

## Bad Hindelang -- Alpine Dream Resort

On a cold, rainy evening I'm sitting here daydreaming about the bright blue skies of Bad Hindelang. Located right next door to the country of Austria, this spa town is the stuff of dreams.

What? I'm not just saying that 'cause it's located within the alluring [Allgäu region](#), nor am I saying that 'cause it's a health and spa resort town in the monstrous [Alps region](#) — that's just a plus.

The real reason Bad Hindelang is a dream is, 'cause it's a blend of these two things, and it's historical and fun to boot, too.

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The town of Bad Hindelang these days is actually six villages, each with their own unique identity. Take Bad Oberdorf, for example; it's been a spa town since the 19th century — with everyone having come to experience its sulphur mud. And for years its *Hammerschmiede* was famously known for supplying the army of some old Emperor.

However, the real gem of Bad Oberdorf isn't its mud (ugh, did I just write that?), nor its old defense industry. Nope, it's the stunning artwork found in the Church of Our Lady. Plus, there's a small *Heimatmuseum* (Local History Museum) to visit while you're here.

Hinterstein is another of Bad Hindelang's amazingly fantastic villages. This is a great village to experience those bright skies I fondly remembered. What started as just a simple village is now an awesome place of Alpine huts in the Ostrachtal, with really fun festivals.

[Bavarian Swabia](#) is kinda known for its colorful cattle drives, and here in Hinterstein you can experience one in all its glory every September. No problem if you can't make it, just plan your trip

for early August when the *Dorffest* is going on.

Speaking of festivals, the real attraction is Bad Hindelang's Christmas Market. Tens of thousands of people converge on the place, all enjoying themselves by shopping for little handicrafts; listening to the caroling; and stopping to watch the parade. All this holiday goodness takes place from the first weekend of Advent to the second, so plenty of time to make it.

You know, I enjoyed Bad Hindelang so much — I should promote it in the [G-ZINE](#).

Ahh, no time for that now; I'm too busy sitting here thinking about its *Rathaus* (Town Hall). Back in the mid-17th century, it was a summer home for some Prince Bishop — I wonder if he'd approve of his old abode being used in this manner.

Things that make you go, hmmm? ;-)

Now that I think about it, Bad Hindelang is a town that'll make you stick around just a tad bit longer. You don't want to leave, 'cause there's always some hidden gem to find; whether it's a quiet hiking trail, or just a simple cycling path.

For me, I'll sit right here remembering the jagged peaks of the Alps on this cold, rainy evening...