Our daughter has had a yearning for years to visit Ireland. She has had a picture from Ireland, huge poster a Christmas present from her brother, hanging in her living room for years, got it when she was in high school. So when she announced that she and Kris were saving to go, we were excited for her. After graduation from her tough MBA program this spring, the trip would be the perfect reward. Then she asked if we would come and house sit (in our old house, still not sold, and now being rented to the kids.) Of course we said Yes. Oh, and take care of Sophie and the two outside cats.

So we knew the priorities--animals then house. We contacted our camping friends Dave and Bonnie Lodge and asked if we could leave our RV at their place in the country for the 3+ weeks we'd be sitting and they agreed. Our cat, Koko, was not overly thrilled with sharing a house he was not familiar in with a dog, but he had little choice. We drove up to VA in late August, dropped off clothes and cat and litter box, took the RV to Lodges, and came back in time to relax with the kids and enjoy Kim's home cooked meal from the crock pot.

We had a few days in Fredericksburg to acclimate ourselves, learn the routines, practice taking the dog to the doggie park for walks, and hearing all the planning for the trip. Finally, it was time to take the kids to the airport, on a Sunday afternoon. Not a lot of traffic on I-95, but enough to make me uneasy. At the airport, we watched the kids hustle off to the terminal and baggage check and we got in Kim's car to drive back south. I opted to swing a bit west and take back roads. It was slower, saner, and safer.

Upon return home, we discovered Sophie had expressed her displeasure with her people leaving by depositing a gift in a spare room. I cleaned it up and went around closing doors to closets and rooms not being used. No more "issues". We settled into a routine of re-visiting old haunts, visiting friends, and relaxing. We were happy to go see Dave and Bonnie at their home and float in their pool and enjoy Bonnie's home cooked meal. We laughed and shared stories and caught up on events. And we made plans to visit them at Thanksgiving at their "winter home" in Punta Gorda, FL. There's another trip we're looking forward to.

Which travelling option does the author prefer, highway or back roads?