

## A Dafa Disciple's Fa-Rectification Epic (I)

--The history of your cultivation establishes mighty virtue for your future and will become a great and majestic Fa. "

(Clearwisdom.net)

Question: After disciples have reached Consummation up there, will they still be able to listen to Teacher's Fa-teaching?

Teacher: You're still using human thoughts to imagine the way gods are. Let me tell you: By then you'll have your own disciples listening to you teaching Fa. The history of your cultivation establishes mighty virtue for your future and will become a great and majestic Fa. Outwardly things seem pretty plain as you're practicing cultivation in ordinary human society. Things you're unaware of are recorded. Whether or not you can sense them, they're all kept on record. So they'll all become the mighty virtue you establish. Actually, Buddhas also teach the Fa in their paradises. In addition to teaching the principles that living beings in those realms should follow, they mainly talk about the cultivation stories of Buddhas in different heavenly paradises. The stories are so inspiring that even the living beings in the heavenly paradises are moved to tears upon hearing them. That's why I've said that everyone has to reach the standard in cultivation. (unofficial translation of Falun Buddha Fa (Lecture at the Conference in Singapore))

Note by recorder: This is the oral account of a Dafa disciple's experience of safeguarding Dafa. During the recording we were often attracted to her steadfast righteous thoughts and rock-solid determination and forgot the pens in our hands. Her whole experience is much greater and more dignified than anything we can record with words from this human world.

Journey (I):

"My whole life is to attain this Fa and I have no other pursuits. Teacher and Dafa gave me a new life. I will safeguard the Fa with my life.

My name is Xie Huiying (pseudonym). I attained the Fa in May 1998. Before 1998 my husband had more than a dozen illnesses including stomach cancer and heart problems. Nearly all of them were incurable. He had been lying in bed for more than 5 years. Due to excessive overwork, I also suffered from heart disease and pulmonary tuberculosis. Both my husband and I had to lie in bed and could not work. Our children were left with no one to take care of them. The hospital said there was no hope for my husband, and we even prepared for the funeral. The children would be sent to the orphanage. Then my husband attained the Fa. After only one month, all of his illnesses were gone. All the people seeing him said it was a miracle. After seeing his dramatic changes I started to practice Dafa too. At that time, people were showing Teacher's lectures on videotape at Jilin University. I asked my husband to take me there on a cart. I never thought that I would walk home by myself after the first lecture, but I did. After the third lecture, I went home and washed clothes for the whole night and didn't feel a bit tired. Since then, all of my illnesses have disappeared. Falun Dafa and our great Teacher saved my family from the edge of destruction.

Because I was illiterate, I had difficulty studying the Fa in the beginning. I remember my first time at group study; my husband asked me whether I had brought the book Zhuan Falun. I took out the book and said, "Yes." My husband said loudly, "What you brought is Falun Dafa (Lectures in the United States). Next time when you bring a book, do count the number of characters on the cover. The book with three characters in the name is Zhuan Falun." Everyone laughed. My face turned red. After studying the Fa again and again with the group I was able to learn all the characters in Zhuan Falun. I still remember clearly that during the period of safeguarding the Fa in Beijing after July 22, 1999, Teacher's voice was often in my mind teaching me the Fa, starting

with the first Chapter in Zhuan Falun, word-by-word and sentence-by-sentence. I opened the book and found that it was exactly the same.

I was eliminating my karma in April 1999. My whole body festered from head to toe. Ten toes festered to the point that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. It took me 40 minutes to one hour to walk to our group study site, a distance that normally took only 5 minutes. I heard that policemen in Tianjin beat and arrested innocent practitioners. We discussed going to Beijing to appeal. I was the first to say, "Let's go." After my righteous thought came out I was able to jog home to arrange the care of my children. There was no pain in my legs and feet any more. I wore a pair of large slippers and walked faster than normal people. I walked for a whole day in Beijing and I felt warmth in my legs but no pain at all.

On the afternoon of July 22, 1999, the China Central TV station broadcast programs to slander Dafa. After hearing a few words I decided to go to Beijing to appeal. My husband and my younger son also made the journey. During the 50 plus days in Beijing, in order to save money, we only stayed in a hotel for 3 days. On the other days, we went to Tiananmen Square during the day and spread the Fa to whomever we met. Many people thus started their journey of cultivation. At night we slept in such places as under bridges, on grass, and in the cornfields of the suburbs. In the summer there were a lot of mosquitoes in the woods. The big mosquitoes in the cornfields bit people badly. We put a piece of plastic cover or some newspapers on the ground and slept on it. In my mind there was only Dafa. Everyday I only ate two steamed buns and a little preserved vegetable, plus some water.

During this period, I was caught many times by the Tiananmen Qianmen Police Station. Each time I was released unconditionally. Then I would go to Tiananmen again. The Tiananmen police patrol almost all knew me. Once when I was caught at Tiananmen Square, the police wanted to deliver me to the detention center. On the way I spread the Fa to the driver. The driver asked where I had stayed and what I had eaten, and I told him truthfully. The driver was very much moved: "You Falun Gong practitioners are all good people. You suffer so much tribulation. You are thin and small, and the police beat you very fiercely in the detention center--how can you endure it? I will take you to the train station; you just leave!" He really drove me to the train station. I thought, the Fa rectification has not finished yet, how can I leave? Thus I went to Tiananmen again. The last time I was caught, they sent me back to Changchun City, and I was released without any detention.

After coming back, I thought I still should go to Beijing, so I departed right away. I was caught midway at Langfang City, and was sent to Langfang Detention Center. Since I brought four Dafa books with me, I begged Teacher in my heart to help protect the Dafa books. I used to be illiterate, and I hadn't recited Dafa much, so I could not be without the Fa. When entering the detention center the guards stripped off my clothes to search. I recited in my heart, "Dafa never leaves the body, Heart contains Zhen-Shan-Ren; A great Arhat in the world, Spirits and ghosts fear the most." (unofficial translation of "Mighty Virtue" in Hongyin), and thought that they could not find the books. They indeed didn't find them.

I also used my life to protect the Dafa books in the detention center. I was the only person who had a Dafa book in my cell. One night a male guard saw a practitioner reading the Dafa book and he shouted, ordering us to hand in the book. We refused. I said, "Let's protect the books." Fifty or sixty of us gathered to protect the books. The male guard warned that the next day they would search our cell. Out of steadfast determination in Dafa, the next day I took the initiative to carry the Dafa books with me and calmly faced the pressure and body search with righteous thoughts. I protected those Dafa books and inspired other practitioners to more firmly believe in Dafa.

After being escorted back from Langfang City, I was sent to Baliqiao Detention Center in Changchun City, where other practitioners and I started a hunger strike. The detention center said as long as we wrote a pledge letter of "no appealing in Beijing, no gathering," we would all

be released. Many practitioners said, "We have done what we should do, and endured what we should--we should just write the pledge letter and get out of here." At last I was the only practitioner left at the detention center. I told them: I cannot guarantee anything; I don't think appealing to the government is making trouble. We do this because Dafa was wronged. I continued the hunger strike and nobody could shake my determination. Eventually I was released unconditionally.

In October 1999, I heard that they would label Dafa as [slanderous word omitted], so I went to Beijing again to safeguard the Fa. It was already very cold. At night we still slept in parks, on a piece of plastic or some newspapers. Because of the big raid on Falun Gong practitioners, we could not stay in one place for long. Sometimes we were forced to walk around night after night. During the daytime I went to Tiananmen Square to spread the Fa, and I was arrested several times. Finally they sent me back to Changchun and detained me at the Tiebei Detention Center. At that time the environment in this detention center was very vicious, and no Falun Gong exercises were allowed. I took the initiative to practice the exercises and the guards cuffed my hands behind me. At night, several dozen inmates shared one board to sleep, so everyone had to lie like sardines. I only had the Fa in my mind, so I fell asleep right away, and I could turn my body smoothly. The inmates were all very surprised. With such little space, and being packed so tightly and only able to lie on our sides, how could I manage to turn my body around? Not to mention that I was handcuffed behind my back. I was very sober-minded. Teacher told us: "When it's difficult to endure, you can endure it. When it's impossible to do, you can do it." Later I was unconditionally released.

After arriving home, I started to have karma elimination, as did my husband. As a result we both lay in bed. One day, officers from the street police branch came to harass us and told us to write pledge letters. When they tried to take away Teacher's portrait, I jumped from bed to the ground to get it back. The policeman didn't return it to me, so I followed him step by step in the room. He wanted to fold the portrait but I firmly stopped him. I blocked the door with my body, spread the Fa to him and asked for the portrait. I told him solemnly, "It has been a long time. You know how I passed all the trials and hardships; if you dare to take away Teacher's portrait, you are responsible for all the consequences!" My son, who was not a practitioner, also told him seriously: "This is our home, how dare you take my mother's things!" Impelled by the strong atmosphere of justice, the policeman reluctantly returned the portrait to me.

People from the street sub district office frequently came to my home. No matter what they came for, I just spread the Fa to them; the more that came, the better. I also told them this was their predestined relationship. When I saw them off, I often walked with them downstairs. They kept telling me, "Good, Falun Gong is truly good; go back and continue practicing!"

From June 2000, I realized that I should let more kindhearted people who were deceived by the government know the truth. Thus I started to do truth-telling work. My family's economic condition was very poor, but we managed to save 300 yuan from our living expenses to buy envelopes and glue, etc. I didn't want to waste any truth-clarifying materials so I put them into envelopes. Other practitioners knew we were very poor and wanted to give us some money. I told them if they really wanted to help me, please use the money to make more truth materials, so that I could go distribute them day and night. At that time some practitioners did not understand it. Later Teacher's new scripture came out, and they all joined the mighty current of clarifying the truth.

In October 2000, the anniversary of Dafa being labeled [slanderous word omitted], I went to Beijing again to appeal. At first I was at the train station greeting other practitioners coming to Beijing, and distributing Dafa banners to practitioners. On October 27, I unfurled a Dafa banner at Tiananmen Square, and was sent to Yongdingmen Police Station. Since I refused to tell my name, four vicious policemen at Langfang Detention Center beat me fiercely. I firmly refused to reveal my name and address, and told them doing so is to protect my local officials from getting into trouble. The policemen said Falun Gong practitioners are all good people, and are

considerate of others. They asked me to be considerate of them and tell them my name. I gave them a suggestion: "You should also go appeal to the government. Ask why so many Falun Gong practitioners come to appeal, and why they don't reveal their names." Seeing that they could not succeed, they used more malicious ways to torture me. As it was late fall, they poured cold water on my body until I was soaked through. They pushed me outside to freeze in the cold air till 11:30pm. What is more, they blew cold air from an air conditioner on me until 8am the next day. Only after the guards wearing heavy coats could not bear the cold, did they turn off the air conditioner. There is only Dafa in my heart, so I could endure this, and there was no damage to my body.

The policemen didn't want to admit their defeat, so they sent me to the Chongwen Detention Center and threatened to jail me indefinitely if I didn't reveal my name. The practitioners started a group hunger strike. The detention center cruelly force-fed practitioners. I thought this torturous feeding was illegal. I said to the director of the detention center with a kind heart, "I don't think it is right to let prisoners force-feed practitioners, as this may risk people's lives. You can see that before the feeding we are in good health. During the force-feeding, it is very possible to insert the tubing into the trachea. Who will take the responsibility then? If problems arise, it will do you no good either." The director nodded again and again, and stopped the force-feeding afterwards. Shortly after, I was unconditionally released.