

Location, Location, Location

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My journey to becoming a resident of Carlsbad was all about finding a location that was handy to my places of employment. It was the fall of 1996, and I was living in San Marcos. As an adult student, I had just received my Master's degree in Literature and Writing, and I wanted to teach college English. To make expenses affordable while attending the university, I rode the buses and had no car. Mira Costa College had offered me a summer class that year, and I had been riding the bus to get to the Oceanside campus. This worked okay, except that I had to allow a lot of time to make transfers and arrive at campus in a timely manner. Palomar College and Cal State San Marcos had both offered me classes for the fall, and the bus system was going to be too cumbersome. To get a start at each campus, I had to accept the classes I was offered, so the times just wouldn't be right for the bus schedules. I knew I was going to need a car, and fortunately, I had been saving enough for a down payment. I found a reliable, gas saving, car.

The next important decision was where to live. I'd been a renter since arriving in North County in 1987, and I really wanted to buy a modest condo rather than continuing to rent. I was attending church in Encinitas, and my closest friends were living in Encinitas, so I wanted to be in close proximity to them. I took out a map (maps were still a thing, then), and pinpointed the two Mira Costa Campuses, Palomar campus in San Marcos, Cal State San Marcos, and the chapel in Encinitas. I could see that I would need to be close to the freeway as well. And of course, affordability was an issue. The area that popped out of the map into my face was coastal Carlsbad. Either the Palomar Airport Road entrance to the I-5 or the Poinsettia entrance would be the most ideal for equal distance between the Oceanside and San Elijo campuses of Mira Costa, and the San Marcos campuses of Palomar and Cal State. That area was handy to my church and friends in Encinitas as well.

During all this planning, a synchronistic thing happened. My mother decided to leave some of her estate to us in cash form, and it was to be distributed that fall. It was enough to afford a down payment on a modest condo, and I began looking in the south Carlsbad area. Two attached homes came on the market for sale by owner in Alta Mira, near the coast and in between my two target roads, Poinsettia Lane. and Palomar Airport Road. As I drove down Camino de las Ondas and the gorgeous view of the ocean unfolded, I began to get excited. Then I saw the lovely green areas surrounding the homes, and I was hooked. I placed an offer on each of the homes.

One owner accepted my offer, and I was ecstatic! On October 31, 1996, we signed the papers. In spite of some ups and downs in the escrow process, during the winter break between college semesters, my friends and I moved me from San Marcos to Carlsbad. My first night sleeping in my new home was frigid -mid December, and the furnace hadn't been turned on yet. But I bundled into my blankets and slept a happy sleep.

I've been happy to be a Carlsbad resident ever since.