

I am Marina Rondelli or Guru Meher K. from Italy. I started with yoga at 18 and have practised Kundalini Yoga since I was 23. I met YB for the first time in Barcelona in 1985 when I was 27. He gave me my spiritual name. I continued to practise, but not regularly, until 1990 when Guru Dev Singh came to Italy to teach Sat Nam Rasayan. I was part of his first group of students in Bologna and was seduced by the healing practice and by the teacher. The lack of a power dynamic that existed in his relationship with his students was unlike anything I had seen until then with other teachers in the Kundalini Yoga world. He was not authoritarian, did not insist on following the Sikh system and did not intimidate like YB. It is probably all this that made him seductive and attainable.

Soon I found out I was interesting material to him. Looking back at it now, it is possible that I was a little in love with him, but not that much. And maybe other students were also fond of him, as commonly happens in a student-teacher relationship or a therapeutic setting. Meanwhile, my marriage rolled on, although my husband was opposed to the way I was changing, my daily practice, and my becoming a vegetarian. Our lives grew further and further apart. And then, somewhere near the end of 1995, my husband fell in love with my sixteen-year-old daughter from my first marriage. Once when I was away from home, he approached her. His attempt failed because she drew back, and I came home. The next day she told me what had happened and so I had to separate from him with great difficulty and pain.

By then, Guru Dev had become a dear friend who was important to me. When he came to Bologna for the healing courses, I always accompanied him after the sessions to Narayan's house where the yoga center was. I managed the center together with Simran K. GD had a bedroom there. During those evenings he taught me extra things about healing, about how the body and the energy flow of the couple had a decisive importance in the therapeutic relationship. He became my confidant and advisor.

Immediately after the separation from my husband, at the beginning of 1996, my relationship with GD changed. The day after the fateful first time I had sex with him, he informed me that:

- 1) I was not the only one with whom he exercised his "tantric energy".
- 2) Our sexual relationship was necessary because my self-esteem had collapsed after my husband had approached my daughter.
- 3) It was essential that our relationship remained secret. First of all, for the sake of my daughter, and also because the consequences of talking about it were unpredictable.
- 4) It would be good for me to have a partner.

He skillfully guided me towards one of his students: a friend of his from Rome.

I told GD that I loved him very much. 'I know', he said, but he himself never said the same to me. I understood that the situation was ambiguous and incorrect. He was married and according to the Sikh religion, to which he strictly adhered, marriage was a sacred bond. He did not contemplate polygamy.

Therefore, I felt it was right to end our relationship. It would be better to put my energy into someone else. I decided to give it a try. The "recommended" man must have thought the same. We started dating. It was not unpleasant. To have someone for myself was rewarding. I tried to find peace with the idea that the time of sexual adventures with the healing master was over.

When I saw Guru Dev again, I found out that he intended to continue his experimentations with sexual energy with me. It baffled me and it made me angry, but the truth is that at the same time I wanted it to continue. It pleased me that he wanted me. And even more than anything else: I "wanted to know" more about this complex thing that he had begun to teach me that was confused with feelings and desire, with my anger and his indifference. He "knew". He knew everything, at least that is how I perceived it, and I was so eager to learn. That is why I wanted him. I wanted to master this healing technique using the energy flow between human beings and especially the sexual energy to strengthen the capacities of the healer. I shaped all the details of what happened in such a way they would fit what I wanted them to be.

Meanwhile the relationship with my daughter was becoming increasingly disastrous. She mostly lived with her boyfriend and rarely came home. She didn't talk to me and looked at me with contempt. I was unable to reach her, to understand her and to make myself be understood by her. She didn't want to have anything to do with me. I was disappointed in her, I didn't understand why she allowed herself to behave this way towards me, to be so disrespectful. I did not know how to handle it.

I needed a therapist who could help us. GD was my teacher, my friend and the best therapist I could think of. In fact, he was my idol. He offered his help. She gladly went for a treatment when he came to Bologna. And so, he started to give her SNR sessions every month. Then he took her and his family with him on trips to the United States, to India, etc. At first, she went with him willingly. After a while she used marijuana and drank more frequently, even on her own. Before this, she would occasionally use drugs and alcohol in a social context, as youngsters do. The relationship with her boyfriend ended. She lived at home again. Between me and her, things worsened. And she no longer wanted to have sessions with GD. When I told GD about my daughter and her reticence to come to the sessions, he reassured me. He said that she was very twisted. That what had happened with my husband had broken her and our relationship. He was working to fix it. I had to control my doubts and stop worrying as he was taking care of the situation.

With regard to my own situation, I consoled myself with the thought that it was not that bad. I had 2 men, 2 relationships. Neither of them was official or stable but I learned unique things about healing and above all I learned to keep my heart open despite everything. For the first (and last) time in my life I had 2 men and I loved them both. As a healer I felt like 'my space' and ability 'to perceive' increased.

In those days, I was the accompanying secretary to GD when he came to Turin and Verona. Those visits were always the occasion for intimate encounters and "tantric experimentation". At least that's how I saw it.

In September 1997 when I slept with him in Turin, I was in the exact middle of my cycle at the ovulation stage. Even if GD was officially sterile, after the intercourse I ran to the bathroom to try to get as much sperm out as possible. He said not to worry.

The next month I discovered I was pregnant. In November after my birthday, I had an appointment for an abortion. I was emotionally very upset about it and in my confusion, I nearly burned the house down. In the morning I went to the hospital on my own. They were

twins. In the evening my partner who thought the twins were his, came to pick me up from the hospital. At 10 in the evening, GD called to ask me how I was.

In December, I met GD again at the annual SNR meeting in Assisi. I was heartbroken but I could not show it. This I had learned after so many years in the Kundalini Yoga sphere: what you are and how you feel is worth nothing. It is all about how you appear to others. The myth that existed was the following: the speed at which you are capable of sending every emotion into the neutral field to "equalize" it, is what matters. This was the primary requirement for a good SNR therapist, yogi or yogini. If not, you were considered to be second-class.

In springtime 1998, the relationship with my 'recommended' partner ended. It gnawed at me, but I soon got over it. I still had my privileged and secret relationship with the Chief. He personally took care of my grown-up daughter. I could not do that. After all, she was a teenager, and you know how they are. My youngest daughter was always with me. I told myself that sooner or later, both would be well balanced human beings, ready to fully develop their spiritual potential. Thanks to me they grew up in the safest and most protected place you could imagine in the world. I created for them a much better situation than my mother had done for me.

At the beginning of the summer, the conflicts with my oldest daughter were intense. She was totally out of my control. The topic "control" deserves a chapter in itself! To be a top healer in SNR you have to come to terms with letting go of control. On the other hand, they teach you that healing has to do with control over the other and over the situation. You are always establishing and sanctioning the terms of a hierarchy. A message that, at its best, is contradictory.

I had not heard from GD since the end of May. Every now and then I called "the friend" because I was homesick. One afternoon my daughter confronted me. She asked if I truly believed that GD was that pearl of a man that I was promoting? Did I really think he was a model of integrity and faithful to the sacred Sikh principles? That he was not cheating on his wife? While I was thinking of something which could cover up possible gossip, I asked her with whom she thought GD was cheating on his wife. I was ready for any answer but when she replied, "with me for example", my heart missed a beat and time disappeared into a void and I fell into nothingness.

And then she threw it all on me: the mornings when I gave her money for *brioche e cappuccino* to take to Narayan's house where he and I had slept together at night and where he was waiting for her for the treatment and I "forced" her to go. The trip to India where I had sent her because of her crisis at school and the use of marijuana. He had insisted that she went because she was so depressed that she might commit suicide. He knew that her committing suicide was the easiest button to push with me. I had confided to him that seeing my oldest daughter die, had always been my greatest nightmare. Ever since she was born, God knows why, I had that fear for her. With the younger one, I never had that.

He used this lever "she is suicidal" every time we saw each other and when I asked him about her and about the reason why her relationship with me was getting worse and worse. My fear made me shake inside and so I pushed her to go.

He told me that in India she slept at the hostel with Narayan. He and his family stayed in a 5-star hotel because his status demanded that. (Status was not important to him but fundamental and necessary to define his position within the community. Now I see how the choice of the people of his entourage were defined by the money in their bank accounts or by significant economic self-sufficiency, excluding me).

Every morning GD, who was 46 in those days, would come to the hostel for the "healing". He would send Narayan away and then sneak up on my 16-year-old daughter to have sex with her. She did not want it, but he was obsessed, she told me. I asked her if Narayan knew and she said: "She knows everything, but it is convenient for her to pretend she does not know."

I was annihilated, frozen, I no longer existed. Guru Dev was my master, my teacher, my friend, my lover. And Narayan was my friend from before, before Kundalini Yoga entered my life, before Guru Dev. I was looking at my daughter, the house, the objects on the table. Everything was foreign to me. My breathing had become very shallow and I suddenly felt extremely tired. She was waiting for a reaction, but I no longer existed. So, she went to her room and closed the door. I also went upstairs. I wanted to have something to say to her, but there was nothing inside. My brain was like water. My heart was gone. I went to bed and got so cold that I started to pull out the winter duvets from the closet. I put them all on top of me. But still I was frozen. My teeth chattered. I had no thoughts. I was in shock.

After I don't know how long, my daughter left. She left the house. As she passed by, she told me that she didn't know if she would be back for the night. I didn't have the strength to stop her, to hug her, to tell her that I was there for her. I didn't have the strength to cry, not with her, not on my own. I don't know how long after she left, I picked up the phone and called him. I could only say "Why? Why her? Why so?" He answered me that he was in a healing session. He called me back after 10 minutes. I do not remember exactly what he said that time because my memory gets confused with the thousands of other times that he made his excuses, came up with motives, reasons and strategies, and ..., and ..., and.

Three days later my daughter arrived back home. She was pretty out of herself. She told me that she was going to Favignana to see a friend. She said that she needed to leave, that she didn't want to be with me. And I was not able to do anything but watch her go away.

GD phoned me again. I'm pretty sure he did that because he wanted to keep me under his control. The situation was critical for him. I was a loose cannon, just as much as my daughter was. He had to make sure that I kept silent and that I didn't disclose a thing.

After a few days, my daughter called me. She was more and more out of her mind. She was uttering nonsense. She said things that scared me. After 4 or 5 days a friend of hers called me to tell me I had to get her back home. She had been beaten. I couldn't do that because I had no money to buy a ticket. It was summertime, so there was only little work for me to do. And, I had no one else to take care of the younger one. It was all too much for me. I just didn't want it anymore. I called GD again. He paid for a ticket for her from Palermo to Bologna. Her friend managed to put her on the plane and entrusted her to a hostess. When

she arrived home, she was in a psychotic crisis and I had to, had to, had to come back to myself.

A few days later would be the departure for the yoga festival. In the meantime, I took both my daughters to work. The little one of 8 years old looked after the older one who was still in a very bad mental state. I was constantly in contact with GD because I didn't know how to handle the situation and above all I couldn't tell the truth to anyone else. This dictate of silence weighed heavily on me, as it did on my daughter for many years. Plus, as my friend and confidant he knew about the reason why I had separated from my husband. I would do everything to prevent a second story being made public of my underage daughter being abused by adult men.

Luckily, after five or six days she asked me for help. We made a deal. She would get two sleeping pills every evening and three obligatory meals sitting next to me. Her situation started to improve.

With the help of a friend, I managed to get us to the yoga festival. After a few days GD arrived, as more and more often, with great pomp. To have a private conversation, we went to a restaurant. During the meal, I couldn't hold back my tears. GD told me to stop because everyone was watching us. I said I couldn't. With a simple "*te voy arreglar*" ("I am going to fix you") he made every emotion suddenly drop. I could no longer cry. I wanted to stab him but obviously I did nothing. I stayed there frozen, sitting in front of him. He took up his place as the unblemished leader. Everything was related to "karma", he said. He gave me a lecture about roles and positions. I was a student. He was a teacher. He above, me below. He agreed that he would take care of my daughter, together with me. It was necessary to arrange separate accommodation for her, not living with me, because I had neither the economic nor the vital resources to take good care for her. So, he arranged for her to stay in Amsterdam at the ashram under the protection of Guru Jagat S and his wife Hari Jiwan K. He would take care of the expenses. My daughter would help them with their child, and she would attend school to learn Dutch. This way she would distance herself from her Italian friends, from the drugs and from our relationship which was harmful for her and for me. That is what he told me.

I did not know what to think of it. Maybe it was the right thing to do to make sure things would not deteriorate. The whole situation was definitely devastating for her, for me and for the little sister. The only one for whom this all turned out splendidly, was for him. He was fully back in his role of the increasingly important Kundalini Yoga leader. With this proposal he managed to escape. He certainly thought he had managed this matter well: I had my mouth shut, my daughter was neutralized as she would be out of sight and well-guarded by his supporters. And he could easily resume the role that is so dear to a man of the world: to keep everything under control.

At the yoga festival, GD's primary role in the European and international community was beginning to be outlined more and more, and just like YB, GD was adopting his own original style. A court full of young and adoring girls appeared around him. In the midst of all that, he repeatedly pointed a young lady out to me. She was the "*feminino absoluto*" he said. She became his shadow for more or less 10 years, not always as discreet as the inner circle around GD would have liked it, some said.

All the while I was trying to keep myself, my daughter and my family together in front of the others at the yoga festival. I took on board all the bullshit that was there. One of the main principles of GD and of all the western Sikh Dharma community became clear to me: you should never criticize, but you always had to humbly accept criticism. The more skilled you became in the practice of prevarication, the more you were accepted in the inner circle. This rise of GD's fame was happening while my daughter and I were demoted from the "first class" scene of his nascent inner circle. The hallmark of these unelected "Circles of Power" were ruthlessness and selfishness, void of elegance, compassion or grace.

So, this is how I was lightly replaced by the "*feminino assoluto*". She became the primary fire of the "tantric experimentation" of the boss. After her I imagine that others came because GD certainly is not characterized neither by sentimental or emotional involvement, nor by any sense of fidelity to the subject of experimentation.

In all this, sooner or later we should have a look at the role of these gentlemen's wives. Once I asked GD why he did not exercise his "tantric power" with his wife, moreover a beautiful and highly intelligent woman (even though she was rather a bitch to me). He replied that they had different roles and so the subject was closed.

Later on, I got to know his wife better. Even if she had her fair share of power and authority, for better or for worse, she too was abused and insulted and, even if the word sucks to me, she was a victim of the phallogocratic, imperialist and pyramidal system in which they uplift the feminine in speech, overload her with jewels and posh clothes, but in reality, is used like toilet paper, no matter what role she plays, or which chair she sits on.

If YB could hear me, he would repeat what he said to me before: "You bullshit intellectual Italian feminist", and then he would send me to the kitchen to serve with humility. Because the best way for a woman to understand her role is to serve with her mouth shut.

The yoga festival ended, and my youngest daughter and I returned to Italy without the big sister. The little one was desperate, and I had a heart of lead and a head full of tears. She went to Amsterdam in a certain way restless and suspicious but also excited and hopeful with regard to the adventure that awaited her. After all, I saw this as a good thing. The distance would allow both of us to have a better view of what had happened. It was a temporary separation after all. I reckoned that with Christmas she would return home.

In September the usual routine was back. GD came to Bologna to teach. After that I went with him to Turin and Verona. Now the two hotel rooms were actually used, not like before, two paid and one used. Right on the first evening he explained to me "that our relationship could not continue because everything had changed now, everything was fine now". I don't remember what I thought. My mind was pretty empty, but I remember feeling like throwing up. And even now, as I go back to describe what happened, I want to throw up.

And so, my "tantric apprenticeship" ended, my daughter was kept in special care by members of the community, and from then on she was considered a semi-toxic poor woman in the compassionate care of the community and her generous teacher. I dropped to the grade of simple service.

GD was a rising star in the firmament of the Kundalini Yoga world who began to shine more and more of his own light. His "court" was expanding in Europe. The group of devotees, devoted to him in the first place and then to YB, grew every day. Sat Want was 'wisely' manipulated to break up with her boyfriend. The Germans became an important group around GD with their fine jewelry and fancy clothing. The court more and more pushed everyone to show a high status. They were always there and ready to point out the inadequacy of all the others.

Once I asked him what he was doing and he said, "if you walk in the Master's footsteps, you acquire the Master's Space". YB had asked him to play a more prominent role in the Sikh Dharma and he obeyed. I started to understand what it really was like in Espanola.

Anyway, Christmas came, and I wanted to get my daughter back. GD told me that he was worried that she was still very unstable and "suicidal". At that, the "suicidal" panic crept back into me. I should not go to Amsterdam. It was better to let her find her own way. And above all: she should never know about me and him. It would be an even worse psychological and mental shock to her. We had to work in synergy to protect her from 'the worst'. Why did I listen to him? Why did I let myself be deceived? Why did I rely on the rapist's guidance? And a rapist in every way, of the body, mind and soul of both my daughter and me. I don't know why. I can't put it into words, but it is what happened. Anyone who has dealt with him, or even worse with YB, know how they function: divide and conquer!!!

In Italy I was increasingly bound to silence about the series of events for which I felt guilty. (GD constantly emphasized the contribution and value of personal responsibility in the unfolding of events, obviously mine, and the importance of taking responsibility in spiritual growth). In the eyes of the Italian community, my daughter in Holland had risen to a higher social level being under direct protection of GD, but in general she was considered a poor thing by the followers. She was able to live there thanks to the compassion of the Master, who never failed to subtly bring it to my attention. In fact, what happened was that I was alone, always isolated and more and more he became the only person I had contact with.

In the community I could not speak. And I was too ashamed to speak outside of the community. After each conversation with GD the shame was fueled. So, time passed by. My daughter met a guy at the ashram in Amsterdam and started a relationship. I thought that in the end she was really taking charge of her own life, creating her own opportunities, that she had come out of the end of the tunnel. In Italy I always had to behave as if everything was perfect, the best in fact.

Meanwhile the depression ate at me. Luckily there had been the break with "the friend" that I could use as an excuse. It gave me a chance to cry, to pity myself. Even if this was not the real cause, I used it as an opportunity to talk to others about pain, frustration and humiliation.

GD could not stand my whining. He was slightly compassionate, slightly despised me, slightly pushed me away. I made sure not to let him miss a good dose of my suffering. It was my right, and he would have to put up with me.

It went on like this for over a year. My daughter in Holland slowly built a new life with new friends and a boyfriend. During our rare phone calls, she told me about gossip circulating about GD. (Her phone time was limited by ashram rules. I could not always reach her.) I was angry with GD because he swore to me that what he had done with my daughter had been a slip, while he was still apparently attracted to "fresh goods".

I will stop the first part of my story here. In the next one I will tell you about my encounters with YB who came to Italy several times during these events. YB often brought me out of the kitchen to talk to me and to heal him. I will tell you about my marriage with YB's spiritual son and his reaction to what GD had done to my daughter. It may take a while because writing all this down is not easy for me.

Thank you for listening,
Marina Rondelli – Guru Meher K
March 9, 2021