

## Determined in My Own Righteous Enlightenment

While I was at my in-laws' home on October 24, 2000, I unexpectedly received a phone call from the police substation. The policeman's attitude was unusually nice; he told me something like "No matter what, you mustn't go to Beijing." A few minutes after the phone call, a bunch of police broke into the house. I suddenly realized that they were finally going to seize me. The presentiments and hints that I had been having over the past few days had become reality. During the past several days it was widely rumored in Shenyang, Liaoning Province that I had been arrested and sent to the Masanjia Labor Camp. [*An infamous labor camp in which torture is widely used to persecute Falun Gong practitioners – Translator*] A few of those "transformed people" that had become special agents shouted at me openly: "Don't think we have no idea what you're doing. You'll be arrested sooner or later. Just don't drag anybody else along with you!" (They were referring to those fellow practitioners who were clarifying the truth with me.) Recently, my copier had been frequently breaking down, and on the morning of October 24 the power suddenly gave out while I was making copies. Due to my previous conduct, the police and practitioners in Shenyang were all watching my actions. Also, over the past few days, several semi-enlightened practitioners in Beijing warned me that I'd be encountering danger.

Following their advice, I moved my machine and cleared out my materials. Meanwhile, during that period, several extremely vicious persecution events against Falun Dafa occurred in Shenyang. First, Luo Gan [*A high Chinese official who's active in scheming and organizing persecution against Falun Gong – translator*] having stationed himself at Masanjia, ordered 18 female practitioners stripped and put in male cells. Then another practitioner, Zhong Hengjie, from Tiexi District of Shenyang, was beaten to death in the Tiexi Police Substation for distributing Falun Dafa materials. This was followed the mass arrests and persecution of practitioners who printed and distributed flyers. I lost my calmness and rationality from all that was happening around me. Having become extremely grieved and indignant, I ignored the danger and decided to print flyers overnight. I wanted to tell the people of Shenyang as soon as possible about the evil crimes happening in China, especially in Shenyang. However, that was where the evil forces found their opportunity. The night before, I dreamed of being in danger: the evil forces wanted to catch me. I entered into tranquility, then suddenly broke through numerous layers of dimensions and entered into the infinite microcosm. Then I looked down and found that the evil forces had disappeared, in an instant, without a trace.

When the police broke in, my wife and her brother were with me. Among the police were some individuals that I had dealt with several times before. Besides their familiar faces, there were also some new faces with more sinister appearances. They tried to maintain their "composure" to cover up their panic, but in their eyes they couldn't conceal their guilty consciences. I sat on the sofa and calmly asked them why they had come. They made up an excuse by saying that they just wanted me to go to the police substation as a witness and would let me come back soon. I told them calmly that I wouldn't go with them, so they should say whatever they wanted to say right then and there. We remained this way for a while: I always rejected them peacefully while they unsuccessfully tried to come up with reasons to convince me to go with them. Hence, they changed their approach and asked my wife and her brother to persuade me. At that point I began thinking that they must have come prepared and would not give in easily. In order not to implicate my in-laws, I decided to go with them.

Coming downstairs, I saw that there were many policemen and police vehicles surrounding the neighborhood of my in-laws, including police from the Municipal Bureau, District Station and Substation. There were also people from the urban administration and neighborhood committee. On the way to the police substation, I felt extremely calm. In those years of cultivation, especially after July 20, 1999, [*when the Chinese Government officially banned Falun Gong – translator*] I had worked tirelessly validating Falun Dafa and eliminating evil forces. From an everyday person's mindset, I knew that this time it might mean being arrested. During those few minutes on the way to the substation, I reviewed with a serene mind my sublimation before and after

obtaining the Fa [*law and principles – translator*], my solemn experience of dissolving gradually into the Fa since July 20, 1999, as well as the wish I had a few years ago, and even countless years ago, to contribute all I have to rectifying the Fa. I looked deep into my heart and felt: "Having heard the Tao in the morning, one can die in the evening." I was greatly satisfied. I was only worried that there might be a slight trace of covered up fear that would make me unable to "Die with no regrets." (Hong Ying) When I found that my heart was firm and filled with brightness, I felt steady, calm and peaceful. I had deep confidence that after one year of Fa-rectification and the elimination of the evil beings at high levels, the brilliance of the part of me that had been successfully cultivated through participating the Fa-rectification would be bright enough to illuminate and free myself from being persecuted by the weakest evil beings in this human world.

During the interrogation that followed, I was so calm and rational that the interrogators also calmed down. They showed me material evidence: the materials and machine they had seized from my home, and the statement of responsibility that my wife was going to make. They also told me of the "confessions" made by a few practitioners after being arrested. They had prepared all the "evidence" against me in advance, and according to their statement, they were 90% confident of my guilt before arresting me. I felt sorry for those practitioners who didn't pass their test, yet there was not a single trace of indignation in my heart towards their "confession" against me. At that time, I thought I should do my best to extricate other practitioners, including my wife in this case, since I was the police's true target. I used rationality and wisdom obtained from Falun Dafa to make them gradually believe that I was the only person responsible, hence they released my wife in the afternoon of the same day. (The other practitioners were released soon after.)

When my wife parted from me, she looked pale and was almost weeping. The sudden catastrophe made her realize the horrible consequences of my being arrested, since I was regarded highly by the Public Security Minister as "a dangerous person" who was "more dangerous than several directors of assistance centers." This was why she had wanted to take all the responsibilities herself, in order to free me. I had strong confidence and a presentiment that I would be able to resolve this tribulation, even though I didn't see any hope at that moment. I told my wife: First, if you hear of my death, you must know that I would never commit suicide, neither would I be killed by the evil forces for cooperating with their persecution. Rather, it's because I took the initiative to eliminate the evils and broke away from my flesh body out of energy exhaustion (This is by no means the same concept as death). Second, because of my participation in Fa-rectification and my righteous enlightenment during the past year, this will not be the same situation as in the past when I had been detained and persecuted for long terms. The previous situations came about because my human part, the part that had not been successfully cultivated was too strong, plus, those who persecuted me were not only the vicious beings in this human world, but also the deviated beings at very high levels—some even higher than my realm. But today, those deviated high level beings have been eliminated. Having participated in Fa-rectification, with the part of me that has been successfully cultivated ready to soon break through the surface, and being an enlightened being in the new universe, how could I be afflicted by those evil people who have lost their support from high-level beings? You must stay optimistic and firmly believe in Dafa, I finally told my wife. I was confident that I would be freed.

After that, the police started an "in-depth" interrogation.. First, they asked me where I had visited the Minghui net. I could never betray my fellow practitioners and I remembered that I had surfed the Internet at the street Internet bar. I thought, why not let them do a good search and exhaust their strength, so I told them I visited Minghui Net in an Internet Bar. They got some network experts to question me and found what I had said to be reasonable. This time they became scared. If all the Falun Gong practitioners had the ability of surfing and downloading files from the Internet in the Internet Bars, how could they ban all the Internet Bars? I then realized the profound meaning of the words from Teacher's Lecture in Jinan in 1994, "You should learn as much everyday people's knowledge as possible, it will be of great use in the future." Next, they behaved as if facing a big army. Dozens of policemen in several police vans took me to look for

the Internet Bar where I had allegedly visited Minghui Net. I'd never really visited Minghui Net in those places, but was more than happy to make them work. Why not let them search? After about 4 hours, those network experts were all worn out and nervous because they had found nothing. To vent their anger, they seized a few computers from the Internet bars with the excuse of having found several pornographic sites. When they asked me why they didn't find anything, I told them that I had deleted everything, leaving no trace. Actually, at that moment, I just brought into full play some theories that I had heard in conversations with fellow practitioners who were knowledgeable about computers. They finally completely believed me and with disappointment told their bosses that they just couldn't figure it out. Those officials then asked me: could we say that you did visit Minghui Net here, but after you deleted everything, it's the same as if you had never done it? I told them that the statement was correct. The policemen around all sighed and said, "the fight against Falun Gong is becoming more and more high-tech; we old-timers should all retire now."

They were planning to send me to Masanjia in the evening. However, after the 4 hours of toiling, they were all exhausted. Instead, they just detained me in the police substation. They went out to "celebrate their success." After all, they had finally captured me, such a "dangerous person." According to them, they were nearly being fired from their jobs.

My being surprisingly calm, optimistic, self-confident and serene, gradually relaxed their tense nerves. During the entire process, I promoted Dafa with determination, dignity, compassion, and serenity to different people under different circumstances. The topics ranged from Jiang Zemin's viciousness and waywardness to *Ge-An Yi Lu (prophecy by a Korean Taoist called Ge-An regarding many things happening today, including the development of Falun Gong - Translator)* and the prophecies of the saints. The topics also included the proclamations and honors that Falun Dafa has received around the world, my experiences and my friends and relatives' experiences in the purification of our minds and bodies, and their achievements in their studies and careers since cultivation. We also talked about the verification of Dafa by new discoveries in science and technology, and about the heavenly principle that good is rewarded with good and evil is rewarded with evil. In the end, I forgot I was an arrested 'important person' being held in a police substation. I only felt that the surroundings were covered with my energy field. The policemen, neighborhood representatives, and other people also forgot I was a detained 'key prisoner.' When I became thirsty from speaking for such a long time they brought me hot water and food. Just a few minutes after I went back to my cell, the director of the substation sent a person to tell me how absorbed in listening to me they were and hoped I would tell them more. Thus, they went on listening to me until after midnight. Before going home, a policeman even asked me a question his son didn't get right in a mathematics contest. He told me that he had asked a lot of people but no one was able to solve it. When I gave him the correct answer without even thinking about it, he said with admiration that a Falun Gong practitioner is not only good person, but also very smart. After I successfully escaped from the police substation, I was told that this policeman let everybody he met know that such-and-such was really remarkable, his brain was so quick...

According to instructions from their superior officer, I was to be watched over by 5 people and there would be 3 watches. The people assigned to watch me were not allowed to sleep and were to take turns being on duty. The policeman on the first watch slept with me in the same room. According to the stipulation, he was not supposed to sleep, but he took off his clothes and went to bed right away. Before going to sleep, he told me: "I'll get up early tomorrow morning and continue listening to you tell the story."

I started searching for ways to escape, but even with all my efforts, I failed to break open the iron window. It was around 1 o'clock in the morning when suddenly, an eighty-year-old lady came and started knocking very hard on the door of the police substation with her stick and yelling that she wanted to "appeal." No matter how other people tried to persuade her to go away, it didn't help. This went on until 2 o'clock. When everyone had become worn out, the old lady suddenly

disappeared. They were just about to go back to sleep when there was another knock at the door. A policeman had come home too late after drinking alcohol and his wife wouldn't let him in, so the only place for him to go sleep was the office. They could do nothing except go upstairs to get the key and let him in (That's how I got to know afterwards that they casually left the key on the table in the reception office). After all these disturbances, the policemen who were supposed to watch over me were exhausted, forgot their important task, and fell asleep soundly. After several hours of effort I still didn't see a trace of hope. There were so many rooms and so many keys, and I didn't know which one was useful. I took a great risk by getting the keys from the pocket, right under the noses, of each sleeping policemen in every room, but I still couldn't find the key for the gate. They woke up many times to go to the washroom, making it impossible for me to return the keys to their original place. So the only thing I could do was leave the keys in the washroom. They would learn my intentions when the dawn came.

I went back to the original room to think calmly. It would soon be morning, but everything still seemed dark and hopeless. Did I enlighten wrong? Was something wrong in what I'd enlightened to? Or did my intention to escape contain a factor of fear rather than a basis for assimilating to the Fa. By escaping was I negating the persecution and test against Falun Dafa by the evil forces? (Please note that Master hadn't given the lectures in San Francisco and Great Lakes Region at that time) I searched calmly inside myself and in the end was convinced that my intention was not based on fear. Scene after scene and event after event that I'd experienced after April 25 1999 showed up rapidly in front of my eyes. For more than a year, I had stepped forward in the front lines to uphold the honor of Falun Dafa, to reduce Master's pressure, to eliminate the viciousness, to free fellow practitioners from detention, and to take on responsibilities, before others, in front of pressure, causing my long-term persecution and detention. Even during detention, I took the lead to unite fellow practitioners and to eliminate the evils. I had never feared in the face of all this countless pressure, misunderstanding and persecution. Lacking confidence in one's righteous enlightenment negates and casts suspicion on the journey one has completed with great determination, and it also sublimates what one has obtained in the Fa-rectification process. At critical times, any single trace of wavering, passiveness, compromise of obedience, despair, or pessimism will constitute a fundamental negation of oneself and Falun Dafa.

I became determined, did a heshi (*pressed two hands before one's chest, a Buddhist salute-translator*) and spoke to the Teacher from my heart: First, my escape is for beating the evil forces. If I continue to be detained, these heinous people will be happy and Falun Dafa will suffer. Secondly, the vicious people on the most surface layer of the universe have no right to test a practitioner who has taken part in the Fa-rectification. They don't have the power to trap me. So after setting my mind into serenity for about 20 minutes I got up again. Suddenly I found a big bunch of keys in the reception office and decided I should try them. But as I opened the door to get the keys, the loud sound of the latch woke the policeman. He raised his head to take a look but he didn't even see me, even though I had no time to dodge. Instead, he rolled over and fell asleep again. The keys were right under his feet, but my fingertips were still one hand away and I couldn't reach them no matter how hard I tried. I did a heshi and spoke silently: "Please help me, all Buddha and Gods." In that instant, I thought of my eyeglasses. I used a leg of my eyeglasses, and with a flick that big bunch of keys slipped silently right into my hands. I took the keys and opened the gate on only my second try. Outside the door, a housekeeper was doing his cleanings. I put the keys back in the gate and strode forward quickly (I wasn't wearing a coat). Before I had a chance to walk 20 meters, a taxi stopped behind me with a screech. I got into the car and headed directly for a fellow practitioner's home. (When the police searched me, they took away all my belongings and only returned 3 ten-yuan bills to me.)

The first light of morning was just beginning to show when I knocked at the door. The fellow practitioner opened the door right away. He said to me: "I stayed up the whole night waiting for you. I know you well. I knew that you'd be able to get out. Tell me if you'd struck an intent to escape and this intent was from the depth of your heart." A warm current flowed from my heart. I said: "Yes, I struck this intent and I would implement it to the end!"

When I opened Hong Yin (*the Grand Poem, a book of poems by the Teacher – translator*) that morning, our compassionate Teacher watched me with a smile. My tears burst forth. The 10 or so hours that had just elapsed were like a dream, remote and unfamiliar. I recalled that my journey of life in the past was just like this. In those 10 hours that had now passed in a blink, I experienced countless choices between life and death, and during that time I felt like a few centuries were going by. The soul stirring tests being carried out in the silent night and the despair would last even up to the final second before hope arose. The test of firmness in the righteous enlightenment to Dafa revealed the deeper meaning of Dafa while I was in delusion.

In the days that followed, while the police issued a warrant for my arrest, they sometimes spread the rumor that I voluntarily surrendered, and at other times they claimed that I was seized after escaping and was sent to the Masanjia Labor Camp. With the help of fellow practitioners, I dodged the big search. I enlightened in Fa-studying to take even greater initiatives to step forward, to eliminate the evil force and to offer salvation to people in the world.

On January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2001, I went to Beijing again and merged myself into the Fa-rectification current. At that time, more than 10 policemen stood by the ticket inspection gate in the Shenyang railway station to identify Falun Dafa practitioners. There were only 30 to 40 passengers around. The strange thing was that the police cross-examined and checked the photo IDs of almost everybody except me, the "wanted prisoner." I kept my eyes fixed straight ahead and strode right toward the train. The police on both sides seemed as if they had not seen anyone passing in front of them.

A practitioner from China, March 2001

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