

6/26-13

April 30 was the day of the incident.

Dr. Pop came in between 7pm - 9pm alone into my room and closed the door. My room had twin beds and I was sitting on my bed when he came in. He was carrying the discharge papers in his hand. ~~He~~ I stood when he came in and he came in and sat down on the bed and began asking questions about how I feel. I felt his demeanor was overly sweet but didn't ~~know~~ analyze it, just answered. He asked me how I felt, and told me that the psychotherapist recommended I be discharged the following day, and found me well enough and aware of what I had gone through, and didn't need to be there. I had asked a nurse the day before if she could confirm what Dr. Pop had told me, that I would only be there for 72 hours. She told me that it was up to Dr. Pop, and that he could keep me there for 2 weeks or 2 months if he felt it was necessary. ~~That was my thought~~ So I told him I was looking forward to going home, and he asked if I ~~was~~ had a plan for follow-up care. So he then said he was going to set up follow up appointment with a clinic. He said he was the medicating

(2)

A.S.

psychiatrist, and didn't need to see him in that regard. He asked me to list what my plan of action was and I replied with seeking counseling at the clinic, taking care of my health since I have Lyme disease, and meditation. And he mentioned if I had plans to speak with my ex-boyfriend, and I said no, that that was well over.

He said he was going to sign the discharge papers, and then he changed the subject. He leaned forward and said he liked my energy, he liked my serenity. He was being personal and I felt afraid, feeling like his demeanor had shifted. He began to ask me what I do as a healer and how my clients feel. And I answered it's energy healing, so I may teach them about chakra meditation, or energy clearing, it helps bring peace and clarity. And he said again he ~~didn't~~ could see why clients would feel peaceful. I was keeping as formal as possible but inwardly felt afraid, that he was asking more personal questions that didn't ~~feel~~ concern ~~my~~ my care. Then he said, I said, and leaned forward looking me in the eyes, that when a man and a woman have sexual relations, when he has relations with

③

A.S.

a woman, he gets spent. And that he heard from a man from India that there was a practice that he could learn where he could have sexual relations and somehow keep the energy so he doesn't get spent. This was shocking to hear, feeling any semblance of professionalism was gone, but he was holding my discharge papers in his hand, and I remembered what the nurse said, that he could keep me as long as he felt he needed to.

He said to me he'd like me to teach him this, and I said I teach meditation but

I don't teach those techniques. ~~he said~~ ~~he said~~

~~a secret practice~~ ~~he said~~ ~~he said~~ ~~he said~~ ~~he said~~

I felt alarm but tried to just be calm.

I tried to explain meditation practices in India are used for healing and enlightenment and ~~my name~~ there are those that are misunderstood in the west. He said he would like to learn from me. I felt I needed

to end the conversation and I asked about the discharge, and he said yes, that he would sign the discharge for the next day. Then I got up and he got up, and he moved towards me and for a flash I thought he was simply going to shake my hand but he reached out

and grabbed me with one arm around my back and with the other hand firmly grabbed my face and shoved his tongue down into my mouth and as deeply into my mouth as possible. I couldn't push him off, and was in utter fear, he still had my discharge papers in his hand, and he was too strong to push away. It took 10 seconds at least when I finally felt him I could push him off, and was in shock. He giggled and I had felt raped. And knowing no one was there to see this, I had no idea what to do, fearing if I immediately spoke out, he could change his mind and not sign the discharge papers and keep me there. I told him he had better leave and he did, still giggly. I closed the door and broke down. I took a shower and cried through the night. I did not sleep.

The next day I was discharged early afternoon and Dr. Pop called me on both ~~phone~~ cell phones, and left a message on the one that has voicemail that he was thinking of me and he wanted to help me and he could see me not at the hospital or at his office, but out of the office. (Even though the day before he had said my follow up care would be with a counsellor at the clinic near me.) I did not answer either call.

That evening when I reported the incident, the

⑤

A.S.

offer who came to take the statement said no one else witnessed this, so I told him because the doctor had called me twice, and left a message, I could call back with the officer present so he could hear the doctor's personal tone. The officer thought this was a great idea. The doctor answered the phone and said he'd call me back right away. He called back and was very personal, ~~the~~ and said, "A [REDACTED] I like your energy," and I asked, "I don't know what you mean," and he said, "I like your anatomy, I like your tongue." As he was on speaker the officer heard and it was enough for him. I made a statement that night at the police dept.

The doctor called me again the next morning on his cell phone, and said he wanted to see me ~~that~~ that weekend. This was his voice mail. as I didn't take the call. These ~~gotta~~ voicemails were also played for the detectives. [REDACTED]



David Warshofsky
6-26-13

Witness - George Mulea

George Mulea