

A true story told through the eyes of "a driver".

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Hope everyone is doing well.

From Sissie F. a long haul driver..

This story may take a while. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride. and remember, all these stories are true, Or based on a true story.

We were sitting in Peculiar, Mo. when the trucks computer made the bird sound meaning we got a load to pick up, no big deal we have done this before, and were getting pretty good at it. The pick up point was Rich Hill, Mo. It was not far from us, to the south about 35 miles maybe?.. It had rained that morning so the ground was still wet and the sky was partly cloudy.. I took 71 south to the Rich Hill exit went west about 4 miles to county rd. PP and went south.. The directions said Go to end of PP till it turns into a dirt road, and make a left... This is where the story begins....

By faith I took the left turn, and Yes I was now on a dirt road, not gravel but old fashion dirt and mud thanks to the morning rain.. The road had grass growing in the middle. So all the road was, was two dirt trails where the tires had been and there was no ditches for the water to run off.. If you looked to either side you saw a fence that was made out of tree limbs stuck in the ground and bob wire that ran around a paster... Not post, Like I'm used to seeing but tree limbs for the post.. the grass in the fields had never been cut, and I could see huge horses grazing in those pastures. Big horses like cousins to Clydesdales.. In front of me I see a sign that had a horse and buggy on it.. Past the sign the fog of the morning had risen about 5ft. off the ground and I could see the road pretty good, but at eye level it looked

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like I was traveling into a dream... After a couple of sharp rights, then left turns I was out of the fog and into the year 1776 or maybe 1800.... It was unbelievable. About this time Sissie wakes up and the only words she said was "oh my" and not another word.

It was really beautiful in its own way... My direction said go to the 4 way stop and continue straight. The 4 way stop was nothing but two dirt roads that crossed, no signs, no nothing. To the right and left I could see farm houses that looked like they were built along time ago and in a place far far away.. Each home had fences and barns really close to the house.. and horses and chickens and little gardens and buggys. One that looks like a work wagon and others that look like a family buggy that holds about 8 or more people. I crawled the truck up a small hill and saw a tin building that was not pretty but very well built. So I stopped and ask Sissie to stay put.. I walked around the very well built shack, and the hand painted sign read" ONLY ANIMAL HANDLERS PASS THIS POINT" ..

So I stopped... Turned around and saw my first lep-pra-con... Smiling and waving and running at me... I thought he was going to hug me, but stopped right in front of me, smiling the biggest smile, stuck out his hand and said in what I think is an Irish voice. "Hello laddy Im Jerami-a" .. He was dressed in a blue shirt, gray pants, sa-spenders that gave him a hex of a wheggie, and pull his pants a good 5 inches above his ankles, with what looked like home made boots on.. I couldnt help but smile, and told him my name. He said he had ran from the garden when he saw my truck. He was picking tomatoes. And reminding me what a beautiful day it was. I was in awe.. This man, around my age 40-45 couldnt stop smiling because he was just happy... He said smiling "56 pallets oh watermellons ..All rightty". With just hand jacks he starts loading... I said let me help. Jerami-a said, "Are you the good one are you, You can help by sitting. I'll be done soon". There was no way I was going to watch this good man load 56 pallets without my help.. but no sooner did I crawl up on the dock, another lep-pra-con appeared, smiling and said "I came when I saw your truck". Those two men loaded 56 pallets weighing 700lbs each in 25min. never stopped smiling and never stopped working. I have to confess... These people dressed in the latest 18 century fashion, impressed me more than any group of people I have met..

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The first guy (Jerami-a) to show up was the owner of about 45 acres of land, that he and his family and all the neighbors worked.. and he and his family helped the other families... The other guy to show up was Issiac.. He had a soft beard about 4 inches long and I'm guessing in his early 20s.. I asked him if the dirt road was where they raced their buggys on Saturday nights.. Jerami-a replied, "We don't race, I don't want to go down that road" (I'm sure he was referring to getting off the straight and narrow pass...) We talked for a little while about their life style and I figure out.. all by myself, they weren't lep-pra- cons, they were Amish... I really enjoyed my visit. While I was there another wagon with those big horses showed up with several pallets of produce on it. Issiac said 'I'll help you' and off he went.. They put a small ramp from the dock to the wagon and off came the load, and they never tied up the horses.. they just stood there.... My trip back in time really gave me a good idea what it was like way back when.

Jerami-a ask who was in the truck "your wife" I said "naw, that's my sister". His left eye brow raised 2 inches.. I didn't think much of it. Oh well time to go and we were off. Another man stopped us at the cross road and said their other driver left without some stickers, and could I help them out by meeting him at a truckstop and give them to him... I said "sure not a problem" out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerami running out of the garden, towards the well built shack. I then saw Jerami-a.. in slow motion coming out of the shack with a watermelon up under his left arm, he looked like an NFL running back, jumping over a small bush and side stepping a huge horse and buggy and then stopping right in front of me.... smiling... This is for you for doing us this favor.. I said thanks, but before I could accept my award he said "I take it for you" and he opened the driver side door and handed Sissie My award... He stepped down..and walked right pass me with both eye brows as high as they could get without leaving his head... I watched him walk away for a few minutes.... He looked sooo satisfied, I thought he was going to lite a cigar.. Oh well, I climbed back in the truck, and now Sissie is smiling from ear to ear.. "No you can't stay. and wipe that silly smile off your face, your scaring me"

MARK...SET...GO..

From Syble:

I woke, pulled the curtain back and here we were on a very small dirt road, with fields on either side. One field held horses where the

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grass/weeds were as tall as the horses; and the other side gardens. I was shell shocked, this professional driver would be traveling on such a road and all I could say was "oh my." It kept running through my mind. I crawled into the passenger seat and sat in awe. After several minutes, the driver explained we were picking up a load of watermellons. When he backed the truck up to the loading area of the barn, the driver told me to stay put and for once in my life I obeyed.....

I sat in the truck and just observed my surroundings. It was like a fairy tale. The mom in her calico dress and bonnet, the smaller children following behind the Mother, the chickens running in the yard, the bigger children working in the fields - bare foot, kackie shorts and suspenders, the horses grazing, the buggies, the overgrown grass/weeds, the barn, the house (just think no electricity).....it was unbelievable and beautiful in it's own way.

After loading, Larry returns to the truck and off we go, very slowly down the dirt road. Jerami-a came to the front and looked up. Larry goes, he has his eye on you. I just laughed and said, yea he is just looking cause there is a female driver. Of course, the driver is never short on words, he goes.....yea TR, I can just see you with an Amish guy...you would be behind the barn hiding in your calico dress, bonnet, cigs in one pocket and mic ultra in the other. No TR, we will continue looking for the right guy for you.

I have to admit, it was one of the most peaceful settings I have seen in a long time. We could all learn from this group. They were all smiles, you could tell they love what they do and are very much at peace with themselves. Are the rest of us that content?

My Best To All, Sissie F.