

## **A Family Joins Together to Save Their Beloved One Who Was Kidnapped**

By a Practitioner in China

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My mother went to Beijing to appeal to the government to end the persecution of Falun Dafa and was detained by the police for nearly 10 months. During her detention she rectified distortions wherever she was held, as a practitioner ought to do. The perpetrators hated her, but, at the same time, they were afraid of her. They exhausted their methods of torture to break her, but failed. Our family was in a state of passive endurance for a long time. One day my sister called and asked me to get back home as soon as possible. When I arrived home, my father told us that my mother hadn't been able to eat or drink anything for four days due to the torture and that she was very weak. He gave us a strip of paper with her handwritten statement, "My last pledge: I hereby validate with my life to the sentient beings in the cosmos and the people in the world that Falun Dafa is the fundamental law of the cosmos. Falun Dafa is good. The teacher of Falun Dafa is good. I call upon the righteous minds and consciences of people with my life and body. I ask people to maintain their kindness, for it will determine their future. To treasure the great law of the cosmos is to treasure one's life." She also told my father, "If I cannot walk out of the detention center openly and with dignity, I won't mind discarding this human body." Hearing that, I said, "We cannot sit by and endure this any more." My father immediately called the authorities at his work place. We told them over the phone that they would "take the responsibility if my mother died." We contacted every family member to go together the following day to demand my mother's release. My brother-in-law is not a practitioner, but he also wanted to go with us. I was happy for him. I sent forth righteous thoughts that they would release my mother in three days. But my wife and sister said we should ask for an immediate release. I agreed. How could the persecution be allowed to go on for another day? They should release my mother immediately. I strengthened my righteous thoughts. When I returned to my home, I told my mother-in-law briefly about the situation and asked her family to send forth righteous thoughts. She said simply, "You can count on that."

Seeing that our whole family went to the workplace to demand my mother's release, the authorities asked two people from the 610 Office (a bureau specifically created by the Chinese government to persecute Falun Gong. It has absolute power over each level of administration in the Party, as well as over the political and judiciary branches) for a solution. I knew them from when I was sent to the brainwashing class. One of them had been promoted to a position of being in charge of the 610 Office at a higher level. We waited till noon before they were ready to see us. Four or five people were sitting in the room waiting for us. We took our seats and a person from the 610 Office started to talk nonsense. I stopped him and declared what we wanted. I also told him the principle of due retribution that good is rewarded with good and evil is met with evil. He jerked with fury, stared at me, and told me not to say anything about Falun Gong. If I did, the conversation would be ended. I didn't know what to say except to keep on sending forth righteous thoughts. My sister said, "I am not talking to you about Falun Gong. I am talking to you about the facts." My wife said, "Why are you so afraid of talking about Falun Gong? Why are you so afraid of talking reason?" I couldn't hear what they were saying. I discovered my fear. I remembered what Teacher says in "Eliminate Your Last Attachment(s)", "If a cultivator can let go of the thought of life and death under any circumstances, evil is bound to be afraid of him. If every practitioner is able to do this, evil will of itself no longer exist." I strengthened my righteous thoughts.

At that time, they were taking advantage of my brother-in-law by asking him to persuade my father to write a letter renouncing Falun Gong. They said it was impossible to make my mother write it, so my father could write and send it to his workplace or the sub-county government. As long as he did that, they would release my mother. My brother-in-law nodded. He was thinking of getting my mother out first. I said right away that, as her son, I admired my mother. I would tell my children what kind of person their grandmother was. She was a good person, living with dignity. We would never write any letter of renunciation. I said these words in a calm and peaceful manner. The people from 610 Office were furious, "I didn't ask you to write it." He stared at me with his eyes wide open. I looked straight at him and said calmly, "We will not write any renunciation. You have to set my mother free." Silence. He stared fiercely at me. I kept on

looking at him calmly. Behind his eyes, I saw uncertainty and weakness, while I had the strong righteous thoughts. Finally, he said, "To tell you the truth. I admire your mother, too." But we still didn't get what we wanted. We demanded to see my mother. Seeing that we were unwavering, they agreed. They still intended to play some tricks, but they were weak and fruitless.

On the way to visit my mother, it occurred to me that our cultivation way is to cultivate mind and body. Our bodies are transformed in Dafa. The evil force doesn't deserve to seize our bodies, not even one hair. I wrote the idea on a piece of paper and asked my brother-in-law to take it to my mother. My mother waved to us from the 9th floor near the barred window. She called us on my brother-in-law's cell phone and said, "I know. I know. Everything is arranged by our Teacher. Don't you worry." Her voice was clear and sweet. We waited for a long time before my brother-in-law got downstairs. Later we learned that he had gone to see the people in charge and told them to learn the lesson from the Cultural Revolution. None of those who initiated political campaigns and persecuted people ended up well. After visiting my mother, my brother-in-law was silent for quite some time. He finally said, "She is a terrible scene." My wife, my sister, and I had been sending forth righteous thoughts. Our minds were firm. On the way back home, the people from 610 Office called and told us to take my mother home the next day. All of our family worked in the medical field. Based on the description by my brother-in-law, my sister asked me to carry my mother home on my back.

The next morning, on the way to take my mother home, my father said, "Your mother probably won't let you carry her. She said she would walk out of the cell openly and with dignity. You can carry her after she gets downstairs. That will be different." I nodded. I had a thought before I arrived there: They don't deserve a word from Dafa practitioners. They couldn't stand any word from us, either. I thought they were going to make it difficult for us and I was ready to face them. To my surprise, I encountered no difficulties at all. Nor did I see anyone I had anticipated. Nobody asked me to write anything this time. I didn't even see people in black police uniforms. Everything went so smoothly. The security people, the people on duty, and the police all stood near the wall in the corridor with various expressions on their faces. My mother walked slowly but steadily, holding her head up high under their gaze. One step after another, she walked with dignity out of the cell where she had been detained for months. She never let me take her by the arm. When she got downstairs, she stood in the wind with no sign of fatigue and said, "I am Teacher's student. Teacher's students are good."

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