

# A REAL LIFE ACCOUNT

## OF A MAN'S DELIVERY FROM CANCER THROUGH THE POWER OF REPENTANCE AND PURE FAITH

*-Reported by Bhikshuni Heng Tao*

IF RAGE TURNS INTO HAPPINESS  
EVEN A DEAD PERSON CAN COME BACK TO LIFE.  
IF YOU SAY THIS IS FALSE  
THEN ALL BUDDHAS WOULD BE LYING.

*"Universal Door Chapter"*  
*DHARMA FLOWER SUTRA*

In mid-January, 1982, Wu Chin Jung and his wife came from Malaysia to pay their respects at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas. Layman Wu is a teller at a large bank in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and he came to the City with a serious problem in tow. Over a year ago he contracted cancer of the rectum. Doctors had deemed it terminal and told him that he had less than six months to live. Out of sheer desperation, Layman Wu came to the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas seeking help, encouraged by his niece Tam Kuan Fun.

Tam Kuan Fun took refuge with the Venerable Abbot when the delegation from Dharma Realm Buddhist University visited Southeast Asia in the summer of 1978. In the years subsequent, however, she became enticed by a greed for the "esoteric" and got herself involved with and even initiated into certain secret sects. Subsequently, she was hexed by some lama who practiced deviant magic on her. By December 1981, when the Second Delegation to Asia from the Sino-American Buddhist Association arrived in Malaysia, Tam was a miserable wreck, constantly on the brink of a nervous breakdown. Apprehensive though she was, she felt compelled to draw near the Venerable Abbot again. She followed the delegation from Kuala Lumpur to Penang, where she witnessed the miraculous healing of a young deaf-mute woman named Chung Yu Chih. The Venerable Abbot relied upon the spiritual power of all the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas as well as the faith of the entire assembly of over 1500 to effect the cure. After witnessing that event, Tam Kuan Fun cast aside her doubts, knelt before the Abbot, and asked to be forgiven. The Abbot rapped her on the head with his cane and scolded her, thereby effecting a rude awakening in her and she snapped out of her dazed and dream-like state. In a couple of days Tam Kuan Fun found herself recovered from the hex. Her faith grew to new depths and heights.

Encouraged by the accounts he heard from his niece, Layman Wu decided to put everything down and come to the City. It was his only hope. On a cold January evening, the Wus arrived at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas. Kneeling before the fourfold assembly with palms placed together, he pleaded tearfully for help. He was wan and depressed, extremely ill, and emaciated from the worry and fear that gnawed at his heart

every moment. "What have I done to deserve this?" was his immediate question. It was the characteristic "why me?" attitude that plagues most cancer victims, for they are very confused and bewildered about the conditions that led to their pitiful states. They don't realize that all along it is they themselves who bring on the illness, not anyone or anything else.

*"To those who enjoy hunting he speaks of the retribution of a frightening insanity and disastrous doom. .. To those who net and trap young animals, he speak of the retribution of separation of flesh from bone...To those who scald, burn, behead, cut or otherwise injure animals, he speaks of repayment in kind."*

*EARTH STORE SUTRA*

*"The offense of killing can cause living beings to fall into the hells, become animals, or be hungry ghosts. If they are born among people, they have two kinds of retribution: one, a short lifespan; two, many illnesses."*

*Second Ground of Leaving Filth  
"Ten Grounds Chapter"  
FLOWER ADORNMENT SUTRA*

The Abbot contemplated the conditions of this person. It is said in the *FLOWER ADORNMENT SUTRA*, "As are the deeds, so is the corresponding result which manifests." Throughout measureless aeons, Layman Wu has committed very heavy killing karma. In this life alone he has relished both good and nourishing food, sparing neither money nor toil in glutting himself with an endless variety of delicacies found in Chinese cuisine. Snakes, monkeys' brains, brown bears' paws, sparrows, raccoons, deer, frogs, seafood such as tortoises, crabs, prawns, mussels, clams, oysters, fish and their roe as well as chicken, pork, mutton, and beef--to name a few. He has eaten them all. His favorite pastime was going to different restaurants to feast on the seasonal delicacies, or he would personally go to market stalls where he purchased caged animals and then had them cooked to his taste at home.

Not only has he done this in this present life (a fact he quickly admitted to when it was pointed out to him), but he has pursued these hobbies for limitless lifetimes. Life after life he indulged in wanton killing and capturing of animals by laying traps, hunting, shooting, slaughtering, and cooking them, and then eating their flesh with gusto. The myriad animals that he killed numbered thousands upon thousands. All these birds and beasts gave off deep resentment at the moment of their deaths. They registered the injustice and their hatred is as deep as the sea. As it is said:

For hundreds of thousands of years  
the meat broth in the bowl,  
Seethes with resentment deep as the ocean  
so it is difficult to even out.

If you wish to know the reason  
for wars in the world today  
Just go and listen to the piteous cries  
in a slaughterhouse at midnight.

When animals are slaughtered, they feel deep animosity and terror and this releases toxic substances into their bodies which lodge in their flesh. The people who then eat that flesh imbibe these toxins into their own systems. The hateful energy also becomes registered in the Eighth Consciousness of the killer and the person who eats the meat. Although such events are invisible to the physical eyes of common people, nonetheless the accounts are registered very clearly right in empty space, down to the smallest iota, and those who have opened their Five Eyes can see the records as clear as day. The slain animals and their spirits haunt the person who killed them and those who ate their meat. They follow right behind, trailing them from this life to the next, waiting--waiting to strike back when it comes time for the accounts to be settled. And so it is said:

Even throughout hundreds of thousands of aeons,  
The karma that is created is never forgotten.  
When the causes and conditions ripen,  
One still has to undergo the retribution.

Layman Wu's situation is a case in point of the above principle. It is merely a matter of repayment in cause and effect, which is never off by a hair's breadth. For the causes one has planted, one must undergo a corresponding result. "If you plant melons, you'll get melons; if you plant beans, you'll harvest beans."

Moreover, upon further investigation into his situation, it was discovered that he had created numerous other offenses in past lives, such as slandering the Triple Jewel, defiling pure Way-places, disrupting others' pure practices, usurping the food, drink, and property of the Eternally Dwelling and so forth. On top of that, he had been a slaughterer of one sort or another for many lifetimes. One life he was a butcher of cattle, another time he was a butcher of pigs, another time a butcher of chickens, another time a poacher trapping fledglings and young animals into captivity, and so forth. This killing karma had woven an overwhelmingly complex net of karma with all the various undercurrents of debt and repayment--all of which had to be settled somehow--and so when certain causes and conditions ripened during this present life, Layman Wu contracted cancer.

So, one may ask at this point, where does cancer come from? For the most part it comes from killing karma. Killing energy leaves unmistakable imprints in our Eighth Consciousness (what is commonly called the "soul," "spirit," or "nature"). Killing energy festers, so that within the invisible "chemical laboratory" of the psyche, living beings assume a myriad changes and transformations according to their karma and experience rebirth in various guises to mete out their offenses. After one kills animals and eats their flesh, the toxins released from those animals' bodies become lodged in one's Eighth Consciousness there throughout successive lifetimes they undergo different mutations. A vicious cycle perpetuates itself. One's psyche becomes a fecund breeding ground for

poisonous viruses, most of which are invisible to even the most high-powered electro-microscopes. These poisonous strains in turn develop into more lethal poisonous strains, their mutations being endless and differing according to each individual. The poison is a solid, black energy forged from hate--so strong that no laser could obliterate it, and so potent that no modern medical drug could wipe it out. For as soon as modern medicine invents a drug to counteract a certain strain of cancer, that poisonous growth mutates and develops into a more lethal strain. This process repeats itself non-stop. It is a losing battle any way you look at it. Modern science's attempt to kick cancer with drugs has about as much effect as trying to relieve an itch on one's leg by scratching at one's boot--it never really gets down to it. Since science doesn't address itself to the true source of the illness--the poisons of the mind which include greed, anger, and stupidity as well as the physical poisons which directly relate to violation of five fundamental precepts: killing, stealing, sexual misconduct, false speech, and taking intoxicants, drugs, cigarettes, etc.--it is never going to find the ultimate "cure."

The more people give vent to their inflamed animal instincts and carnal desires, the more they will deny the workings of cause and effect to the point that they will blatantly make that denial outright. The more they toy with human life, devising multiple scientific and inventions, the worse the plight of humankind becomes. Everyday our world abounds with more and more killing weaponry--all devised by terribly "smart" people: atom bombs, lasers, medical "conveniences" such as birth control pills, artificial insemination, test tube babies, chemical fertilizers, industrial pollution, and so on. These fruits of modern civilization utterly and absolutely violate the natural law of heaven and earth. They fill the universe with a foul energy that results in the fumes of wars and calamities, and so it's no wonder that the more progressive we become, the more cancer and other bizarre illnesses abound. They are the direct result of and retribution for our collective evil karma.

And Layman Wu's case is by no means unusual. In fact it is a typical case history of a cancer victim. It was to be feared that if he still didn't understand the evil karma that caused his cancer, and if he didn't bring forth a true sense of repentance and resolve to reform, he would die very soon. After death his soul (Eighth Consciousness) would have to undergo rebirth, probably in the shapes of the various animals he had killed. He would revolve in a perpetual cycle of killing and being killed, over and over again, trying to clear up debts, that simply can't be remitted, and undergoing tremendous suffering in the hells for eternity.

After the Venerable Abbot explained these principles of karma and causation to Wu in no uncertain terms, the layman experienced a sudden awakening. He was like a person who has been wandering down a treacherous path, and suddenly encounters a good and wise guide who points out his mistakes and guides him back onto the right path. Thereupon a tremendous sense of shame welled up in him. Bowing before the Thousand-Handed, Thousand-Eyed Kuan Yin (Avalokiteshvara) Bodhisattva, and before the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of the ten directions, he earnestly asked for forgiveness from the Triple Jewel and pleaded that he might be given a second chance to live and become a new person.

The Wus stayed at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas for about four weeks. During that time Mr. Wu would often come before the entire assembly, kneeling with his palms together, humbly imploring forgiveness and most of the time wracked with sobs of remorse. He also vowed before the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas to be a vegetarian from now on and that if he were given a chance to live, he would cultivate the practice of liberating living creatures destined for slaughter until the end of his life. He would dedicate the merit accrued as atonement for one part in ten thousand of his offenses.

The Great Assembly singlemindedly transferred merit on his behalf, praying that his offenses be wiped away, that his good roots increase, and that the ghosts and karmic obstacles trailing him would gain speedy rebirth in the Land of Ultimate Bliss. The genuine sincerity evoked a response. Layman Wu experienced a very unusual sensation. While kneeling before the statue of Kuan Yin Bodhisattva in the Hall of Ten Thousand Buddhas, he felt a refreshing breeze blow over him, cooling him of his many heated afflictions. He felt revitalized and deep inside his heart he knew that Kuan Yin Bodhisattva had come to his aid. Soon after, to his utter amazement and gratitude, he found himself cured without any medical aid. His sincere repentance had brought about a response. He was being given a second chance.

On the day of his departure, Layman Wu bowed respectfully before the Abbot and the Assembly. He had a radiant glow on his face and a happy smile--something that wasn't there when he first arrived. He spoke in a quiet voice, "For years when I worked in the bank I was unhappy. Daily facing large wads of money, I was always worried that I might make a mistake in the books. Then I contracted cancer and the world came crashing down on me. I thought, 'This is it. This is the end.' It was dismal and dark. I almost lost all hope. Then my niece told me about the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas and I believed that if I went before the Buddhas and truly repented that I might be given a chance to live. Ever since I came here I've heard the Proper Dharma spoken every day. The water of Dharma soothes my heart. It's like seeing light at the end of a dark tunnel. I've never felt so much ease and pure faith, in my heart. I feel like a heavy load has been lifted from my shoulders. I vow to change my mistakes and renew myself. In the near future, I most certainly will come back for a visit with my entire family.

Several weeks after Layman Wu went back to Malaysia, the Sino-American Buddhist Association received two letters--one from his daughter and one from his niece Tam Kuan Fun, both of which appear below:

*Dear Venerable Master,*

*I am the eldest daughter of Ng Kuo Weng (Wu Kuo Jung) from Malaysia. My name is Ng Pue Sau and I am fourteen years of age.*

*I am writing this letter to thank Master from the bottom of my heart for healing my father. I am very, very grateful and thankful for what Master had done for my father. I wanted to write earlier to thank Master but I was having an important exam. My brother and sister are very grateful and they also thank Master from the bottom of their hearts.*

*I hope to see Master one day in real life and I beg Master to give me more brains for my studies so that in future I will become someone useful and will be able to look after my parents in their old age.*

*My father is in the best of health and has got a very good appetite.*

*Once again, my brother, my sister, and I thank Master truly and sincerely.*

*Yours respectfully,  
Pue Sau (14 years old)  
Ng Wai Kheong (10 years old)  
Ng Pue Chee (6 years old)*

*3/20/82*

*Rev. Heng Kuan,*

*Please convey my deepest gratitude and many thanks to the most respected Master Hsuan Hua for having cured my uncle Ng Kuo Weng (Wu Kuo Jung) of his cancer. If not for Master Hsuan Hua's help he would have died. There were seven people suffering from cancer staying in one ward in the hospital, and six of them are already dead. My uncle bought some books from the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas and I find them interesting and full of enriching knowledge...*

*Before I sign off, my sincere thanks to you and all the Bhikshus and Bhikshunis for their help and guidance given to my uncle and aunt. I am sure they will visit the Master at the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas in the near future.*

*With palms together I bow in respect to all. Thanks once again.*

*Tam Kuo Fun.*