

Using an Upright Mind and Unshakable Belief in Dafa to Suffocate Evil

-My experience in guarding the Dafa

In order to perform my role as an element of Dafa in the Fa-rectification, I went to Tiananmen Square with another practitioner at about 11:40 am on December 29th, 2000. When we got there, we saw some practitioners raising banners with the words "Falun Dafa is Righteous" and "Restore the Reputation of Falun Dafa" on them. As soon as they raised the banners, policemen and plain-clothes agents would swarm them like gangsters, snatch away the banners, and beat them. Police cars frequently carried the arrested practitioners out of the square. We saw a young female practitioner running in front of us with a raised banner, chased by plain-clothes agents. One agent tried to trip her, but he only managed to lose one of his own shoes in the process.

We could not help but to applaud loudly, but this attracted the attention of plain-clothes agents. One of them came over to grab and arrest us, and I thought that I should not be taken away in this way. I shouted, "Falun Dafa is good!" as I was struggling to get away from him. He hit me in the face, but I still shouted out, "Dafa is good", "Restore the reputation of Dafa," and "Restore the reputation of our Teacher!" I told myself that I should not be taken away so easily, so I should try to shout out as many times as I could. I resisted as much as I could when they pushed me to the ground and then threw me into the police car.

When I was finally in the car, the driver said "it is full," and drove away. The agent removed my belt tied it around my neck tightly, but I felt as if nothing was there. Later, I was moved to another car. By that point, my mouth and nose were bleeding, and I could barely open my right eye because of the swelling. We were taken to a long narrow lobby in the square police bureau, where there were about 200 practitioners already. Policemen carried wood and electric batons and kept watch over us. When we shouted out "Suffocate the evil", they would beat us with their batons. Later, we were taken to a bus to Changping, and we stopped by the jail for a short while before we were transferred to the detention center of the Dongcheng Police Bureau.

In the detention center, practitioners were given numbers, photographed, interrogated, and had fingerprints taken. Most practitioners did not tell their names and addresses, so they were locked up in cells. Our cell had more than ten practitioners, and one was more than 70-years-old. We decided to go on a hunger strike to protest the illegal detention and to protect Dafa with our lives. In the first few days, some practitioners were recognized by policemen and taken away. The rest of us practiced the Falun Gong exercises together everyday, recited Master Li's articles and poems, and tried to maintain righteous thoughts. I felt that I had gradually let go of my various attachments. Although I did not know what would happen, I decided not give up my hunger strike until they released me. I was trying to do my best to be a worthy disciple of Master Li, even if I had to leave my corporal body behind. Master Li said, "Everything that the evil has done has actually targeted the attachments and fears that you have not let go of. You are future enlightened beings who are becoming Buddha's, Dao's, and Gods, and you are not concerned

with the losses and gains of this world. So you should be able to let go of everything." I knew that I should maintain self-discipline and an upright mind, and I would immediately object to and eliminate those ordinary people's thoughts as soon as they emerged. As time passed without food or water, I felt some weakness. However, I realized that this small suffering was just a trivial matter, and that in the end this would count as nothing. Like Master Li said, "In the future when you look back--if you can reach Consummation, that is--you'll find that it was nothing and was just like a dream."

In the morning of the sixth day of our hunger strike, practitioners were taken away from the detention center and sent to different local police branches. One practitioner and I were sent to the branch of Beijing Railway Station. The policemen and guards there were very surprised when they found out that we had been on hunger strike for six days. We told them the benefits to our bodies and minds that we gained through practicing Falun Gong, and we explained why we went to Tiananmen Square and why we did not reveal our names and addresses. In the evening, we were sent to a hospital for physicals. The results showed that our physical situations were terrible. After we declined therapy and went back to the police station, that night the policemen there released us.

I felt that every step I took in those six days was one Dafa practitioner should take. I made it because I have an upright and determined mind for the Dafa. Compared to what Dafa has brought to me, I felt that, as an element of Dafa, I did so little. Only by devoting myself more to the progress of Fa-rectification and further purifying myself, could I be worthy of being an element of the Dafa. That would be the best way to express my deep appreciation for Master Li's great compassion.

A Dafa practitioner in mainland China

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