

One thing I love about working at Visit Carlsbad is my commute. Most people hate their commute. The freeways are crowded, congested, dirty, and sometimes not very friendly. Most people's commute is anywhere from 45 minutes to a couple of hours. Mine is 20 minutes. If you're lucky and live in a part of the country with rail service you may be able to commute by train affording you the opportunity to relax with your coffee and read the morning paper or catch a few more moments of precious sleep before hitting the daily grind.

But not me, I love my commute. Why? I get to drive along Highway 101 with the Pacific Ocean on my left and Carlsbad on my right. My commute gives me a chance to see how Carlsbad starts its day and the diversity of all the things one can do along a three-mile stretch of road, beach, and boardwalk. From the surfers and paddle boarders at Tamarack and Tamarack, to the group of guys who ride their wave skis at Warm-waters to the cats who just come out to "look" at the surf and catch up with each other. I see history too...cars in particular; vintage Woodies, VW buses, and one or two muscle cars. Then you've got all the young guns and groms working on the next big move between Warm-waters and Tamarack. I see the fishermen casting their lines into the ocean from the jetty at the power plant or along the shore of the lagoon. I can see the aqua farmers checking their crops of mussels and clams or harvesting their bounty which will end up in seafood markets and restaurants here in California.

Moving past the power plant I continue my drive and see all the dog people - walking every type of dog breed, from schnauzers and poodles to labs and golden retrievers - drinking their morning coffee and letting their pups say hello to their dog-buddies who they haven't sniffed since the day before. Then there are the moms pushing their kids in strollers while they work to get back to their pre-baby shape. There are cyclists riding bikes (that cost more than my car) getting in shape for the next big triathlon or road race, runners getting in form for the Carlsbad 5000 or just trying to keep their New Year's resolutions, which was running the Carlsbad 5000; finally there are walkers, young and old, out enjoying the morning sun.

When I arrive at the stop light by the Tamarack Inn I see mom and dad lugging all the beach toys for the kids as they walk to the beach or to one of Carlsbad's great outdoor cafes like the Armenian Café, the Daily News, or the Vinaka Café for a delicious cup of coffee and morning breakfast. Then I cross Carlsbad Village Drive and see more runners, walkers, moms and strollers, people with their dogs, cyclists, and surfers all heading to the three-mile stretch of heaven to get their daily dose of Carlsbad in the morning. Yes I love my commute...but don't tell anyone.