



## THE CARDINAL KUNG FOUNDATION

December, 1997

P.O. Box 8086, Ridgeway Center  
Stamford, CT 06905, U.S.A.  
203-329-9712 Fax 203-329-8415

Dear friends:

### Remembering The Most Rev. Walter W. Curtis, S.T.D. Founding Chairman of the Cardinal Kung Foundation

During this happy season of Christmas, we are saddened to inform you of the death of our beloved founding Chairman, the Most Rev. Walter W. Curtis, the retired Bishop of Bridgeport, on October 18. He was 84.

For about 8 years, Bishop Curtis and Cardinal Kung lived in the same residence, the retired clergy home of the Bridgeport Diocese. I had the privilege of visiting him almost daily. When we met, the conversation very often turned to the ongoing persecution of the Roman Catholic Church in China. He was most interested, saddened, and concerned with my almost daily briefings. I recalled one of our conversations almost seven years ago:

"Why do you tell me the same story everyday?"  
The Bishop asked in a serious tone.

"I thought that you are interested in China, Bishop", I said.

"Why do you tell ME only? Do you really think that I can solve your problem in China? There are more than 400 bishops in the United States, thousands more worldwide. There are hundreds of thousands of priests and almost a billion Catholics in the world. What you have told me about China is invaluable. However, it is not good enough to tell me alone. Each one of these bishops, priests, and faithful ought to know about the on-going persecutions to the Roman Catholic Church in China. Joe, you must tell the world the same story that you've told me." Bishop began to smile most genially.

With the tireless encouragement of Bishop Curtis and the endorsement of Cardinal Kung, The Cardinal Kung Foundation was founded in 1992. The Bishop immediately donated \$ 5,000 to the Foundation as seed money. He was personally involved in every step of the initial formation of the Foundation. He helped to design the logo, translate the prayer for China on Cardinal Kung's prayer card. He spent hours working on our mission statement and the introductory brochure. The Board of Directors is very grateful for Bishop Curtis' guidance at all the Board meetings during the past six years. The Bishop missed only one meeting due to illness.



MOST REVEREND WALTER W. CURTIS, S.T.D.

Upon the Map of China  
Rests the Shrine and  
Our Lady of She-Shan  
Through Whom We Pray  
"There may be one fold  
and one shepherd"

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Bishop Curtis was most compassionate and generous to Cardinal Kung during the past 9 years. When China agreed to let the Cardinal to go the United States for medical reason, Bishop Curtis knew very little about China or Cardinal Kung, except that the Cardinal was a prisoner of conscience for 32 years for his faith. In spite of this, Bishop Curtis warmly welcomed the Cardinal to his diocese without any hesitation. He offered the Cardinal residency in the diocese retirement home for the clergy. This became a home for Cardinal Kung for the past nine years. In fact, this is the only home Cardinal Kung has had for the past 42 years. The friendship, care and tranquility at the Clergy Home are important reasons for the Cardinal's good health at age 96.

A few months after Cardinal Kung's arrival in the Queen of Clergy Home, Bishop Curtis retired as Bishop of the Bridgeport Diocese after 27 years. He joined the Cardinal at the Queen of Clergy Home. In spite of the language barrier, Bishop

Curtis and Cardinal Kung became very close friends. Their deep respect for each other and their mutual understanding needed no exchange of words. Whenever necessary, Bishop Curtis would resort to Latin.

When Bishop Curtis retired from the diocese of 330 thousand Catholics, he immediately adopted spiritually the eight million Catholics in China. He stood by Cardinal Kung every step of the way. He could not have been prouder when the Holy Father spoke openly of his affection for China and his pride in the fidelity of the underground Church. This good natured Bishop would be outraged, grieved and would pray when the underground Church and Cardinal Kung were misrepresented, and when the underground Church was attacked. He gave thanks to our Lady of Sheshan when the Foundation was able to advance the causes of the suffering Church in China.

In their residence, Bishop Curtis quietly took care of this senior bishop from China. He was always on hand at the crucial moments to offer assistance and advice. Once, Cardinal Kung suddenly took ill at night. They could not reach my family. Bishop Curtis personally made sure that the Cardinal received all medical care. When we arrived at the Cardinal's residence near midnight, we found Bishop Curtis quietly praying outside the Cardinal's room. Bishop Curtis could not visit the Cardinal because he had a cold. He asked a priest to pray by the bedside of Cardinal Kung. In 1991, the Cardinal had to spend his Episcopal anniversary in the hospital. Knowing the Cardinal's devotion to the Holy Mass, Bishop Curtis surprised the Cardinal with an altar set up next to his room and concelebrated a Mass with the Cardinal on the wheelchair.

From time to time, Cardinal Kung received invitations to celebrate special commemorative Masses. Arrangement for these events had to be finalized months ahead. Not knowing the status of his health far in advance, Cardinal Kung would be reluctant to commit. Bishop Curtis felt strongly that through personal contacts with Cardinal Kung, others would learn of the fidelity of the persecuted Church in China. Bishop Curtis would encourage Cardinal Kung to accept such requests and promise that he would accompany the Cardinal to these services, ready to step in if the Cardinal was unable to perform these services. Consequently, Bishop Curtis accompanied Cardinal Kung to many services: the Memorial Mass for the victims of the Tiananmen Square Massacre, the Scranton St. Ann Media's nation-wide TV Mass for China, the ordinations of priests in New York State, the Mass of Thanksgiving for the martyrdom of Bishop Joseph Fan, the late Bishop of Baoding in China, and many other services. When the Cardinal received his red hat in Rome, the Bishop was there too for all the functions. The Chinese community was very grateful and proud to have Bishop Curtis' presence at all Cardinal's major functions.

A year ago, Bishop Curtis gave my wife Agnes an old holy card of Our Lady attired in Chinese dress. When she turned over the holy card, she was very surprised that it was a commemorative card for Bishop Curtis' priestly ordination in 1937 in Rome. The Bishop could not remember why this holy card was chosen sixty years ago, when he knew so very little about China. Bishop Curtis believed that it was God's plan that he himself would one day be so intimately involved with the Catholic Church in China.

Bishop Curtis was ordained a priest in 1937 in the chapel of Our Lady of Humility in Rome on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He celebrated his second Mass in the Borgese Chapel of the Basilica of Saint Mary Major, and chose "Mariae Immaculatae" as the motto for his Episcopal coat of arms. No wonder, in his homily of the vigil Mass for Bishop Curtis' funeral, Msgr. Wallin, his secretary, remembered Bishop Curtis as "completely Mary's son". In his deep devotion to the Holy Mother, it suddenly dawned on Bishop Curtis that China could not have been consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary because of Cardinal Kung's long imprisonment and the imprisonment of many other bishops in China. On May 30, 1992, with the assistance of Bishop Curtis, Cardinal Kung, in union with all underground bishops in China, solemnly consecrated his three dioceses to the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Her Shrine in Washington, New Jersey.

When I went to inform Cardinal Kung of Bishop Curtis' death, he responded spontaneously: "Bishop Curtis was my good friend. I did not even have a chance to pray for him while he was dying. Why was I not told of his dying?" The Cardinal wept. Cardinal became very quiet and went to his desk to pray. Next day, the Cardinal began the novena Masses for the repose of the soul of Bishop Curtis, his dear friend and a great friend of China.

As we celebrate the birth of our Lord, let us also remember our Founding Chairman, Bishop Curtis. Through his guidance, the Foundation was able to bring the persecution of the underground Church of China to the attention of the free world. With your spiritual and financial support, the Foundation is becoming the source of news to many governments and human rights organizations on the silent Church in China. I am confident that Bishop Curtis will work even harder, interceding for China and for the Cardinal Kung Foundation before the throne of the Queen of Heaven. Please pray for Bishop Curtis and thank him for friendship and generosity to Cardinal Kung and to China.

#### Recent News

*Bishop Su Zhimin* - Please refer to our press release on page 4 about the re-arrest of Bishop Su. During the visit of President Jiang of China, the news media reported Bishop Su's release. The Cardinal Kung Foundation independently confirmed that his release was false, and notified the world of this unfortunate fact. Bishop Su is still in Jail.

**Cardinal Kung's Appeal** - During President Jiang's visit to the United States, Cardinal Kung wrote President Jiang a letter appealing to him to "defend the rights of the Chinese citizens to true religious freedom, and to permit the Roman Catholics to maintain religious communion with the Pope in order to keep the fullness of their faith". He further appealed to President Jiang to release all bishops and other members of the faithful who are incarcerated in China. Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi handed a copy of this appeal in person to President Jiang. During the debate of the *Free the Clergy Act*, Congressman Christopher Shays of Connecticut said: "Cardinal Kung's deep faith through decades of imprisonment is a shining example of human decency in the face of oppression. I am pleased my colleague Nancy Pelosi was able to deliver his message to the Chinese President"

### Legislation

**HR 967, The Free the Clergy Act**, passed the House by a vote of 366 to 54. The bill resolves that religious freedom should be a major part of U.S. policy toward China. It would ban Chinese officials involved in repressing religious worship, or those involved in the government-created church from entering the United States. The legislation awaits action from the Senate. The passage of this Act by the Senate will send the message to President Jiang that religious persecution cannot continue in China without exacting a heavy price.

**HR 2431, the Freedom from Religious Persecution Act** creates the Office of Religious Persecution Monitoring in the State Department and requires an annual report to Congress on countries engaged in widespread persecution of religion. It also bans non-humanitarian foreign aid to persecuting countries, bars visas to individuals who carry out persecution, and reforms refugee and asylum procedures to ensure that those who are victims of widespread ongoing persecution can seek safe haven in the United States. It will be voted on in Congress in the next session.

It is most important that you write to your senators and congressmen to vote in favor of the two Acts.

### Patriotic Association's Anniversary And Thoughts From The Underground Coadjutor Bishop of Shanghai

This year is the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Patriotic Association in 1957. The Roman Catholic Church in China has been illegal and persecuted in China ever since. In the recent anniversary celebration in Beijing, a high ranking Chinese government official reiterated the government's policy of maintaining a church independent from the Holy See, and of not allowing the Vatican to interfere with the internal policy of China under the pretext of religion.

During this long Advent of 40 years, the underground Church has been faithfully preparing itself for Christ's triumphant return, when the authority of His Vicar on Earth will again be accepted in China. **Bishop Joseph Fan, S.J.**, the underground Coadjutor Bishop of Shanghai, speaking for the underground Church, wrote

*"... Having lived in these prolonged years of suffering, we experienced Our Lord's tender care for His lowly servants. Gazing at the examples of those that walked before us, and perished in the jails and labor camps; we dare not fall behind. We call to mind Jesus' teaching: "a grain of wheat. If it dies, it produces much fruit." The history of the Church has proven that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the new faithful. We believe that any sacrifice for keeping the fullness of the faith will bring forth the resurrection of the Church in China."*

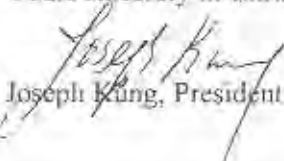
### Products From China And Prayers

**Products From China** - It has been documented that many products from China are still made by prison labor. There are four active underground bishops, many priests and faithful are still in jail. From the article in this newsletter, "*A Catholic Voice Out of China*", you will understand the conditions in the prisons and labor camps. Unfortunately, very little has changed during the past decades in these prisons. Therefore, when you come across the labels "Made in China" during your Christmas shopping, please remember the dry martyrs who may have produced these products, working long hours and under inhuman conditions. Pray that they may be able to keep their faith during these long years of persecution.

**Prayers** - During Advent, please offer your prayers and sacrifices, together with the prayers of Cardinal Kung and 8 million faithful Catholics in the underground Church for the coming of the Prince of Peace to China. As Cardinal Kung said in his homily in April 1994 at St. John's Church in New York, "*The Roman Catholic Church will never disappear in China. Please be patient and stay with us until the Virgin Mary saves China in Her own time.*"

When you shop your Christmas gifts, please remember the underground Church generously. **May the Infant Child bless you and your family for a prayerful, happy and loving Christmas.** With our prayerful regards,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

  
Joseph Kung, President

## Press Release - October 11

### **RE-ARREST OF BISHOP SU ZHIMIN UNDERGROUND CATHOLIC BISHOP OF BAODING IN HEBEI PROVINCE, CHINA**

Stamford, Connecticut, U.S.A. – The Cardinal Kung Foundation, based in Stamford, Connecticut, USA, reported today the re-arrest of Bishop Su Zhimin, the underground Roman Catholic Bishop of Baoding, Hebei in China. Bishop Su was re-arrested at noon on October 8, 1997 in the city of Xinji, Hebei, about 280 km south of Beijing. He was brought back to Baoding where he is currently in the custody of the Public Security Bureau.

Bishop Su along with his auxiliary Bishop An Shuxin, many of his priests, religious and lay leaders were originally arrested in Donglu village near Baoding in May 1996 when the National Shrine for Our Lady of China in Donglu was destroyed and leveled by the Chinese government. However, Bishop Su was able to go into hiding at various places for 17 months until he was hunted down and re-arrested three days ago by the Public Security Bureau.

While Bishop Su was in hiding, he issued an open appeal to the Government to stop the religious persecution in China. Cardinal Kung Foundation on August 12, 1996 released this appeal.

Bishop Su is a prominent leader of the underground church. He is the only underground bishop who has met with a senior U.S. government official. Almost four years ago in January 1994, U.S. House Representative Christopher Smith (4<sup>th</sup> NJ) met privately with Bishop Su. He was immediately arrested after the departure of Representative Smith.

The underground Roman Catholic Church is illegal in China since 1957 when the Chinese Government established its own "Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association (CCPA)" in order to replace the Roman Catholic Church in China. CCPA is autonomous from the Pope while the underground Catholic Church is totally loyal and obedient to the Pope.

The Mass, prayer services and even praying over the dying are considered subversive activities of the underground Catholic Church because they are conducted without the government's permission. These activities are punishable by exorbitant fines, detention, house arrest and sentences to jail or labor camps.

Bishop Su, 65, was previously jailed at least 5 times by the Chinese Government. He spent a total of about 20 years in jail. He was once beaten so savagely that he suffered extensive loss of hearing.

"Those who declared that the religious persecution in China as debated by the U.S. Congress and reported by the media worldwide is 'overdone', does not 'correspond with that coming from China', and is politicized to serve 'other causes' should look hard at the above arrest and be awoken to the fact that the religious persecution is tragically very much alive in China" said Joseph Kung, president of the Cardinal Kung Foundation.

## Press Release – November 6, 1997

### **Bishop Su Zhimin of Baoding, Hebei Is Still Detained by Chinese Government**

Stamford, Connecticut, U. S. A. – The Cardinal Kung Foundation, an advocate of the underground Roman Catholic Church in China, reported today that Bishop Su Zhimin is still detained by the Chinese Government. Bishop Su is the underground Roman Catholic Bishop of Baoding, Hebei in China.

The Cardinal Kung Foundation reported on October 11 that Bishop Su was re-arrested on October 8, 1997 in the city of Xinji, Hebei after his 17 months in hiding. Since then, shortly after President Jiang Zemin's arrival in the United States, a number of news agencies reported Bishop Su's release from prison by the Chinese Government.

"Bishop Su was never released as reported by news agencies. He is now being held in the detention center of Qing Yuan County, Baoding, Hebei Province", said Joseph Kung, the President of the Cardinal Kung Foundation.

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## A Catholic Voice Out of China

By Margaret Chu - All Rights Reserved

**About The Author** - This is a true-life experience of the author. She spent 23 years in jail and in a labor camp. In 1979, while still in the labor camp, Margaret, almost miraculously, received permission to leave China to join her brother, Joseph Kung, in America. Margaret wanted to share her experience with you to give you more insight into the condition of the thousands of persecuted Catholics in China. Unfortunately, the persecution is still ongoing. Some of her friends are still in labor camps. Many others are in great poverty because they missed education and career opportunities as ex-prisoners.

This is the continuation of the same article previously published in the Autumn 1997 issue

### III

In the early morning of May 28, 1958, about ten people from the Patriotic Association broke into my house. They grabbed my hands and feet, and dragged me to a study meeting, organized by the Patriotic Association. That study meeting lasted several days in a dormitory.

There were many other Catholics also dragged to the study group. The Association wanted to brainwash us to think that we had joined this meeting of our own free will. They waged a smear campaign against the church to force us to renounce the Pope. I was criticized, scolded, and jeered at by many people. I prayed my rosary quietly and ignored the commotion, and insults.

During the "study (struggle) meeting", I determined that my position must be complete reliance on God. I meditated on Christ's words to St. Peter "You are the rock. Upon this rock I will build my Church". I reminded myself that denouncing the Pope was the same as leaving Christ. I decided that I would rather die than leave Him.

After three days of "struggle (accusatory session)", an officer of the state religious bureau asked if I had come to the study group of my own free will. I replied: "Hell, no! I did not want to come. Your people dragged me here." The officer replied; "You may now go home. But you will be responsible for your future activities." I never ran faster in my life than out of that compound.

I felt great peace and joy after I left the session, because I was able to hold on to my own principle. However, I was truly scared of the prospects of imprisonment and labor camp. I was not sure how long I could endure and hold onto my own principles. I begged God to give me enough strength to accept any suffering which I might be made to endure. I prayed and prayed and waited. I was prepared for their future action.

Three months after that forced "religious" study session, I was arrested and jailed on September 12, 1958. I was 22. It was the beginning of my 21 years of jail and labor camp.

My first feeling when I stepped into my cell was to feel nausea. The cell was about 250 square feet, housing sixteen prisoners. There was only one very small window. There was a strong body odor from those cellmates who obviously had not washed for a long time. There were human wastes collected in a corner of our cell. Everything was simply suffocating. I thought of my family at home and my brother Joseph in the United States. The pain of separation was intense. I was psychologically less prepared than I had thought.

I met several Catholic acquaintances in the cell and began socializing with them. Guess what? I was accused by my jailers for influencing others and was transferred to another cell in the male section. Again, I met a male Catholic. Wherever I was transferred, I found other Catholics nearby.

After two months, without a trial, I was sentenced to eight years imprisonment as a counterrevolutionary because I participated in many religious activities.

I was naive enough to think that since the government had what they wanted, they would leave me alone to serve my sentence. I thought that my religious and psychological struggle was over. I thought that I could enjoy God's grace in peace during my sentence. I was entirely wrong. My struggle had just begun.

After my sentence, I was sent to a transit jail, waiting to be dispatched to the prisoner labor camp. We had seven people in one cell, sharing three beds. Four of them slept on the concrete floor, partly under the beds. It was winter. There was absolutely no heat. The cell was very drafty and freezing cold. We had two stone cold meals a day. I started experiencing stomach aches and cramps.

My family was once allowed to visit me. While waiting in line, I said a few words to another Catholic. An inmate reported me. Consequently, my scheduled visit with my family was abruptly cancelled. All prisoners were allowed to shower once a month, but not Catholics. Somehow, we Catholic prisoners still managed to keep communicating among ourselves secretly.

After staying in this transit prison for about a month, I was sent to a prison knitting factory about 100 miles from Shanghai. My family came to bid me goodbye. From them, I learned that two of my good friends had died shortly after they were sent to the Camp. This news shocked me. I could not understand why anyone should die after a brief period in the Camp. What was the camp really like?

In the prison factory, we worked 18 hours a day, 7 days a week. The drums awoke us at 4 every morning. In a short time, I lost my appetite because of extreme fatigue. At night I collapsed on my bed without even washing my face. This routine lasted for an entire year.

A few days after I arrived in the prison, an officer asked me: "What is your crime?" I snapped back, "I did not commit any crime. I was arrested because I am a Catholic and I determined to keep my faith." The officer became very angry and shouted at me: "If you did not commit any crime, why are you here?" His extreme anger shocked me. I fell silent. The whole factory was dead silent.

Because of this incident, I discovered several Catholics. We quickly united. Among them was a girl named Tsou who was turned in by a priest in the government sponsored Patriotic Association. She was especially good to me. Unfortunately, after four years, she had mental break down. The officer even used her mental condition as a violation of prison regulations. They tied her. They hung her up and beat her. They extended her sentence twice. Although she has already completed her sentence, she is still in the labor camp without proper care.

After a year, the government changed the 18 hour shift to 10 hour shift. However, there were two hours of daily political re-education. At year's-end, we were all required to write a self-assessment how our political thinking had improved through labor. Those who refused to admit their crimes in the self-assessment were often isolated from other prisoners.

Because I was a niece of Bishop Kung and because I had never acknowledged any crime, I was under constant surveillance. I was a model worker. My productivity was among the highest in the group. I conformed to all regulations. I somehow succeeded in separating my work and my alleged crimes as two separate issues. But this did not earn me leniency from my country.

Looking back, those eight years of hard labor and the constant "struggle" sessions robbed me of the prime of my life. Although I knew I was doing all this for God, I despised and hated the camp which was barren of culture, music, humanity, and friendliness. I was exhausted and depressed by the endless brain washing and "struggle". I was completely homesick.

At the same time, I realized that to be released would not solve my problems. Ex-prisoners were social outcasts. I was condemned for life and would always be at the bottom of society. I thought of my brother Joseph's early invitation to come to the United States. Would that ever be possible now? I was very tired and depressed. Oh Lord, please give me strength, faith and hope.

## IV

Four months before the end of my eight years sentence, the Cultural Revolution began. The camp officers started surprise searches in all cells. Some years back, I had come across a few verses which inspired me. I copied them in a little notebook. I tucked the notebook away and forgot about that. During a surprise search, they found the notebook. They singled me out and made an example of me for other prisoners. They put me through many more struggle sessions, even took me to the court. I was afraid that my sentence would be extended. I was isolated. Most of the inmates were afraid to be near me.

In the morning of September 12, 1966, I was told that I would be transferred to another labor camp. I was stunned. Because this meant that my prison sentence would not be extended after all. Thank God. I took a deep breath and looked at the beautiful blue sky. Suddenly, everything became so beautiful.

Now, I must clarify that being released from prison did not mean freedom for me. I was not on my way home. No. I was simply transferred from a heavily guarded prison camp to a less secured labor camp.

Rules in that labor camp were a little easier. We had wages about six U.S. dollars a month. Out of the six dollars, three dollars were deducted for our ration. Sounds like a real bargain, doesn't it? We had to buy all our personal necessities out of that remaining three dollars each month! We received three weeks off to visit families each year. Otherwise, we were not allowed to step outside the camp. Our mail was all censored. One could only get married with the approval of the labor camp officer. We were not allowed to exchange any material things. And, I repeat, no material things were allowed to be exchanged among camp mates.

Catherine Ho who is the author of *Many Waters* (printed by Caritas Printing Training Center, Hong Kong 1988) was with me in the same camp. (In fact, I was the girl whom she called Xudong in her book). In May 1968, 2 years after I had been in this new camp, I received a parcel from my family. I told Catherine about this parcel. Immediately, an inmate accused me of giving something to Catherine. I strongly denied that. I was dragged to the office. Without any investigation, the officer assembled the entire camp to start a "struggle session" against me. In the session, the officer suddenly asked me whether I had committed my alleged original crime leading to my 8 year sentence. I was stunned. It then dawned on me that this "struggle session" was in fact prearranged. The parcel was only a pretense. Their real motive was once again to force me to admit all my alleged crimes. Therefore, I replied firmly: "I did not commit any crimes". Immediately, two people jumped on me and cut off half of my hair. The officer again asked "Are you guilty?" I firmly replied: "No". Two people then used a rope to tie my hands backwards tightly. It was connected to a loop around my shoulder and underneath my armpits. It was knotted in such a way that a slight movement of my hands would cause intense pain. They ordered Catherine to stand next to me. The Government often tried to alienate Catholics in that way. The struggle session lasted for two hours. Afterwards, they untied me and handcuffed me instead. The handcuffs became a part of me for the next one hundred days and nights.

After I was untied, I felt such pain that it seemed that all my bones were broken. I had bruises all over. I was very indignant over such inhuman treatment. I did not sleep that night. Therefore, I washed and ate with my cuffs on. I worked in the field with my cuffs on. I was followed every minute. Anyone who dared even to smile at me was punished. Working under 95 degree heat in the field, I was not allowed to wear a hat. I could not bathe or change my clothes with my cuffs on. My clothes would get soaking wet from perspiration, would dry and only to get wet again. I smelled worse than a skunk. Every night was another "struggle (accusatory) session". Everyone was encouraged to insult me. I, in fact, became a prisoner again without a trial and without anyone outside knowing it.

I could not appeal. I could not escape. I was isolated. I was too sad to cry. I hoped I would die. I could not commit suicide. But I could pray for the gift of death. So, when I was tortured, I hoped that I would be tortured more so that I could die suddenly. When I was ordered to carry things on my shoulder, I hoped that they would give me more to carry so that I could suddenly collapse. But, not only I did not die, I did not even get sick.

I spent my days and months working in the field with my hands cuffed. My sufferings became unbearable. Where are you, my Lord? I questioned divine providence. O Lord, for the last ten years, I struggled and suffered. Haven't I already proved myself to you? Let me die, my Lord.

In the summer, we had a two hour rest at noon. Almost everyone took the opportunity to sleep. I was too distressed to sleep. In the field were wooden barrels used as toilets. All waste was accumulated inside to be used later as fertilizer. The place smelled foul and was filthy beyond description. No one would go there longer than necessary. Certainly not the camp officers.

I found my haven right there in that stinky toilet. It was quiet and peaceful. There no one would come to accuse me. Once in a while, some kind people would secretly come with a wet towel to clean my face and rub my back. I could not do it myself because my hands were still cuffed. Several people came to apologize for accusing me because they were under pressure. Their good intentions and sympathy moved me to tears.

When I was handcuffed in the beginning, I was the only target they attacked. They attacked me physically and verbally. Finding that I did not give in, they extended their target to include the Catholic Church. They would use foul language to insult the Church, insult God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. I was extremely saddened by their direct assault against our beloved God.

I prayed for my death, but it was not granted. I was afraid that I might not be able to endure much longer. I could no longer tolerate those foul languages day and night against God and against the Holy Mother. I finally admitted one of my alleged crimes as written in the court paper. I admitted that it was counterrevolutionary to persuade children not to join the communist youth organization, but I continued to refuse to submit any names of religious organizations and their religious activities. Nevertheless, that was enough for the camp officer to claim victory over me. My cuffs were finally taken off.

This episode of my being cuffed was only one incident. There were many others. For instance, there were times we did not have enough to eat. In desperation, we dug out the roots of a certain tree, grounded them into powder and ate it.

In 1969, I was transferred to another labor camp. I harvested tea leaves and vegetables. Frequently, I had to carry almost 150 pounds of vegetables on my shoulder. In the winter, I was ordered to the mountain about 20 miles away to gather fire wood. Somehow, I began to prefer this kind of labor, although it was very hard. Because to work in the mountain was to be absent from camp.

Whenever I thought of the future, I became extremely depressed. I felt that I might never live to see the revival of the Catholic Church in China. I had nothing to look forward to. I was very lonely. Before long, several years had passed.

## V

For six years, my annual home visit privileges were taken away. In 1972, after 14 years, I was finally allowed to visit home. When I was home in Shanghai, I discovered that the underground Catholic Church flourished. I even went to attend an underground Mass. The city authority refused to register me as a resident of Shanghai. That meant I had nowhere to go but to return to the labor camp once my leave was up.

In the second half of 1974, I met Ignatius Chu who eventually became my husband. He was sent to jail (three years before I was and for the same reasons. He too was transferred to hard labor. I knew him before, but had not seen him for some twenty years. We both grew much older. It must be God's providence that we met again. At that time, conditions at the camp were a little better. We were allowed to talk to each other. After six months, we decided to get married.

At that time, I received from my brother Joseph a copy of the approval of his petition for me to immigrate to the United States. Ignatius indicated his willingness to accompany me. Ignatius has a family of eight brothers. With the exception of his brother Father Michael Chu, a Jesuit, who was out of China when China turned Communist, all other seven brothers were at one time or another in various jails for their faith. At that time, he still had four other brothers plus himself in the labor camps. It was most unlikely that his passport would be approved.

To marry Ignatius would jeopardize my chances of getting my passport. Ignatius would not want to drag me into his family situation. We wanted to marry. But I also wanted to go to the United States. I wanted both. After much discussions and praying together, we decided to get married on February 11, 1976, on the feast day of our Lady of Lourdes.

The marriage plan was a secret in labor camp. We invited Ignatius' eldest brother, Father Francis Chu, also a Jesuit, to come to Shanghai to marry us. Father Francis was in another labor camp at that time.

We both took home leave in February and hoped to get married in Shanghai. Father Francis also applied for permission to go home. Unfortunately, Father Francis did not receive the permission in time. By the time Father Francis finally arrived in Shanghai, we were back to our camps. So, Father Francis came to us. Ignatius and I faked illness that day and received permission to go to the clinic. Instead, we went to the train station to meet with Father Francis. From there, we went to a small restaurant.

At the dinner table in the middle of a noisy restaurant, Father Francis took out a few soda crackers and few drops of wine. He offered in secret a short Mass and performed our marriage ceremony with our exchange of marriage vows. We were finally married before God. There were no flowers. There was no music, no guests, and no ring. All we had was God's blessings. That was more than enough for us. After dinner, having taken Father Francis back to the train station, we went back to our separate dormitories, pretending that nothing had happened.

Here I would like to add that Father Francis died in prison in 1983 as a martyr after his second arrest. He was 70. He spent a total of 30 years in prison and labor camp.

After my marriage, I started applying for my passport. But the officers of the camp refused to give me permission to proceed.

In the meantime, my brother Joseph started a letter-writing campaign. He wrote to Public Security Department, Overseas Chinese Association, Reformation Department, Foreign Affairs Department and other departments and organizations. Finally, in August 1978, I was contacted by the Public Security Department. They rejected my passport application.

To test the attitude of the government towards us, we registered our marriage with the Government and it was approved on October 3, 1978. Two and one half months later, the US-China relation was normalized. In July 1979, we were notified that our passport applications were approved. It took us 39 months to obtain our passports. I was exuberated.

Finally, on September 5, 1979, Ignatius and I walked across the border bridge and stepped onto the soil of freedom in Hong Kong. Ten months later, on July 10, 1980, Ignatius and I arrived in the United States with my brother Joseph waiting for me at the Kennedy Airport. I started my second life.

I beg you to pray for China. The Roman Catholic Church is still under persecution. The Government is still putting bishops and other religious and the faithful in jail. It has destroyed our churches and the Mariam Shrine. We not only need your prayers, we also need your action as suggested in the June issue of the Cardinal Kung Foundation's newsletter. The underground Roman Catholic Church needs your voice and organized action to secure for them the religious freedom that we all enjoy here. Please also remember the Government sponsored Patriotic Catholic Church is not really a Catholic Church. It is an agency of the Chinese Government. It does not recognize the authority of our beloved Holy Father.

Finally, let me take this opportunity to thank our Almighty God for protecting and carrying me in my ordeals. I pray that He will continue to protect me, my family and friends as well.

I would also like to thank the Government of the United States for supporting human rights around the world, leading to my dream coming true.

I would like to thank my brother Joseph for his persistent support, care and efforts during the most difficult time of my life.

I would like to thank Pitney Bowes Company, which offered jobs to Ignatius and me when we first came to this beautiful, but strange land without any marketable skills and without a knowledge of English. We have worked at Pitney Bowes for the last 17 years without a single day of layoff.

Last, but not least, I want to thank the Cardinal Kung Foundation for giving me this opportunity to share my Chinese prison experience with you.

Thank you.

– The End –