

Why We Chose Carlsbad

I grew up in San Diego - East County. I moved many times as a kid and every move was within East County, probably because my parents divorced and my grandmother was in La Mesa - my frequent caregiver. I finished high school at Patrick Henry high and eventually graduated with an Electrical Engineering degree in the early 90's from San Diego State University. My husband and I both worked as Engineers at various companies - nothing further north than Sorrento Valley. It was the early 2000's: dot.com's and stock options were a normal part of our vocabulary.

We started looking at very expensive homes, motor homes and remodeling. We thought about what we really wanted to do. We decided on an adventure. He took a job transfer within his company and across the country - thirty miles north of Boston to Salem New Hampshire just after our first child turned one! I was able to be a stay-at-home mom. Then the economy started a downturn and my husband got laid off. I had a second child in 2002 who was premature. We spent a lot of time at the Tufts Children's Hospital in downtown Boston.

After my daughter stabilized, I spent every February traveling to Carlsbad with the kids to get out of the cold weather. What's cheaper than staying with family and driving their cars? My Dad and his wife lived in East County after his divorce but a year after I left San Diego, they had seen an ad for a home with an ocean view in Carlsbad, something Dad could finally afford. They fell in love with a single story that had room for visitors on a cul-de-sac off Poinsettia Drive.

During those visits I fell in love with Carlsbad. It would often rain when we were here, but it was much better than hunkering down during a snowstorm! Back in New Hampshire, sometimes the temperature would not get above freezing for a week! While visiting Carlsbad, I distinctly remember the Summer Book Reading club at Dove library. I was able to sign the kids up and get a kids pass to Legoland. I remember thinking how the sidewalks looked too perfect in comparison to my New Hampshire rural roads with a ditch on each side!

My husband and I would talk about moving back. I think he was done plowing snow in the winter and mosquitoes in the summer! However, we couldn't afford to move back, it was still a downturn economy in 2008. I found an Engineering contract position that paid well. They needed more help. I told them I had someone in mind and for a while we both worked as Engineers at the same company! After a year, my

contract was up. Maybe, just maybe, it was time to move back? My husband found work as a Software Engineer at a company in Oceanside. He rented a room. He did something called “work from home” where he commuted every third week cross-country to spend one week with us.

He looked at houses on his days off and I started preparing for the move with my “Triple-S”: sorting, selling and shredding while making my ‘wish list’. I wanted to be as close to the beach as we could get and I wanted to be near a ‘walking trail’. We had two Cockapoos who needed daily walks and I imagined myself in a bit of open space I’d be leaving behind in New Hampshire. My husband had an electric guitar, so older homes with larger lots went on his list.

We found a ‘short-sale’ in 2011. My husband, his Dad, and our two Cockapoos drove cross-country with our entire possessions in the largest U-Haul made. While driving to Carlsbad, on Highway 15, almost to Nevada and three days before Escrow was to close, our Realtor called. The sellers had decided to go into foreclosure and canceled the sale! We had planned to park that U-haul for one night and then unload it the next day into that house on July 5th.

Meanwhile, I had flown with the kids to stay for a few days at my husband’s childhood home in East County. His mom had kept the house after her divorce with his father. Now I had to ask my mother-in-law if I could stay with her a bit longer than a few days! We were officially homeless! My mother-in-law’s second husband had just passed two months previous. I believe he held onto life until he knew we were moving out. My mother-in-law had never paid the bills and was legally blind. I convinced her I did not need to be treated like a guest, but a roommate! Although I clogged her drain with my hair, I paid for a plumber, made light house repairs, paid some rent and drove her around...East County.

Now I looked in earnest for another home in Carlsbad while my husband worked in Oceanside. I remember I wanted my kids to start at Carlsbad schools in the Fall. That summer, I drove my mother-in-law downtown to get a legal certificate in a downtown San Diego City basement on microfiche. It took longer than expected. I asked her if I could take her up to Carlsbad to see some homes. We walked in this final house I sit in today and I remember thinking, “this is good enough”. I didn’t need to be next to a walking trail...turns out we are very close to a recently official “walking trail” on the corner of Victoria and Carlsbad Village Drive! And, I love the beautiful, perfect sidewalks!

