



# LITTLE NINE HEAVEN INTERNAL KUNG-FU

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## Happy Holidays!

Another month has passed and soon it will be another new year; time seems to be going by faster each year. The holidays are a time of joy, family get-togethers, prayer, and a time for giving. Let this holiday be a safe and happy one for us all. Let us all try to do better, help our friends and our family to be happy, and not to let our beliefs, religion, or color be in the way of making new friends. Give a little feeling and love and help to the less fortunate. Far into space, our world looks beautiful, so wouldn't it be more beautiful if hatred, disease, and violence could be eliminated and we all could live in peace and harmony and love our neighbors here and throughout this world as we should love ourselves? The world we live in is getting smaller and smaller; it is so easy to travel anywhere in this beautiful world of ours. I have traveled to many

countries teaching the arts of feeling, self-defense, health, sexuality and longevity. I have students from many different cultures, faiths, and colors of many countries and we all get together practice, train, and live together as one family. If we can do it, **WHY NOT THE WHOLE WORLD?**



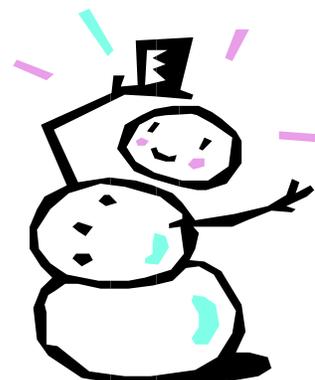
This symbol shows only fourteen different religions around the world. Clockwise from the North Pole, they are: Baha'i, Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hinduism, Islam, Jainism, Judaism, Shinto, Sikhism, Taoism, Wicca, Zoroastrianism, and Druidism. For the ones that are left out, I am sorry they were not listed. I am sure the wish of many is that the fighting, killing, diseases, and hatred would stop and we all could live in peace and harmony in this beautiful world of ours. So let us all help to make this New Year be a year of forgiving, peace, happiness, giving to others and friendship to all. Happy Holidays to our world and to all the beautiful people in it.

-From Sifu McNeil



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## “ONE MAN’S DESTINY”

### PARTS OF MY BOOK ON MY LIFE STORY REGARDING KUNG FU



**Master Haumea Lefiti**

It was August 1967 and the moment I walked in with Frank, my older brother, to Haumea Lefiti’s Kung Fu school to meet the great Master, the vision I had many years before of the young boy breaking bricks came back to me for the first time since it happened. Tiny, the name which Master Lefiti liked to be called, said “Oh yes, you’re the brother who already knows how to fight. Let’s go on the floor and see how good you really are.” I was surprised and said, “I really don’t know how to fight.” Tiny said, “Let’s see.” We both went on to the floor and proceeded to fight in an informal friendly way.



I didn’t have a chance. Tiny was bigger, faster, smoother and he just played with me, tapping me here and there to the body and head. After it was all over, I realized I didn’t really know how to fight. I joined the class that evening. In some strange twist of fate, Frank quit the kung-fu school two weeks later, as if his job of getting me to join the kung fu school, to follow my destiny, was over.

Tiny liked to enter tournaments for the experience of fighting and the sport. He always expressed to us that street fighting is completely different than tournament fighting. On the street, there is no point system and no name to that game, it was not how you won, just win. When we would all go to a tournament, Tiny would always sit so that whoever was fighting could see him. If his thumb went up, it meant try your best to win the match. If Tiny put his thumb down, it meant to hit the guy as hard as you could and get disqualified. Of course, after you knocked the person out, you must always say you’re sorry. Tiny’s way of thinking was that you paid money to fight, so if you knew you couldn’t win by points then win by a knockout, the trophy didn’t matter. It would look funny that the guy on the ground was the winner and the guy standing over

him was the loser.

I started out one hour a night with the beginners, then two hours a night. I was so fueled by my feelings of frustration and hatred toward Sandy who murdered my son. I needed to train harder than anyone else and started training three hours a night. Tiny would drill his students very hard and when they were almost ready to pass out he would ask, “Are you tired?” If you said yes, he would make you do push-ups until you said you were not tired. He always stressed that you can never get tired in a fight or you will lose. I would go home and train another two hours before going to bed. I put Sandy’s picture on a wooden dummy that I made and punched her picture to shreds every night before going to bed.





Friday night on May 12, 1972 Tiny asked, "Jim, are you ready for your test?" I said "Yes, sir." "OK then, be here tomorrow night at 7:00 pm and wear something comfortable." I was practicing everything I had ever learned all day Saturday. That evening, I was there at 6:30 pm. Tiny arrived at 7:00. He said, "Ok, let's go." We drove to a nearby bar and went inside. I had a beer and Tiny had a juice. A few minutes later a man walked up to Tiny and they greeted each other. He then turned toward me and said, "Is this the guy?" Tiny said, "Yes, he is." Bill was about 6 feet tall with a stocky build, a clean shaven face and a soft voice but he exuded confidence and power. Bill and I shook hands and then we went into the back room. There were only two rules, no breaking of bones and no biting. We both agreed and shook hands again.

Suddenly, Bill hit me in the face. It felt like my whole face was splitting in two. He kept advancing toward me and hitting me as I was backing up against the wall. All of a sudden, he hit me in the stomach, with so much force I bent over in pain. For some strange reason, he paused and didn't hit me in the face. I could hear my teacher yelling at me, "Get away from the wall and never back up -- now hit him." I started shuffling away from the wall, jabbing and punching, hitting Bill's face. When he backed up, I reverse shuffled and kicked him in the groin. I could see on his face that he felt the kick and then he smiled and said "That's how to fight." We both advanced at each other, hitting each other in the face, ribs, stomach, anywhere that was open. Blood was flowing from my nose and mouth. He smiled at me again knowing he was beating me. I hated that smile and tried to wipe it off his face, but Bill was all over me. I hit him and he hit me twice as many times as I hit him. I was exhausted. We were fighting it seemed like an hour, but it was for only about 10 minutes. Then

he smiled again and the final blow came to my face and stomach with such tremendous force that I fell to the ground exhausted and beat up. Tiny said, "Ok, it's over." Upon leaving, Bill looked down at me and said, "You have a lot to learn son" and then he left without even shaking my hand. I was beaten up physically, mentally, and emotionally. Tiny told me "Don't let this bother you too much, Bill is a very good street fighter and very seldom loses. He and I have been friends for a long time."

We went back to the school and Tiny said, "Don't worry - you learn more from losing than from winning. Maybe this will teach you something." I went home very unhappy and disappointed with myself. I had the feeling that I let myself and my teacher down. There was no one I could talk to. I was sick inside and went into the garage. I was filled with anger, frustration and disappointment in myself. I had a few drinks hoping it would help, but it didn't. I promised myself and my son that this would never happen again.

About a year later, February 9 1973 Tiny said, "Jim you have trained very hard this past year, I think you're ready, how about it?" I knew exactly what he meant and with butterflies in my stomach said, "OK, thank you." We met again on a Saturday night. We went to the same bar. We sat there just waiting. I would say "Tiny, how about that one or that one?" Tiny would only say, "Relax, the right one will come in soon." Just then I felt this strange feeling. I turned to the door and there he was, Bill, the same guy who beat me up last time. Tiny looked at me and said, "Are you scared." I said, "Yes sir" as a chill of fear ran through my body. Tiny said, "Don't be. He is only a man and he can be beaten. Try your best." Bill walked up and greeted Tiny, then turned to me, smiled and said "I hope you learned

something, son." I said, "Yes, sir." Bill chuckled "we'll see", as we headed for the back room.

We shook hands and then I hit Bill as hard as I could. Bill smiled as he wiped his cut lip and said "Not bad. Now let's go and see how much you have really learned." He advanced on me. I also advanced towards him. I swung at his face. He ducked and landed an uppercut to my ribs. I doubled over as he followed through with his fist alongside of my face. I fell to my knees as he hit me in the face and I fell backwards. He advanced toward me as I was falling. When I landed, I lashed out and kicked him to the groin. He bent over and I quickly got up and continued hitting him over and over again. He was dazed. I thought it was over, but then he came back with that smile on his face and we continued hitting each other. He hit me and I hit him. Then after what again seemed like an hour, but was probably only 15 minutes, Tiny stopped the fight. We were both tired and bleeding everywhere. This time, we shook hands and went into the bar and had a beer together while Tiny drank his juice. Bill turned to me with a smile and said, "Jim, you know, if we only had one more minute, I would have whipped your ass." I looked at him straight in his eyes and with a friendly smile I said, "We will never know, will we?" We all laughed and Bill said, "You know, Jim, I could almost learn to like you." Tiny told me, "I guess you earned your black belt this time."

Thirty years after that fight, knowing I am much better now than I was then, I still remember the beating that Bill gave me and I would not want to fight him ever again. I respected him very much and wish I had a chance to tell him. . But ,I have never seen Bill again. After all these years, I still wonder, "did



I really beat him?" Every time I hear the song "A Boy Named Sue" by Johnny Cash, I think of Bill his smile and that fight: "Kicking and a' gouging in the mud and the blood and the beer."

Shortly after the fight with Bill, in 1973, Master Haumea Lefiti died of a sudden, massive heart attack. After eating a breakfast that his wife Alice had fixed, he went over to sit on his lounge chair and said, "That was good." Then he fell to the floor, dead. His funeral was filled with many people and martial artists from all over the United States. I was truly saddened and didn't know what to do as my life revolved around kung fu with Tiny. Soon after his death, five of Tiny's black-belts my school brothers opened schools to keep the system going. I would go to the different schools and help them teach. They asked me to open a school of my own, but I told them, "There is more to learn and I must find that path of knowledge."



Later that year I went to Tiny's older kung fu brother, Ralph Shun, where I studied the Shaolin Five Animals system. I never told anyone about my training with Tiny, only Master Shun knew. I tried to be humble and respectful to all my new classmates and respected my new senior brothers. I learned and practiced hard every day.

Even while working, I managed to stop by the school and put in another hour or two a day. The school was in what was known to be the black area of Los Angeles.

I was a regular at the kung-fu school for about one year, when one evening while Master Shun was gone, a few young black men came into the school drinking beer and smoking. I went to the head instructor and told him he should go over to these men and tell them to leave or take the beer outside. The head instructor said, "They are my brothers, I can't do that", meaning he was also black and that they were brothers because of their race. Due to my respect for Master Shun and the school, I went alone over to the six guys and told them firmly and politely that they were welcome to stay, but they must take the beer and cigarettes outside and then they could come back. They all respected what I said without issue and they left. When they came back in they were quiet as I explained what the class was practicing.

As the week went on, the head instructor had lost respect from many of the younger students because of what happened and they were starting to respect me more. Then one Saturday afternoon the head instructor and his assistant challenged me. I told them I didn't want to fight. They called me some names and then I looked over to Master Shun who smiled and nodded his head for me to accept. I said "OK, I will fight you both, but the head instructor first, then after, your assistant." The fight was on.

Then and only then did the senior instructor realize that I knew a system far superior to the one he did. The fight was over very soon. His assistant jumped in throwing fancy kicks and jumps and turns, but soon was also defeated. They left and never returned.

I obtained the rank of head instructor and received my black-belt in Shaolin Kung Fu Five Animal System in June of 1975. On weekends and my days off, I would train in my back yard, working on forms, throwing knives, and practicing my weapons forms. Whenever I had a chance, I practiced. Sometimes watching television, I would stand in a horse stance instead of sitting on a chair. A horse stance is when you have your legs spread shoulder width apart with knees bent as low as possible and back straight.



Master Shun was my first teacher in the Iron Hand system was Master Shun. I became obsessed with it and I couldn't train enough. I would soak my hands in a special Chinese liniment for 20 minutes before and after training while doing a special breathing exercise to pull the medicine deep into my pores. I pounded my hand on a bag filled with soybeans then thrust my fingers and fist into a drum filled with beans and later iron pellets. This would take at least two hours. Every day, I trained harder and harder. On weekends, I would spend time at home breaking bricks. If I saw someone in a magazine braking 18 tiles with spacers, I would go home and break 20 without spacers and say to myself "They aren't so good." My backyard was filled with broken tiles and bricks. My two daughters Kim and Jennifer would enjoy watching me breaks bricks.



One day while I was at the school training, a very attractive woman came in and started asking about Kung fu. We talked for about an hour. She was very nice. She came back another day and we talked some more. Eventually, she invited me to her apartment – it was called Chamberlain Arms. We went upstairs and I met her son. We went into the other room where we talked and kissed a bit before I left. We met a few times after that. She was a sweet and loving lady. It turns out she was Wilt Chamberlain's sister!

own mind I became the best. I was happy with what I had achieved. When learning something special you must do your best and push yourself to the limits. What other people think is not important. It is what you believe in and how you feel about yourself that counts. I trained the iron hand for me and only me, not to impress anyone and nobody can take that away from me. I mastered it. To this day I still practice 5 days a week my hands are strong, soft, without callous.

But, I did not let socializing distract me from my purpose. I was obsessed with learning the iron hand training. I trained every day and then some. In my

NEXT MONTH PART 2 OF 3 MASTER HSU HONG CHI & MASTER PAN WING CHOU

## Upcoming Seminars and Events

### DECEMBER 2016

San Diego, CA

December 17th to 23rd

Shih-Shui Kung

### FEBRUARY 2017

Deerfield, IL

February 5th to 18th

Shih-Shui Kung & Hsing-I

### MAY 2017

Miami, Florida

May 1st to 28th

Internal Kung-Fu & More

## 2017

### JANUARY 2017

Irvine, CA

January 9th to 21st

Private Chi-Kung

Thailand

Dates Pending

Taoist Lovemaking

### MARCH 2017

Deerfield, IL

March 16th to 27th

Mix Classes/Shih-Shui

### SEPTEMBER 2017

Little Nine Heaven  
Gathering

September 8th to 16th

Chen Tai-Chi, Tzu Men, Ba  
Kua,  
Splashing Hands,  
Chi-Kung, and  
Meditation