



FREE: PLEASE TAKE ONE

The HIGHWAY EVANGELIST

For the Aussie truckie

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

A/24

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One of the most well know trucks in Australia's trucking industry. Max Keough's (now aged 87), original 1978 K125 Kenworth. Beautifully restored by its new owner Bruce Gunter over 9 years. The most highly specced privately owned Kenworth at the time, the first with seven-inch headlights, and the first cabover to be fitted with an 8V92 GM 2-stroke between its aluminium chassis rails. With wheels, hubs, and hemispheres also aluminium, it tared 7.64 tonne full of fuel with one tonne of diesel.

From little things big things grow – part one

By Paul Matthei

As I rapidly close in on three decades working in the Australian road transport industry, I am compelled to concede that I now qualify for the title of veteran in a truck driving sense.

I am pleased to say that the industry has been good to me over this time. I was a single 25-year-old when I started out and have since been married and helped raise four children to adulthood, which is no mean feat these days.

Prior to starting in trucking, I completed a Plant Mechanic apprenticeship and worked for a number of years fixing earthmoving equipment and trucks.

While I enjoyed this period of my life, I believe my ultimate calling was to drive heavy machinery and specifically articulated trucks – the bigger the better. This yearning can be traced right back to my early childhood when I had a pedal-powered tricycle and asked Dad to help me hitch a trailer to it. He found an old lawn mower catcher with two wheels and he helped me fashion a rudimentary connection to the trike, after which I could be seen spending hours backing the trailer along a narrow concrete path, ensuring it stayed straight and true.

Naturally, as I grew older, I couldn't wait to get behind the wheel of a proper vehicle and this opportunity arose on a relative's farm when at the tender age of

10 I was given the reins of a Toyota HiLux in a paddock and instructed how to use the clutch pedal and change the gears of the four-speed column-shift manual transmission.

I quickly mastered this art and then moved on to tractors and medium-rigid trucks, namely a Bedford J5 with a 214 cubic inch petrol engine, four-speed box



Kenworth K300 Rigid

and two-speed Eaton diff. One thing that intrigued me about this truck was the metallic 'pinging' noise that emanated from beneath the fully-loaded truck when starting off in a paddock. I later learned that it was caused by flexing of the thin-wall propellor shaft that was probably only just adequate to handle the insubstantial torque of the engine. Much more and it would likely have screwed itself into something resembling a liquorice stick.

My march into ever larger vehicles continued during my mechanical apprenticeship at Dubbo where I gained my Medium Rigid truck licence. Working on Cat 3406B powered on-highway trucks including Ford LTL9000 and Kenworth

W-model introduced me to the Eaton Road Ranger 18-speed transmission and while I knew I had a lot to learn, I was determined to become proficient at operating the constant-mesh box.

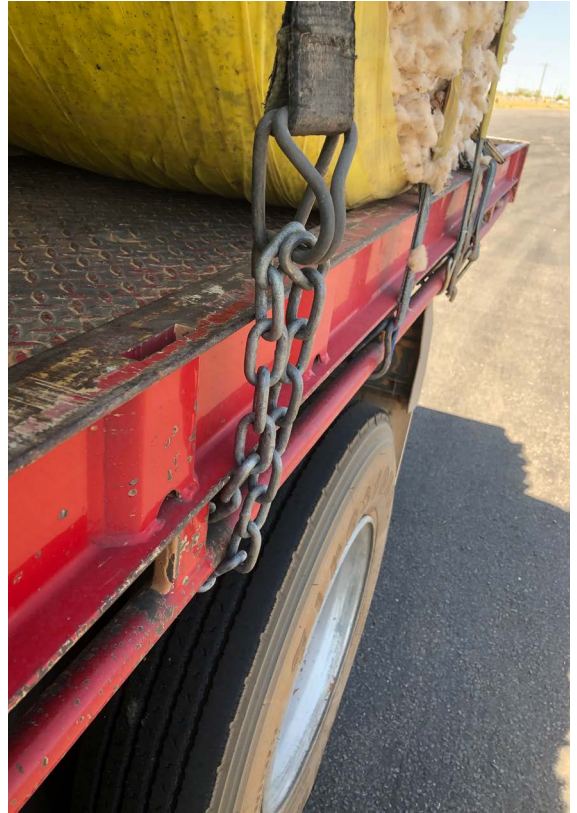
After finishing my apprenticeship and returning to Sydney where I had grown up, I took a job as a mechanic with a civil construction company in Blacktown. In addition to a brace of Caterpillar earthmoving equipment, the company owned five Mack Value-Liner semi-tippers and I became great mates with one of the drivers who was willing to mentor me while I acquired the necessary driving and backing experience, ultimately accompanying me to the Penrith motor registry where I gained my Heavy Combination licence.

From swinging spanners to changing cogs

At this point I would like to mention how my faith in Jesus Christ has helped shape my life and enabled me to progress to where I am today.

My mother is a devout Christian woman and I attended church regularly with her as I was growing up. While this was a good foundation for me it wasn't until I was 18 and had left home that I really knew I needed the Lord's help in this big, complicated world.

A long way from home and in a difficult situation, I cried out to Him and asked for a sign that He really was there. This duly came in the form of a kind couple who allowed me to board with them while I sorted out my accommodation arrangements. From that point on I never again doubted the Lord's presence in my life and I believe His guidance and protection have been with me henceforth.



One of Paul's mates calls him Bent Axle Bob after a character in a Slim Dusty song of the same name who used whatever he had to tie down loads. Here Paul adds a chain to a strap that's too short! Hence the nickname.

Back in Sydney and having the HC licence firmly in my back pocket, my thoughts turned to the notion of getting behind the wheel of a big banger. Being 25 by this stage meant that I had passed the first significant hurdle of being old enough for insurance purposes. However, in common with many youngsters looking to break into the industry, lack of experience was another precluding factor. I persevered and finally landed a start with a refrigerated transport company in western Sydney. My first steed was a single-drive Kenworth K300 10-pallet body truck and such was the custom of the day, I was handed the keys and a bunch of paperwork and sent

on my merry way delivering cartons of meat to half a dozen butcher shops around Sydney.

Introduced in 1995, the K300 was Kenworth's attempt at gaining some market share in the heavy-rigid body truck market. It utilised a cab built by Volkswagen in South America and had an 8.3 litre Cummins engine driving through a cable shift 8-speed synchromesh box. I had been informed that the prior driver was a female who had left due to an aggravated shoulder injury allegedly caused by the stiff nature of the gearshift. I was undeterred and found my feet driving a 'big' truck and managed to master the gear changing without the need for a shoulder reconstruction.

A baptism of fire is probably the best way to describe the first few weeks of driving this

truck. Having never driven a large vehicle in Sydney traffic, let alone having to back into tight loading docks behind butcher shops, proved quite the challenge. One day I arrived at a Neutral Bay shop to find a thoughtless person had parked her BMW in the loading bay. Assessing the situation, I wrongly assumed there was enough space to back the truck up between the car and the fence. I set about the task, ensuring I stayed as close to the fence as possible so I wouldn't hit the car, or so I thought. It was too late by the time I realised I had underestimated the width of the truck and the edge of the back under-run bar had left an indelible imprint right along the side of the BMW.

Next edition of the *Highway Evangelist* I will continue with my driving career reflections as I stepped toward articulated vehicles.



Chaplains Leanne Kelly and Shawn Slade at the 2023 Lights on the Hill Memorial Service

Gearskipping

Once up a time, not so long ago, trucks had 10 speed, 9 speed, 12 speed and 18 speed gearboxes with not a lot of horsepower.

It was one thing to learn to drive a truck; quite another to learn to get the best out of an 18 speed non-synchromesh gearbox, with a 2 stroke diesel and a very narrow power band. One could make 1,000 gearchanges overnight.

If the gearbox seemed to play up, it wasn't the gearbox, it was the nut behind the wheel.

The first we heard of gear skipping was when D.E.C.A. (Driver Education Centre Australia) taught all drivers that skill. We understand Ron Finemore, early on, realised gear changes burn calories and not everyone wants to do 1,000 gear changes per shift. Then we watched a Cummins video in 1990 focused on gear skipping. They said if you can get the clutch out without touching the throttle in any of the bottom 8 gears, you should. Empty trucks especially launched very quickly and got up to the speed limit easily.

Experienced drivers quickly realised the advantages. Why use 18 gears if you only need 5 or 7? D.E.C.A. realised there are fuel savings and fatigue was lowered. This really was and is a big deal.

The day will come when hardly anybody will be able to drive a manual truck. Two clever blokes in Chicago stole an armoured car and were forced to abandon ship because it was not an automatic.

The twin stick Mack's must have been very tiring on a mountainous trip.

One wonders how many other activities in life would be money and time saving, by skipping bits.

Two things we can't skip if we want to walk

with God. God actually wants to hear from His children, the more the better. His line is always open.

Bible reading is God talking to us. We walk by faith, not by sight (2 Corinthians 5:7). No person has seen God at any time (John 1:18), but millions know He directs the life of anyone who trust in Him.

— Rod Leigo



GLIDERFUEL

Did you hear about the coach driver in the 1960's who arrived at the motel with about 30 passengers only to find after they were settled that his rear engine had a small fire that he put out with the motel hose.

When he rang his boss in Toowoomba, an arrangement was made to replace the wiring from a nearly finished coach in Brisbane.

By the time the passengers came out of the motel in the morning the coach was ready for another day's work, and they were unaware of the night's work involved. The motel was in Kununurra W.A.

Goldie told us about the passengers he had from time to time. They would stop for a meal and the driver would say, "Here we are ladies and gentlemen. The coach will be underway in 30 minutes. Don't worry if you are late getting back; another company coach will be along in 24 hours."

When the 30 minutes were up they were all sitting up in their seats ready to go.

— Rod Leigo

What Can The Scriptures Tell Us About Cleaning Dummies?

When people ask about my truckin' life as someone did when unloading in Adelaide recently, I often say, "I've slept in my truck more than I've slept with my wife." Truckies are nomadic in their lifestyle. Part of living on the road is finding somewhere quiet to sleep, clean showers and toilets, and decent quality meals.

One thing that is great about our lifestyle is what we are constantly learning from the people we meet. Doing a delivery at a shipyard, a building under construction, or to a farmer can give you an education. Talking to people from different industries educates you that there are other lifestyles that have pressures and tough decisions too. This is character building and gives us good conversation points at BBQ's.

One interesting character I recently met is Johnathon, not his real name. Johnathon is about forty and is a cleaner at highway rest areas in NSW. His days can be 12 hours and travel can be 530km a day. He cleans restrooms, picks up rubbish, and empties rubbish bins, along with more unsavoury roles. He has had a cleaning career for 20 years.

The toilets were spotless, and I stayed in the same bay the next night and he was at work when I woke at 6 am once again. We got talking both days, he even told me about his hobby. Last visit there, Johnathon was on holidays and the replacement cleaner was also friendly being a casual bus driver and trainer usually.

In his unassuming way Johnathon explained the frustrations of his role. He did this without anger or ridicule, just stating the

facts. Even though there are clean toilets only fifty metres away, people do their business behind the rubbish bins, or urinate behind their vehicles on the asphalt. It is Johnathon's task to then clean it up and disinfect the area. People drop rubbish, and dump what is obviously company rubbish around bins, sometimes too foolish to remove evidence of their businesses.



Modern rest areas like the Mingay rest area on the Hume near Coolac have toilets, seats and tables, local information sign boards, trees for shade and parallel parking for less noise.

As if on cue, a prime mover pulled up about twenty metres from us, and seventy metres from the toilets where he could have parked, walked behind his truck, urinated, dropped rubbish, and left. I was embarrassed. Johnathon then went over, cleaned up and sprayed the area with disinfectant as required. He commented that some truckies abuse him for this as they think he is being smart.

Johnathon told me that the truckies can be the worst culprits, and let us be honest, we would be the biggest group of users of these facilities. Johnathon says conversely a busload of school children can use the toilets, with no rubbish left and the toilets left clean. What does this say about our industry, especially when we are the biggest campaigners about not having sufficient facilities?

I recall an episode of Downton Abbey when the up-and-coming heir to the estate, Matthew Crawley, was appointed a valet, Moseley, to attend his appearance. Matthew would not allow the valet to help dress him as he was embarrassed and thought it was pompous. In his despair Moseley told a colleague, and the master of the abbey Robert Crawley eventually found out. He tactfully explained to Matthew that the abbey's servants stayed for decades, had a lifetime job (something rare now), but importantly they had a purpose in life, and great diligence. If you have seen this episode, you will recall that after Robert's explanation, Matthew changed and asked Moseley to help him choose cufflinks that would best suit his attire. Moseley beamed with gratitude.

So, what do the Bible's scriptures tell us about people with possibly mundane or non-glamorous roles? In the gospel of John 13:1-17 Jesus washes the feet of his disciples at the last supper. "After that he poured water into a basin and began to wash his disciples' feet." (verse 5).

In those days people walked everywhere in sandals, and feet were dirty. It was customary to wash your feet before a meal. In this case the last supper. When we have been wearing thongs in the dirt how good is it to wash our feet? Ironically, many people now go to salons to have their feet washed and manicured.

The disciple Peter, who like some truckies wore his heart on his sleeve, and was often too quick to act objected, "No," said Peter, "you shall never wash my feet." (Similar to Matthew Crawley's insecurity). Jesus answered, "unless I wash you, you have no part with me." (verses 8-9).

Jesus then says, "Do you understand what I have done for you?" He asked them. "You call me 'Teacher' and 'Lord,' and rightly so for that is what I am. Now that I, your Lord, and

Teacher, have washed your feet, you should wash one another's feet. I have set you an example that you should do what I have done for you. I tell you the truth no servant is greater than his master, nor is a messenger greater than the one who sent him." (verses 12-16).

I am not asking you to wash anyone's feet but Jesus' actions in washing feet were that of the lowest of servants back then. His act of washing feet was humbling but nothing compared to the humbleness that the Son of God was to yet display because of His great love for us. He was our saviour who died on the cross for all as a substitutional atonement, so that our sins are forgiven, and we may enter His kingdom for eternity when we pass. When Jesus said in Matthew 20:28, "I came to serve not to be served," He meant dying for us, literally.

As truckies we can sometimes think that people believe we are unskilled. Even though we need good customer skills, knowledge of load restraint, can navigate our way around Australia safely, be able to diagnose or fix minor mechanical faults, all with the mental stresses of long hours and loneliness away from family. We think we perform a worthwhile job, provide for family, and contribute to Australia. Just like the valets and Johnathan's of this world.

The second commandment of the gospel is to "Love your neighbour as yourself." (Matthew 22:39). Followers of Jesus believe that we will get to look our Saviour in the face in the kingdom. There will not be concern for people's stature in their earthly life, just love for all, as it should be now. Honouring cleaners by leaving facilities clean helps the next visitors and shows love in respecting Johnathon's efforts. I am sure many of you do this anyway.

— *God Bless, Murray Reddie.*

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Selfie Absorbed

There is a beautiful cliffside at Diamond Head Bay in Vaucluse, NSW, where tourists are flocking to take selfies. Though it is breathtakingly beautiful, it is just as dangerous as it is gorgeous. One August, a 27 year-old woman fell to her death while taking a selfie on the cliff's edge. Not to be deterred, a mere few hours later, more tourists were taking selfies on the cliff's edge!

The only way to get to the cliff's edge is to deliberately climb over a wire fence with large signs posting warnings of the danger ahead. The warnings are impossible to miss: "Unstable cliff edge", "No access beyond this point" and "Danger, Keep Out" are clearly marked.

Just how dangerous is it? One resident, Rona Kahn, said to Australia's Nine News, "A wind or a stumble or anything [and] that's the end of them because it's sheer cliff down."

A motion by the Waverley Council stated, "There is an ongoing and justifiable concern that visitors are irresponsibly endangering themselves and others by crossing over the fencing and boundary lines and positioning themselves on the cliff ledge."

More people have died from taking selfies

than you would think. A Journal of Family Medicine and Primary Care study shows that between October 2011 and November 2017 there were a total of 259 deaths around the world related to selfies. A majority of the deaths were those between 20 and 29 years of age.



We live in a "look at me" society, where people are absorbed with themselves. Not only are we absorbed with ourselves, but we definitely don't want to be told what to do, or not to do, either. Our human natures naturally rebel against all authority, including God's. The Bible describes us this way:

"Like sheep we had all wandered away, each going its own way." (Isaiah 53:6a).

If we don't come to God in repentance, He tells us what our end will be:

"There is a path that may seem straight to someone, but in the end it is a path

to death.” (Proverbs 14:12).

The simplicity of salvation is beautiful and is available to all:

“God our savior ... wants all people to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth. There is one God and one mediator between God and humanity, the human Christ Jesus, who gave himself as a payment to set all people free.” (1 Timothy 2:3b-6a).



When we put our trust in Jesus “who gave Himself a payment for all”, we discover God’s forgiveness for our sin and rebellion against Him.

Don’t be a rebel against God:

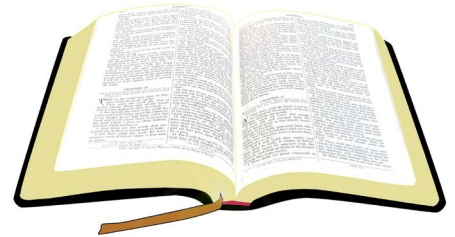
“Change your hearts and lives, and trust this good news!” (Mark 1:15b).

— Bible Truth Publishers

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Make peace with God today!

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



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



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

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

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

A/24

Church and Pastor Profile



Pastor Doug Beahan

*Gatton Baptist Church,
Lockyer Valley, Queensland*

I had an opportunity to catch up to the Pastor of Gatton Baptist Church in Queensland recently to have a bit of a chat, to find out a little more about this popular pastor, chaplain, football coach and mentor and out right character.

Roma born and bred, Doug grew up with a hardworking, country background, working as a ringer, timber cutter and truck driver, working the country areas of Queensland then later moving closer to the coast to then work as a tyre-fitter in a busy Caboolture tyre shop. Where he was known by the drivers as Gopher.

Doug ended up moving into Teachers college and teaching Primary school students, coaching them in PE and football. He continued as a football coach for quite some years and led his teams to great success.

As a young fella, Doug met this beautiful girl named Sheree and was encouraged to go to

Church just so he could spend more time with this lovely young woman.

He gave his life to the Lord and ended up marrying the love of his life Sheree (Double Blessing).

After being member of Caboolture Baptist Church for some years and filling the positions of Youth and Young Adults Co-ordinator, Deacon and then Church Administrator, Doug felt led to attend Bible College with the Baptist union College in Brisbane.

Once completing College Doug was led by the Lord to where he's now been a pastor at Gatton Baptist Church in the beautiful Lockyer Valley for the past 12 years.

He is a well loved and respected member of the community, whether it's being the popular straight talking Gatton Hawks Football club Chaplain or a valued support for local government and community members.

Ps Doug leads a diverse group of members and visitors at his home church, from Truck drivers and their family members, to farming families, teachers and many Uni students who attend the Gatton UQ campus and a vast variety of overseas visitors who come to live and work in the region whether it's full time or temporary seasonal work. All are welcome.

The church's mission statement is, we strive to glorify GOD through...Deeper Worship, Empowering Discipleship, Meaningful Fellowship, Committed to Serving Jesus and Reaching Out to our community...All for Jesus.

The Church is Located at 12 William Street, Gatton.

Services are at 9.30am Sundays.

If any Drivers are in the area on a Sunday and would like to swing by and spend time

with Ps Doug and the Church family, they are very much welcome.

The Church is only 5 mins from the Gatton Road-Train Breakdown pads, just drop your trailers there and head into Gatton, find the first set of lights at Macca's and turn right, through the little round about and the church is on the right-hand side. There is plenty of parking for Prime movers on a Sunday and the odd Single trailer.

I personally attend church regularly and am a member myself, I park the truck without a problem and there is plenty of room and access in and out of the street. I always drop my trailer at the pads and head in Bobtail.

We at Gatton Baptist Church welcome and Support all Transport industry Drivers and their families. If anyone feels they need to contact Ps Doug or Myself to have a chat please feel free to do so.

*Email Pastor Doug Beahan at:
gattonbaptistpastor@gmail.com
Phone Ps Doug: 0407 672 741*

*Email us at:
gattonbaptistchurch@gmail.com
Office Ph: 07 5462 8687*

*— Transport Chaplain Leanne Kelly:
0412 834 484*



Pray Through ...

I was standing at a bank counter waiting for the teller to come. I picked up a pen and began to print on the blotter in large letters two words which had gripped me like a vice – PRAY THROUGH. I kept talking to a friend and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom. I transacted my business and went away.

Next day my friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me. A businessman came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same teller, over that blotter, when his eye caught the wording "PRAY THROUGH". He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told exclaimed, "That is the very message that I needed. I have tried to worry through in my own strength and have merely mentioned my troubles to God; now I am going to pray the situation through until I get light."

(A good message though some of it is old fashioned.)

Speeding Ticket

Jack took a long look at his speedometer before slowing down. 79 in a 60 zone. Fourth time in as many months. How could a guy get caught so often. When his car had slowed to 10 k's an hour, Jack pulled over but only partially. Let the cop worry about the potential traffic hazard. Maybe some other car will tweak his backside with a mirror.

The cop was stepping out of his car, the big pad in his hand.

Bob?! Bob from church? Jack sunk further into his trench coat. This was worse than the coming ticket.

A Christian cop catching a guy from his own church. A guy who happened to be a little eager to get home after a long day at the office. A guy he was about to play golf with tomorrow.

Jumping out of his car, he approached a man he saw every Sunday, a man he'd never seen in uniform.

"Hi, Bob. Fancy meeting you like this."

"Hello Jack". No smile.

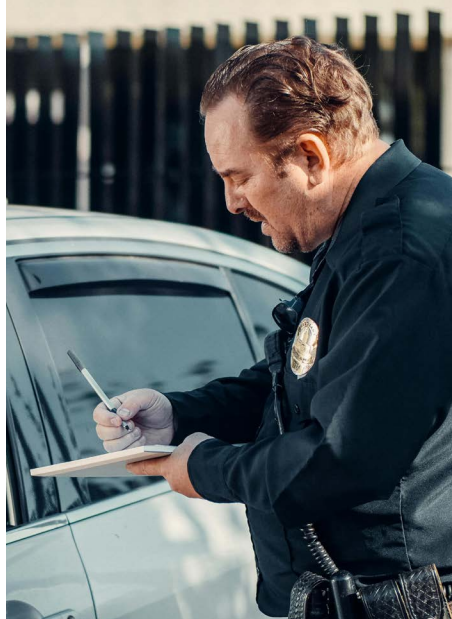
"Guess you caught me red-handed in a rush to see my wife and kids."

"Yeah, I guess."

Bob seemed uncertain. Good.

"I've seen some long days at the office lately. I'm afraid I bent the rules a bit just this once."

Jack toed a pebble on the pavement "Diane said something about roast beef and potatoes tonight - know what I mean?"



"I know what you mean. I also know that you have a reputation in our precinct."

Ouch, this was not going in the right direction. Time to change tactics.

"What'd you clock me at?"

"Seventy seven. Would you sit back in your car please?"

"Now wait a minute here Bob. I checked as soon as I saw you. I was barely nudging 65."

The lie seemed to come easier with every ticket.

"Please, Jack, in the car."

Flustered, Jack hunched himself through the still open door. Slamming it shut, he stared at the dash board. He was in no rush to open the window. The minutes ticked by .. Bob scribbled away on the pad.

Why hadn't he asked for a driver's licence? Whatever the reason, it would be a month of Sundays before Jack ever sat near this cop again.

A tap on the door jerked his head to the left. There was Bob, a folded paper

in his hand. Jack rolled down the window a mere two inches, just enough room for Bob to pass him the slip. "Thanks." Jack could not quite keep the sneer out of his voice. Bob returned to his police car without a word.

Jack watched his retreat in the mirror. Jack unfolded the sheet of paper. How much was this one going to cost? Wait a minute. What was this? Some kind of joke? Certainly not a ticket.

Jack began to read: "Dear Jack, once upon a time I had a daughter. She was six when killed by a car. You guessed it - a speeding driver. A fine and 3 months in jail and the

man was free. Free to hug his daughters. All three of them. I only had one and I'm going to have to wait until heaven before I can ever hug her again.

A thousand times I tried to forgive that man. A thousand times I thought I had. Maybe I did, but I need to do it again. Even now - pray for me and be careful. My son is all I have left.

Bob"

Jack turned around in time to see Bob's car pull away and head down the road. Jack

watched until it disappeared. A full 15 minutes later he too, pulled away and drove slowly home, praying for forgiveness and hugging a surprised wife and kids when he arrived. Life is precious. Handle with care.

This is an important message - please pass it along to your friends. Drive safely and carefully. Remember, cars are not the only things recalled by their maker.

- Supplied by Henry and Jean from Mittagong Anglican Church (NSW) congregation

Tamworth Truck Drivers' Memorial – 28 Oct 2023



The Mack radiator grill with the green "Tamworth Truck Drivers Memorial" sign in the middle is the lectern on the stage for the speakers.

On a warm spring Saturday Transport for Christ volunteers Darrel Ball and Murray Reddie once again attended the Tamworth Truck Drivers Memorial Day (with Darrell's dog Tex). This event is organised annually by the Tamworth Truck Drivers Club and coincides with the Tarcutta Truckies Memorial Day on the same date. For those who aren't aware, these are days where we remember those operators lost to our

industry and especially sad are those who pass on the highways or in workplace incidents. They are days where family, friends and work colleagues can show their respects to our lost.

The crowd were surrounded by some well-presented trucks both newer and historic. One of the first speakers was Salvation Army Chaplain Major Tony De Tommaso who did a devotional (a short talk), on the hymn *Amazing Grace*, penned by ordained minister John Newton in 1772. I'm sure many of you know of this hymn. John Newton writes about God's amazing grace and mercy in saving him after his earlier dastardly occupation of a slave trader as a ship's captain in the Atlantic. In the hymn's lines, "I was blind but now I see," and "I once was lost but now I'm found," it speaks of the transformation Newton, and we, experience as believers when we are saved by God through the Holy Spirit. In his case God opened his eyes to the terrible inhumanity that was slave trading but also showed him how wonderful it is to be "born again" with God (John 3:1-21). God's grace saves us and offers us eternal life if we believe and repent of our sins. In the line, "That saved a wretch like me", John

is actually calling himself a wretch. When we know that God can save a soul like John Newton's, it gives us all great hope for our salvation. We are all sinners after all. My now passed grandfather Keith loved this hymn and played it on his banjo. You may also know the modern version of this hymn sung by Chris Tomlin with extra lyrics, it's great.

It's worth noting that this is not like the slavery that existed 2,000 years ago in Israel when Jesus was on earth. The Bible instructed masters to treat their slaves well and many slaves personally sold themselves into slavery to have a roof over their family's heads and good meals.

There were 12 men's names added to the honour roll this year, still far too many. It's reported that 50 truck drivers passed on the job in Australia last year. I find it difficult to understand how when a couple of workers in the mining industry are killed on the job, as terrible as that is, that the government authorities often have an inquiry. Yet when truck drivers pass in their workplace, on the roads, there is often a conclusion that it's just another road accident, when there are clearly other issues, often fatigue related.

There were testimonials to the deceased, singing, a pipe band, a guard of honour from the Air League, prayers, lowering of flags to half-mast, and wreath laying. Afterwards there was a BBQ tea and drinks to the music of the band. One highlight for me was a favourite song of mine, done well by the band "The Rusty Ringers"; Slim Dusty's, "Lights on the Hill."

On the Sunday I gave a 30-minute talk about the Transport for Christ mission at the Tamworth Liberty Church, part of the Australian Christian Churches group, which was organised by Howard Barnes of the local Scripture Union. James and Kerry Ardill head up the non-denominational church which

also has a primary school on the grounds. They are a Bible believing church thankfully. The congregation was very interested and interactive. At the end Kerry spoke of how many years ago as a young lady she would talk on the CB radio to all the truckies going through Tamworth, much to the concern of her then boyfriend and now husband James.

After lunch Frank Colmaine, and his wife Kay, who heads up the Tamworth Driver Reviver group provided a good lunch for me at their home, and we talked about many subjects; the driver reviver program, TFC, our Lord, the truckin' life, road safety and driver fatigue. The driver reviver stations around Tamworth are rostered by the Scripture Union and many of the volunteers are believers. Frank and his wife are Christians and asked for back copies of TFC's *Highway Evangelist* newsletters. They requested them as reading material for driver reviver customers. Frank thought they might be a distraction to break the traveller's journey and fatigue and may even bring people to our Lord. I was able to give them a few and will offer others as time goes on.

The Tamworth Truck Drivers Club do a wonderful job of this event, with the right mix of respect to the departed and their families, our Lord, scripture, and a reminder of the comradery that is in our industry.

— Yours in Christ, Murray Reedie.



This 3/4 (three-quarter) ton 1946 Chevrolet belongs to John and Christine Hook of Tamworth.



Very soon everyone was surprised as the donkey reached the mouth of the well, stepped over the edge and trotted off.

Life is going to throw dirt at you, all kinds of dirt. Things happen to us that we would never choose, and they can get us down.

But like the donkey, we can get out of the 'hole' by shaking off the 'dirt' and use it to make us stronger and take more steps up. Each problem is a step up. We can get out of the deepest holes if we don't give up.

TAILGATE

Lessons From A Donkey

One day a farmer's donkey fell into a well. The animal cried loudly for hours while the farmer tried to find a way to get him out.

Finally, the farmer decided that the donkey was old, and the well was already dry and needed to be covered anyway – it really wasn't worth pulling the donkey out of the well.

He invited all his neighbours to come and help him fill in the well. They each grabbed a shovel and began to pile dirt into the well.

The donkey realised what was happening and cried horribly. Then to everyone's surprise, he quieted down after a few shovelfuls of dirt.

The farmer finally looked down the well and was amazed at what he saw – with each shovelful of dirt the donkey was doing something incredible. It was shaking off the dirt and stepping on top of it.



Becoming a Christian does not mean we will have no problems. But we have the Lord Jesus who longs for us to call on Him for His help to face each problem. He is ever faithful.

Jesus said, "Come to me, all you who are struggling hard and carrying heavy loads, and I will give you rest. Put on my yoke, and learn from me. I'm gentle and humble. And you will find rest for yourselves." Matthew 11:28-29.

(From PROKIN – Project for orphans of Kinshasa. Submitted by Neil Hawke)

Notes from the editor:
We apologise for the misspelling of Paul Matthei's name on p.4 of the previous edition.
TFC has recently changed bank details. New bank details (for donations only) BSB: 641 800 Account No: 025 106 581.
Once again, we extend grateful thanks to all of our supporters and volunteers for keeping this ministry's wheels rolling.



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Tamworth Truck Drivers' Memorial Service, 28 October 2023



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