

A Lifting Thought

By Pete Clark

I hate driving trucks but I love the job of driving trucks. I liked my driving job because it got me out of the warehouse, away from supervisors, the pettiness of work place politics and the monotony of pulling items from bins to be thrown into boxes being filled for delivery. The open road was a nice place to be when the weather was summery, but not so nice when the weather suffered from severe chills, bouts of coughing and sneezing and made the sky shed its moisture in solid pieces. I know I can't have everything my way, but there were a few times on I-25 in Wyoming when Mother Nature came too close to creating the final moments of my earthly existence. When that route faded into history, I felt no loss as I knew my number would come up if I continued making that trip.

I drove to Colorado Springs every Tuesday and Thursday to make deliveries at a store on Academy Boulevard and a store in downtown Colorado Springs. On one trip I had a pallet of Blue Rocks, another name for the clay pigeons used as targets for trap shoots, to be delivered to the Academy Boulevard Store. Since that was my first stop, I was able to set the Blue Rocks over the rear axle to balance the load and make the ride smoother, as any ammunition had to be loaded just inside of the rear door in case of an accident where First Responders had to access the load.

When I arrived at my first stop and called the people out to break the seal, open the truck and unload the merchandise, we discovered that the weight of the pallet of Blue Rocks was holding the truck bed a few inches lower than the level of the dock and they had no plate to bridge the gap. That was not a problem until the smart guys unloading the truck, who derisively referred to me as "Pop," loaded the whole pallet of Blue Rocks onto one flatbed cart. These were young athletes, body builders, who displayed the finest of the human male form. But, three of them, grunting together, could not lift the front of that cart up to the level of the dock. I enjoyed watching them struggle before I told them to get out of the way. I told the smallest among them to get behind the cart and push at my command. I lifted. He pushed. The cart's front wheels popped up onto the dock.

The collective jaws of the gaggle of muscle-bound jocks dropped to their shins. A fat, bald man, more than forty years of age, had lifted something that three of the best among them, working together, could not budge. *Pop* indeed! The difference between myself and those kids was that I knew the most important muscle is not for lifting. It is for thinking. By using the muscle between my ears, I knew I had to lift with my legs.