

How I Validate Falun Dafa!

Practitioner from China

In October 1999, I went to Beijing to appeal for Falun Dafa for the first time. At that time, I was afraid I might be caught before I could do anything to validate Dafa. I stayed in a rented room and didn't go out. I studied the Fa, practiced the exercises and shared experiences with others. When Jiang Zemin began to slander Dafa, we decided to step forward.

In the early morning of October 28, when some of the practitioners and I had just walked out of the place where we were staying, we were arrested by the police and sent back to our hometown. We were detained for 15 days in the detention center. In the detention center, Dafa practitioners' words and behaviors have changed the environment around them. At the beginning, the prisoners didn't understand the practitioners. Later, they began to admire us. At the end, they began to follow us in writing and reciting Hong Yin (the collection of Teacher's poems) and to learn the exercises. One of the prisoners' third eye was even opened. The head of the prisoners in the cell who previously had a big temper became gentler and started to think of others.

In the detention center, the prisoners usually could not get enough food to eat. The head of the prisoners in the cell could get a lot of food from the outside everyday. He usually didn't share his food with others and would rather throw away the leftovers than give it to others. On the contrary, the practitioners always gave away their own food to others. Later, the head in the cell was also voluntarily sharing his food with everyone. At last, everyone in the cell felt like a big family. Several months later after I was released, I heard a practitioner who was just released from that detention center say, "The practitioners who were previously detained here have really done so well. I thought that I would have a hard time inside. Instead, once they know I am practitioner, I don't have any trouble. I can eat well and sleep well. They even don't make me work. The head of the cell told me when we first met that Falun Gong practitioners are all good people." I began to understand that this is to validate Dafa to ordinary people.

I was arrested again due to sharing experiences at a practitioner's home. I was sent to a remote detention center and was the only practitioner there. It seemed everyday there was an experience-sharing conference. A group of prisoners sat around me and enjoyed listening to the true stories of Falun Dafa and the stories of cultivation practice. They asked me many questions based on what they have heard from the media propaganda. They were convinced that my answers were the truth. A prisoner who did not have much school education said to me, "Although I didn't fully understand all your words, I just like to sit beside you. I felt very comfortable while I was near you and felt agitated when I was not." I knew this was from the power of the Fa and the strength gained from the Teacher.

During a short period of ten days, there were many people coming to and leaving my cell. It was just like having a series of training sessions in the cell. Some prisoners were brought in just to stay a few days in prison, and some were mistakenly brought in or were framed. Even the head of the cell felt strange about it, "The nearby cell only has about ten prisoners and there are more than thirty people in my cell. Why do they still bring people to my cell?" I understood that these people all had predestined relationships with the Fa. A prisoner who decided to learn Dafa after he was released, said to me, "While coming to the cell, I immediately saw you and wanted to be close to you." Whenever I thought about these things, I felt grateful to our benevolent and great Teacher.

In May 2000, with the evil forces further persecuting Falun Dafa and the practitioners who were detained and tortured for validating Dafa, my wife, our 3-year-old son and I decided to go to Beijing again. This time, I was determined to validate Dafa with my life. Later on from the section of "Bigu" (*Fasting*) in the book of Zhuan Falun, I came to realize: to a practitioner, cultivation is to

cultivate the righteous thought; with the righteous thought, one's Xinxing (*Mind-nature*) can be improved and the mighty power of Dafa can manifest in the practitioner. Because I improved myself in the principles of the Fa, I didn't have any negative reaction during the 5-day hunger strike in Beijing. On the contrary, I felt my whole body was radiating heat and my face was rosily glowing; I was full of energy and my mind was calm and peaceful. I knew the Teacher was giving me strength and helping me to validate Dafa to the worldly people.

After I was sent back, I was in custody as a criminal. The police told me that they are going to teach me a severe lesson this time. I just smiled at their warning and continued my hunger strike. They said I was acting against the law. I told them that, although it was they, the executors of the law, who were violating the law, I didn't have any intention to oppose anybody and I just wanted to validate Dafa in this way. They threatened me, "If we detain you for a year, would you not eat for a year?" I answered yes without any hesitation.

At the beginning, the officers in the detention center left me alone; in fact they were thinking, "How long can you last?" At the same time, the prisoners were asked to watch over me to see whether I was secretly eating. After passing four or five days, the officers finally lost their patience and began to persuade me to eat. I always kindly explained things to the officers from the viewpoint of science, which made them have no alternatives to deal with me. During the entire week, I also joined others to do all three routine exercises and helped the prisoners who were behind in their work. For the rest of the time, I studied the Fa and practiced the exercises. The officers gradually changed their previous angry attitude to truly care about me. They even started to ask me some questions about Dafa.

My hunger strike case was gradually known to the officials at different branches, such as the local police station, the district branch of the city bureau, the city bureau, and the procurator's office. The chief of police in the local police station told me that there was a practitioner who had been on hunger strike like me, but he finally gave up because he was touched after the chief police had personally fed him with the gruel. In my mind, I clearly understood that these words were from the Teacher telling me that the previous practitioner didn't pass the test. I was doing a holy thing to validate Dafa, and I would not be moved by any human emotions from the beginning to the end.

On the tenth day, the chief official finally became impatient and ordered to forcefully give me an injection. I said to him calmly, "If you insist on the injection, you have to be responsible for any consequences." He said, "The injection is absolutely safe." I said to the Teacher in my mind, "Teacher, I do not need these things." Somehow the medicine couldn't be injected into my body. The doctor could not believe it. At that time my face looked terrible and I almost fainted. The doctor and officers had to stop trying. After the incident, I laid in the cell for two days without doing the routine exercises, working and talking. I knew there was nothing wrong with me, but I wanted to warn others what could happen if they forcefully gave injections, so that they would not dare to try it again. Later, the officer said to me privately, "In fact the chief official had ordered me to give you an injection a long time ago. I think you are a well-cultivated person and I simply cannot bear to do it." I was very glad that he could think in such a way.

For the first few days after I came to the center, some prisoners laughed at me, "You don't have meals? Do you want to become an immortal? You're too obsessive! You're crazy." Some kindly advised me, "It is no use at all, and they will not let you go." The officers warned me not to talk about Falun Dafa to other prisoners. Otherwise, they would punish me more. In fact, I didn't need to talk. The hunger strike itself was validating Dafa. The prisoners helped me count the time everyday. Their attitude was also changing from being doubtful and ridiculing to one of admiration. A strong prisoner wanted to arm-wrestle me after I had been on hunger strike for more than ten days. He couldn't beat me. At last, people held their thumbs up and said, "We are convinced there is a miraculous Gong [*energy*] in the world." Some prisoners said, "Others might not believe in Falun Gong but we believe in it, because there is one example in front of us." Some prisoners told me they wanted to learn Dafa, and I truly felt happy for them.

After I endured all kinds of methods used by the evil force, the police sent me back home by car. Later, I felt regretful that I could have done better. I should not have just left there by myself and I should have asked for the release all the practitioners who had been detained with me at the same time, but I didn't.

Like thousands of other practitioners, I completely broke away from humanness and am converging into the powerful current of the Fa-Rectification. I understand further and more deeply the great meaning of the Fa-Rectification. We do not accept whatever the evil forces impose on Dafa and Dafa practitioners. All of what we are doing is to validate Dafa to the general public and to manifest Dafa in the human world. While stepping forward, we keep eliminating all attachments and perfecting ourselves. I understand clearly that all of what I have accomplished is coming from the mighty power of Dafa and the great benevolence of Teacher. What I have done is not enough.

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