

Let Life Glorify in Honoring the Fa

My name is Ding Yan. I'm a 31 year-old hairdresser from Shi Jia Zhuang City, He Bei Province. Since April 25th and July 20th, I have participated in the continuous efforts to protect and to honor the Dafa. What I like the most is to listen to other practitioners' cultivation stories. I have heard many moving stories. Today, I'd like to share mine with you.

On the afternoon of October 15th, Qiu Liying from Shi Jia Zhuang Oil Refinery called to inform me that the Dafa practitioners in our oil refinery were under surveillance. Authorities had received an internal notice classifying the Dafa as a cult and started to take action against practitioners. Even practicing at home had become a violation.

Upon receiving this information, my very first thought was to inform other practitioners as soon as possible and go to Beijing right away, instead of waiting for the public announcement. We needed to step out and protect the Dafa. I left for Beijing that night. I went to see the national flag raising ceremony on the morning of the 17th and then stepped out at Tiananman Square.

My heart was full of joy when I looked at the splendid rising sun. I knew this was "returning home". Suddenly I was awakened to one of the meanings of the Fa so I told a practitioner next to me, "Actually, I feel it's no longer important how high I should cultivate. Life has become meaningful only because I am assimilated into the Fa." At that moment, I saw the sun as really a cool and refreshing world.

I met many practitioners from Shi Jia Zhuang near Tiananman that day. We sat down in a circle at the Square. One of the armed policemen came over and asked: "Are you Falun Gong Practitioners?" We all said, "Yes." So he called for a police van with his walkie-talkie and told us to wait. At that time, some practitioners from other places saw us and came to join us. When the police van came, they loaded us onto the van. Before the van was driven away, two more practitioners called out: "Wait a second! We are Dafa practitioners too." But the van drove away without them and sent us to the Tiananman district office.

Nearly 200 practitioners were detained that morning. Among them there was a 75 years-old woman from Sichuan. The policeman asked her: "You are so old. Why did you still come here?" The old woman replied: "I used to have many diseases which are all cured now. How can I not come? Look how strong I am now. Dafa is great!" The policeman then asked her: "So where did you come from?" The old woman pointed her finger to the sky and said, "From the universe." There was also a 15 year-old boy. The policeman tried to get some ideas from him so he asked, "You are so young. Why did you come as well? Are you here to protect the Fa too?" The boy grinned and said, "Of course!" "Does that mean you quit school?" The boy replied with perfect assurance, "Yes!" There were also couples with babies only a few months old. There were more and more and more...

Around noontime, the police told us: "Everyone should have a mug shot (similar to those of the suspects for the records) and pay the 30 yuan fee." They hoped that we would cooperate. Many

practitioners refused to have their pictures taken. But the police forced them to. When it was my turn, I told them that I refuse to take the mug shot and refuse to pay the fee too. But he took the mug shot regardless. I told him, "I know you are doing bad things. If I cooperate, then I'm helping the tyrant to do evil." I had the money in my hands but I would not give it to him. He didn't dare to use his handgun. I could tell that he knew grabbing money from my hands was wrong. He still had a conscience. I wanted to use this method to create a sharp contrast when the police forcefully "grabbed" the money to awaken his conscience and rightful mind. He moved his hands but retreated eventually. Later he called me into his office and snatched the money anyway. I knew that my predestined relationship with him was over.

Because appealing will end up with repatriation, and talking to each other is not permitted, we just headed straight to Tiananman Square. We wouldn't say where we came from and what our names were to avoid being repatriated. The police were furious. One of them stood on top of a table and yelled: "We treat you as human beings, but you don't treat yourselves as human beings. We let you go home but you don't want to go home." This obvious hint pointed directly into my heart. Later they took about a dozen of us who refused to reveal where we came from into the corridor. They pushed us onto the ground and handcuffed us with one hand from the shoulder and the other from the back. They stepped on our backs and pulled the handcuffs, swinging them back and forth, right and left. Some practitioners moaned painfully. They tortured us right in the corridor and in the public with no scruples. One's heart trembled listening to the painful moans. I didn't utter a sound. At times I couldn't even breathe due to the severe pain. They pinched my philtrum and slapped my face. When I was conscious, I thought about Yue Fei, his awe-inspiring righteousness, his loyal heart, his suffering both mind and body, and his endurance in the Peng Buo Pavilion. An incomparable joy and solemnity ascended from my heart. Only practitioners can understand this state of my mind. I know I am on my way returning home.

When they found that none of the torture served any purpose on me, they changed my handcuffs to a pair of copper ones and repetitively asked me whether I was going to tell them or not. Their filthy language was disgusting. They also told me that after a while, the skin necrosis could cause my hands to be crippled. However, I never allowed any wicked ideas to come into my head. I heard a Chengde practitioner next to me telling the police, "I don't hate you! If this can help remove any resentment you have toward Falun Dafa, I am willing to endure..."

Almost three hours later, they took off my handcuffs fearing that my hands may be crippled. They tried to persuade me. Why suffer like this? Why don't you just tell us? You're the only one left. As they were persuading us, two guards found that my hands were ice cold, so they started to massage my hands. But my hands remained cold. So they massaged them for a long time. I saw tears sparkling in their eyes. I found their benevolent heart so I told them, "Thank you. Thank you very much. I don't believe what I have done is not enough to touch your heart. How can you treat so many good people like this? I will tell you with my life that Falun Dafa is great! By all means you should remember this. You must keep your benevolent hearts and never lose them. Throughout history, human beings built temples to worship Buddha and to entreat Buddha. But who is Buddha? You should never miss this opportunity. What I am saying is for your own good!" Then two more policemen came. I also told them: "You have met so many Dafa practitioners. This is your good fortune. You have confiscated so many Dafa books. Why haven't

you bothered to take a look to see what is inside?" One of the policemen said, "I have read the 'Zhuan Falun' three times already and know you are all good people. I believe that good will be rewarded with good, and evil with evil. I also told my son that he couldn't bully others. I am not like those who hit or curse other people. I don't want to be here. They are short of people so they transferred me here. I am from..." Thus we talked a lot about the Fa. My heart was full of joy because I knew all the suffering I had endured was not wasted. I protect the Fa with my life. I want to fulfill my promises. I want to settle the previous accounts and awaken the benevolent conscience with Dafa. Before my release, they gave me two books. One is "Essential for Further Advances". The other is "Zhuan Falun". As I felt joyous for getting the books, one practitioner told me that this was a reward for me for passing another test...

I realize that each test along our cultivation path is for improvement. Each test is a stepping-stone. Cultivation is very serious. When I regained my consciousness for the last time, I felt that I might not be able to bear it should they torture me again. I thought about death, smashing my head against the wall. But later I strengthened my mind and told myself that I shouldn't say things lightly. My heart was full of indescribable joy as I looked upon death as going home. As soon as this thought came to me, the police took off my handcuffs. Several practitioners were asked to persuade me to cooperate. They asked me this or that. They said that the policemen worked very hard all day long. It's 7 or 8 o'clock already but they still couldn't go home. They asked me to have mercy on them. One of the practitioners said, "Could you see how good the policemen are? They worked hard all day but are still trying to convince you." I quickly realized that this was my test again. I knew what they were protecting are ordinary people, not the Fa. It would be a great danger if I could not have a clear understanding based upon Fa. My tears started running down my cheeks when I saw these practitioners fail to understand. I said word by word: "What is benevolence? To let him know the greatness of Fa is the ultimate benevolence. How can you call this benevolence if I watch them do bad things and to make it worse, to assist and cooperate with them? You shall clearly understand this. This is fundamental. Our practitioners advanced wave upon wave to appeal. If this has failed to touch them, then we ought to demonstrate the Fa with our lives. Such a vast Fa has come to the earth. It would be humanities' disgrace if we could not find an appropriate position for the Fa. Master has said that there has to be a level of Fa for humanity. It will not do without it. If humanity refuses to recognize the Fa, then how can this level of lives exist?"

I have heard a practitioner say that the Fa should be rectified by Master. Master may return some day. Another practitioner quickly responded, "Once we understand the meaning of the Fa, and we still have our flesh bodies, then we are the guardians of the Fa at this level. Even though I have reached enlightenment, as long as I still have the flesh body, I will protect the Fa." Another practitioner spoke with the force of justice: "Do you still want Master to come back and to endure the suffering? How can you ask Master's feet to step on this filthy land? You have to get rid of this evil thought right away. Even though I become a deity at some level today, I would still come down, not fearing to be an ordinary human being. Just so I can stand in front of Master to protect the Fa."

Hearing these words, I couldn't stop the tears from coming. A firm, solemn, sacred righteous feeling arose from my heart.

Looking back, I found that the meanings of the Fa I have awakened to at Tiananman Square rise to a higher level. In fact, it is because I am assimilated with the Fa. In honoring the Fa and protecting the Fa, I have been carried to a very, very high level by the righteous Fa... Master has told us to cultivate to a selfless enlightened being, putting others before oneself. I feel that it is no longer important as to how high I can cultivate to. Only because I am assimilated with the Fa, my life has become meaningful...