

Chapter 3

“Jhina! Why Don’t You Just Become a Sadhu!”

Jhinabhai’s simplicity and contentment were two captivating facets of his character. Just like these adornments of his soul, his bodily adornments were similarly simple. He typically wore a *dhotiyu* of coarse Bagasara cloth, a broad coat with a simple border, a cloth *topi* on his head, and rustic footwear. He would tie a thick cord or piece of rope around his waist to keep in place the coarse *khes* draped over his shoulder.

While other students would frolic and play during the afternoon recess, Jhinabhai would sit quietly in one corner. His small eyes would remain fixed on a point beyond the highest peaks of the Himalayas, beyond even the infinite vastness of space. His teachers would peer at him, trying to make sense of his unique behavior, but they found it difficult to

understand his actions. Therefore, they would sometimes jokingly ask, “Jhina, if you are so determined to practice such detachment from the world, remaining aloof from everyone, then why don’t you just become a sadhu?”

“Yes, that is exactly my plan,” would be his pithy reply as a joyful smile would spread across his face.

How could anyone have known then that this young boy sitting in the corner of a small village in Saurashtra would become a sadhu who would enkindle the eternal virtues of saintliness and spread them across the entire world!