

Fellow Union Brothers and Sisters:\*

\* I have never seen such solidarity or commitment from a union as I have seen in our locals' membership. This has not been easy making the sacrifices that we all have made together. However, it is the "Togetherness" that has bound us tighter than ever. Each day I am at the hall & I see the unwavering support from the individuals who have volunteered to help me get out the checks to each of you and your families. We now have the bond of Sacrifice that the Scabs will never understand. We have sweat together on the picket lines, we have leaned on each other when in need and we have come out stronger than ever. When we return to our garages after this strike is over we can all walk proudly with our heads held high because we stood up to the arrogance and corporate greed and said, " Take this crappy contract offer and shove it!" The supervisors will also know that we have each others backs because for how ever many days it took, we stood firm. I for one, am proud to be a member of local #2100 and the CWA. Also, let us not forget those who forged the path that we traveled, the retirees who began paying into the RLMF (Robert Lilja Member Relief Fund) back in the early 1990s that has allowed all of us to sustain our families during this fight for justice. In closing, I want to thank each and every member and his or her family that has done whatever it took to secure our future, because the torch has been passed to us to forge the path for those who will follow us. So I leave you with this poem:\*

\*\_The Bridge Builder\_\*

An old man going a lone highway,  
Came, at the evening cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.  
Through which was flowing a sullen tide

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
The sullen stream had no fear for him;  
But he turned when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.  
“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,  
“You are wasting your strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
You never again will pass this way;  
You’ve crossed the chasm, deep and wide,  
Why build this bridge at evening tide?”  
The builder lifted his old gray head;  
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,  
“There followed after me to-day  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm that has been as naught to me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!”

By Will Allen Dromgoole