

Validate the Fa By Completely Using Our Enlightened Side

[Clearwisdom.net] On December 19th, a few fellow practitioners from other provinces and I decided to unfurl a banner on Tiananmen Square. We arrived there in several batches. Around 10:30am, a practitioner from Daqing and I came close to the Monument, as there were more sightseers there. At this moment, a police vehicle happened to pass by and it was filled with Dafa practitioners, all of them sitting quietly upright. I was a little bit confused when I saw this: we're not prisoners at all, why do we need to sit in a prisoner's vehicle obediently? Thinking of this, I told the practitioner, "we can't keep silent, if we do we will be caught and put into a police vehicle." At this moment, we walked close to the crowd. I told her it was time to start. Hardly before I finished, she held a banner above her head. I unfolded a banner right away. We shouted together, "Falun Dafa is good..." In less than 5 minutes, more than 10 plain-clothes policemen rushed towards us from different directions. They knocked us to the ground and continued beating and kicking us. We kept on shouting: "Falun Dafa is good!..." Our voice echoed through the square. Although the policemen hit with force, I didn't feel much pain. Our blood shed on the ground. I know our blood didn't shed in vain, because we were doing a most magnificent and splendid thing.

Several minutes later, a few plain-clothes policemen and military police forced me into a police vehicle. The windows of the vehicle were covered with curtains as if they were afraid that the passers-by would see what was happening inside. I recalled the practitioners who were taken away in the van 10 minutes ago and I thought I couldn't follow them. Shouting from inside the van would at most invite more beatings, but did I still care about my life after I had walked to Tiananmen? Only 2 policemen and I were in the vehicle. One policeman offered me a seat in the last row but I didn't take it. He was furious and hit my face several times. I stood up and shouted, "Falun Dafa is good, policemen can't beat people." At this time another practitioner was forced in. When he saw my face was full of blood, he shouted loudly, "Falun Dafa is good. Policemen can't beat people." The policemen started to get flustered. I rushed to the window. The window happened to be open. I thought it was a perfect opportunity, so I stuck my head out of the window and shouted repeatedly, using all my strength, "Falun Dafa is wonderful." All the policemen, plain-clothes or not, were flustered and didn't know what to do. All the tourists' eyes were attracted to where my voice came from. At that very moment, I felt so sacred and solemn. Only after a great while were the policemen able to act. They rushed onto the vehicle and gave me another savage beating. I began to lose my vision and my body was covered by blood. I kept on shouting, "Falun Dafa is good." They took me to the Tiananmen Square police station quickly. They dragged me to an office and bent my hands and feet backwards and kicked me savagely. I lost the senses of my body at that time. They released my restraints after about half an hour and took me to a yard, where some hundreds of practitioners were already standing. Seeing I was badly beaten, some handed me paper towels to wipe away blood. At this time, I heard practitioners from another room shout loudly together, "Falun Dafa is good. Return the innocence to Falun Dafa. Return the innocence to our Master." Then they recited together "Lunyu" and Master's poems. Their voices reached as high as the clouds. I felt from the bottom

of my heart the mighty virtue of Dafa and Dafa practitioners manifesting on Tiananmen Square, which made the wicked people tremble with fear.

Around 11:30am, I, together with several other female practitioners, were taken to the Huzhuang branch of the police station in the Tongzhou district of Beijing. Then all of the practitioners were interrogated one after one. They did this mainly to make practitioners reveal their names and addresses. I had discussed this issue with other practitioners before. The policemen's intention was to send practitioners back to labour re-education camps in their own region. Wouldn't this become a chance be taken away by those corrupt authorities, if I cooperated with them? So no matter what they hypocritically told me to say I said nothing. The main interrogator (Nbr. 047797) said to me hypocritically, "Who beat your face so hard? Do you need to go to see a doctor?" I answered, "It's policemen on Tiananmen Square who did this. I won't go to see a doctor." The junior policeman on the side who was taking notes said in an exasperated voice, "Don't take down what she said. Say the security staff on Tiananmen Square did it, and she thought it's the policemen who did it." These corrupt authorities thought by doing this they could evade the punishment. However they don't know that no sin can evade the net of heaven's law. Any life that wants to evade the Fa-rectification by chance will be eliminated by history. I only feel pity for those people who passed their opportunity to do the right thing and instead followed the downward spiral of Jiang Zemin.

Around 5 pm, the policemen had lost their patience and eventually showed their sinister side, as all the practitioners refused to give out their names and addresses. At this time, a policeman came in saying, "I see that all of them would prefer punishment rather than respect. I will see who still won't tell after I give them electric shocks." After 2 minutes, he said to the interrogator without emotion, "All those women outside have told their names and addresses. Only this woman is left. If she doesn't tell, give her some electric shocks and see if she will tell or not." The main interrogator had been busy for a long time, but he gained nothing meaningful on the notes, so they began to take pictures of me and take my fingerprints. Because I didn't co-operate with them they began to take action. At this moment I recalled what Master said in Expounding on the Fa, "When a tribulation arrives, if you, as a disciple, can truly maintain an unshakable calm, or set your mind to meeting different requirements at different levels, this should be sufficient for you to pass the test. If it continues endlessly and if there do not exist other problems in your xinxing or conduct, it must be that the evil demons are exploiting the loopholes caused by your lack of control. After all, a cultivator is not an ordinary person. So why doesn't the side of you that is your original nature rectify the Fa?" How right it is! If we can require ourselves to use our god-side in every test, then the evils will be eliminated on their own. When I enlightened to this, my heart was filled with boundless warmth. No matter what other people say I will be determined to complete my own path and stay unaffected by anything.

Now only I was left in the police station. All the vile people began to 'take care of' me. The branch director rushed to me and said ferociously, "will you tell or not, I give you one more chance." I shook my head. He let a few policemen kick me to the ground and then hold me down. He asked me again if I would tell. I didn't answer. At that time, I was beaten so badly that I couldn't open my eyes. I felt a piece of cool metal was touching my face, and then I felt a little numbness on my face and the muscles of my face twitched several times. After a minute, I was able to open my eyes and then found they had started shocking my face with electricity. For

them, there is nobody who can endure this torture. But they don't understand that electricity can only function on an ordinary person, but has no effect at all on a future god who has enlightened to the principles of the universe.

At this time the door was opened and their boss came in. A few people hurried to carry me to the original place and shackled both of my hands to the iron bar of a bunk bed. Because I was tortured for almost 10 hours I could hardly stand straight, and I was only barely aware of the voices and things happening around me. Suddenly, I felt my heart contract for a while and my body seemed to fall. I tried my best to maintain the balance, but it was extremely difficult. I wanted to open my eyes and take a look, but felt darkness was everywhere. I couldn't open my eyes by any means. Only my main spirit had a little bit of consciousness, a perception, as if it was ready to leave my body. At that moment I thought maybe I would leave forever and maybe it was time to forsake the flesh body. My body was out of control, but my mind was running rapidly from my birth to studying the Fa to going to Beijing, all the things that had happened, and at that instant I could see people who I had met at different times in my life. I had already known I could lose my life before I left for Tiananmen that morning, but I didn't realize it could be gone so fast. The feeling that the flesh body was dying was upon me, and I only felt a lot of wishes hadn't been realized and a lot of words hadn't been said to fellow practitioners. But all these seemed very far from me. I seemed to hear the sacred music from the heavenly kingdom. There was only one step from here to there. Nothing could be brought to that side if you wanted to go there, even this flesh body couldn't be taken. Just at that moment, a hot stream went through all my body and my eyes suddenly opened and my consciousness seemed to return to my flesh body from the heavenly kingdom. It's like I had experienced the whole process of dying in just a few minutes.

Around 10 o'clock in the evening, I was taken to the Songzhuang Town branch of the police station. Scores of practitioners who didn't reveal their names and addresses were detained there. The policemen tried to have a breakthrough, but all ended in failure. At last all the practitioners who didn't tell their names and addresses were sent to several police vehicles heading to the province of Hebei. I was sent into a car alone. The driver was a head of the Bureau of Public Security. He asked me, "who beat you like this?" I said, "The policemen." He then said nothing. The car suddenly pulled to a stop in the area of Langfang. A man got out of the front car and came to open the door and said, "Just give us your name and address, and we'll let you go." I wondered if this was a trap and said, "Everywhere is my home and I have nowhere to go." I was prepared for the coming tortures in prison at that moment. But that man said, "OK, you can get out of the car now. We won't need you any more. Find a car and go home." I was surprised; I didn't expect him to say that. I really didn't believe this was all true when I got out of the car. I had finished the day of nightmare. This was all achieved under Master's help, which allowed me to get away so soon from the evil police and step forward to eliminate the evil again.

On the way back home, I thought a lot. I experienced the real test of life and death one hour before. Unfolding the banner on Tiananmen Square was just a step in the process and it was incomparably sacred. But if one wants to leave the mighty virtue behind, the tribulations that followed were the real tests on Dafa practitioners. Because what we faced was not only the painful torture on our bodies, but most importantly, it was the possibility that we could lose our lives. Practitioners who are taking part in the Fa-rectification process should have the mental

preparation of losing life. Otherwise it's hard to pass when the tribulation reaches its extreme. Even a tiny trace of the desire of seeking to live is an attachment. Master said long ago: "Being free of attachment is the true state of emptiness." (Quoted from "What is emptiness"). Any attachments will affect one's process of assimilating to the Fa and leave a gap in the whole process, which will make a loophole for demons to take advantage of. When the real tribulation comes, if one bears passively with their human-side, demons will definitely find a loophole in this and the tribulation will last without an end. If all the practitioners can use their god-side to rectify the Fa and eliminate the evils in front of the tribulation, haven't the evils been long eliminated?

At 2 o'clock in the morning, I returned to a practitioner's home. When they saw my face was full of bruises, they were all very sorry. No one had the intention of going back to sleep. When I told them what had happened to me, they all felt the solemn and sacred characteristics of the Buddha Fa and had an even stronger confidence in rectifying the Fa and actively eliminating the evil. Then they gave me the newly received scripture "Master Li's Lecture at the Great Lakes Conference in North America". After reading the lecture, I had a brand new understanding of the real significance of my Fa rectification experience on Tiananmen Square and my suffering of this tribulation.

Master said in the lecture: "they were able to achieve their goal of testing students in this way because students need to improve themselves and eliminate the last part of their karma. How could it be allowed if during the course of a being's progressing towards the surface and gradually becoming a god, he doesn't make his own sacrifices, doesn't continue to improve himself, and doesn't establish his own mighty virtue?" I thought that on the surface, it was we practitioners going to Tiananmen that would rectify the Fa, but in essence, isn't Master establishing our mighty virtue for all to be perfected in the future? Don't always feel that one has born great pain for going to Tiananmen Square. Even in pain one could pass the tests only under Master's continuous hints and treat the tribulation with one's god-side. Because Master's Fa-rectification process is close to finish, it would fall far short if our thoughts stayed on requiring ourselves to use our god-sides on a microscopic scale, rather, we must use our god-sides on even the macroscopic thoughts and deeds of the surface. Otherwise, we not only hinder the Fa assimilating process of ourselves, but affect the whole Fa-rectification process. All the practitioners are in unity and an individual who cultivates well doesn't represent this unity. Only when this unity reaches a standard of good cultivation will we see the day of Fa rectifying the human world. Fellow practitioners, let us, the particles of Dafa, shine with pure brilliance from the most microscopic to the surface, wash out the last little bit of demon left in human world, and greet the incomparable splendour of Fa rectifying the human world at an early date!

(This is my personal understanding. Please point out the mistakes.)

A practitioner from China

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