

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your interest.

It takes an open mind to come here and listen to the victims.

I am a real person and I wish that what happened was not true.

But it did, and my responsibility now is to share it with you.

How otherwise could you know what was hidden from view behind closed doors?

I did not know any other victims personally until a few weeks ago; because swAmi has managed for so long to silence those involved.

I was living with it alone.

If some of us come out and share what we experienced, all shall get a glimpse of the truth about swAmi and his hidden activities.

It takes extreme courage to open eyes and ears, throw open the curtains, to break free from years of brainwashing and confront the truth with integrity.

This is real, my life story, my personal experience.

Some people may recognise it, because I told it to a few who told it to others. I gave up telling it, because most disciples did not want to know and could not cope with it.

Their secure cocooned life was in danger.

Many of the disciples I told refused to hear bad things spoken about their master. They reworked what I had to say, in order for it to fit into their belief system without causing internal conflict or giving them reason to question their faith in swAmi.

Life went on as normal for them. That hurt me so much, that I decided to keep it mainly to myself.

I turned my back on Yidl and started a new Life.

To all who fear, there is a beautiful life out there not requiring any association with Yidl.

It took me a long time to separate yoga from swAmi; to keep the good aspects and drop the bad.....an ongoing process.

Today I can openly say: I became a member of a cult (named Yidl), was fully sucked in and experienced becoming a fanatic.

I woke up to this slowly and painfully, than stepped out.

Life goes on, with some traumas to heal, but what the hell.....I AM OUT.

I could happily stay away and watch what happens to the cult I was once a part of, (Yidl) from a distance, but then I have learned that an aspect of my healing will be to take responsibility, tell my story and be open with it.

What can happen to me?

You the reader may not believe me or may even hate me for it..... well, so be it.

It is the truth and hate will not change that.

You can feel warned, be alert and aware.

That will make telling my story worthwhile for me.

I lost a decade of my life; devoted my time, energy and financial resources to this heinous thing.

I gave up travelling, sports; cut off contact with the outside world, and neglected friends and family (which seems to be a common characteristic among cult members.)

I gave my all.

Until the abuse occurred I did not consider for a moment the master or system were less than perfect, or the possibility that I had become entrapped in a cult-like organisation.

After my experience, the ground which everything was based on was shaken harder and harder till it crumbled and finally collapsed four years later and I had to start walking away.

I thought I had lost everything and life was a black hole.

But as it turned out I have won back my life: I crawled up and out of my black hole and into a new existence.

It was the turning point to a future free from manipulation, intimidation and vile behaviour carried out in the name of enlightenment.

Well you hung in there and read a long introduction; thank you, but I wanted you to get to know me a bit before you read the fine detail.

I had been living in Jadan.

One day, the man known as "old guru" to his disciples called me to his room.

It was a year before his death.

He wanted me to sew him a new hat.

I eagerly ran up the steps; it was always a great blessing for me to be in his presence and to do seva for him was making my day.

He sent his servant downstairs to make him lunch.... he had to cook a soup called Kadi, one of his favourites.

So old guru and I were alone in the room.

I sat down in front of him and he hand fed me sweets.

He touched my mouth which made me feel uncomfortable.

Then he talked flatteringly to me in an English and Marwari language mix and told me to lock the door, which i did.

This aroused the apprehension that any normal person would feel in that situation.

Then my disciple logic kicked in, reassuring me that a master would never take advantage of one of his followers, and maybe something special was waiting for me.

He undressed himself completely and asked me to lie down, then lay on top of me and proceeded to kiss and touch me intimately.

Although old guru went through the motions, intercourse did not occur, he just moved as men do. I remember it like yesterday: lying on the bed and him kissing me with his tongue in my mouth and my mind going crazy, bombarding me with thoughts: he is the age of my grandfather, this is disgusting.

What is this all about? It does not feel like a tantric technique or a blessing, this feels horrible and revolting.

Then suddenly he stopped, and quickly told me to get up, open the door and leave.

He asked me to return that evening.

I hurried down the steps and nearly ran over the sevaka walking up the steps with the soup in a jug.

I was upset and disturbed by this episode.

I ran to see swAmi, told him what happened and asked if I should return and visit old guru that evening as instructed.

He said what happened was not good, and he would talk to old guru.

His only advice was to avoid meeting privately or being alone with old guru.

The fact that swAmi acknowledged what happened was wrong, but simply told me to steer clear of old guru was devastating to me.... it struck at the foundation of my belief in the system I had devoted myself to.

From that point my life began to unravel.

After old guru's death i was summoned to swAmi's room several times.

I relate to you now how the first abuse happened.

In the late evening after everyone other than his secretary had left his room the curtains were drawn, the light was dimmed and he said to the (female) secretary that she could go to bed.

She left and swAmi got up and locked the place, leaving us alone together.

I was often briefly alone with him for small talks etc., but he had never before got up and locked us in.

Once again, alarm bells rang in my head, and once again my inner disciple overcame the common sense urge to up and leave.

He then lay down on his bed, and asked me to come to him.

I dutifully sat on the floor next to his big bed, expecting to benefit from some enlightening guru-disciple dialogue.

Instead he spoke to me in flattering terms, praising my attributes, than told me to sit on the bed.

He took my hand and placed it on his genitals, urging me to masturbate him.

At the same time he was fondling my breasts and genitals under my clothing.

After a while he pushed my head down into his lap and asked me to give him a bl..job, and "would I mind swallowing".

After he ejaculated in my mouth I went to the bathroom to clean up, and he did the same.

He then gave me a good night hug and sent me to my room.

These activities stopped after I told him I was in a new relationship with a fellow disciple in the ashram.

The disciple in me went through a slow and painful death - inevitable once I had seen the true nature of those I had entrusted with my spiritual well-being.

I wrote swAmi several letters over the years, seeking an explanation for the acts perpetrated by him and old guru.

I never received a reply, but carried on in the belief that it must have been for some legitimate reason: after all, my master would never do anything to harm me, would he??

In the end I made the decision to leave the ashram.

I had made some good friends at that place and felt I had to tell them the true reason for my leaving.

I revealed my story to a very small group and left them behind shattered and shocked.

We were good friends, and they knew I had no reason to lie, the truth was devastating to them.

I do not sign this letter for many good reasons, I hear all the time the arguing about that, these statements are made up maybe and why they don't tell their names. Just think about it hard.

Everyone who wants to know facts and the truth will find it.