

# Taking Charge



There's a rhythm to this RV adventure, like following an invisible current that pulls us along highways and byways, searching out that next perfect pocket of weather. For those of us living in our rolling homes, weather isn't just a passing conversation—it's a daily preoccupation, a compass by which we steer our adventures.

year round. (We are from Florida, however, so we can live with an occasional temp in the 80s.)

Last summer, we got caught in the high desert in 100+ temperatures. We thought, "But it's a dry heat!" While it made for comfortable stargazing at night, the daytime temps made us, and the inside of our Rivian,



Have you heard the term "Chasing the 70s?" It's familiar to RVers and means we're trying to stay in that perfect zone, 50s at night and 70s during the day, all

melt. Then, we ended up in Oregon, in August, not needing air conditioning, and that was that. We were hooked. As we got ready to spend an afternoon with a cousin who lived right on the ocean, she mentioned

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bringing our winter jackets. Say that again? She was right, sunny, windy and 60 degrees. It was a little chilly and gorgeous. We decided right there, we were coming back next year for the entire summer.

We're currently in Pacific City, about three quarters up the coast with easy access to the small beach towns in central Oregon. Next week, we move to Seaside, a busy tourist town on the northern coast but close to our favorite, Astoria.

We had planned to tour the entire coast, but another old saying comes to mind, "the best laid plans of mice and men..." As we made our way from Arizona to California, we noticed things in our kitchen seemed to be moving



more than normal on travel days. Then when we got to our campground, we realized our eight-foot lower kitchen cabinet had moved, and not by a little! Considering it contains plumbing and propane lines, it needed repairing ASAP. So, off to Airstream Adventures of Reno we went, hoping it would be a few days, maybe a week. We made good use of the time, visiting old friends and soaking in Lake Tahoe. But after almost a month in the high desert in July (again!), we were gleefully thankful to get back on the road.

Last summer as we enjoyed the hilly drives along the coast, we were poking fun at all the "Entering a Tsunami Zone" and then "Leaving a Tsunami Zone" signs, over and over. But guess what we did this week? Planned our evacuation route after hearing about the earthquake off Russia! Here, the sound of the surf is our lullaby; we're that close. Thankfully the tsunami waves only reached a foot or so in the middle of the night. So, we slept right through it, but knowing we'd have yet another adventure to tell.

- JENN AND SUSAN

