in Parkes. An upgrade of the highway will result in a 9km bypass of Parkes. When completed in a few years it will eliminate two railway crossings as well as four ninety degree turns.



just maybe the Lord is coming back soon. Even if not, there is going to be 'Harvest of souls', and we should all be involved in it. I find this more exciting than anything I do, as it is everlasting, and builds up the Kingdom of God.

Today people are scared because of the scare tactics used by the media and social media. We need to be aware of this and stand against it. We should not bow to the god of the age.

Christians, do not be a silent majority. Share the Gospel. Tell the truth to everyone.

You might be ridiculed, but so was Jesus. The old saying is, "If you do not stand for something you will fall for everything."

- Robert Osborne.

"So everywhere we go we talk about Christ to all who will listen, warning them and teaching them as well as we know how. We want to be able to present each one to God, perfect because of what Christ has done for each of them." Colossians 1:28



TAILGATE

Share the Gospel!

While today I do not drive trucks much anymore, I still drive a lot to country towns. I pray to the Lord to lead me to someone to share the Gospel with. Most times this happens. Myself and my wife go by John 3.16 "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life." Also, Philipians 4.13 "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

We have spoken to dozens of mostly young people last year, and we have found out many are losing hope in just about everything. This is because of the lockdowns etc. Often people hearing the Gospel brings back hope, and you see light back in their eyes. That is the challenge to Christians today. We should be the Light in the darkness.

Get some Christian handouts or make up some yourselves and give it a go. What we are seeing is madness all over the world, and



Waiting for the start of 'Trucks over the Highlands'



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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.



Photo taken from the cab of the UD.

Next in line to be automatically speared for a sample.



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