

## **Introduction overview:**

My paper focuses on the details surrounding my Kundalini Yoga intensive 10-month certification journey from 2019 through 2020, and the invaluable lessons I learned about trusting my own inner guidance. My writing is based on my own personal experience watching a 60-year patriarchal institution crumble and reform itself from the inside out and has been one of the most formative and valuable spiritual teachings I have experienced.

## **Destroying the Guru Myth: The Path to Discovering my Own Internal Wisdom**



Trusting and building a bridge to your own inner guidance and wisdom may seem like an obvious path to many, especially those on a spiritual path, but my experience within my own Kundalini Yoga training program in 2019-2020, may have taught me more about life, spirituality and the impact of Guru worship, than I had ever imagined possible; and for that I will be forever grateful.

It was 7am on October 2019 as I walked into Yoga West, in the heart of Los Angeles close to Hollywood; ready for my first day of Kundalini training. I was wearing my new all-white yoga clothes, holding my yoga mat and a big bag full of pencils, paper, water and snacks. I looked around at the packed yoga room with over 130 excited and nervous yogi's, yogi hopefuls, Kundalini Yoga instructors and helpers, and looked for place in the packed room to put my stuff. As I got in line to get my name tag, books and manuals, I will never forget the feeling of excitement mixed with panic as I felt the buzz of energy all over the room. I remember looking around at all the smiling, pretty people with white covered heads thinking "there is no way I am going to be one of those people covering my head in a turban" and wondering if it was too late to get my money back. I remember having that old familiar feeling of being different and not belonging, which I pushed down almost as quickly as it bubbled up, and remember looking around at the sea of white clothed yogi's who had placed their expensive shoes in the cubbies outside the main yoga room and wondering how on earth I was going to get through this intensive training and the next 10 months.

This was by far the longest and most intensive training I had registered for since starting my journey in to meditation, breathwork and sound healing instruction 2 years earlier, and before I could think about the more than \$4,000 spent on this course and the 10 full weekends ahead of me in LA away from my family, the starting bell began to ring and I had to find a spot on my mat near the back of the large, densely packed room. We were soon divided into about 10 groups (called Jettha Groups) of 10-15 students, and I was placed in the Fire Group, which was the "out-of-town" Jettha group whose members were from several places around the country, and even included one guy who was traveling back and forth from Germany to come to the weekend intensives. I looked around at our diverse group who were to become my smaller Kundalini family, and began to settle into the training which had begun with a well-organized velocity.

The first weekend was a blur; we started at 7am each day and were immediately taught our first 40-day Kriya (which is a very specific set of exercises done in a very specific way to create a very specific energetic effect) as well as a 40-day meditation that included a difficult 11-minute breathwork set which was mandatory to complete without missing any days, in order to certify. We were also encouraged to attend at least 5 of the required early morning 4am Saturday and/or Sunday morning Sadhanas (which are the special early morning meditations and exercises) held at Yoga West and other studios around the country. Before each weekend we were given specific chapters to read in Yogi Bhajan's Textbook and study guide to fill out for the exam, that detailed the history of Kundalini yoga, the Chakras, yogic anatomy, functional western Anatomy, yogic philosophy, humanology and a study of the different yoga traditions which dated back well over 5,000 years and described the lineage from which Yogi Bajhan had come from. Every class weekend we gathered to watch and also participate in one of Yogi

Bhajan's hundreds of previously recorded classes, and then discussed his class and teachings as a group. Each intensive weekend included some mandatory readings from a special book that detailed some of his most famous classes and words which were recorded verbatim exactly as he had spoken them. Yogi Bajhan in many of his writings and teachings was famous for telling his students not to worship him and that he was not a God and was in fact just a simple teacher, a man and a messenger. Even so, students and teachers alike, hung on his every word, as he put them through intensive, physically and mentally exhausting exercises that we did together with him and his students as part of our weekend. Even though many of his teachings were contradictory, deeply sexist and totally nonsensical, we were encouraged to choose our favorite sentences and paragraphs and were given time each weekend to discuss his teachings. At Yoga West, where Kundalini Yoga first began, Yogi Bajhan was idolized as every bit a God, with his enormous presence looming over us in the form of a huge photograph hanging on the front wall of the main yoga room and looking over us, his children. Every accomplished teacher, apprentice and new student learned to tune in with the opening mantra Ong Namō Guru Dev Namō (which translates loosely to: "we bow to the divine teacher, me as my highest self"), and linked us to what we learned was the Golden Chain in which Yogi Bajhan stood first in line. Every teacher and student alike learned his story and quoted many of his teachings which were a requirement for certification, revering him as one might a Saint and not just a man, even though we were being taught not to worship a Guru. There was even a special meditation called Tratakum where the student was encouraged to meditate on Yogi Bajhan's image for at least 40 straight days, staring deeply into and past his eyes so we could merge with his subtle energy and teachings; something I am happy to say I was never actually called to do.

As excited new students, we watched and listened and absorbed the teachings, and more and more of us began to fall into the feeling of community and oneness with one another. Many began to experiment with wearing the traditional white turban or other similar head covering, and began experimenting with the concept of releasing our egoic "selves" to the messages and teachings of Kundalini Yoga as taught by Yogi Bajhan. As the classes progressed those of us (like me) not wearing a head covering or traditional turban began to feel more and more self-conscious and "different", and I began to wonder if my discomfort to conform and wear a head covering was the very thing in myself that kept me from having the much sought-after Kundalini rising experience. I found myself questioning my need for individuality as a weakness and not a strength, and have since read that this pressure to conform to a practice which seems perfectly logical, is just one of the many ways someone becomes indoctrinated into a group cult mentality. The argument for wearing a turban made some logical sense which explained that

"the skull is made up of tiny bones that are constantly moving even if only by micromillimeters and the degree to which they move impacts levels of calmness or anxiety. Covering the head stabilizes the cerebral matter and the 26 parts of the brain, which are interlocked with the neurological system and electromagnetic field.

The benefit of wearing a turban is that when you wrap the 5 to 7 layers of cloth, you cover the temples, which prevents any variance or movement in the different parts of the skull. A turban automatically gives you a cranial self-adjustment. You can pay for a cranial adjustment, or you can tie a turban for free!" 3HO <https://www.3ho.org/3ho-lifestyle/daily-routine/covering-head>

Still, I fought this practice until I signed up for the mandatory day of White Tantra, where a head covering was mandatory for entry and is a special kind of Kundalini Yoga marathon, created by Yogi Bajhan and his organization KRI and 3HO (which are respectively the governing body for Kundalini Yoga and their charitable organization). This experience is held all over the world at different times and days, and was going to be in Los Angeles at two different dates during our training; at least one White Tantra was mandatory to certify so I chose the closest date I could to get it over with. I left my house at 5am to meet my friend Robyn at UCLA where 600 people were gathering in a large auditorium to sit knee to knee, in Easy Pose (cross legged seated pose) for 8 hours with a partner to do specific Kundalini Yoga Kriyas (another name for exercises) and chanting meditations using only the arms. White Tantra the Yogic version of an 8-hour marathon is a test of will, designed to conquer your egoic mind and the intense fatigue that almost 8 hours of non-stop movements creates, both physically and mentally. There were four or five 62-minute movement sets and one or two 31-minute sets in total, with a lunch and a few breaks in-between.

We were told that White Tantra is all about moving energy in sets of two people, together with hundreds of others set up in a very specific pattern for maximum energy flow. Even though my outlook on Kundalini Yoga and more specifically Yogi Bajhan has changed dramatically for reasons I will share shortly, I can honestly say that while I no longer believe in the Sainthood, purity or much else having to do with Yogi Bajhan the man, I am deeply grateful for the lessons learned in White Tantra because I found a resolve and a strength inside myself that I almost forgotten existed. I did White Tantra with a family friend from my Kundalini class who just happened to be my youngest sister's college roommate and one of her best friends. Robyn lived in LA and had serendipitously chosen to participate in the same Kundalini training as me, which was a real blessing; and even though I have totally transformed my relationship with Kundalini yoga, I feel very grateful to have experienced White Tantra with her as my partner. She wrote this to her Jettha group just after our experience together doing White Tantra in November of 2019.

“Hello my water people!! I wanted to connect with you all about this experience I had in White Tantra. There was a 62-minute Kriya when we were knee to knee with our partner hands interlaced chanting and raising our hands overhead then back out to parallel with the ground. I knew my partner (me) had a shoulder injury and to be honest I was thinking the kriya was only 32 minutes and that we had finished our 62-minute Kriyas (there were a few Kriyas we had done that day). About 7 minutes in I stopped chanting for a second and said “oh wow this is hard” to which my partner who kept staring into my eyes and chanting, just gave me a look with a telepathic message that said “I will not give up on you. please do not give up on me.” (It brings me to tears to remember this moment now.) so I dug deeper and tried to find the rhythm to keep going and work through the suffering conversation my ego mind was in. About 15 minutes in we were in a groove. About 30 minutes in I thought “almost done now- can't stop won't stop.” At about 40 minutes in I was joyous smiling - I almost felt like we were singing on the chain gang laying a railroad track back in the day- in rhythm in community in synch, and unstoppable. At 50 minutes in I was experiencing immense waves of gratitude that caused big tear drops to Roll down my face as I stared in my partners eyes and realized without her I would have given up. I just got really present to the reality that it does take a village. We are all in it

for each other and can't leave anyone behind. And then I heard someone on the mic say "victory" as we had about 10 more minutes to go and I felt my golden chain and all my ancestors and my spirit baby and the mountain of support behind me and it really did feel like I could go all day. And when it finally ended. I hugged my partner. I cried some more, and I fell into a yogi sleep that felt like it healed so much psychic pain that I had been carrying. I liken the euphoria at the end to that which one feels at the end of a marathon when you truly feel you could run 100 more miles. Anyway. I wanted to share it with you. I love you and am grateful you are in my village."

I asked her to resend this writing to me and she added in her text: "I am crying reading this. Omg ugly big tears. Thanks for bringing this forward again."

I can honestly say that wearing a turban or a Hijab during White Tantra and even afterwards in a few classes and weekends, was by far one of the most freeing practices in that I learned to let go of how I looked to others on the outside; and began to notice people's eyes and smiles and began to see them in a completely new way. While that may not have been the main reason to wear a turban, it was definitely a positive experience as were so many of the practices I learned during my training.

Looking back, what drew me to Kundalini Yoga and getting a certification was my deep desire to understand more about sound and vibration and to get more of a historical grounding in the teaching of the ancient yogis who had learned much of which science is just now starting to catch up to. One of my successful sound bath teachers was also a Kundalini Yoga instructor in LA and taught at Yoga West and I experienced some of the Kundalini mantras and physical exercises in her classes that seemed to create an energy shift in me. I felt drawn to a practice that incorporated sound, meditation, movement and breath, intuitively knowing that the combination of these would have a greater effect on the mind and body than only sound or meditation or a physical yoga practice could create. I had also begun taking and favoring the Kundalini classes at my local yoga studio and began to crave my Sunday morning Kundalini Yoga class. By the end of the week, I was longing for the combination of sound, mantra, exercise and meditation practiced together in a larger community of other students.

As a new and excited Kundalini yoga student in training, I had jumped into my Kundalini Training with both feet and chose to trust the process, the teachers and the teachings of Kundalini Yoga as taught by Yogi Bajhan. I felt a resonance with the students and teachers, some of whom had high level medical or other degrees were themselves students of Kundalini as taught by Yogi Bajhan for 20 or more years. I learned that this form of Kundalini Yoga had been taught in this country for over 60 years and our books and teachers talked about modern day science beginning to catch up to the 5000 plus year lineage, so I was all in. Even Joe Dispenza and other scientists like Bruce Lipton and Greg Braden were teaching the main aspects of Kundalini Yoga and energetic principles without mentioning the Chakras or the other less westernized teachings, mantras or concepts. I had signed up for this certification in the hopes that I would get a better understanding of the Chakra system and Yogic anatomy as well as a deeper grasp on the subtle bodies, meridians and the effects that different forms of breathwork could have on the entire system. I was hoping that Kundalini Yoga may help me get

a better and more complete understanding of sound healing, energy and vibration. I believed what I was being taught and what I was experiencing without much firsthand knowledge about Yogi Bajhan or Guru Singh who was the lead trainer and the man who had stepped into Yogi Bajhan's shoes as one of, if not THE, lead trainer at Yoga West in LA, as well as in Seattle and all around the world.

I remember the first time I saw Guru Singh walk into the main room. When he entered the room, an excited energetic buzz followed him. He reminded me of Merlin with his turban and long white beard. A great, wise wizard, an elder with all the answers, and I watched as students and teachers alike, parted to make a path for him to walk to the front of the room where he began to set up and then start playing his guitar like we were all sitting around a campfire with him. He was like the piper, and we were all mesmerized by his singing and his playing and his lessons, during which he used his own simple hand drawings to teach us complex life and spiritual lessons. I remember looking around and seeing the adoring looks in the faces of teachers and students alike and thinking "I am in the presence of greatness... he is like Ghandi..." and I felt a deep knowing that this guy was MY Guru.

What does Guru really mean? Gu means Dark and Ru means Light and the meaning of Guru really means teacher, in this case a spiritual teacher who brings one out of the darkness and into the light with new knowledge that comes to the forefront and lights up what used to be in the shadows. I loved the way Guru Singh spoke, his use of language and understanding of etymology were amazing, and I remember feeling an immediate connection to his charismatic way of being... a wizard man who through his wonderful stories, spun the most incredible tales and lessons. He seemed to know and embody Yogi Bajhan better than anyone else and was one of the most interesting and poetic story tellers I had ever been listened to. He shared many stories about Yogi Bajhan as his driver for many, many years, and he wove into his teachings, stories about his Master teacher that celebrated and elevated him for those of us who had little background or relationship with him, other than what we were reading about him in our text books. Even though Yogi Bajhan had died from heart failure 2004, Guru Singh, brought him and his teachings to life in a way that endeared us all to Yogi Bajhan who he held up as a humanitarian and world leader. Even though Guru Singh was a bit arrogant and aloof and sometimes sounded curt in his responses to staff and students, his sermons and teachings and status in the community made him seem as much of an icon as his former teacher Yogi Bajhan. He appeared to me and many of my classmates as a deeply spiritual human being with a strong stance against violence that included a deep respect and humanity toward animals, insects and the planet. I remember thinking how lucky and proud I was to be able to be in the presence of his teachings and to hear him speak live, and I often thought about his meditations and Kriyas long after they were delivered.

I had completed my first 40-day Sadhana (which was the first hard Kriya and meditation we were given) and was beginning to carve out my daily practice, which was one of the goals I had come in with, until Pamela Dyson's self-published book called: Premka, White Dove in a Golden Cage came out in the middle of January 2020; just one month before what was to be our 6<sup>th</sup> and final in-person weekend at Yoga West.

The book was a memoir Pamela had written about her complex and often deeply abusive relationship with Yogi Bajhan, who was a married man with several children. At first the reaction to the book was just a trickle but with the fire of social media, and the Me-Too Movement, within just a few weeks it became a massive damn that broke as hundreds and then thousands began talking about and reading her book that spanned her long and difficult relationship with Yogi Bajhan. Massive Groups formed on Facebook and people joined from all over the world, reading and sharing and witnessing as hundreds of new victims began sharing their stories of abuse in these groups and chats and in interviews. More and more personal and organizational abuses surfaced, and every day new stories poured out from people across the globe, spanning almost 60 years. Yogis were fighting and arguing and talking and crying in group calls and chats, and trying to make sense of what they were reading and hearing about their Guru and some of their other beloved teachers and the practice that so many had given their lives to and many more swore had saved their lives.

Pedophilia, money laundering and other mafia like behavior that had long been hidden beneath the pure, white surface rose up and poured out into social media. Hundreds of victims came forward including women, men, and children (boys and girls), and here we were, in the middle of training, and just at the beginning of what was soon to become the Pandemic and the lockdown that stopped the world in its tracks. We were a week or two away from what was to become our last in-person weekend training and a huge number of us were completely paralyzed and glued to the sharing going on in the myriad of online groups. Many of us read Premkas book and joined the online Facebook groups (both the deniers and the believers) and read story after story, mostly from abused women in the male-dominated Kundalini system, and also from their children who were sent to special schools in India where they were often traumatized and neglected by their parents who had been indoctrinated into what was essentially a cult. People had changed their names, changed their lives and drank the Kundalini Kool-Aid, entrusting their precious children to strangers in a foreign country, where they were left to fend for themselves and many at very young and vulnerable ages. The stories about Yogi Bajhan and children were some of the hardest to read and it was mind boggling to believe that this man who had been accused of criminal offenses like embezzlement and fraud was never charged or jailed as he built up what had become a billion-dollar empire. He had a multi-billion-dollar security company, a Yogi Tea company and line of wellness and other products which he was said to have essentially stolen from others who worked in his organization and claimed as his own.

I became part of a self-created student task force who took on finding out as much as we could about Yogi Bajhan and all his writings and mantras and Kriyas and practices because with the empire starting to fall and the sharing of so many, led-on by Pamela's bravery, a large number of us in training and many who were practicing and also teaching began questioning everything about every aspect of the practice and all the information we were being taught. One of our task force members who is herself a documentary film maker, created a Google Doc for the entire student body and we all began to share articles and information so that even those who didn't want to know about, read or believe what was coming out, could not deny what was happening. We began sharing our feelings of outrage and upset publicly in Base Camp which the entire student body used to communicate with one another, and we waited to hear how

Guru Singh, our Jettha leaders and the different teachers and students would react to this outpouring of information.

The interesting thing is that the polarization within our little Kundalini cosmos mirrored the greater political climate and we began to separate into the Premka and victim supporters and questioners and the die-hard Yogi Bajhan supporters who aligned with the old guard. Ultimately, we all watched and waited to see how Guru Singh was going to react, and what stand he would ultimately take, after all, how could he of all people not know about this? Our task force formed its own WhatsApp group, outside of our assigned groups, and talked about whether we would continue the training, or whether we were going to be able to get our money back and we texted and talked about what the upcoming weekend with Guru Singh might look like. Many students tossed out their books and many simply stopped practicing as we worked through our own feelings of trauma, especially those in our group who themselves had been victims of physical, sexual and/or emotional abuse. Together as a small group within or larger group, we shared our pain and frustration about what each of us was reading individually and together about the more graphic accounts of abuse being posted. One by one our posts on Basecamp were deleted and our voices were silenced by the admins whose job it was to shut down the dissent and keep our cohort together. The group began to divide into the vocal task force (many of whom left the training), the vocal deniers and Yogi Bajhan supporters, and the people in the middle who just wanted to finish the training, keep their heads down and stay neutral and out of it.

One thing I can say about this experience is that all of us who were on the task force and involved in the research about the roots of Kundalini as taught by Yogi Bajhan became deeply connected with one another as we sought out the truth for ourselves. We also began to see who our teachers were at their core as human beings as we watched them grapple with the news that was coming out. Many of them had dedicated 10 or even 20 or more years to the practices and had a complete belief in Kundalini Yoga as taught by Yogi Bajhan. It seemed that what started as a Yoga training became for many of us more of a life training and a doorway or pathway into discovering who we were in relation to this challenge and how we were going to come through it. Some people never came back to training, but most of us agreed to come to the February training to see how Guru Singh was going to handle this news after an initial and very weak email he had one of his admins send out which was more of a neutral non-reaction that leaned toward denial and victim shaming, which was the first of many disappointments; and our task force readied itself with articles and stories and a resolve to understand just what Guru Singh and Yoga West's role was in all of this. What started for me as a training to learn the roots of vibration and sound from one of the most respected organizations in the world, had turned into a training about truth and learning to trust my own inner guidance and my own internal wisdom.

The February weekend started with Guru Singh sharing dramatically, that he believed the victims and that while he was indeed one of Yogi Bhajan's oldest students, he was on the outside of his inner circle and unaware of all the abuses because he told us (as he had in many lectures) that he was always a non-conformist and vocal about his questions and disagreements, and was therefore kept out of most of the internal goings-on. Even though he

was a board member of 3HO (the foundation that managed all the businesses) and seemed to be paid handsomely for his work, with a home given to him and paid for by Yogi Bajhan, he tried very hard to separate himself that weekend from his beloved teacher. For the first time since training began; he appeared to make an extra effort to get to know each of us individually, and in retrospect, I believe much of his effort and his attitude toward us over those two days, was designed to keep us enrolled in the program. He stood to lose a lot of money had we all dropped out and demanded a refund. For the first time since training started, he sat on the floor with us, instead of sitting on the stage, and stayed the whole day and the whole next day instead of teaching for what was usually just a few hours on just one of the weekend days. He started the first morning by inviting each of us to share how we felt with our entire class and the whole teacher body, and he listened patiently to well over 80 people sharing their feelings, tears and outrage at what they were reading about Yogi Bajhan and his behavior.

After that weekend, at least 30 students dropped out of our training and demanded a refund which took them several months to get it, and many of us, including myself who had been participating fully up to that point, chose to stay and finish the training, even though it was incredibly difficult and never really recovered after going online where it became completely restricted and watered down. We no longer had to read our textbooks with Yogi Bajhan's photos on them, and were not even able to chat to one another during the sessions which had moved to Zoom, for fear that our comments and questions may result in more people leaving and creating additional upset among the less vocal students. Our comments and questions were completely censored by the main admin and essentially Guru Singh's gatekeeper, another Kundalini relic and Bajhan supporter. Her full-time role during the rest of the classes became maintaining control (of us) at all costs and keeping what was left of our task force from influencing others and inciting a full-blown student riot. They even brought in a trauma informed yoga specialist as one of our teachers, who was there to talk about how to manage trauma in our students, but was not even allowed to take or answer any questions from us about Yogi Bajhan and the intense trauma being expressed online by so many of his former students. We were truly in the middle of a complete system collapse.

One of the hardest things for me personally was the time it took for me to accept and reckon with how I had once again fallen prey to a power outside myself. I had again allowed myself to believe in someone and something that was at its core, deeply flawed, and at first even I was both unable and unwilling to fully see, believe and integrate this betrayal. How could I have been so completely taken in? What was real? What was not? Where all these stories coming out about sexual and physical abuse real, and who in Yogi Bajhan's inner circle knew about this? How could I be fooled again by a man I had just chosen as my teacher? What did Guru Singh know about this? How could he not know? How could I be duped by another flawed human being in a position of power who was teaching us every month and every week at Yoga West about how to be true to ourselves while holding space and grace for all the people still suffering in darkness and inflicting harm on others as the uninformed? Guru Singh was a vegan and a warrior against the suffering of other beings and yet here he was, a flawed, selfish and even fearful man who refused to rise up and speak out early and fully acknowledge the victims and the abuses of his teacher and ultimately his own organization. Here was a man that just weeks earlier had been revered by all of us, and just like that, as we had ironically learned and read

about in our Kundalini as taught by Yogi Bajan textbook, had fallen from Grace in front of our eyes. We were watching the fall of the patriarchy happen in real time in our small Universe as a mirror of what must crumble in order for the true rise of the feminine to come into its fullest expression.

It took me about a month to get back on my mat, and when I did, it was with a new resolve to find and develop my own practice. If I was going to continue with Kundalini Yoga and certify, I was going to find what, if anything I had learned, really worked for me and I was going to get rid of what didn't. Like so many of my teachers, I had a new freedom to modify and experiment with the Kriyas, the Breathwork and the Meditations to create a practice that worked for me. I had many experienced teachers encourage me to keep practicing and to keep experimenting so I could see for myself the energetic changes I would experience if I kept at it, and I noticed that when I used parts of my training and the technology with my students in my own sound and breathwork classes, they were experiencing major shifts. I also recognized that of all the many practices I have tried over the years, Kundalini Yoga was the one system that kept me wanting to come back to my mat and to my "self". I don't know exactly why, but the combination of movement, sound, breathwork and meditation bundled into one practice creates the fastest energetic shifts in my mind, body and spirit and continues to resonate with me.

Months later after my almost one-year training ended, I find that if I don't do at least some part of my practice every morning, I do not feel as grounded or as calm and connected as I do when I have. I did go through the full certification and got two Kundalini Yoga certificates, one from KRI, Yogi Bajan's organization and one from Kundalini University, Guru Singh's new school accredited through Yoga Alliance, and while I am not currently teaching Kundalini Yoga as taught by Yogi Bajan, I have taken so many of the teachings into my own classes and into my own personal practice. I have also found a teacher I really enjoy practicing with (who was one of our teacher trainers at Yoga West and a big supporter of our student task force). She has since personalized her own practice, stopped wearing a turban, and has created her own unique one-hour kundalini morning class that I find I cannot live without right now.

What I learned in my Kundalini training was truly priceless, and if I was ever given a perfect excuse to quit something I had started, this was it. So many of my fellow students dropped out and just a few of us finished and certified, but looking back, this training was by far the most valuable. It has taken me almost a year since the end of my certification to realize that while Yogi Bajan was deeply flawed, what came through him in the form of Western Kundalini Yoga was truly genius, and while he was clearly a very sick person or perhaps became this way through the power he had gained within the community he created, his system has helped hundreds of thousands of people around the world. I was able to see for myself that the polarities of dark and light can indeed co-exist and still bring positivity into the world and I was able to experience in real time how a system can reform itself from the inside out. I was also able to ultimately choose for myself through experimentation what did and did not work for me, and suspect I may be doing this until my last breath.

The outdated male-dominated system needed to be reformed. It needed to be destroyed, taken apart and rebuilt, a process that many now have the permission to do in their own

unique way. As I look back at my training, I feel a deep sense of personal pride and gratitude that I persevered and did not quit and that I chose to continue my training through the eye of the storm. In staying and completing, I was able to watch a transformation happen within both myself and those around me who I have watched take their own training and practices to new levels.

I was ironically taught about the journey of the soul from Karma, to Dharma, to Reincarnation and ultimately to Liberation, and was able to rise above my own personal Maya (the illusion of reality). Now there is no looming male Guru, no special rules or “have-to’s”, there is only the Guru inside, the Guru who has always been there. In that moment each morning when I tune in to my own Golden Chain (which does not include Mr. Bajhan), I am able to recognize the wisdom that lies within and the incredible gift of perspective that I have been given.



GOD: Generator, organizer, destroyer

**Aad Guray Nameh** - to the Primal Guru (wisdom), I bow to (or call on) Jugaad **Guray Nameh** - To the Guru (wisdom) of the Ages, I bow to (or call on). Sat **Guray Nameh** - To the True Guru (wisdom), I bow to (or call on)

<https://www.spiritrisingyoga.org/kundalini-info/aad-guray-nameh-personal-mantra>

### **Adi Shakti Mantra:**

*Adi Shakti, Adi Shakti, Adi Shakti, Namō Namō*

(I bow to the Primal Power)

*Sarb Shakti, Sarb Shakti, Sarb Shakti, Namō Namō*

(I bow to the all encompassing Power and Energy)

*Pritham Bhagvati, Pritham Bhagvati, Pritham Bhagvati, Namō Namō*

(I bow to that which God creates)

*Kundalini Mata Shakti, Mata Shakti, Namō Namō*

(I bow to the creative power of the Kundalini, the Divine Mother Power)

<https://www.3ho.org/kundalini-yoga/meditation/featured-meditations/adi-shakti>

<https://www.3ho.org/kundalini-yoga/white-tantric-yoga>

White Tantric Yoga® is an ancient group meditative practice that works on clearing out the deepest corridors of the subconscious mind.

“Since ancient times humans have found that they have zillions of thoughts, billions of feelings, millions of emotions, thousands of desires, hundreds of fantasies, and multi-realities, and personalities. Ultimately, our mind and thoughts rule and bog us down. We try every method available to get rid of this pressure because it is eating us up inside. White Tantric Yoga® enables you to break through those subconscious blocks, so you can enjoy life...This is the path to personal freedom and awareness, and will bring more success to every area of your life.”

~ Yogi Bhajan

<https://www.3ho.org/kundalini-yoga/meditation/teacher-within-tratakum-meditation>

*In the yogic scriptures it says, “Even a glance from the eyes of a holy man can cure mental and physical imbalances.” Once in a very great while there is a picture that has a transcendent quality of neutrality that allows the person gazing at it to go through it and into their higher consciousness. This is a form of meditation called Tratakum.*

<https://www.premkamemoir.com/blog/the->

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