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CHILDREN'S DIVISION

So Long, Old Hat



Brian and Jenny Carlson

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Dedication

This children’s book was inspired by many individuals in my life, but should be dedicated mostly to my wife, Jenny Ann ~~Carlson~~, my tough-as-nails son, David, and my ~~amazingly beautiful~~ daughter, Anna Lynn, who has the ability to soften my hardened nature. ~~Every time they speak or look in my~~

~~direction it makes me love them more.
They remind me always to keep my eyes on
the greatest dedication of all, our Creator. For
without Him, I would not have my family.~~

Acknowledgement

I would like to firmly acknowledge the “Highway” for without all of those many days and nights alone on the road, this children’s book, which is a small token of my appreciation, would not be possible.

~~*My sister, Tina, and family; our relationship is special. We don’t have to say a lot. In fact, when I wink*~~

~~at her, it replaces 10,000 beautiful words, enough said. I love you, Tiner!~~

Robert Fiore, who endures the same hardship as many in our business. One day at a truck stop working on our rig sparked a lifelong friendship.

To Caterpillar Inc., whose hat I purchase and wore everyday while loading every oversized load I ever pulled over the roads of north America.

To my mom, Joanne, who is the most important, because of her labor, direction, and guidance. Though

for many years we were distant (we lived our lives in different countries) I know she cared deeply, and wanted only the best for me.

Her recent passing makes this accomplishment bitter sweet. Mom, you're the genuine article. Your smile is forever engraved in my mind.



There was this old hat, I wore every day
as I toiled under the sun
on my head it would stay.
As I earned and as I slept
if that old hat could speak it would say
“With all we have both been
through, I must be kept.”



*Now I need to tell you
there was something mysterious
about this old hat.
It dragged me away from family
and friends and things like that.*



*Its force was strong and it knew my Passion
and I could not resist
even though it swiftly took
me from those I dearly missed.*



*It was frayed and worn and torn
as much as the spirit that dawned it,
but somehow we stuck together from load to load
And road upon road.*



*"No," I say. "Never will I be without this old hat,"
as I strapped and chained and lift my arm
to wipe the sweat from my brow,
and adjust that cap!*



*Then one day there came
a final wake up call,
when she sat me down and the feelings
She poured out had said it all.
I had no idea she felt like "that"
about me and this old hat.*



*After many nights
and days of being away,
the emotions were just too strong
after this I would no longer be gone.*



*And so off the hat came,
that faithful crown one last time,
as it sits on the table all dusty and dirty
and I Smile as it shines.*



*For it was that beret
that from day to day
caused such a stir,
but ultimately lead me back to her.*



*And so we part for a time, me
and this crazy hat of mine.
Maybe one day in the Truck we
will sing one more song,
but until then so long, so long, so long old hat.*



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