



ROADWAY EXPRESS

RETIRES NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 3, 2005 - CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE AREA - EVERY 1ST MONDAY

MERIDIAN BBQ

To all retirees

The annual Retiree BBQ in Meridian, Miss. Is always the last Sat. in Oct. (October 29th)

Its at Leon Minter's place in Meridian, Miss. His address is 2847 Old Eight Rd. About 5 miles north of Meridian on highway 19. You can call 601-483-7618 for directions. It's kind of a pot luck lunch.

Bring something sweet if you can, there is always a lot of food good gospel, blue grass and country music if you can sing dance or play some kind of instrument, bring it. No alcohol what so ever....

This will be my sixth one to go to. It starts around 9 am last until last lie is told, around dark. There is always 200 to 300 retirees there, also bring your wife and kids

Drivers from Tenn., Miss, Ga., Ark, Fla., North and South Carolina, Mo, Ill, Okla. will be there.

Some of the retirees who come a day or 2 before, say on Friday night. They have dinner at Barnhill's Buffet. They have a special price at the Ramada Inn off I 20 at Martin Luther king exit.

Hope I have covered everything.

As always your friend in Christ
J. Harper [grasshopper]

You might be on the right track,
But you'll probably get run over.
If you just stand there.
Learn from the mistakes of others.
You can't live long enough to make.
Them all yourself.

It's not so bad if your mind goes blank
If you'll remember to turn off
The sound.

Jack Reneker

NEXT MEETING

Call a member that is not present
And invite them to the
Next meeting.

Monday November 7

11:00 A.M.

WALLY'S RESTRURANT

I-75 Exit 1 - East Ridge, Tn.

**CHECK OUT THE
NEWSLETTER**

www.roadwayretirees.com

PRAYER REQUEST

David Grisham

Bill Watts

Tom Burris

Travis Jordan

Willie Stoner

Don Greeson

James Petty

Levada & Bill Brown

Virginia Bledsoe

Floyd Bledsoe

Dorma Farmer's Mother

Frances Vickers

Christy Bowman (Dorma's Niece)

Sunday evening 8:30 PM

Bill Brown is in Erlanger Hospital again. Last Monday he had the artery in the right side of his neck cleaned out. He was sent home on Wednesday, but he had to return to the hospital on Thursday. His heart rate was real low. They now have it back up. He is hoping to get to go home today.

David Grisham is doing a little better. His stomach stays upset. He is to have his teeth pulled on the 20th of this month.

Please keep David and Bill in your prayers.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Tom Burris - 10/1
Robert Shipman - 10/1
Sandye Freels - 10/5
Elaine Pell - 10/14
Virginia Bledsoe - 10/24
Mary Lu Rose - 10/28
Bill Brown - 10/29

ANNIVERSARIES

Dorma & Dwight Farmer - 10/1
Sara & Willie Stoner - 10/8/54
Ann & Paul Williams - 10/18/97

RETIREMENT ANNIVERSARY

Bill Brown - 10/23/1992

RETIREMENT ?

Q. When is a retiree's bedtime?

A. Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Q. How many retirees does it take to change a light bulb?

A. Only one, but it might take all day.

Q. What's the biggest gripe of retirees?

A. There is not enough time to get everything done.

Q. Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?

A. The term comes with a 10% percent discount.

Q. Among retirees what is considered formal attire?

A. Tied shoes.

Q. What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire?

A. NUTS!

Q. Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage?

A. They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there.

Q. What is the best way to describe retirement?

A. The never ending Coffee Break.

Q. What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree?

A. If you cut classes, no one calls your parents.

Q. Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with?

A. He is too polite to tell the whole truth.

Thanks to the Wyatts

GREAT STORY

Great Story I just returned from New Jersey. While en route there, I was stuck in traffic on Interstate 81, just below the Virginia state line, (Bristol, Tennessee), due to a traffic accident with a fatality involved. This accident involved a tanker truck hauling a hazardous material load that developed a leak, which meant that we weren't going anywhere for several hours.

After being told by the Tennessee state troopers that we would be sitting still until the clean up was completed, I set my brakes on the truck and got out to stretch my legs. Other truck drivers did the same, and at one point there were 5 of us standing there by my truck, complaining.

Sitting right beside me in the left lane, were two elderly people in a Silverado pick up truck, which was loaded quite well. The man, (Joe), lowered his window and asked what was going on regarding the traffic situation.

Soon we were all talking with this couple. I mentioned that if I had known about this, I would have bought something to drink, (water), for I was becoming thirsty. The lady, (Anna), said that they had plenty of water, and sodas in the cooler in the bed of the truck, and offered everyone present something. While she was back there, she said that she had plenty of tuna salad made up, and asked if we would be interested in a sandwich.

After some urging from Joe, we agreed to a sandwich. While Anna was making the sandwiches on the tailgate of the truck, she was singing like a songbird. To be close to 70, (I guess), she had a remarkable voice.

When she finished making the sandwiches, and putting everything up, Joe raised the tailgate of the truck to close it. I noticed a Mississippi license plate on it. I inquired as to what part of Mississippi they were from. Joe said Biloxi. Knowing that Biloxi had been ravaged also by hurricane Katrina, I asked if they sustained any damage. Joe said that they lost everything but what they had on and what was in the pickup. All of us drivers tried unsuccess-

fully to pay them for their drinks and the sandwiches. They would have nothing to do with it. Joe said that their son was living around Harrisonburg, Virginia and that they were going there. He was in the real estate business and that there was a home that became open, and that they were going to start all over there. Staring over at their age would not be easy.

I will soon be 48 years old, and I have say that I have never eaten a tuna sandwich with side orders of reality and humility. These people lost everything except the pictures, important documents, and some clothes. Joe had managed to get their antique heirloom grandfather clock into the bed of the truck and Anna got her china and silverware, but that was all. These wonderful people lost practically everything they owned and still would not accept any money for their food and drinks. Joe said that "it was better to give than it is to receive."

They sought refuge behind a block wall that he had built years ago, and they watched their belongings and their home disappear in the winds of Hurricane Katrina. Joe said that during all this he had one hand holding onto Anna and the other holding on to God. Their truck and themselves came out of Katrina unscathed.

As I stated before, Anna was singing a song while making the sandwiched. The song is titled "I know who holds tomorrow," an old gospel song. She knew every word, and was quite a gifted singer of it. Have you ever heard it? The chorus of this song is, " Many things, about tomorrow, I don't seem to understand. But I know who holds tomorrow, and I know who holds my hand."

There is no doubt, in my mind, who was holding both their hands. I know there have been many, many emails that have circulated over the years about things that will touch your heart, but this one I personally was involved in.

Forget all of the politics that the news is circulating, and think about people just like Joe and Anna. If you can, help out with the victims relief funds.

If you cannot, at least offer a prayer for everyone.

I know that these two elderly people got to this old boy. I will always remember them. Joe and Anna, if by some strange way you, or someone you know gets this, and shows it to you, God Bless you!

Mike Dowdy Hartselle, Alabama



THE POEM

I knelt to pray but not for long,
I had too much to do.

I had to hurry and get to work
For bills would soon be due.

So! I knelt and said a hurried prayer,
And jumped up off my knees.

My Christian duty was now done
My soul could rest at ease.....

All day long I had no time
To spread a word of cheer

No time to speak of Christ to friends,
They'd laugh at me I'd fear.

No time, no time, too much to do,
That was my constant cry,

No time to give to souls in need
But at last the time, the time to die.

I went before the Lord,
I came, I stood with downcast eyes.

For in his hands God held a book;
It was the book of life.

God looked into his book and said
"Your name I cannot find.
I once was going to write it down...
But never found the time"

Thanks to Loretta Wyatt