

TRIP TO KALINCHOWK

DATE: MARCH, 2020

Prologue: The Last Great Adventure

It was the dawn of a new decade, 2020. A strange virus was a distant news headline, and in Nepal, life was still vibrant and free. Seizing this window of opportunity, my family and I embarked on an unforgettable road trip trilogy through the heart of Dolakha and Sindhupalchowk. It was a journey of three acts: divine snowfall, ancient prayer, and natural healing.

ACT I: THE FROZEN HEAVEN OF KALINCHOWK

The Ascent into a Winter Wonderland

We left Kathmandu with a single goal: to touch the snow. Our trusted Scorpio, carrying my father, his colleague, and me, ate up the miles towards Charikot and then further up the brutal, winding track to Kuri Village. With every meter

climbed, the air grew sharper and the world turned quieter. Then we saw it—first a dusting, then a thick blanket of pure white covering the rhododendron forests. We had reached Kalinchowk.

A Snowfall to Remember

March is a fickle month, but we were blessed. As we stood near the temple of Kalinchowk Bhagwati, the skies opened up and released a soft, gentle snowfall. Flakes landed on our jackets and melted on our tongues. The world was silent except for our laughter. It was a magical, almost surreal experience, to be in that freezing, sacred place, utterly unaware of the global pause that was just weeks away.



FIG: At Jiri

Act II: The Morning Prayers at Dolakha Bhimsen

A Spiritual Dawn in Charikot

Waking up in Charikot the next morning, the memory of snow was replaced by a brilliant, sunny sky. After a warm breakfast, we walked through the lively town to the legendary **Dolakha Bhimsen Temple**. This ancient site, steeped in myth and history, has a powerful presence. The main stone deity, famously known to "sweat" during times of great upheaval, stood solemnly.

We offered our prayers in the crisp morning air, the serenity of the temple a stark contrast to the previous day's icy exhilaration. It felt like receiving a blessing for the road ahead, a moment of peace before continuing our descent.



Fig: With my Father and his colleague family

Act III: The Descent to Tatopani's Embrace

From Frost to Steam: The Scorpio's Journey

Leaving the highlands of Dolakha behind, our Scorpio began its descent along the Arniko Highway, following the furious path of the Bhote Koshi River. The landscape transformed from icy vistas to steep, subtropical gorges. The drive was an adventure in itself, navigating the thrilling bends with the river roaring below.

Healing in the Hot Springs

By afternoon, we reached **Tatopani**. The name itself means "hot water," and the sight of steam rising from the pools against the backdrop of the mountains was incredibly inviting. After the cold of Kalinchowk, sinking into the warm, mineral-rich waters was pure bliss. The heat soaked into our bones, soothing every muscle tired from travel and snow-play. It was the perfect, therapeutic end to our three-part journey.



Figure: At Tatopani, Sindupalchowk.x

EPILOGUE: A MEMORY SUSPENDED IN TIME

Looking back, that trip feels like a beautiful dream suspended in time. In one seamless adventure, we experienced the thrill of a Himalayan snowfall, the profound peace of an ancient temple, and the deep relaxation of natural hot springs. We returned to Kathmandu refreshed and content, our hearts and camera rolls full, little knowing that those memories would soon become a precious treasure during the long, quiet months that followed. It was the last great adventure, and it was perfect.