

A Dafa Practitioner Uses Her Diamond-Like Unshakable Righteous Thoughts To Defeat The Evil

A Practitioner from China

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I am a Dafa practitioner from Mainland China. I am almost fifty years old. I have benefited physically and spiritually since attaining the Fa in 1997, and have introduced the Fa to many people. Persecuted by the policemen's cruel torture, one fellow practitioner told the police my name, so they arrested me in order to force me to tell them the others practitioners' names. They tortured me, using all kinds of means, for nearly thirty days, but in the end they failed.

On the afternoon of October 25, 2000, I was washing clothes, when suddenly six policemen broke into my house. They proceeded to search everywhere, turning everything upside down. They found nothing. However, they "confiscated" the one thousand RMB cash that they found. That was my husband's salary and the only money we had. They took me away by force.

In XXX labor camp, four policemen sprang on me all at once. They stripped off all of my clothes, then used both hands to beat me up. Four of them forced me to kneel down, while two of them pressed my shoulders and the other two stepped on my legs. I was determined not to let my tears flow, so I bit my teeth. It was miraculous. The tears did not come into my eyes. Instead they flowed down from my nose into my mouth. I swallowed them. I would not let them see that I was shedding tears!

They pressed my head down to the ground, and beat me up. After a while, I lost consciousness. I don't know how long I was unconscious. I heard someone saying, "Pour water over her." I released a long sigh. Then I felt the sky and earth were spinning and my eyes could not see anything clearly. The pain in my body was indescribable. I felt that my left rib had been kicked and broken. It was so painful that I could hardly breath. Then I thought of the stories that a fellow practitioner told me about Teacher's sufferings for his disciples. I thought if every practitioner could endure it, Teacher would not have to endure so much. I said to Teacher in my heart, "Teacher, I will surely endure it. I can!"

Then, the four policemen gave me another brutal beating. I told them that I wanted to go to the washroom. They would not let me go and said, "Even if your intestines are beaten out of your body, we will not allow you to go to the washroom." Then they pushed me down on my knees again. I said: "Teacher, I am willing to kneel down before you." They said, "We are not asking you to kneel down before your Teacher." They bent my hands until they were contorted behind my back. It was really painful. They used my own hands to beat my head. They tried all of these inhuman measures to force me to tell them my fellow practitioners' names. I still refused. They pulled my hair in order to bang my head against the wall. I did not know whether the banging I heard was my head or the wood. Then, they used electric batons to shock me. When they shocked me, I felt that there was a warm current running out of my lower abdomen. The electric batons ran out of electricity. They tightened the rope around my neck, and said, "When you can not endure it any longer, you will have to tell us the names. Even murderers can't endure this much torture." I thought of them as prisoners and of myself as a god. Then I again lost consciousness. They kept torturing me for eight hours without a break. During these eight hours, I kept in mind Master's one sentence, "What I want are disciples who practice cultivation in an upright and noble manner, majestic Divine Beings who are unshakable and solid, like diamond." ("Deter Interference")

Around midnight, one of them got a stomachache. It was so painful that he could not straighten his back. He was obviously receiving retribution. Another one cursed Teacher. I said, "You should

not curse my Teacher." I received another brutal beating. My head swelled up all over. Then, that man got a painful stomachache. They had to stop but warned me viciously: "We will see you tomorrow."

They sent me to a small room in the local labor camp. The dust was very thick on the floor. There were large piles of excrement. They were afraid to shoulder the responsibility for my death, so they found two fellow practitioners to accompany me. My entire body shivered from the cold. The two fellow practitioners gave me an overcoat to cover me. When I stood against the wall, Falun turned around in front of me. The colors were so beautiful: red, orange, yellow, green, sky-blue, blue, and purple. The colors were so gorgeous that tears welled up in my eyes. I was so excited that I burst into tears. Again I experienced that Dafa was so solemn and sacred. Teacher was encouraging me in my tribulations.

I could not sleep because of the pain. I had cramps in my legs. The two fellow practitioners were crying when they massaged me. At 8:00 a.m., the policemen again interrogated me. There was an interrogation room in this labor camp. But since they wanted to beat me, they took me to a place that was far from the labor camp. Since the policemen took off the overcoat, the fellow practitioners put a cotton overcoat on me before I left. The policemen again stripped off this overcoat. Unlike the other day, the ruffians kicked me brutally on my breasts. My breasts turned black and blue. The right one was kicked and scraped. I thought, "Are these people not human? Are they beasts? Weren't they born of their parents? Don't they have brothers, sisters, wives and daughters?" They were totally controlled by demons. They didn't even know how miserable their future would be. I cried, for them, not for myself.

The guards beat me like this for many days. On the fifth day, when a fellow practitioner fed me, she complained that so-and-so fellow practitioners were so muddle-headed. She said, "You helped them attain the Fa, but they betrayed you." I felt no hatred. After all, there were so many people attaining the Fa who were predestined to travel the road of cultivation.

When I went down the long corridor in the labor camp, all of the criminal prisoners were moved. Every time after I was tortured, there were people jammed inside the front part of the window. When they saw me passing, they all held up their thumbs and said: "Your Teacher is so great! Dafa practitioners are so great! Your Dafa will surely be rectified." From some of these cells, people passed me instant noodles and apples. How could I eat them? It actually showed people's kind-heartedness. I used my own actions to validate the Fa, and aroused their conscience. I felt satisfied.

One day, they used a different tactic on me. My family came to visit me. Since they were afraid of being criticized for being unsuccessful with me, they said hypocritically, "Your family has made great efforts. Today we will give you a chance. If you tell us something we can use, we will let your family take you home. We give you half an hour." They left. I stayed with my family in the room. My younger brother said, with his hands trembling, "Older sister, our blood is thicker than water. Look at my arms, and think of our family (In 1999 when I went home after going to Beijing to appeal and validate Dafa, my brother went to the police substation to inquire about me. The policemen beat him until he vomited blood. He was even hospitalized. There were still very deep handcuff marks on his wrists. My younger brother was an ordinary person who did not cultivate Dafa). He continued, "My brother-in-law cried every night." My 70-year old uncle also said, "My good niece, you just tell them." I said nothing. Half an hour later, the policeman came back and interrupted, "It is fine if you don't want to say anything. You just write something down guaranteeing that you won't practice any more. Then you can go home." My brother thought that he had to take this chance, he said: "Older sister, I beg you. Just write a guarantee letter." I told him loudly and with determination, "No." My brother shivered with rage. The policeman shouted with anger: "She is not a human being." He said to my family: "You all go home." My younger sister then held onto my leg. She knelt down before me, kowtowing and crying loudly: "I lost my parents and husband. I have only one elder sister. I cannot lose my sister. Just write a guarantee

letter. Otherwise you will lose your life." The policemen also wept when they saw this. My younger brother was so angry that he refused to give me the clothes that he brought to me. He said he would stop caring for me. I said, "I do not need you to care for me. One day, I will go home from here in an upright and noble manner." My sister kept begging the policeman, "Please spare my older sister's life." As I went away, I could still hear her cries. How muddle-headed my family members are! It was obvious that the police were persecuting me. How could they ask me to give in and beg them to spare my life? Wouldn't that be the same as fostering the evil demons?

The police did not interrogate me as they were afraid that I might die inside the labor camp. Two police supervisors often came to see me and said, "You can get up and do the exercises. This way you will recover quicker." Several days later, the policemen who tortured me came again and said: "We are no longer making things difficult for you. If you are willing, you can talk to us. We have neither hatred nor hostility for you. When you finish your sentence here, you will be an old woman. We heard that your husband has given you up. What are you facing now?" I did not answer. They repeated themselves. I answered them peacefully: "I am not afraid of divorce, a prison sentence or death." They said, "So, you wait and see." I turned my back and wanted to leave. They called me back and continued, "We had no hatred in our last lifetime; nor hostility in the next life. This time when you reach consummation, your Teacher will become the Chairman of the country and you will become the Prime Minister." I answered them with righteous words, "We are cultivating the Buddha Fa. This cultivation has nothing to do with political power. I would not take it even if you gave me political power."

About twenty days later, someone from the city Public Security Bureau came to see me. He said, "We came to take you home, provided you write a guarantee letter." I said, "I will not write any guarantee letter." They handcuffed me again, and brought me to the first place where they beat me. There was a big policeman among them who began to beat me with his big hands. It didn't matter if it was my head or my body. Another policeman handcuffed me in a very special way. They put a wine bottle under the handcuffs. He said, "If you can not endure, just beg me." I thought, "I will never beg you even if my body is smashed to pieces." I began to recite Hong Yin and Lun Yu. One hour later, the pain was so unbearable that I began vomiting. They put a basin in between my legs for me to vomit into. When this kind of torture made my hands swell, the big policeman snatched my hand once every few minutes in a very professional way. I felt that my bones were smashed, and I wanted to vomit my intestines out. After two hours, I had difficulty breathing. There was only one sentence in my mind, "To live with no pursuits, to die with no regrets." I fell down to the ground in pain, twitching and vomiting. They did not remove the handcuffs, but made me stand up. I had tears in my nose and mouth. I did not cry. I did not say a word during their torturing of me, but gritted my teeth and endured it. After three hours, they unlocked the handcuffs. I fell down to the sofa immediately. Then someone came over and said, "You tell us. Then we will bring you home to do the exercises." I said nothing and did not open my eyes. They beat me. That day before they let me go, they said, "If you do not tell us something tomorrow, we will take you to a place with nobody there." On that day, all of my fellow practitioners refused to eat. They all cried when they saw me. The prisoners again passed over a pack of instant noodles. Every time I passed them, the prisoners always gave me a pack of instant noodles. The fellow practitioners saw I was shivering. They bargained with the policemen for some hot water. After trying to bargain several times, they were given half a bottle of hot water. The next day, they took me to the place where they had beaten me before. They said, "This time we will not beat or curse you. You will wait and see where you deserve to go." An old man from the city Public Security Bureau came to see me. He said, "We scheduled your release many times. Yet we still could not save you. Just let us know whatever you want to say." I did not want to tell him anything. He said, "Why are you so stubborn?" I said, "Falun Dafa is good." He said, "If you find it is good, you will do it at home." I said: "It is Buddha Fa. All of the people who are so predestined should have the chance to attain it." He said, "If it is the Buddha Fa, why don't you go to a temple to cultivate?" I said, "I was a lay Buddhist and went to the temple to cultivate before. I found that the monks in the temple fought with each other. The monks in the temple made money just like ordinary people. Later I read Zhuan Falun. I was crying when I read it."

Saying this, I fainted again and fell down to the ground losing consciousness. They sent me back to the labor camp. From then on, they did not interrogate me any more.

I do not know how many days later, they sent me back to the place where they had beaten me so often. All the policemen who had beaten me before were there. They were different from the other times. They called me older sister and said, "We have finished interrogating you. Now would you please tell us why you are so faithful to your Teacher?" I told them, "Two thousand years ago, Jesus was born to save people. Two thousand and five hundred years ago, Sakyamuni was born to save people. Today, when the world is full of ten evils, my Teacher has come again to save people." They said that I was going against Jiang XX. I said, "We are not involved in politics. If Jiang XX did not persecute Falun Dafa, which teaches people to be good and saves people, nobody would go to appeal. Around the world in over forty countries there are so many kind-hearted people who practice Falun Dafa. Why is it banned only in China?" I talked to them for almost two hours. They all understood. I felt that Teacher was strengthening me. I told them that the Fa was high-level and understandable. I also told them that if everyone saw what heaven looked like and what hell looked like, everyone would come and cultivate it. There would be no maze. One policeman told me, "I guarantee you that I will not beat any other Falun Gong practitioners when they are sent here." When I went back, they saw me to the door and expressed their thanks.

At 5:00 a.m., I had a dream. I was standing outside the door of the labor camp. My daughter came over and I asked her, "Do you have Teacher's half hour speech given at the Western U.S. Conference?" She said, "Yes." Immediately she took me to find it. I went over one mountain after another. Finally at the top of one mountain, I found it. I was so happy that I could not help crying.

After getting up, I told my fellow practitioners about my dream. They all felt happy. That day at 1:00 p.m., a male practitioner was called for interrogation. When he came back, he told us that he had been sentenced to "re-education" for three years. I thought it was my turn very soon. At about 3:00 p.m., my name was called. Calmly I had the fellow practitioners comb my hair and straighten my clothes and went out quietly. The man waiting for me was the policeman who did not touch me when all the other policemen were beating me. He said to me, "XXX, you are released." I thought he was fooling me. I told him seriously, "Please tell me directly whether it is "re-education" or a sentence?" He said, "You are such a fool. Go collect your things. Your family members have come and are now waiting for you." On my way back to the labor camp, I pinched my hand and found it was not a dream. I could hardly believe it. I knelt down to Teacher after I went back to the labor camp. All of us felt surprised and happy. When I left the labor camp, I could not hold my things. It was the policeman who helped me to take out my things.

Since I came home, I have not been able to move my arms. I cannot handle my personal daily living, and must depend on my family to help me. I can only drink fluids. All of my teeth are loose. The muscles in my head and arms always feel painful. Someone else has to help me if I want to turn over in bed. Sometimes I think how good it would be if my arms fell off from the pain. I could throw them out the window. My rib is broken. I always feel pain. My right side sometimes feels painful as if a knife were cutting into it. After I left the labor camp, I learned that the policemen had been extorting large sums of money from my family at the same time they were persecuting me.

They still did not give me peace after I left the labor camp. The street residence committee and the police substation often came to my home to harass me. I went to a relative's home, but they also went there to harass me.

I was a healthy person before. Within one month, I changed to be like I am now. I am still lucky, compared with those practitioners who have been beaten to death. No matter how viciously Jiang Zemin and his accomplices persecute us, they can never change our indestructible and righteous beliefs.

(Note: Since my hand was not able to write too many words, this article was dictated by me, and written by someone else on my behalf.)