

Pamela Dyson's FB page March 4, 2020

The story below was posted previously but been buried in the threads of so much discussion. It is written under a pseudonym because her present situation does not support her ability to speak out. This young woman is currently in her mid-twenties and struggles every moment of every day with the impact of these events. She shares this in the hope that other young women of her generation will find the courage to speak up. She is eager to have her story shared, so feel free to pass it along.

When I was four years old, my mom got very sick. She was too sick to supervise me and know where I was and keep me safe. Unfortunately, my father took advantage of this opportunity. Yogi Bhajan had a small group of people, mostly men, whom he considered very important. They spent almost all day at the Estate. Yogi Bhajan would sit in his chair that was like a throne. This small group of men and sometimes one or two women, would sit around him. They were in absolute admiration of him.

My father really wanted to be part of the group. He wanted the acceptance and he realized that his ticket in was me and my four-year-old body. He began taking me there every day after my mom had become sick. I was brought into the room, and almost immediately Yogi Bhajan would summon me to come sit on his lap. I sat on his lap for hours at a time, day in and day out. He was extremely rough with my body. He made it clear that my body was not my own. It was his, and the long-term effect that has had, I can not even describe. What I do remember was that at one point I was brought into Yogi Bhajan's bedroom. I was summoned to his bed. My father saw the whole thing happen. He let it happen and left the room. I was alone with Yogi Bhajan in his bed. That is where everything goes black.

What I do know is that as a four-year-old young girl, I was forced to sit on his lap day in and day out. In addition to his admiring inner circle he had several young, attractive women whom he called his "secretaries." Their sole purpose seemed to be to serve him food and drink. One woman named Premka has come forward and written about her experience as a secretary. I encourage people to read the book. A lot of credible allegations are being made about Yogi Bhajan right now, but most of it seems to be from adults. The reason I am posting is I want people to understand that Yogi Bhajan was willing and able to do extreme harm to a four-year-old child. That harm, even as a grown adult, has affected me every day. I have never felt my body was my own.

Some of you may not think of what happened to me as abuse. It's not a typical accusation of molestation that is concrete and fully understood. What is concrete that I sat on his lap for hours at a time, that he was extremely rough with me (squeezing me until I couldn't breathe, pinching my face so hard it hurt and left marks.) They had a TV in the room and often played sexually explicit and violent material. They would watch this for hours at a time, day on end, and I would be sitting on his lap the whole time. Sometimes he was sexually aroused. I can't explain the damage that did to me. My father sat in that room and not only did he not stop it, but it was his ticket into the inner circle so he encouraged it.

Another thing that negatively affected me is that Yogi Bhajan would force me to sit on his lap while he shamed and screamed at men, women, husbands, and wives who admired him and many of whom had joined the ashram to be near him and learn from him. He would shame them so harshly that rarely did anyone leave without sobbing, grown men and women brought to tears, because the man they looked up to shamed them and tore them apart. He also ordered people to send their children beginning at the age of five to a 3HO boarding school in India. This part is not my story to tell, as I never went to India as a student, but if my story can accomplish anything, I hope it encourages other people of my generation to come forward with any abuse they may have suffered.

As it stands, Yogi Bhajan is a monument. He is on all the material for kundalini yoga, which has thousands of followers worldwide and teacher training based on his quotes and ideas. He is a monument. And I am speaking out, because my truth matters, and I believe that people need to know the truth about the Yogi Bhajan. He was a man, not a monument, and in my opinion, he

was less than a man, he did not have honor. I realize that he meant a lot to people. I'm very sorry for those of you who have to hear this story and have it shake something so important to you and what you perhaps based a lot of your life on. There are several people in this community that I love, and the thought of hurting you is what kept me silent for so long. But I must tell it now, because it has ruined my life and stopped me from moving forward and that is just not okay. I deserve to have a life; I deserve to survive.

Even though she was very sick, every day when I got home to my mom I longed to tell her what was happening to me so she could stop it. But I never told her because Yogi Bhanjan and my father threatened me that they would hurt me and her, if I told her.

Keep in mind that this was a spiritual group that was meant to help people connect with god. Yogi Bhanjan was supposed to help people achieve that. Maybe for some people he did. Maybe he did do some good, life is not black and white, people are not black and white, so I will not assert that he had no positive effect in this world. That being said, I think it's important that people know what the other side of him was, that he was willing to abuse and use a four-year-old girl.

Original on Pamela Dyson's FB page March 4, 2020

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"This story that you are about to hear is a very difficult story, but if you can imagine how difficult the story is, please try and imagine what my life has been like. When I was four years old, four, my mom got very sick. She was too sick to supervise me and know where I was and keep me safe. Unfortunately, my father took advantage of this opportunity. He knew that my mom was not aware and too sick to prevent what my dad ended up doing.

"Yogi Bhanjan had a group of people, a small group of people, mostly men, who he considered very important, who were in his inner circle. They spent almost all day at the Estate. Yogi Bhanjan would sit in his chair that was like a throne and his small group of men and sometimes one or two women would sit around him. They were in absolute admiration of him. My father really wanted to be part of the group. He wanted the acceptance and he realized that his ticket in was me and my four-year-old body. My father began taking me to the estate every day when I was four years old, after my mom had become sick. I was brought to the estate, brought into the room, and almost immediately Yogi Bhanjan would summon me to come sit on his lap. I sat on his lap for hours at a time, day in and day out. He was extremely rough with my body, he made it clear that my body was not my own, it was his, and the effect that has had long-term I can't even describe. What I do remember was that at one point I was brought into Yogi Bhanjan's bedroom and I was summoned to his bed. My father saw the whole thing happen, let it happen, and left the room and I was alone with Yogi Bhanjan in his bed. That is where everything goes black.

"What I do know, what I know as a fact, is that as a four-year-old young girl I was forced to sit on his lap day in and day out. In addition to his admiring inner circle he had several young, attractive women who he called his "secretaries." Their sole purpose seemed to be to serve him food and drink. One woman named Premka has come forward and written about her experience as a secretary and I encourage people to read the book. A lot of credible allegations are being made about Yogi Bhanjan right now, but most of it seems to be from adults. The reason I am posting is I want people to understand that Yogi Bhanjan was willing and able to do extreme harm to a four-year-old child. That harm, even as a grown adult, has affected me every day. I have never felt my body was my own.

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"So what concrete things did he do to me? For the time period of about a year, which is when my mom was too sick to protect me, I spent almost every day at the estate with my father and Yogi Bhajan. It became routine that my father and I would enter the estate and within minutes I would be on the Yogi Bhajan's lap. It wasn't an option, it wasn't a choice, it was expected, and it was demanded. In the process of getting on his lap he was incredibly rough with my small four-year-old body. It caused me a significant amount of physical pain. He would always start by squeezing my cheeks very hard. This may sound cute or harmless, but it wasn't. It was very painful, and it was yet another version of him asserting his power over me. He would then turn me around and set me in his lap, and I would stay there for hours. As I've mentioned the material on TV was beyond inappropriate for a four-year-old child. The things that did to me psychologically are perhaps unfixable. The other aspect is that his inner circle of men would sit around talking about very inappropriate things. There was a lot of talk about sex. When the secretaries would enter the room, many of the men would look them up and down, and enjoy their young, beautiful bodies, and when they would leave, that would be all they would talk about, what they wanted to do to them. And my four-year-old ears heard it all. What that did in terms of my psychological understanding of what women are meant to be was beyond damaging. In this small world that I saw, women were servants that were meant to meet the Yogi Bhajan's every need and be sexually pleasing.

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