

November 19th

We slept until 6:30 but stayed in our beds until 8. It had rained during the night and it was cool again with a heavy mist hanging on the mountain. In the seven years that I have been coming this is the most it has rained or stayed overcast but Gia gives us what she has.

It is Saturday, no school in Nepal and all morning the busses filled with young Nepalese have been arriving, When we leave the room there are already six buses and more coming to the Tundikhel. When they come, each bus brings their own sound system and all through the day and early evening the loud music will compete with the others. The groups will bring large cooking pans, firewood and food for several meals as they enjoy Bandipur and each others company. Unfortunately they leave all of their trash and not in a neat pile. This is part of why the VDC, Village Development Committee is considering moving the picnic area, that and the extreme noise to what would otherwise be serene scene viewing the Himalayan Range.

We are off to Sahadev's home where we are invited for breakfast. When we arrive, his mother and wife greet us and his young niece comes to play with us. The mother asks about Jeannie (you have to come back, I can't keep covering for you). When Sahadev comes in we have chi and then are served the traditional Daal Bhat for breakfast, very spicy, full of texture (eating with fingers) and filling. We top that off with a small bowl of fresh curd (yogurt). Sahadev's father comes in also and we talk for a bit about our plans and he says we must eat our meals with them and stay in the home. The hospitality is incredible.

We are then off to the bazaar and then Andrea heads to the room while I stop and see Sahadev in his new business (photo studio). I also check to see how late the international phone is available but it's only till 7pm, that's 5:30 am in Washington State where Kane and Kara are. Possibly in the morning I can call.

I swing by the room to pick up the laptop and head to the main resort. I have to cross the Tundikhel that is filled with young people enjoying themselves, music blaring, food cooking, women sitting with their wares around them to sell to the picnickers, quite a scene. The kids are mostly dressed in western wear, girls in tight jeans, some with small heels, the boys with sunglasses the look of cool about them. The fog is still heavy and I can't see across the field so it all unfolds as I walk.

I stay a short while just to mostly delete crap and stay on top of the flow from three sources. A few volunteer related emails that I respond to. I also set up the Skype in hopes that tomorrow evening I can access it so that our Nepalese friends can visit with Kara and Kane.

Upon returning to the room I begin to sort out materials for the school tomorrow and also set aside a few for the orphanage in Pokhara that we visited last year. The rest we will give to Suroj and Sahadev to get to other schools or needy children. I also begin to gather and sort things for our move to Pokhara on Monday.

I have made contact with two Rotary clubs and elicited invitations to attend. One was very upfront about working together, i.e. seeking funds. Interesting that should we invite or someone drop in to one of our meetings we wouldn't immediately ask for something from them, it is just the nature of how things work here and the perception that we have access to money. I'm sure that in many Nepalese Rotary Clubs that I have visited through the years, I have disappointed many.

An amazing thing happens while I'm in the room, the sun burns away the top layer of fog and the mighty Himalayas in the distance are floating on a sea of the remaining fog filling the valley, white on white. The first time the sun has shown since we arrived and it has given us the sight that Bandipur is famous for. The news travels fast into the Bazaar and the many come quickly. The sun only blesses us for two hours before the late afternoon coolness creates more fog and in a short time everything is again cloaked in a very heavy mist.

While the sun is shining we walk to the bazaar and have a Masala tea allowing the sun to warm us, a nice treat. We walk to the bazaar entry way and around to the resort, stopping by a new hotel to see the tented rooms they have constructed. They have placed small electric heaters in them along with fans and are \$25 a night, high priced compared to the \$8-12 we like to pay but then you may not have water!

We come back and the short sun time has given us a little warm water to shower and washing my hair after three days feels great. My pants have dried enough to wear them after three days, finally shedding the ones I have worn for the past five days. We wear everything to the extreme while here because nothing is for sure, like getting laundry done and having it dry.

We are then off to the resort to get some dinner and use the internet. The dining room is filled with two groups, one German the other Japanese, both rather noisy but they are enjoying each others company. The electricity is out so the wireless doesn't work with the generator. We meet Kamal there and then Sahadev and Kashi come later. We visit and plan the day tomorrow for Ramcot, starting out around 9 am or so. When the electricity returns, Andrea begins to email but the power again fails and we head back to the room.

When we walk across the Tundikhel, there are no lights. The Nepal sky is clear and the stars are bright against the black sky, the Milky Way faintly visible. It will be cold tonight but hopefully the sun will return tomorrow.

It has been another good day, this one relaxing with time to get our “stuff” together as we near another episode in our journey.

“I’m a dreamer but I’m not the only one” John Lennon

Peace

chuck