

## Wisconsin Road Team Member Tammy Deutsch

*By Tamara Marie Deutsch*

I am not supposed to be a truck driver. I was supposed to go to college to be a teacher, social worker, accountant, or lawyer. I was supposed to do something that was considered a “real” profession. Truck driver was not on the list. I tried very hard to fit into the stereotype of what I thought was expected of me and, of course, the expectations of my family and friends.

My quest for a profession was proceeding along the normal course. I went to college for several years trying to discover my “purpose in life.” I finally latched on to what I thought would be my profession: court reporting. I went to school for several years to train to be a court reporter.

Through all of the false starts at having a career, the only thing constant in my life was driving. I loved to drive. I would drive my car for hours and hours, miles and miles, and go nowhere.

One day, while I was driving, I looked at the traffic around me and wondered what those big trucks did; where do they go; how do they get paid; where are they from. Little did I know, my life was about to change.

I started to research this mysterious life on the road. Again, I decided to go back to school. This time, I decided to learn to be a truck driver. I told no one. I didn’t have the nerve to tell my family. I surely wasn’t going to tell my friends. What would they think?

Many people that I have met on the



*Tammy Deutsch is a WIT member and on Wisconsin’s Road Team.*

road got into driving because they knew someone who drove a truck, or their family owned a small trucking business. This was not true in my case. I knew of no one in the trucking industry. My family knew of no one in the trucking industry. This was a new experience for all of us.

As I set out on this adventure, learned more about trucks, truckers, and life on the road, a wonderful thing happened; I fell in love with the job. I wanted to drive a truck for a living. I got my first driving job with North American Van Lines in Fort Wayne, IN. After one year there, I took a job with

Marten Transport out of Mondovi, WI. I worked for them for six years. Since 1994, I have been a member of Walmart's Private Fleet based out of the Distribution Center in Menomonie, WI.

Obviously, my family and friends eventually found out about my unexpected career path. Some accepted it as another crazy detour that I would take until I got a "real" job. Others were horrified that I

would find myself in such a predicament. All agreed that it made perfect sense for me to be doing what I loved to do: drive.

I had been looking so hard for a profession that others would accept. I knew what I should be doing all the while. Driving isn't just a job for me; it is my profession. When all is said and done, I believe I was supposed to be a truck driver.