

Farewell to Writer Xue Mo's Mother: We Owe You A Thank You, Granny

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AURORA, ILLINOIS, US, May 7, 2023 /EINPresswire.com/ -- Granny has devoted more than sixty years of her life to guarding this light, whose mission is to pierce through each dark night, igniting the light of hope and aspiration in little [Xue Mo's](#) heart, until he grows into a great writer, a master of fate, a wisdom mentor and a messenger of light, spreading the seeds of love and wisdom to the world. This is the greatness of maternal love, and this is the inheritance of glory.

"Mama, I can read your mind. Please don't worry about us. You've raised us to be strong and to take care of each other. Trust me, we will. But now, it's time for you to follow Amitabha Buddha and rise to his Western Paradise." After saying this, Xue Mo sat quietly by his mother's bedside, chanting the name of Amitabha Buddha, until she took her last breath.

This great mother used her entire life to interpret one word, that is, Giving. Over the past six decades, she raised ten children by herself, half of whom were her adopted daughters and her grandchildren. She did everything she could to create a safe harbor for Xue Mo and others, yet she never complained. Even at the end of her life, she simply waited for her son's return, and then bid farewell to the world quietly.

On the first day of May 2023, Xue Mo's mother passed away at the age of 82 in a cottage next to Xue Mo's Academy. The old lady seemed really gratified to have her pride and joy, Xue Mo, sit by her side during her last hours.

Xue Mo once mentioned his parents in *One Man's West: A Biography of Xue Mo*, "Much of my personality comes from my parents, resilience from my mom, and integrity from my dad." Nevertheless, Granny's unyielding spirit and rich sentiments exerted a greater impact upon Xue



Mo's life. Very likely, the uplifting power emanating from his words is closely connected to his mother's resilience. Readers of Xue Mo's novels are impressed by his detailed descriptions, vivid characters, grand vision, and profound insights.

"The prototype of Lingguan's mother in [Desert Rites](#) is my mom—Chang Lanying. She is always ready to help others. Besides, she likes to share and works really hard."

"At that time, to support the whole family, Mom worked tirelessly day and night, without a rest. During the autumn harvest, you can never imagine that she could take on a really heavy workload, earning three times more than average worker per day. Even at the age of 80, Mom was in good health and worked in the field all day long. Amazingly enough, she alone could carry a bag that weighs over 50 kilos up the stairs."

In December 2020, Snow Wei, a volunteer from Anhui spent her first "warmish" winter in Wuwei, Gansu. She noted down an indelible image in her diary,

"Because of Granny, I feel at home here. Whenever I entered Granny's room, there would always be a kettle or pot simmering on the coal stove. Then, I would quickly move to the stove to warm myself, warming my cold fingers and easing my homesickness."

In the summer of 2021, Anti Pan, a volunteer's parent from Suzhou, was inexplicably moved when she first met Granny in a cottage next to the Xue Mo's Academy. Granny's love shone through in every small gesture. Anti Pan recalled the day and told us,

"Granny was incredibly warm-hearted. Upon seeing us entering her room, she hurried to take out all the snacks from the fridge: steamed buns, sliced cakes, red dates, honey walnuts and sugared peanuts. Concerned that we might be hungry or thirsty, she insisted on cutting the biggest



Granny



Xue Mo and His Mother

watermelon and cooking handmade noodles for us. In her eyes, everyone who steps into her home is a cherished guest.”

“Granny was seated on the sofa, looking contentedly at us sitting in a row on small stools. All of us were busy eating her vinegar-soaked cabbage noodles and were sweating profusely. After I returned home, this scene would pop up into my head from time to time, warming my heart again and again.” A reader from Qingdao, Yu Qing, added.

“In the autumn of 2022, I worked at Xue Mo’s Academy as a part-time volunteer for a month. Knowing that I was about to leave, Granny picked some fresh corn and tomatoes planted in her field, and cooked a meal for me to take on my trip back home.” A-Tang from Inner Mongolia also missed Granny, missed the taste of Granny’s food, and missed the precious moments they had spent together.

During a certain live broadcast, Granny was invited as guest speaker before the camera. At first, she felt a little nervous. But when asked about the much-told story “Xue Mo and His Light,” Granny kept talking on and on and her translator couldn’t even keep pace with her speed. She said in her local dialect,

“I’m so glad that our family nurtured a talent. Xue Mo’s uncle once told us, ‘Plant a long pole in your yard and put a light-bulb on its tip. Every day at nightfall, turn the light on and silently recite: The enlightened exert themselves constantly/the virtuous endure onerous duties. Keep at it and one day someone in your family will gain fame.’ So my job is to turn that light on at dusk and off at dawn every day.”

“When speaking of Xue Mo, Granny’s face was glowing with joy, because her beloved son is always her pride. Her voice was so powerful as if she had inexhaustible strength in her body, full of positive energy.” A reader from Inner Mongolia, Yeshe Tso, said that she would always remember Granny’s hearty laughter and her gracious face.

Granny has devoted more than sixty years of her life to guarding this light, whose mission is to pierce through each dark night, igniting the light of hope and aspiration in little Xue Mo’s heart, until he grows into a great writer, a master of fate, a wisdom mentor and a messenger of light, spreading the seeds of love and wisdom to the world. This is the greatness of maternal love, and this is the inheritance of glory.



Xue Mo Academy

Joy Xu, a volunteer from Beijing noted that Granny's passing was truly auspicious. When alive, Granny never burdened Xue Mo, and her final farewell was well arranged.

"Since Little Seashell, Xue Mo's second granddaughter, was born, Xue Mo has never met her in person due to his busy schedule. Granny chose to rest in peace on May Day, so that Xue Mo could meet with Little Seashell during holidays, and meanwhile, he could pay a visit to the newly built academy and deliver a week-long lecture on The Sutra of Hui-Neng there. Granny's only wish was to have a decent funeral, so she departed from this world on May 1st; in this way everyone could attend her funeral without asking for a leave of absence from work. A kind person like Granny was always considerate of others, even in her last minute, she was able to make a perfect turn."

If we say Xue Mo has witnessed the feminine power with his novels, Granny actually lived up to the glory of motherhood with her life. She greatly inspired us by showing what undifferentiated love is, and how selfless a mother could be. This undifferentiated love transcends blood kinship and national boundaries. Granny Chang devoted her entire life to support her son to achieve career success and spiritual transcendence, and again she gifted the world with today's Xue Mo, a great writer and a spiritual leader. Now, she has fulfilled her mission and it is time to say goodbye.

We owe you a thank you, Granny!

But please trust us, our gratitude will always linger in the depth of our hearts, until it turns into our acts of kindness to touch the world and create a positive influence on all under heaven!

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