

# A TrILERMAN'S PRAYER BY WALLY BYAM<sup>1</sup>

*O Lord, give us springs that won't break.  
Give us rocker arms that won't wear out the bearings,  
Give us shackles that won't elongate the holes  
Give us a water heater that we can light from the inside  
and not have to go out in the wind and the rain to try  
and light it with a blowtorch  
Give us water tanks that don't leak, either water or air  
Give us tubing that doesn't break at the flares  
Give us windows and wheel housings that don't leak dust  
Give us roof locker doors that will stay closed*

*And above all, O Lord, give us a stove that will stay together  
In one piece at least for a day or two of washboard  
roads and we thank those for finally giving us a  
refrigerator that will make ice under most any  
condition, the same as Swedish inventions*

*But we pray, O Lord for a door for the refrigerator more  
solidly built that will stay on under any road conditions  
And if it is at all in reason, we would like rivets on the  
inside skin that would not come out, especially on the  
bows and around the door and we would like a door  
lock that wouldn't shake loose and a door handle that  
wouldn't break off in a place and a way to carry eggs  
outside of burying them in the bed clothes and some  
way of keeping the clothes hangers from jumping off  
the rods.*

*But with all the things we want, we thank Thee for the best  
beds on earth, a trailer that is remarkably cool, even  
in the desert heat, windows that open wide and give  
good ventilation, a tight roof that doesn't leak, even in  
the flash floods and the tropical rains of the Belgian  
Congo, refrigerators that make ice under any and all  
conditions. A bathtub and a shower that allows a  
human being to keep as clean as a human being  
should and a toilet that flushes and a septic tank that  
doesn't have too much odor on the inside and a  
trailer that is with all a haven of comfort on mountain  
grades, in rock waste lands and in monotonous  
deserts and it is always home wherever your wheels  
may stop.*

---

<sup>1</sup> From Wally Byam written on the 10<sup>th</sup> of November in Moyale in Ethiopia with the worst roads of the entire caravan just ahead of us.