

Chapter 3

Darshan of Chhapaiya in Dhari

Once, when Jhinabhai was around seven, he climbed onto the highest branch of a large neem tree. His older brother, Kamalshibhai shouted, “Jhina! What are you doing so high on that tree!”

Jhinabhai said, “I climbed this tree to do darshan of Chhapaiya! I can see Chhapaiya from here. Do you want to see it? Come up here, and you will also be able to have darshan of Chhapaiya.”

Kamalshibhai always believed whatever Jhinabhai said because he knew that even in casual conversation or jest, Jhinabhai never lied. So, overcome with curiosity at Jhinabhai’s claim, he clambered to the top of the tree and sat next to Jhinabhai. To his astonishment, he had darshan of the holy village of Chhapaiya!

Kamalshibhai gazed with wonder at his younger brother, thinking, “Who is he that he can show me a vision of Shriji Maharaj’s birthplace here in Dhari! He surely has some divine power!”

Chapter 3

Uninterested in Worldly Pleasures

Jhinabhai possessed a cheerful and humorous disposition, but he recoiled from worldly sense pleasures and worldly activities. Once, Jhinabhai traveled with Puriba to the village of Changadh for Kamalshibhai's engagement ceremony. When the village ladies began to sing risqué songs as was the local tradition on such occasions, Jhinabhai quickly left the ceremony and went to the village's Ramji mandir. He had no interest in any songs other than the kirtans of Shriji Maharaj's *paramhansas*. So, he sat in the *parikrama* in the rear of the Ramji mandir and began to meditate.

Soon, the clock struck noon, and it was time for lunch. Puriba looked around for Jhinabhai, but he was nowhere to be found. She inquired amongst the village children, but no one knew where Jhinabhai had gone. Everyone started

looking for him. The village was small, so they soon came across a villager who told them, “There is a child sitting in the *parikrama* of the Ramji mandir. He is wearing new clothes and a small *topi* on his head. He is not from our village. He must be one of the guest’s children.”

They went to the Ramji mandir and found Jhinabhai seated in deep meditation. When people from Kamalshibhai’s in-laws’ family told Jhinabhai to come for lunch, he said, “I don’t want to come.” After much convincing, he finally agreed to go with them. When he arrived at the house, Puriba rushed to hug him. She had been very worried about him, and she sat him next to her to eat.

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The front part of the school complex in Dhari housed a girls’ school. Sometimes after school, some of the boys in Jhinabhai’s class would point to the girls’ school and tease him, “Do you want to marry a girl who has studied here, or would you prefer an illiterate girl?” Jhinabhai would go out of his way to avoid such

worldly talks. In case such talks fell upon his ears by accident, he would respond by slapping his own cheeks in a gesture of atonement. From his childhood, he possessed the intense *vairagya* of Kartik Swami.

Once, Puriba casually mentioned, “Jhina, I can’t wait to see you happily married.”

Jhinabhai sighed, “Mother, you have already ruined it for big brother. Now, why throw me into this worldly life and ruin it for me, too?”

Hearing such strong sentiments of detachment from her son, Puriba cried for a long time.