



FREE: PLEASE TAKE ONE

The HIGHWAY EVANGELIST

For the Aussie truckie

Transport for Christ Australia Inc. - serving the trucking industry of Australia

A/23

Print Post Approved 10004925



Trucks from the Goulburn Convoy for Kids lined up to the top of "Goulburn Hill". See article on pages 6 and 7. Photo courtesy of Murray Reddie

Lights on the Hill Convoy and Memorial Weekend 2022



Photo used with permission from Gotcha by Karl

Once again the October long weekend brought together the transport industry's finest for the nineteenth annual Lights on the Hill Memorial Weekend in Gatton Queensland.

The record-breaking number of trucks in Saturday's convoy was impressive - with 300 leaving from Brown and Hurley in Toowoomba and another 550 leaving from Rod Pullen Transport's yard in Heathwood - Brisbane. (rounded off numbers)

It was an awe inspiring sight to see both convoys converge at the Gatton Show Grounds - the halfway point between Toowoomba and Brisbane on the Warrego Highway.

Once Marshals had completed the massive job parking the trucks, there was scant room left in the showground's centre arena.

As available parking space rapidly disappeared, one marshal commented that the situation reminded him of a box of Tim Tam's they just kept on giving - as more and more trucks continued to rumble through the gates.

Huge crowds stood at every possible vantage point along both routes with some camped under gazebos enjoying BBQ's watching the stunning, meticulously polished prime movers, tow trucks and rigids roll by.

The countless hours of elbow grease and spit and polish, showcased the work put in by drivers, fleet owners and their families with the reflections of delighted crowds bouncing off the polished paint-work as the trucks rolled past.

Once the last vehicle was parked up, the

judging began and after a nail biting couple of hours, a variety of Awards were handed out to proud owners and drivers.

A charity auction followed which generated some energetic bidding for a variety of items ranging from hats to drums of motor oil to drive and steer tyres, personal items and memorabilia - all donated by generous sponsors.

Entertainment by a variety of popular artists delighted crowds with the Wolf Brothers rocking the night well into the wee hours.

Sunday presented a cold bleak, rainy morning - a reflection of the profound sadness of the many families, drivers, mates and colleagues of drivers who'd lost their lives carrying the nation and earning a living.

As the huge crowd gathered for the non-denominational service, it was clear that rain was not going to be a deterrent.

The service was a fitting tribute to lost loved ones - a blending of beautiful poems, reflections, music, dedications and readings drawing this transport industry family together as one, standing shoulder to shoulder, supporting each other.

The number of drivers in attendance was a rare sight, considering the work they do and the time and distance that separates them from their families.

The beautiful moment when the rain stopped and the sun came thru the

clouds just as three white doves were set free, was a true indication the Father was watching closely from above as wreaths and flowers were laid and tears flowed amongst a sea of loving hugs.

The Lights on the Hill volunteer committee all have their own deeply moving stories of lost loved ones, motivating each in their own personal way to contribute hundreds of hours of energy and work into each year's event.

It's inspiring to hear and understand what and why this is so important - not only to the volunteers but to the tens of thousands who embrace the event year after year. It's truly a credit to all involved.

Understanding the enormous emotional strain the Memorial puts on loved ones brings even more admiration for those involved.

It's anticipated the 2023 Lights on the Hill weekend will be even bigger - given it marks the 20th anniversary of the event.

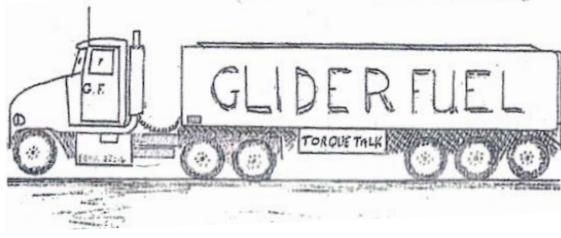
I encourage all of you to come along and to be involved - whether as a volunteer, participant or member of the public.

Come - join us once again to stand shoulder to shoulder with your road transport family to celebrate the lives of the professional drivers - men and women who've lost their lives working to support their families, mates and colleagues keeping this great nation ticking over.

— Chaplain Leanne Kelly



Photo used with permission from Gotcha by Karl



A coal mine 3 hours north of Emerald in central Queensland was the site of a big truck that successfully moved a payload of 300 tonnes (gross 450 tonnes).

Known as the Burton Mine it was the place where the Kenworth 510 pulled multiple trailers efficiently using a QSK 19litre Cummins powered prime mover with approximately 606 horsepower and 1950 pounds per foot torque @ 1900 RPM.

To move this mountain of coal more power was supplied by a Cummins 15x500 located at the rear of one of the quad axle trailers driving some of the trailer axles. Reported to have started in 2006 it was a huge success and reliable.

The idea of extra powered axles is not new. Robert Le Tourneau developed the electric wheel before WW2 and a carrier in the Balranald district just after that war used a Bedford prime mover powered by a power kerosene engine with an identical engine and electric generator bolted behind the cab supplying electricity to a tilling Stevens electric motor attached to a differential at the back of the first trailer. It was more for traction than power because of the sandy terrain in the area.

It was a big truck at the time but these days only a midget.

— Rod Leigo

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FOUND ...

*on the Road not far from Gurley NSW.
Two ratchet chain dogs in company with a small Tarp if they are yours you can claim them by phoning*

*Laurie on 0459 236 054
(No reward asked)*



A business man who suffered from insomnia was asking a friend how he managed to sleep so soundly at night.

"Do you count sheep?" he asked.

"No," came the reply. "I just talk to the Shepherd."

(See Psalm 23)

Tarcutta Memorial Service October 2022

At last. Restrictions over and it was possible to meet again at the Tarcutta Truck Drivers' Memorial.

As Toll Chaplain Ruth Oakden said in her address: During the lockdown people still shopped, even online, but truck drivers still did deliveries to supply the shops. They kept going at their own risk.

Geoff Rudd spoke of 'the school of hard knocks' – truck driving in the 1950's and 1960's:



Loading could be dangerous – there were no fork lifts; long hours loading and unloading eg. house bricks by hand; bad roads and single lane bridges; 24-30 hours from Melbourne to Sydney; no CB's or mobiles etc.

The crowd heard music by Slim Dusty ('Lights on the Hill' and 'Names on the Wall') and Ian Castles who passed away the week before the service ('You'll never walk alone' and 'Wind beneath my Wings').

Many new inscriptions were added to the Wall to Scottish pipe music, the releasing of doves, and relatives laying flowers at the Wall.

— Dorothy Wheeler



This photo was taken in 1968 outside my grandparents house in Warwick Qld. The truck is an Albion powered by a 6 cylinder Leyland 680 Super Power engine with a 6 speed over drive gearbox seen here with its single axle strap trailer. The Albion was owned by Overland Trucking that were based in Rocklea and the people in the photo looking at the new Dodge 7 series trucks and the new Valiant ute were my Dad, Ken Slade, & my grandmother, Celestine Stevens. Dad said that the Old Albion did a top speed of 46mph. Dad did Brisbane to Adelaide with General freight and returning with Chrysler vehicles and the round trip in 1968 usually took 10 days. — Shawn Slade

Goulburn Convoy for Kids - 2022



Shined up trucks lined up and around the perimeter of the race track

Transport for Christ once again attended the Goulburn Convoy for Kids on the 19th of November after a hiatus caused by the Covid. It was very well attended so everybody in our industry was obviously keen to be back at an industry event after the few years of disruption to our lives and a genuine intention to help raise money for a good cause. It was a very warm day and in my case the block-out came out. TFC had a stand set up at the event. Chaplain John Wheeler did the opening prayer at the start of the convoy, also saying it over a hand-held UHF so people in the trucks could hear it.

The format had changed this year but it didn't seem to change the momentum or anyone's enthusiasm. Previously on the Saturday night after the convoy there was ticketed dinner with entertainment indoors at the Goulburn Greyhound Racing/Harness Racing Club building with the charity auction. This time there was a larger than normal carnival type atmosphere which

seemed more focused to whole families, still live music, and the charity auction was held in the afternoon, as was done some years' ago, with no night time dinner.

The crowd at the carnival was big and happy and the local Federal Member Angus Taylor handed out the trophies for the various truck awards. It was reported that approximately 250 trucks went in convoy and it certainly had the feel of success.

Like many truckies I had a big week and chose to get up early on Saturday to wash and detail my truck at home in the Southern Highlands. A mate of mine and his son from Narellan called by my home to help me finish the job on their way to the convoy. So, with sparkling trucks we left and stopped at the Shell Sutton Forest to grab a bacon and egg roll and coffee. It was quite a surprise to see our old mate and industry advocate Rod Hannifey, there with his still new looking "Truckright" B-double that he drives for Rod Pilon Transport on his way to the convoy. So we had our caffeine hit and headed off. Rod had to drop his trailers somewhere as no trailers are allowed in the convoy. At the top of the "old" Goulburn Hill that Slim Dusty sings about everyone was queued up nearly to the top. You couldn't get to the Gateway truckstop where it starts so after tyre blacking our tyres we stood around talking until we officially rolled off. Luckily, we had all prepaid online.

The route was new, following the truck bypass past the railway station and across the railway down to the carnival area on Braidwood Road. Although we missed going down the main street, the atmosphere and crowd seemed bigger than ever. Perhaps the townsfolk were looking for some fun after Covid also.

The whole route was jammed with cheering waving townsfolk and as we went past the elevated carpark opposite the bowling club with air horns blasting there were so many people on the top level it looked like people seeing off a ship at Circular Quay decades ago.

The TFC stand was very successful with our Founding Father (and Mother), Chaplain John and Dorothy Wheeler and other volunteers Neil Hawke, Pablo Lopez and his Christian friend Geoff. I turned up for a while after the convoy. Neil was proud of a large model semi-trailer at the front of the stand made by his friend Rod, the TFC volunteer in Dubbo.

Neil's a great worker for the Lord and TFC, he's never happier than when he's handing out Highway Evangelist newsletters and pens, and he is blessed with a sensational scripture knowledge. I was also happy to see a couple of the Southern Highlands owner/drivers from up my way call by the stand and chat. I had my eye on the ice-cream truck just behind our stand as it was still hot, however the line was long, but eventually it shortened so we could grab one.

The team thought the location was God's provision as the stand was near the coffee and ice-cream sales making it a good location. We had a lot of puzzle and colouring-in sheets and second-

hand matchbox cars which were given out to grateful children and while that was happening we were able to offer the parents TFC pens, Highway Evangelist newsletters and note pads, and hopefully have a chat.

That night had no official dinner so a few of us scrounged a shower and headed for a pub in the main street for a decent feed and refreshment to wash down the dust. A believing truckie friend of ours travelled down from Lakesland and it was nice to catch up with old colleagues when we are usually all so busy with work, away from home, or



The TFC stand and volunteers at the Goulburn Convoy, left to right: Murray Reedie, Dorothy Wheeler, Chaplain John Wheeler, Pablo Lopez and his friend Geoff, Neil Hawke.

just too tired. These industry events do make you stop and that fellowship has to be a good thing for our mental health and spiritual encouragement. It was great that after knowing Rod for years I could see him relax and have a meal with us. When attending these events, he is usually busy meeting people. I often reflect and thank the Lord for good friends. We spent the night in Goulburn, some in their trucks, and then headed home.

— God Bless, Murray Reedie

A Crisis Time - A Word Spoken In Season

A True Testimony

A few weeks before September 11, 2001, my wife and I found out that we were going to have our first child. My wife planned a trip out to California to visit her sister. On our way to the airport we prayed that God would grant my wife a safe trip to be with her sister. Shortly after I said "Amen" there was a loud bang and the car shook violently. I found that I had blown a tyre. I replaced the tyre as quickly as I could but we still missed her flight and we returned home very disappointed.

Once we were home I received a call from my father in New York. He was a retired fire fighter. He asked what my wife's flight number was but I explained that we had missed it. He told me that her flight number was the very one that had crashed into the southern tower of the World Trade Centre. I was too shocked to speak.

My father had more news for me; he was going to help and do something, anything at the Trade Centre even though he was retired. "This is not something I can just sit by. I have to do something," he said. I was concerned for his safety but more concerned because he had never given his life to Christ. After a brief debate, I knew his mind was made up. Before he got off the telephone he said,

"Take good care of my grandchild." Those were the last words I ever heard him say. He died while helping in the rescue effort.

My joy that my prayer for the safety of my wife had been answered quickly became anger. Anger at God, at my father, and at myself. I went on for nearly two years, blaming God for taking my father away. My son would never know his grandfather. My father had never accepted Christ and I never got to say "Goodbye".



Then one night there was a knock on the door. We were not expecting anyone and when I went to the door there was an unknown couple with a small child. The man asked if my father's name was Jake Matthews. I told him it was and he grabbed my hand and said, "I never got the chance to meet your father but it is an honour to meet

his son!" He explained to me that his wife had worked in the World Trade Centre and had been caught inside after the attack. She was pregnant and had been caught in the debris. He then explained that my father had been the one who found and freed her. My eyes filled with tears as I thought of my father giving his life for these people.

He then said, "There is something else you need to know." His wife then told me that as my father worked to free her, she spoke to him and was able to lead him to Christ. I began to sob upon hearing this marvellous news. When their baby boy was born, they named him Jacob Matthew in honour of the man who gave his life so that mother and child might live.

This account reminds us of Jesus Christ Who died for all. He paid the purchase price for our redemption that we might believe, have salvation through Him, and live. We owe Him everything!

This reminds us also that God is always in control. We may not see the reason behind things until we get home to Heaven, but God always knows everything.

I am now ashamed of my anger to God and others but I have repented of it and believed,

"As for God, His way is perfect" (Psalm 18:30).

Please take time to share this story with others. You never know the impact it may have on someone as you witness to others about Jesus Christ and God's salvation.

Incidentally, have you honoured the Saviour and publicly linked yourself to the Name of Jesus Christ?

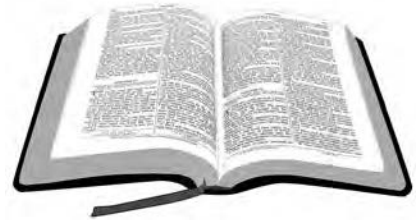
"For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Romans 10:13).

— Robert Matthews, Norfolk, Virginia, USA. Christian Book Room tract. © - "only because it must be copied-right!" Changes to text not permitted.

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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

A/23

SPARED ... mysterious car trouble saves a family from disaster

God watched over us when we travelled, which was a lot. My dad was in the navy and our family – parents, four kids and a dog – seemed to move across the country every two or three years. It was in the 1940's and 1950's that we drove from place to place. There were no freeways and no restaurant chains. We often stopped early whenever my dad found a clean motel that accepted children and pets. We made up time by getting on the road in the cool, dark morning hours.

We ate wherever Dad saw 'the big trucks'. Truck drivers ate the best food with bigger helpings at better prices, and the people were very friendly. The big trucks were often the only company we had on the road. Drivers waved to us and blew their loud air horns. Truckies and drivers of the long trains crossing the great plains and empty deserts became immediate friends.

Dad seldom made motel reservations because travelling circumstances were too unpredictable. But once he made a reservation because he wanted to put in a lot of distance that day. Mum thought it was not the Lord's will and not a good idea, but Dad made the reservation anyway.

It was very late, hours after sunset. We were alone on a straight, empty stretch of two-lane desert highway. There was only darkness stretching for miles. Suddenly out of nowhere a big truck came up behind us, lights blinking, horn blowing frantically. It really startled Dad and scared us too, as its grinning grill loomed over the back of



the car. Dad pulled over and the truck driver told him that the rear left wheel of our car was wobbling and about to come off. We needed to slow down and stop as soon as possible. Dad thanked him. The truckie made sure we were ok, then he pulled around us and disappeared into the long highway darkness. We crawled along to the next town where Dad found a hotel that would take kids and our little dog.

The next morning, we saw that across the street from the hotel was a truck and automobile repair garage. How convenient. But it was Sunday and few people worked on Sundays back then. As Dad walked over to check if it was open, a man drove in. He had dropped by the garage on his way to church. Dad described what the truck driver had seen, and the man agreed that if a truckie had said it, it was so. He volunteered to come back and help us after Sunday School.

We checked out of the hotel and prepared to spend long hours waiting for the repairs. Dad bought a Sunday paper so we could read the comics. When he opened the paper, he gasped. A freak storm had whipped up during the night and had demolished the motel that had been our destination.

Nothing was found to be wrong with any of the car's wheels. The mechanic didn't charge Dad for his time. We learned to trust in the Lord's timing and not plan too far in advance. After lunch we finally got on the road and a little later drove by the destroyed motel. The image after all these years is still vivid in my mind.

My family always believed the truck driver was an 'angel'. We were spared a horrible, possible deadly, experience. To my knowledge Dad never made reservations again. He trusted the Lord to provide appropriate accommodation no matter how long the day. And we have loved and prayed for truck drivers ever since that encounter.

— Bonnie W.

WARNING!

A local priest and a pastor stood by the side of the road holding a sign that said, "The end is near! Turn yourself around now, before it is too late! They held up the sign as a car approached.

"Leave us alone, you religious nuts!" yelled the driver as he sped by.

A moment later, from around the curve they heard a big splash.

"Do you think," ventured the priest, "we should put up a sign that says "Bridge down" instead?"



**JOHN SAXON BRYANT
OAM. 5/1/1927 –
13/12/2022**

John and his wife Shirley have been long-time Transport for Christ supporters and volunteers. They left papers at many truck stops in the Newcastle area and on the Central Coast and were always looking for new places where papers could be left for truckies and other interested people.

John wrote articles for the Highway Evangelist paper for many years until his illness stopped that, and his work as pastor of the Black Hill Uniting Church.

John started work as a fitter and turner, followed by civil engineering qualifications. He spent about 25 years at sea, on tankers, then as a pilot and finally on cruise ships. He was also involved in farming and grazing with 1400 acres at Inverell. He was a superb horseman, bred thoroughbred horses and loved a sulky.

John will be missed by his family, his church congregation and Transport for Christ.

Tamworth Truck Drivers Memorial Service - 2022

This service was hosted by the Tamworth Truck Drivers Club on Saturday 29th October on a sunny 23 degree slightly breezy day with a large crowd in attendance. The memorial and grounds are located on the New England Highway approaching Tamworth from the south and many drivers would have seen it with its two truck wheels displaying sponsors visible from the highway. This was the first service for three years following Covid. Therefore, a larger than normal number of 28 names were unfortunately added to the memorial. Names are added of those who have accidentally lost their lives in the industry and those who have dedicated their lives to our industry. There is a close working relationship with the Tarcutta memorial service which had their service on the same day.



Carey Freightlines new Kenworth semi-trailer with retro paint scheme used as the stage.

At the TFC AGM in October TFC member Darrell Ball rang in from his home town of Muswellbrook to give his report. After the call it was discussed that as Darrell had

faithfully served the Lord and TFC for the past 14 years at the Tamworth event that someone should go and support Darrell. This reminded us of Mark 6:7 and Luke 10:1 where Jesus sent out His disciples two by two to carry out His mission. A couple of reasons for this could be that in Deuteronomy 19:15 it instructs on having two so as to have a witness. Also, there is collegiality of shared ministry where two could work together for a shared goal. In those early days a forerunner to our churches.

So, on the Saturday morning Darrell met me in Tamworth with Tex his red kelpie. We delivered TFC *Highway Evangelist* newsletters to a truckstop, and had lunch before the event.

The park had a number of well-presented trucks and as many were up on a bank higher than the seating; it was great backdrop to the sombre event. Of particular appeal to me were two of my old favourites. A blue and white half-cab Atkinson (the sleeper bunk sticks out behind the cab like a shelf), and a Mack Valueliner in Carey Freightlines of Tamworth, green livery. Carey's also had a new Kenworth cabover in maroon, beige and black which was a new livery to me but I was informed it was an original livery of Careys from years ago. Its drop deck tautliner was used as a stage for dignitaries. There were Kenworth SAR's, Internationals, a Mack Superliner, and others including an unusual cabover Diamond Reo.

The service started mid-afternoon and the Tamworth Brass Band started with the National Anthem, Damien Hook TTDC

president opened proceedings, and we had a welcome to country address by Neville Simpson.

The 28 drivers that were being added to the memorial had their names read out along with their contribution to our industry. What we both found reassuring in our ever-increasing secular society was our witness to a religious, traditional, Australian, and respectful theme. Salvation Army Major Tony De Tommaso spoke on Matthew 8:26 about Jesus with the disciples in a boat during a storm where Jesus encourages the disciples to have faith and calms the waters. "Amazing Grace" was played by Tash Marshal and the Tamworth Pipe Band as the flags were lowered to half-mast with some in the crowd singing along, and many recited the Lord's Prayer.

You often approach these events with humbleness as you know you are a guest at another's event, even if you would like to represent the Lord and TFC, however the TTDC committee made us welcome. One member, Shaun, checked on us every couple of hours. When we enquired how many names were on the memorial, he found out that with the days' additional names it was 274. After reading many plaques I estimated about one third were accidental deaths and that's too many. There are only a few professions where you would go to work and not be sure, despite your best intentions, that you would get home safely.



Murray (left) and Darrell (right) before the event started at the memorial.

The service finished with a march off by the Air League and we were invited to drinks and a BBQ, to the music of Big Al and the Rusty Ringers. The weather stayed sunny until 8 pm when the event finished. We now had some good conversations with industry workers. Darrell and I commented to Damien Hook it was good that they maintained a spiritual touch and he replied with words to the effect, "that's what we try to do."

Next morning the Minister of the Tamworth Baptist Church (Duri Rd), Michael Hutton, graciously allowed me to address his congregation speaking about TFC and explaining the trials of truck drivers in

Australia. Many have truckies as friends or relatives. The loneliness, long separations from families, marriage breakdowns, fatigue, bankruptcies, and high death rates. However, I mentioned how partners support drivers and look after the home fires in their absence, how others in our industry help us when we are stuck, and of course how much easier it is with the Lord in your life to take care of everything, as in Philippians 4:6-7.

Darrell and I thank the TTDC for a job professionally done and I would add a lot of people knew Darrell from past attendances or the highway. Many Highway Evangelist magazines and pens were handed out. I would love to attend again, even just to say hello to Tex!

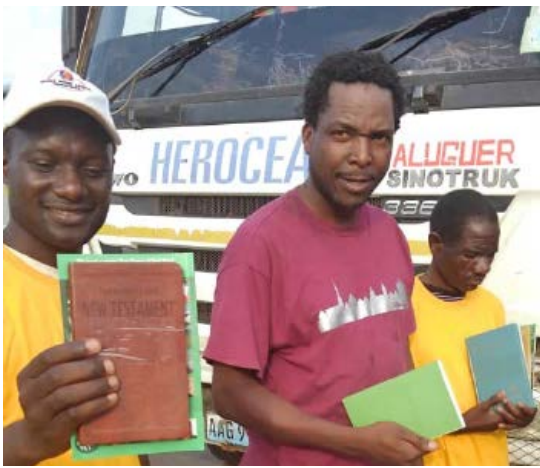
— God Bless, Murray Reddie

To add
to your
prayer list



'Going Home Africa Ministries'

Brother Francis Ananda Chipukunya who, with his team, is distributing Bibles and Christian literature to truck drivers in Malawi. TFC Australia has sent a package of back copies of the *Highway Evangelist* magazine and other gospel materials, which has recently arrived safely. Please pray that the material is well-received, for the ministry workers and for the truck drivers they meet.



From the editor:

Re: the article by Peter Chatfield "Driver cured instantly of booze, pills and cigarettes" on pages 8 and 9 of the last issue of the *Highway Evangelist* C/22.

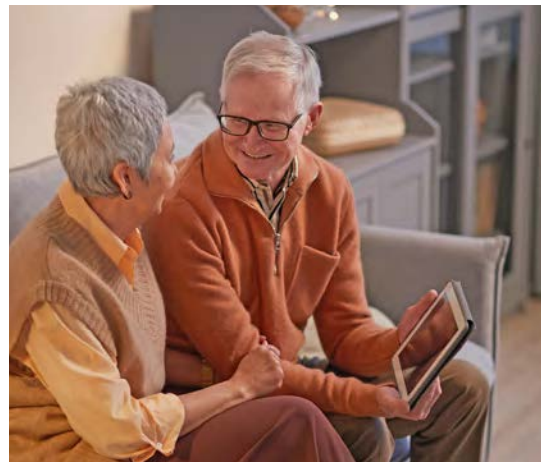
We have had a note from Michael to say that 32 years ago our Lord Jesus delivered him from the same issues. Two other readers have contacted TFC and said the same thing.

All praise to Jesus for His faithfulness.

If you would like to read this article again look up the website –

***transportforchristaustralia.com/
magazine/***

to find previous copies of the paper.



To see the *Highway Evangelist* photos in colour please visit the Magazine section of the TFC website:

***transportforchristaustralia.com/
magazine/***



Holiday makers set out across the lake in their yacht. Thanks to a slight breeze they were proceeding calmly, but then out in the middle of the lake the wind dropped. The sun was oppressive, with the surface of the water smooth like a mirror. Time was passing; so they asked God to grant that a breeze might come, but the water remained motionless without a ripple. Their worry turned to fear: *hadn't God heard them?*

TAILGATE

The survivor from a shipwreck had been stranded on an uninhabited island. After some time he had built a hut in which he kept the few belongings he had managed to rescue from the catastrophe. He asked God to free him from his precarious situation and watched the horizon daily so as not to miss any ship that might happen to pass.

When he returned from searching for food one day, he was horrified to find his hut on fire. The worse thing imaginable had happened! All that he had saved from the shipwreck had gone up in smoke and flames. However, what at first appeared to be a tragedy and could mean disaster for him proved to be the means of his rescue.

God in His wisdom turned an apparent loss into the answer to his urgent prayers. The same day a ship actually appeared. "We saw your smoke signal," the captain explained.

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Suddenly they spotted a black dot in the distance. It was the boat of the fisherman with whom they were staying, coming to rescue them.

Afterwards one of the group told how that incident had made them think. They had asked God to make a wind blow; but that was not His solution. They needed to reach land safe and sound. The wind seemed to be the only possible solution; but God had another. He had not answered their prayer in their way, but responded in His way.

When we bring our problems before God let us not dictate our solution to Him. He is greater than we are. He has all means at His disposal and can answer in a thousand ways that we could never imagine. Our solution may not be the best.

So let us simply state the problem and put our trust in Him. He will answer, maybe not as we expect. But His response will always be wise and appropriate for the situation.

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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.



Large radio-controlled model truck display for the kids - and big kids! Seen at Goulburn Convoy for Kids. Photo courtesy of Murray Reddie



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