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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

B/22



This is crossing the Abercrombie River on the Blayney to Crookwell Road near Tuena (an old 1860's goldmining town) on the way to Goulburn. A great look at God's creation. The truck is a 2001 Kenworth K104 model.

A Church in Coonabarabran

About three years ago during a hideous drought, where the grass would literally crack under your boots in northwest NSW, I left the Gatton truck show in Qld on a late Saturday afternoon, to travel home to the Southern Highlands. I planned to make it to a night church service back home the next day. I showered and ate at the Bellata truck stop, and decided as I would be sleeping somewhere to find a church service the next morning instead, something different. I picked the Christ Church at Coonabarabran, God's plan you'll see.

Coonabarabran is on the Newell Hwy between Melbourne and Brisbane and many drivers know it from negotiating the war memorial clock roundabout, and remembering the highway patrol cop that was prevalent 20 years ago. He booked us in the no standing zone when buying an ice cream or coffee from the Shell after the Caltex shut. Long speed restrictions on either side of town deserve respect too.

North is the Pillaga State Forest. Known for the legend of the "Pillaga Princess", a bag lady who lived in the forest and was hit by a truck at night and killed in 1993. Some say they saw her ghost pushing her trademark trolley of bags at night afterwards. There's also reports of

a "yowie", an ape-like beast, living in the forest. Slim Dusty has a song, Something in the Pillaga, about this.

I braved it and slept in the truck in the forest, and can't report any unusual sightings I'm sorry. May the Pillaga Princess rest in peace. The brick church down a side street had marvellous character. I parked around the corner and just as Johnny Cash sings in Sunday morning coming down, I wore my cleanest dirty jeans.

My experience here was one I won't forget. The service was run by two lay preacher farmers. They hadn't had a minister for 18 months or a bishop for 8 months. The



service was an introduction video from their newly appointed Anglican bishop, Mark Calder, based at Bathurst, a cartoon for the kids about how the Old Testament books got their names from prophets, a

video of a U.S. preacher's sermon on a New Testament passage, and these two men mastering a recalcitrant laptop for hymns, prayers and creeds. The congregation was about 25-30 people and one family had so many kids, they looked like the Sound of Music cast!

This service was great. I stood out like a sore thumb and was descended upon at the end by many. They asked would I stay for morning tea. In an act of subconscious selfishness I said, "I have a long way to go, and I've been away all week so I need to keep going sorry, but could I take away a coffee?" In a gentle slap down a stranger's reply was, "Of course you can, provided you have one with us first." Now completely humbled, what could I say? I spent an hour in their hall and there was enough food for two football teams. I was asked to return sometime.

For 12 months I spoke to many about the commitment and application of this little congregation hanging onto their faith and services in a horrid drought. The newer Christian lay preacher, of only about 4 years, said one reason he turned to God was that he had to trust someone or something in this nasty drought.

One year ago, Bishop Mark Calder addressed the students at Sydney's Moore Theological College, and proclaimed with pleasure that he had managed to secure three new ministers for his Bathurst diocese. You can imagine my joy when I heard that one was for Coonabarabran. Right then in amongst high density living in Newtown, I was instantly taken back to the Godly ambiance of the much tinier Christ Church miles away.

I sought out the bishop after lunch and told him of the steadfastness of the

Coonabarabran congregation and how happy for them I was with this news. A small group prayed for regional NSW on the lawn with the bishop, including for Christ Church Coonabarabran.

I emailed Andrew, the new minister, about his terrific new congregation, offering him prayers and good luck. He said he and his family were city people, he was looking forward to his new church, and he would remember the congregation to me. In my most recent email exchange with Andrew, he said his family and he were settling in, everyone was friendly, and country life was very different for them. He felt that God had gone before them in their transition.

There's a lot to take from this story, but the big thing is this; I went to a church randomly, and experienced fellowship and hospitality from a group of people hanging onto their beliefs with a rock-solid grip in a disastrous drought without a minister. The very element that made that church admirable, no minister, has turned full-circle for them. If this doesn't speak of God having a plan for everything, what does?

Imagine if the Transport for Christ mission convinced just 1% of the thousands of truckies criss-crossing Australia every weekend, to visit a church enroute on Sunday and experience the love of God and the Christian outreach of congregations? They might learn something and enjoy it. Perhaps some already do. Now that's something to pray for.

— *Murray Reddie*



Thomas (Tom) Sutherland

7.3.1939 – 8.8.2021

Born in Footscray, Melbourne, Tom left school about 14 years old. His first job was at a wire works in Oakley. There he did bike wire baskets and then spokes for wheels on bikes.

His second job was at Young's Hardware with some funny things like counting loose items for customers. He was mowing lawns and bought a new mower out of his pay.

He worked on Futura buses as a driver and also on trams (the one he saw at St. Kilda Museum, Adelaide) as a conny (conductor). He did taxi driving – a HZ Holden in Melbourne and dock work in a truck carting from the wharf to warehouse and doing deliveries. They did hand loading, broken bags, asbestos, and cement etc. He did move to other places, one

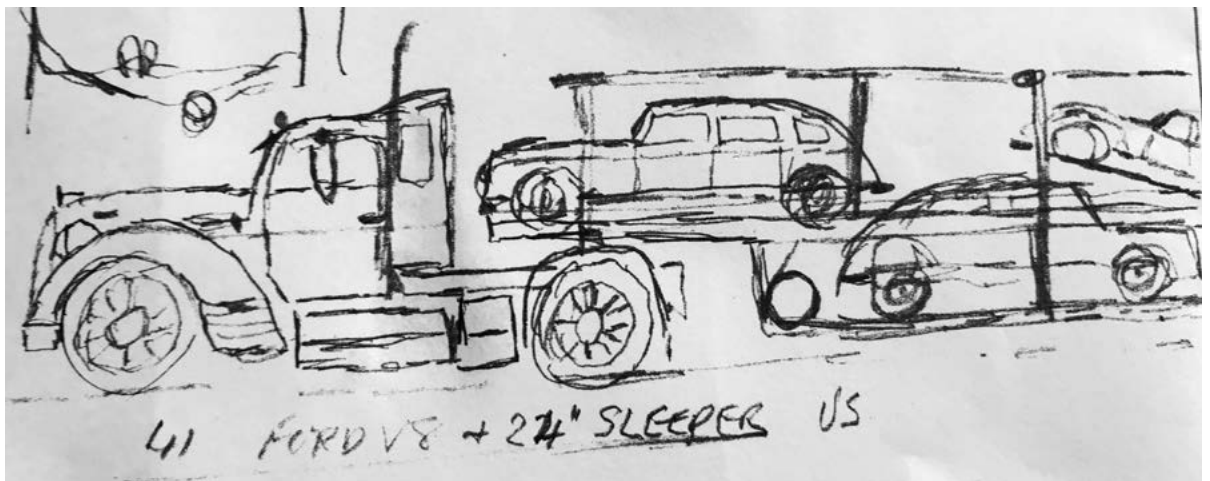


being Mittagong NSW, though I'm not sure what work he did there.

Around this time he took on a job as a car carrier driving a variety of trucks including a Commer Knocker. He used to pick up Fords in the Melbourne factory and drove Melbourne to Adelaide and Orange. He never like Sydney and preferred runs to country towns. He did Adelaide Mitsubishi's factory loads.

In the 70's he moved over to Adelaide working with different companies and jobs including carting caravans. He worked for Master Car Carriers and spoke fondly of doing three runs a week, Adelaide to Melbourne and back mainly overnights.

In 2000 his health took a turn and he was taken off doing interstate. In August 2001 he applied for work at Crofts Transport and did containers (boxes) part time around Adelaide and rail. He drove the latest trucks till he was 78 when age became an issue.





truck came closer and was still there; then 110km blinded by his lights in all my mirrors. I could not see in front of me, no room for error. Tom was concerned and had to trust my driving. Then 120-125 km. I was panicking. How much more? He finally had his fun playing chicken and passed us. At the next opportunity we got off the road to gather ourselves. Tom had a heart condition and it

This affected his wellbeing but we managed to do a lot of travels and see places he could not see while working. Two years ago after not working for 4 years his health went down and 2019 was the last trip we did. I did most of the driving as he was getting tired more. Because he was not himself or able, he got quite depressed.

Tom was a clever man. He could draw any vehicle from memory. He was good building with wood and could repair machines. He was a man on the move; he had a hard life on the road and was just short of 64 years driving.

On one car trip about 10pm heading to Keith – Bordertown a semi came up behind us out of nowhere. I was driving and always checked behind. Being dark I was watching the road more and doing 90-95 km. The truck came closer. Tom said got up to 103 km. The

was the only time he forgot his CB.

The moral behind this for truck drivers is – as annoying as cars, vans, caravans are – there may be one of your truckie mates in them who did their miles years before you and were still wanting to do what they did for a long time. We never drove at night again!

— *By Marj Warner*





When God selects a person to do a job, He frequently chooses the least likely man or woman. Remember in 1 Samuel 16 Samuel was sent to find and anoint David, the young shepherd to become Israel's king. Very beautiful reading about God's priorities. "Humans see only what is visible to

the eyes, but the Lord sees into the heart" (1 Samuel 16:7b). David knew God and had courage. Goliath didn't stand a chance. But David looked nothing like a killer.

Paul was another good example of God at work. He explains, "*my message and my preaching were not with wise and persuasive words, but with a demonstration of the Spirit's power" (1 Corinthians 2:4).* Paul's power was not from good specifications; it was from the power of the Holy Spirit.

God has a purpose for all of us. The strange thing is He wants us to look like we look now. But in Romans 12:1 & 2 "*transformed by the renewing of your mind.*" Absolutely exciting!

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Glider fuel

SPEC'ING UP A TRUCK

Selecting the options for a new truck has been known to make the buyer look clever and sometimes not so clever.

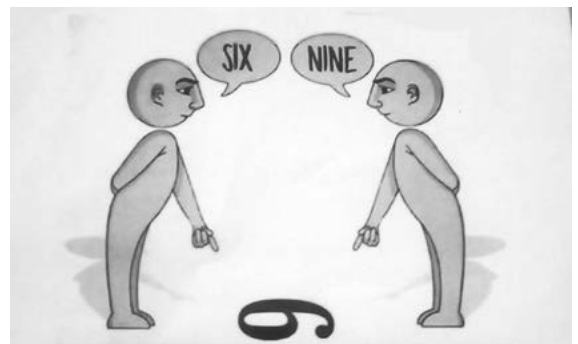
For some American bonneted trucks buyers can easily spend another \$100,000 on unnecessary bling.

It must be carried, cleaned, and paid for. Getting the weight of an empty rig down helps to pay the lease.

A big sleeper cab with a home away from home in it is handy if you live in it. But there's a known saying "Motels are cheaper than sleepers."

So, when you are specking up a machine for a job or looking for a person to do something special you would think hard about the gear or the personnel.

In 1 Corinthians 1:27 Paul tells us a strange truth about God. It says, "But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and the base things of the world, and the things which are despised, has God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nothing things that are."



Just because you are right, does not mean I am wrong. You just haven't seen life from my side.

Truckie's wife

'You must be lonely.'

'How can you stand it?'

'You poor thing.'

'I'd make him quit.'

These are just some of the many things I've heard being a truck driver's wife for two years. OK, you are probably saying, 'Big deal! What's two years?' Believe me, you can learn a lot in that amount of time.

When Ronnie and I were first married I used to listen to all these well-meaning people and get really upset. All kinds of thoughts would run through my mind.

'Why should I have to be alone?'

'Those people must really think I'm a dummy.'

'If he loves me, he'll quit.'

When the poor guy came home for some peace, relaxation and love, I'd pounce on him with these accusations and want him to spend every waking moment with me.

After a while though, I grew up a little bit and cut that out, but I found a new one:

'When we have kids, you'll have to quit, or I just won't have any.'

I don't know how he could stand my big mouth running all the time. We had a lot of arguments over it and then one day I woke up and realised a few things.

He's doing something he loves and if it were any other way (for instance a 9-5 type of thing) he just wouldn't be the same man. When he's out there he's working hard, for us, not just for himself. When he leaves home, he's not partying, he's doing his job and missing me like crazy!

I believe truckies are a special breed of people, and if we are going to call ourselves "Truckies' Wives" we have to be sort of special too. No one ever said it was easy; it takes a lot of love and unselfishness, but we are married to truck drivers and we can do it.

So now when I hear those questions, I have an entirely different attitude.

'Sure, I'm lonely without him physically, but in our hearts we're always together.'

I'm proud to be his wife and I love him.'

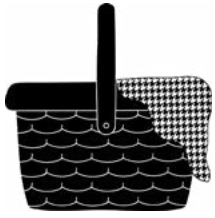
'When he comes home, which is as often as he can, we enjoy making up for lost time.'

I wouldn't have it any other way. Would You?

— *By Kathy Lennon*



Midlands Highway, Tasmania. Twin steer bogie drive prime mover logging truck.



The Picnic

It was a glorious day, so the Simpleton and Wiseman families had decided to go for a picnic. They both knew just the place – a disused track off the main coast highway marked by a “safety ramp” sign.

Meanwhile, Ken Good had left home early to bring another load of coal to the terminal. He had a wife and family, and was a careful driver. He knew the dangers of that steep, winding road, and was careful to keep his truck in good order.

Meanwhile, the picnic party had arrived at their destination. “Danger – Safety Ramp, Do Not Enter” was printed clearly on the sign. Soon the BBQ was alight, and the air was filled with the smell of chops and sausages. The kids had the ball out, and the parents were relaxing in their picnic chairs.

As Ken pointed his rig down the steep incline, he realized something was wrong. The brake pedal felt totally ineffective! And indeed it was. A vacuum hose from it had come uncoupled, and the brakes were now almost useless. Ken frantically shuffled the gear lever in an attempt to slow the truck. It seemed the harder he tried, the faster it went.

“Grub’s up,” called Mrs. Simpleton, and they all gathered at the picnic table. “Help yourselves to rolls and salad.”

Ken was now desperate. Thoughts of his wife and children raced through his mind.

This was like a horror movie! Then he remembered the safety ramp. Phew! That would allow him to safely slow down the truck. Just one more corner, and then... “No-o-o-o!” As the truck careered up the ramp, there in the middle of the track were the two families, the cars, the children, and a dog!

This was the hardest decision of Ken’s life, and he had about half a second to consider. Would it be him, or the picnic party? His mind was made up. He reefered the wheel to the left, and sent the truck into a sickening slide crashing through the railing and trees down into the gully below. As the noise and dust subsided, flames could be seen licking the wreckage. The picnic party stood shocked and speechless.



Ken Good died several days later from his injuries. The Wisemans were filled with remorse when they heard the news. They soon realized it was their foolishness and disobedience which led to this avoidable tragedy. They took it on themselves to care for Ken’s wife and family, showing their appreciation in every way they could.

In comparison, the Simpletons couldn't see that they'd done anything wrong. They insisted that Ken Good only had himself to blame. They didn't attend the funeral, or ever manage to say "sorry" to Ken's widow, or make any offer to help. Even though one man had given his life to save them, they were totally unmoved.

At Easter we are especially reminded of what took place in Jerusalem the day our Lord died on the cross. Did it occur to you as you read this story that it may be a picture of you? In this story, our Lord is represented by Ken Good – certainly our Lord was good. The Simpletons represent the vast majority of mankind who are unmoved by the fact that Christ died in their place on the cross. It has never occurred to them that breaking God's laws caused the death of Christ.

The Wisemans are quite different. They realized it was their mistake that caused the problem. Knowing what was done for their safety and salvation, they now gladly reorganized their lives to do something for Ken's wife and family. (Unlike Ken, our Lord rose again from the dead.)

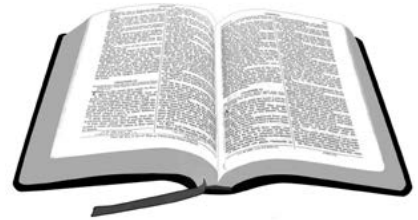
Dear reader, are you a Simpleton or a Wiseman? This is the choice we all need to make in this life. John wrote concerning Jesus, *"But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become the sons of God ... whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life"* (John 1:12, 3:15).

— An old story by the late Peter Clements

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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

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B/22

TRAIN AND EGGS



In the 1950's there was a hilly railway branch line in outback Queensland. As it was not well used by passengers, if the train only had parcels for a station, not passengers, the driver would slow down to about 20 mph, and the guard at the end of the train would throw the parcel onto the platform. This was against the railway regulations, but as it was so hilly it saved a lot of time, and if the locomotive was steam, saved the fireman shovelling extra coal. The train had to slow to 20 mph as some platforms were only about 10 metres long, and didn't have staff present, so the guard only got one quick chance to land the parcels on the platform.

So, one day the guard told the driver at the start of the trip, where they had to stop for passengers, and where they had to only slow for parcels. As they approached a station which only had one parcel and no passengers, the driver started to slow. To the guard's absolute panic, he then found that the parcel was a tray of fresh eggs. There was no communication between driver and guard in those days, and it was too late for the guard to apply the emergency brake. As they approached, the guard saw that there was a couple at the station, not booked on the train he knew, so realized they were there for the eggs. He said a quick prayer, and threw them

toward the couple, hoping by some miracle, that they would catch the tray. They didn't!

The train kept going and the now livid couple put in an official complaint. A week later the guard was summoned to complete a special form about the damaged freight. He filled in the train number, date, weather conditions, his name, and the driver's name, in all the appropriate spaces. Then a question said, "Explain in your own words, the circumstances around this incident, and any facts which may help ascertain what caused any damage, in as few words as possible."

The guard wrote, "I don't fully understand, I did my job as diligently as usual, and the eggs were in perfect condition, when they left my hands."



Some of us grew up playing with tractors and trucks. The lucky ones still do.

.....

Somebody complimented me on my driving today. They left a note on my windshield which said, "Parking Fine". That was nice ...



A log truck about to park at truckstop in South Goulburn, NSW – the Big Merino



The 'B' trailer of Jones & Sons road train being loaded with wheat on a farm near Parkes. The load is destined for the Port Kembla grain terminal.

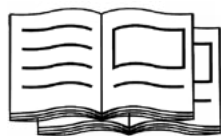
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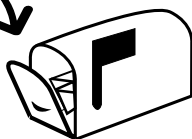
They are then emailed to Perth for editing and formatting

The completed design is emailed back to Mittagong where it is printed



The papers are then assembled in Mittagong, Forbes & Dubbo

Single subscriptions & bulk copies are mailed from Mittagong & Forbes



Volunteers who receive bulk copies distribute them to roadhouses, churches and friends across Australia.

Transport for Christ is very grateful to the many volunteers who serve their Lord by contributing to this work.

Thank you to everyone who contributes articles and photos.

We are always looking for more trucking stories from our readers.



Some of our volunteers assembling Highway Evangelist papers in Forbes, NSW.



Truck parked in Longford, Tasmania



The mobile crane weighs 75t and is capable of lifting 220t

Alert driver saves baby

When Billy pulled into a rest area, he noticed a knapsack under a bush and thought someone must have been sleeping there. Then his eyes fell on a tiny foot sticking out of the sack.

Checking it he found a 5- to 7-month-old baby boy with a blanket over his head and his arms crossed in front of him. Another bag with bottles and nappies was nearby.

It was about 6am and it was clear that the baby had been there for some time. Billy shook him a bit but he didn't move and

Billy said, "Oh my gosh, he's dead. Then I touched his neck, and he woke up. I could see his blue eyes. I just thank God I was there and had gone towards the bushes and had seen the child. I'm sorry that whoever left him thought so little of him."

Soon the baby was in the local hospital being examined and found to be OK. The police had searched the same area about 45 minutes earlier. The commander of the local Highway Patrol said the low morning temperature could easily have killed the child and that Billy's discovery had saved his life.

A Divine Appointment

I would like to say a few things now that
I have recommitted my life to Christ.

The roads I travel are much smoother.
The kilometres I travel are much brighter
as I walk with the Lord.

This morning I had a flat tyre. I thank
the Lord for it – it kept me from driving
almost all day on His day. It also gave
me time to read my Bible and pray.

Also, I'd like to say that God's power is
not limited to just smoothing out the
highway for Christian truck drivers. He
can calm the roughest seas and help the
most troubled persons.

The Lord truly is with us even to the end
of the world.

— M. Johnson

The old couple, so obviously devoted
to each other, were celebrating their
golden wedding anniversary. The affair
was attended by the usual newspaper
reporter looking for a human interest
story, who asked the usual questions:

"Are you still in love with your wife?"

"More than ever; I adore her," was the
immediate answer.

"You mean," persisted the obviously
doubtful reporter, "that, despite fifty
years of being married to the same
woman, you are more in love with her
than ever before?"

"No, son," was the slow reply, "not
despite the fifty years, but because of
them."

Burra Burra

*The light of the full moon
Paints the countryside with soft silver*

*Touching the clouds
And highlighting the mountains
That flank either side of the winding
highway*

*The stillness highlights,
The drone of the motor
As it works, pulling its load
Her soul is being revealed*

*By her operator,
And reflected through her tone;
The ability to be harnessed successfully
By the skill and care behind the wheel.
The faces of the stars are reflected in
her duco.*

*Encouraging her to be proud of her
beauty.
Encouraging her to slip thru the night
effortlessly.*

*Finally, the light of the dawn
Touches the velvety sky,
And her destination is near.
Sliding to a standstill,*

*She awaits patiently to be loaded.
As activity buzzes around her she Rests.
Much later her operator climbs aboard,
Bringing her to life,*

*Moving off into the sunset, she sighs.
The beauty of another moonlit night
Whispers her name,
"Burra Burra" "Burra Burra"*

Copyright L Kelly, 31 May 1994



Over the years God has brought to my mind Philippians 1:6 "He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion..." It reminds me that God is in the process of bringing about growth in me; He's not finished with me or my family. He's doing a good work in His way, in His time, by His methods. I hang on to that.

TAILGATE

Not by accident

Several years ago my husband, Bob, didn't return home from his night job.

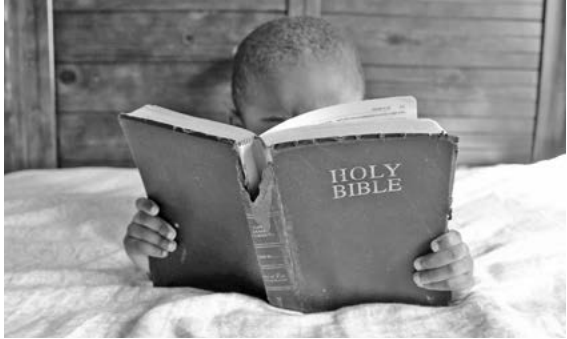
The next morning I received word that he had been in a road accident, leaving him paralysed from the shoulders down.

I knew I had a choice to make. I could treat God as a villain, angrily gritting my teeth or I could lean on Him as my comforter, my helper, my peace giver. I wanted God on my side, but the process of learning to lean on Him came slowly.



I now see where He's been taking my struggling efforts and developing new strength in me. Bob's disability has caused me to become more dependent and yielded to God.

— Terri Geary, *Today's Christian Woman Life between Sundays*. Used with permission.



We are living in days of confusion and fear and need the wisdom of God to know what to do. Solomon asked God for wisdom and described himself as a little child.

May God give us both the humility to ask, and the faith needed to trust in what God's Word tells us to do, rather than listening to the secular theories of this world.

— By Sam Thorpe. Submitted by Neil Hawke.



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Loading scrap into a semi-tipper in Gurley, Newell Highway NSW



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