

I came to swAmi at the age of 18. I was attracted to his books and the wisdom of yoga on which they spoke. I was very keen to make progress on the spiritual path, to purify enough so that my inner mirror could clearly reflect God. I was instructed that my soul is surrounded by layers of dirt and that with hard work, slowly and persistently, and by fighting against my own wishes, feelings, mind, ego and the body, this dirty layer over my soul could clear up: With regular Sadhana, (Yoga Practice) and the leadership of the Enlightened teacher. I was taught that I'm in the prison of Samsara, from which only a Guru's grace can deliver me. I have been training regularly, absorbing the teachings that I received, like a sponge. Then I met swAmi (he had only three names at that time) in a semi-dark room. He was dressed in an orange robe and engulfed with the smell of burning incense sticks. A veil of mysticism surrounded the scene, and the power of love of the present students was strong: They were bowing down to him and touching his feet. I did not like it at all, but I was immediately instructed that by bowing down at him with adoration and tapping his feet, we would clean our karma and discipline our ego.

I took the mantra, passed the initiation and I became one of the disciples.

For a year I repeated my Guru Mantra with great commitment, I also attended the seminars and Satsangs, spending all the money I earned on travel and participation in the Guru programs. Several times swAmi noticed me and asked me a few questions. At Satsangs we listened to recorded lectures and meditated to Gurugita, which constantly repeated that there is nothing higher than the Guru and that everything has to be submitted to the guru: Your body, mind, heart and soul.

After about a year, at a seminar in Hungary I got the call to sneak out at night, after the completion of the program, and to come secretly with several young girlfriends to swAmi's room.

He lined us up, commanded us to take off the clothes, to sit on the floor facing the wall and to meditate. We all obeyed without objection. Then he invited us, one by one to his bed.

I was so scared and I tried to calm myself by the repetition of the mantra. When it was my turn he asked me whether I was a virgin. I was. He touched me everywhere, and he wanted me to touch him, he took my own hand and he touched himself and in the end he pushed my head down toward his penis and held me like that until I opened my mouth ...

Then he invited us all together to stimulate him, and he requested that we touch each other. At the end he ejaculated into the mouth of one of the girls and he called it Prashad (Holy, blessed food).

I have no idea how I managed to get to my room since I was in a state of shock, as well as a few days after that. I tried to explain to myself that this is Guru's Grace and that it is for our spiritual progress, and a test of commitment as well as faith. We (girls) were allowed to talk only to each other, and we cheered each other, as we knew, we had to endure this test and to stay on the path we chose. We had to promise that we would not tell anybody else.

He called us few more times during this seminar, with a similar scenario.

Years followed, in which similar stories occurred in different places. Sometimes I was alone with him, sometimes in pair with some other girlfriend, or with more of them. Since I was still a virgin, he said he would take my virginity when I surrender to him completely and move to Vienna for good, what he was asking me to do.

So in all seven years that it lasted there was no penetration, but only oral with the ingestion of his Prashad, which always provoked nausea and an urge to vomit. I never asked for a meeting, I was always invited, never enjoyed even one moment; I experienced it as a tapas (penance): The kind of torture, which flushes karma and improves our spiritual progress. But I never felt any spiritual blessings/energy, I never saw the light, nor had any uplifting spiritual experience during or after these encounters, although swAmi sometimes said that he

had given me the Shakti Pat. I thought I was spiritually so low developed that I wasn't able to feel a thing. The whole time I fought with a sense of disgust, humiliation, and with a bunch of bad thoughts about swAmi. The older students whom I contacted for help said that those thoughts and emotions are a reflection of my impurities and low levels of spiritual development and that I should clean up and resolve them, because any negative thoughts about the Guru create bad karma.

He is clean, sinless and perfect, and everything that happens is only his divine play, Lila, which teaches us, reveals our weaknesses and imperfections that we should resolve to finally become worthy of spiritual progress.

But with all this torture, and the service to Guru, to which I had dedicated my body, my work and all of my time; the vows I took because he requested; regular Sadhana; dedicated study; and participation in many, many satsangs and seminars, I felt that in fact I was moving away from God and from myself, from my common sense and my soul. Also, though I was at a young age, throughout the time spent on the road with Swami I suffered from severe, prolonged and very painful illnesses. But swAmi was often insulting me, publicly humiliating me and even battering me. I was interpreting it all as the lessons about the breaking of the ego, taking over the karma, tests of devotion to guru, to a spiritual path and to God.

I couldn't bear it anymore and I decided to leave. All disciples and friends assured me that this is impossible, that the relationship with the Guru is forever, that I was creating awful karma for myself, and that my spiritual path and development would be lost for a long time. I didn't have any other friends outside of YIDL, since I was instructed to only socialize with my Guru brothers and sisters, because only that is right and good for my spiritual path.

I have never regretted that I left, I am alive and healthy, I love my life, I love God and I try to serve him in every way that I can.

It was extremely difficult for me to write this testimony; after the years of silence spent in fear that I would be declared crazy if I spoke about my experience. (My Ex-Yoga Brothers and Sisters tried to give me a "friendly" caution and warning). At least I hope it will help someone who is in a similar situation right now.