

Little kids and coaster wagons just seem to go together like pie and ice cream. See the wagon behind Gramma Hilka Saaijenga in about 1906.



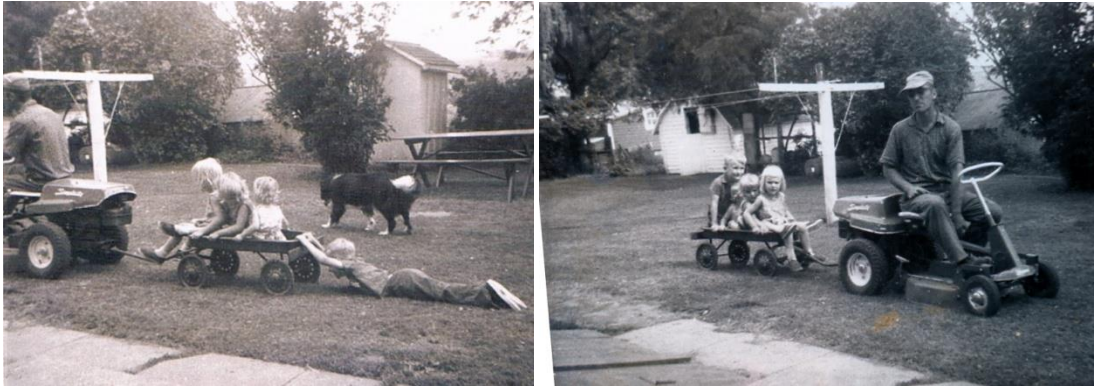
By 1921 and 1922 the Saaijenga kids had a jazzier wagon:



In 1943 a new kid (me) was on the same block and she had her own coaster wagon:



My kids had a wagon, too, in 1967 but they found a way to motorize it:



I don't know where any of those wagons went but, when I moved into the duplex at 1103 Heath in Lynchburg, there was a ragged-looking red wagon in the storage space beneath the back room. Don't you just know, I claimed it as Mine, Mine, Mine! It spent the next two summers filled with pots of ferns and sat in front of the house.



In December 2002 the little red wagon made numerous trips up the street to 1131, hauling boxes of my "treasures" to our new home. Then it sat, lonely and deserted, in the storage building for the next 12 years.

In the spring of 2014 the neighbor kids, Jonathon and David, discovered it in the shed and asked if they could have it. Of course! They happily careened down the street toward home, one riding and the other pulling it, trying his best to dump the cargo. Ah, the little wagon was going to a new home.

An hour later I looked out of the kitchen window and the wagon was parked beside the storage shed. Bummer! The little Radio Flyer sat there, unloved, for several weeks until Jim's

brother Mike (He's not my brother-in-law; I claim that Teddy Bear, AKA Moose, as my very own brother too.) spotted it and loaded it into his truck.

Mike and his grandson Logan sanded the little Flyer, repainted it and gave it some shiny new wheels. It now is claimed by Mike's grandkids, Asher and Brantley.



If you look closely through the eyes of your heart, you can see the little red wagon grinning and happy again.