

The idea for the pink mixer started in February. We bought six used front discharge mixers down south in January and they started to arrive at our facility in Limerick in early February. Matt (our paint specialist) and I started thinking about painting them our traditional colors of yellow and black, but they are a different configuration than the trucks we already owned.

As we were discussing the configuration, we discussed something totally different. What if we painted it pink for breast cancer awareness? What would people in our industry think? My mother at the time had survived breast cancer twice already, and our driver Bob's mother is a two-time survivor. I asked my wife and daughters, and they were all for it immediately with no hesitation. Matt did the same and received the same response.

So, we started researching breast cancer by contacting the Maine Breast Cancer Coalition. When we saw that one in eight women will get breast cancer in their lifetime and every fourteen minutes a woman dies from breast cancer in the USA, we decided to go for it and surprise my father, the president of the company. So we started painting the truck pink.

We really struggled with the bow. Two grown men crawling around on the floor trying to make this four-foot-wide by eight-foot-long bow. It was not going well, but my oldest daughter Allison was home from college that weekend. Allison came over to take a look and then she went to work. She made the bow on a computer and printed it off on 8" X 11" paper and put it together on our living room floor like a puzzle. We transposed it onto a large piece of vinyl and we had it.

My father was shocked at first (He did not suspect a thing), but was fine with it after the initial shock. He told me I needed to get my mother's approval before we finished the truck, which I thought was a little odd. My mother had retired from the company several years ago. I did not know at the time my mother had been diagnosed with breast cancer for the third time a couple of weeks prior, but had not told any of the kids yet. So I went to tell my mother about the pink truck. My mother listened to me tell all about the new pink truck, never once telling me her secret. My mother thought it was a wonderful idea to paint the truck pink and gave her blessing. It was a short while afterwards that my mother told us kids about her diagnosis. There was no turning back then.

My mother turns seventy-nine tomorrow and is doing good. We have vowed to donate a dollar for every cubic yard of concrete we produce in the month of October to the Maine Breast Cancer Coalition, and would like to challenge contractors and ready mix suppliers throughout the State of Maine to do the same. By the way, our paint specialist Matt's mother-in-law is going through breast cancer treatments as we speak, and his father-in-law passed away from pancreatic cancer two months ago. It has been a rough year for us.

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