Last evening, Dad and I spent a couple of hours reading a book about America’s early pioneers. The book described families traveling in covered wagons pulled by horses, oxen, or mules. All of a family’s possessions were inside each wagon. The family had to carry food for their journey, too.

I thought it would be fun to travel that way, but Dad explained that back then, travel was difficult. He asked how I would feel if I had to ride long distances in a wagon that bumped all day long. If someone didn’t want to stay inside the wagon, the only other choice was to walk beside it.

I told Dad I would have to think about that one.

Dad and I talked about our drive through Kansas last summer. Even by car, the drive took a long time. We did not, however, have to worry about feeding oxen along the way. Traveling is easier and more convenient now, but I still think a journey in a covered wagon would be a great adventure.