

The Dignity of Dafa and Master's Comments: On "The Dignity of Dafa"

A Dafa Disciple in China

[Clearwisdom Net] Teacher once said in one of his lectures given outside China, "Dafa has its dignity" and that "Not everyone can obtain the Fa." Teacher's words have been guiding me all along, making me reflect from the perspective of the Fa on my every action and word among ordinary people. After letting go of my attachments and identifying my own problems, my thoughts have become more aligned with Dafa's principles. Indeed, this really has bearing on the correct understanding of conforming to the way of ordinary people, the correct understanding of true Goodness (*Shan*), and the rational understanding of the relationship between Fa-rectification and individual cultivation.

Due to the persecution by the evil, I have long been homeless and living on financial assistance from friends. During the Labor Day holidays in early May, my wife and I visited a relative to clarify the truth about Dafa, and to find a place to stay for the time being. It was unfortunate that the relative's son stole several hundred dollars from us.

My wife suggested that we look within ourselves, and that it the incident probably happened so as to eliminate some of our notions or attachments, or to alert us to something we have done wrong. The relative and his family were very anxious, and were constantly blaming the son. My wife tried to comfort the relative, "Just let it be. It doesn't matter. Don't take it too seriously." I felt her words somehow allowed them to shirk all their responsibilities. I thought, "Is it easier for Dafa practitioners to earn money? Or is it *less wrong* that the money of Dafa practitioners be stolen? Lastly, isn't this the same as encouraging the evil forces?" Of course, we should look within ourselves for our own shortcomings. But looking within oneself isn't without principle; furthermore, it is no excuse for us to indulge various vicious elements. Our friends assisted us financially so that we could do better in clarifying the truth about Dafa, and we had been strict with ourselves at all times. Why should we always think that it's our own fault when confronted with this kind of problem? Wasn't it true that the evil was taking advantage of our Goodness and exploiting the loopholes in our thoughts? I thus immediately shared with the relative a different opinion I had, "The kid must take responsibility for stealing the money. To steal several hundred dollars is a criminal act. We cannot tolerate this behavior from him. We are so kind to him, only to find that he's taken all our money. That was completely the behavior of a degenerate being; he must take full responsibility. On the other hand, we do hope you parents won't have to carry any mental burden. We would like to see you live healthily."

Knowing my stance on this and feeling the firmness in my gentle words, the relative immediately threatened me, using his human craftiness, "We're afraid the kid is thoughtless. If we report him to the police, he might reveal your true identities and affect your safety." At the time, my wife did have this worry, and agreed with what he said. On my part, I saw through his apparent concern for our safety, which was nothing but an open threat. I knew my relative's thoughts were not righteous at all. If I agreed with him, I would in fact be hurting them. They were taking advantage of our Goodness and our unrighteous thoughts that feared being reported and caught by the police. Thus, I answered unequivocally, "I hope the kid can come back. If he doesn't come back within the next 24 hours, he may not expect it, but I *will* dare to report his theft to the police." The next day, my relative told me that he would definitely return the money to us; were he not to, he would not be able to raise his head among friends and relatives for the rest of his life. I was happy that he could come to see the principles clearly, and I calmly accepted the money he returned to us on his son's behalf.

When sharing our cultivation experiences, a practitioner told me that her husband had always interfered with her cultivation--by threatening her, beating her, and swearing at her. Now he's forcing her to divorce. I asked her, "Since you can handle this without discontentment or hatred,

without asking for a little bit of the property, and with your righteous belief in Dafa not shaken even one bit, what on earth do you have to fear? You're a Dafa disciple, and you have your dignity. Should a Dafa disciple be so Good (*Shan*) and yet still be made penniless, sleeping on the street and begging for food? Aren't you indulging the vicious elements behind your husband? The fact is that many people have become degenerate. The more good you are towards them, the more they will take advantage of you and persecute you. After you've purified your own thoughts, you can tell him with openness and dignity, 'If you want to divorce me simply because I practice Falun Dafa cultivation, the decision is up to you. However, I'm entitled to have my share of all property in this family.' Meanwhile, you can send forth your righteous thoughts to eradicate the vicious elements behind him. Just try it." The next day, the practitioner told me that when she calmed down and said this to her husband with openness and dignity, her husband was dumbfounded and shocked, and said, "I thought you practitioners weren't attached to money and property." She replied, "Of course, we aren't attached to money and property. But you're taking advantage of this in order to persecute a Dafa disciple. We're not afraid of having money or property. I'm entitled to a share of everything in this family." Ever since, her husband has pulled in his horns and hasn't been as unreasonable as before.

My uncle and his wife used to be practitioners. Under the great pressure of the July 22nd banning of Falun Dafa (in 1999) they were frightened by the evil, and tried to disguise their fear with the excuses such as "The arm is no match for the thigh in a contest of strength," and "This is what is called dictatorship." In their hearts they knew pretty well that Dafa is good, so they still practiced it when nobody was around. But they were concealing their attachment of fear by doing various activities that everyday people do, like learning Tai-chi and dancing, and they tried to justify this as conforming to the state of human society. When some everyday person would talk about Dafa or even slander Dafa, they would turn a deaf ear, as if it had nothing to do with them or as if they had never been a part of Dafa before. They even regarded my efforts to clarify the truth as "getting into politics," "struggling with people," and so on, and they didn't want to have any contact with me.

One day, when I visited their home to give them Teacher's new articles, my uncle scolded me and asked me not to come to their home anymore. I immediately pointed something out to them sternly, "You have benefited so much from practicing Dafa. You know clearly that Dafa is the most righteous, and that Jiang's regime is spreading lies, yet you still view Dafa with the filthy mentality of a human being. Do you still have a human conscience? Do you deserve to be a Dafa disciple? When the Dafa, which has improved both your body and spirit so much, is being damaged by the evil, how can you be so indifferent, and so afraid of speaking up for Dafa? You're even afraid of me, a relative, coming to your home. Are you still worthy of being human? I openly practice cultivation of Dafa with dignity, and without one bit of fear or evasiveness. What I've gained is respect from my colleagues, from former supervisors, and from police who now respect Dafa and Dafa disciples; I've left the image of a practitioner who lives his life with openness and dignity. Although I'm homeless because of the persecution, I live very nobly, with a broad mind, and I flourish. What about you? You don't live like a human, or even a ghost, but instead lead some kind of rotten, pathetic existence. Is this a normal state for a human being?" My stern words, manifesting the dignity of Dafa and the most righteous thoughts of a Dafa disciple, shook their hearts, and made them see their own unrighteous attitude towards Dafa immediately.

There was a Dafa disciple who left home to better validate Dafa, and who went to an appointment with a friend in hopes of clarifying the truth about Dafa to him. Unexpectedly, her parents, her husband, her good friend, and her supervisor at work had conspired with the local police, and they sent her to a brainwashing class. The practitioner came to understand that the evil was trying to exploit her Goodness, and that it took advantage of her feelings (*qing*) towards her friends and relatives in order to persecute her, a Dafa disciple. She was not carried away by human feelings and the hypocritical words of her relatives and friend, who claimed to do this for her own good. As a Dafa disciple, she validated Dafa at the risk of her life, and did so with fearless righteous belief. At the same time, she exposed their wicked behavior with her righteous

thoughts and compassion. Soon, by eradicating interference and vicious elements that were controlling them in other dimensions, she helped them realize their wrongdoing, and this in turn led to her immediate release. Those people have now started to treat her nicely once again. Through this episode, not only did she free herself, but she also saved many beings that were involved in this matter.

Another practitioner went to Beijing to validate Dafa. He could not find a place to stay, since all hotels required ID and his safety was an issue. While he searched for a place to stay, he was wrestling with a question: Does this mean that I have to endure more hardships, or does it mean that I should give up a certain attachment? He thought about it from this angle for quite some time, but still could not figure it out. Later he thought, "I came to Beijing to validate Dafa--the most sacred and righteous action in the universe. So everything should be the best, the most righteous. How could it be allowed that I can't find a place to sleep?" Right after he had this thought he found a great hotel that didn't request ID cards.

A Dafa disciple's purest and best state of mind can even melt diamond. If we don't pursue hardships or tribulations, nor regard "filth as beauty," Dafa's dignity will manifest through us. This is because you then will not be thinking that they are giving you De (*virtue*) when they beat you; instead, you will be thinking that they are persecuting Dafa. You then are not thinking that they are giving you De when they take away your money or property; rather, you will be thinking that they are deliberately damaging Dafa and Dafa disciples. When they put you into jail, you then will be seeing it as persecution that solely targets Dafa, rather than seeing it as part of your cultivation. In all, you must consider the evil's every manifestation from the perspective of Fa-rectification; you must not give them any chance to take advantage of your unrighteous thoughts; and you must never comply with any of the evil's persecution of you.

In April last year I was deceived and put into a detention center. I didn't in any way feel that I was being interrogated when they gave me a hearing. On the contrary, I fully and happily displayed the purest Goodness of a Dafa disciple to everyone there. Moreover, my main consciousness was very clear that I should rectify all that is not righteous in any environment. They asked me whether I came to the detention center to raise my level, and told me that all practitioners who came here regarded it as a good environment for raising their cultivation levels. I told them directly, "No, it's not at all a place for someone as noble as I to stay. I was deceived and kidnapped here. This is irrational persecution against me. In no way can it be considered a good place for Dafa disciples to raise their levels in cultivation. I hope that you'll release me as soon as possible." When they asked about my family background, I then rolled off all the professors, Ph.D. students, university presidents, etc. among my family and relatives, letting them know what kind of people practice Falun Dafa. I did this to try to convey to them that we Dafa practitioners are highly talented people; many of us are the elite of human society, and not among the ranks of those who feel spiritually empty and who seek mental sustenance. Whenever they said something, I managed to direct the conversation to the topic of how to be a decent human being. Throughout all of this, I guided them with my powerful righteous belief and main consciousness. As a result, they became a little excited, with their eyes full of respect for me. They no longer had any idea of persecuting me in their minds.

In my jail cell I didn't blame the prisoners for fighting with each other. Instead, I reasoned with them, "Returning evil actions with evil, people can only learn evil because you release the evil you endured from others to somebody else. But if you return the evil with Goodness, people can learn Goodness and see a bright future. Since the police pretended to be nice to you while they aren't really kind in their hearts, you can feel their evil and it is evil you have learned. That's why forced labor re-education can't change a person's nature. However, Falun Dafa can change a person fundamentally, making him inclined toward Goodness forever, and making him forever yearn for Goodness and look towards Goodness." After I said this, the prisoners stopped fighting from then on and became more considerate of each other. Before I was sent to the detention center, I had heard many practitioners relay stories about how they promoted Dafa to prisoners,

and about how easy it is to raise one's level in the jail environment. But when I was there myself, I really wondered how this could be a place for a practitioner to stay!

Jails are full of dirty words and filth from the prisoners' thoughts and behaviors. That's why I clarified the truth to them and let them know about Dafa through my own cultivation experiences. However, some of them asked me questions only for the purpose of killing time, which set me thinking, "How could I talk about Dafa to everyone as if it were just some casual thing? Isn't that a blasphemy of Dafa?" In this way, I kept my thinking about spreading Dafa in jail rational throughout the whole course of my detention. And besides, how could such a filthy place be good for our practitioners' cultivation? I had a strong idea in mind that I should leave there right away and do what I should for Dafa.

As soon as I arrived at the detention center, I asked the guards for permission to practice the exercises. They didn't agree, and instructed the cell's jailer to watch me. Not in a hurry to practice, I seized the opportunity to clarify the truth about Dafa to them when the guards called me out for a talk. I told them the essence of Dafa cultivation, I broke their thoughts and notions that had been shaped in different ways by the evil, I rectified all that was not righteous in their minds, and I inspired their good side. At the time, I had a thought that I should melt the evil in their minds with my mind's purest, most good state. Many times, when several guards gathered around me, I clarified the truth to them and inspired their Goodness with my happy mood and with my commitment to Goodness.

Gradually they all changed, including the policeman whom the prisoners had detested and regarded as the most vicious. He told me, "You can practice 10 minutes on my shift. But not longer." I said to him, "I've just started at the 10 minute mark. It's not enough." "Then fifteen minutes at most." I smiled. I knew there was no need for arguing further--they were changing. And there's no difference between a promise of 15-minutes and one hour. Since I always looked happy, the guards asked me not to smile in front of the prisoners for fear that they wouldn't be able to handle the prisoners well. I told them that I'm such an optimistic being who has been cultivated from Dafa, and that this is my true nature. Since I always looked joyful when I was talking with the police, the prisoners were afraid I had some special connection with the police since the prisoners, including the ones who were physically strongest, could only hang their heads while talking with the police, much less could they ever manage a smile. With things this way, their keeping an eye on me amounted to a formality that achieved nothing. When I practiced the exercises the police were even helping me. So the prisoners just couldn't figure out what I had up my sleeve.

Later on, instructions came from superiors to strengthen the watch on me. The cell guard then asked me not to spread Dafa to the prisoners. I said, "As long as I'm not asked, I won't say a word to anyone." I knew that humans are curious, and that they would ask me about it. Moreover, Dafa is most dignified and we can't talk about it just anywhere as if it were some casual words and phrases. The guards thus instructed the jailer to announce to the cell that nobody was allowed to ask about Falun Gong. I really didn't say anything, and kept thinking about Dafa while working, with a smile on my face all the time. I worked quietly for 18 hours a day, smiling, not saying a word. The next day, the jailer hurried to report to the guard that, "This man's meditation power is too strong. When he didn't say anything, none of us could say anything." Indeed, I didn't have any feeling of pressure inside or outside the high walls of the jail. I knew clearly that I should leave here. My mind was as quiet as still water, but as free as I willed it. Nothing could affect my mind. I told the prisoners, "You don't know the length of your sentence, while everything of mine is in my own hands. In fact, all I have to do is say 'I won't practice anymore' and they'll release me. But only because I refuse to say this, I'm jailed here." Every word I said and everything I did earned the respect from the police and the prisoners. Nobody reported on me when I practiced. The police wouldn't say anything even if they saw me practice.

One night it was my turn to be on duty. It was very hot. So I fanned the jailer and the prisoners sleeping around me. To my surprise, the jailer suddenly jumped to his feet and said to me in a panic, "Sir, please be sure not to fan us. It's against the principles of heaven." I stopped at once, no longer regarding it as something kind that I should do. After one month I was released. When I left, the cell guard did not dare come over to me because he was shedding tears. The jailer felt it was a pity he didn't have the last meal with me. I wrote down Teacher's articles that I could remember and left them with him.

Back at the police substation, I was asked to write about my attitude towards Falun Gong, about why I practiced Falun Gong's exercises in the detention center, and about why I spread Dafa in the jail. I saw their evil intention clearly. So I wrote down my thoughts about Dafa and refused to write anything else. They went through it and said that it couldn't be approved. They said, in a foul-mouthed way, that I was not sensible, that I dared write like this, and that they would sentence me to three years of forced labor re-education. They said that it was not acceptable and they returned it to me, asking me to rewrite it. I didn't have any of their reasoning in me, and rejected in my mind whatever they said. I thought that their asking me to rewrite it meant that I didn't write it with sufficient determination and firmness. I then wrote at the very beginning, "I think Falun Dafa is the greatest cultivation of an upright Fa ever known to history." I focused all my heart on these words. This was my reply to the evil. They released me immediately.

Last October, the heads of the provincial "610 office" asked me to have a talk with them. I dealt with them with righteous belief and wisdom at every moment. When they impolitely mentioned Teacher's name, I said to them in a rational and calm, yet unshakable way that, "You must respect my Teacher. This is the basis of our talk. Otherwise, the talk can't go on." They looked into my eyes, and saw the unshakable righteousness beneath my calm. They changed how they spoke. Although we were all talking and laughing lightheartedly, we were actually fighting to see who was wiser and more courageous. Every word was like the glint and flash of daggers and swords. Every word was a trap. They talked with me this way for an entire day, with the ultimate purpose of numbing my main consciousness and obtaining what they needed from me. But from the very beginning I was fully aware of their real intention, and managed to dissolve their scheming and intriguing with the wisdom Dafa has bestowed upon me. There were numerous threats in the calm talk, but all I had expressed was my righteous belief in Dafa. At last, they couldn't find any gap or anything they needed, and could only give up. I then calmly said to them, "As long as you still have a bit of goodwill and a correct attitude towards Falun Dafa, we Dafa practitioners will offer you salvation." They had no choice but to express their gratitude to me.

Later on, I went to a practitioner's home in another city. Her husband is the authority in a certain scientific field and a Ph.D. supervisor. After he read some of my experience sharing articles, he showed great respect toward me. He vacated for me the best bedroom and his study room, where I wrote many experience sharing articles in a quiet environment to validate Dafa. And he actually moved himself to a small room with bad ventilation, where he worked on the development plans for his discipline. Many practitioners couldn't understand it, and remarked, "He wasn't happy at all when we were at his home. It didn't matter who went there, he'd arrange for that person to sleep in that stuffy small room. Fancy that he was so good to you, and gave you the best. It's really hard to believe." To my understanding, when all you manifest to a human being is the rationality, wisdom, peacefulness, and dignity that a Dafa disciple possesses, that human being is bound to have respect for Dafa. The reason he treated me so well was that I had embodied Dafa's wisdom and dignity. Though I didn't have much knowledge of his scientific field, I tried to guide him to think about his field from different perspectives, using the wisdom I had obtained through Dafa cultivation. I said, "Professor, I have little knowledge of your field of research, but my understanding of it, which I elaborated on previously, is deeper, I believe, than that of any of the Ph.D. students you've instructed. Even you yourself might not have such broad dimensions in your thinking. All my wisdom comes from Falun Dafa." I said to him jokingly, "Professor, you should award me a Ph.D. degree." The professor smiled, saying that he would study *Zhuan Falun* well.

On "The Dignity of Dafa"

The ideas in this disciple's article are excellent. This is how Fa-rectification cultivation is different from individual cultivation. Meanwhile, it demonstrates the solid foundation built in individual cultivation. If you are without the kind of Goodness (*Shan*) that a Dafa disciple has, then you cannot be called a cultivator. If a Dafa disciple cannot validate the Fa, then he is not a Dafa disciple. While exposing the evil we are also rescuing all sentient beings and consummating our own paradises.

Li Hongzhi

July 17, 2001