

Out of the Body

A long time ago, when I was 19, I joined the Danish army and was sent to an island in the Baltic Sea called Bornholm. As usual, I ended up with the "bad boys"—the alcoholics, the marijuana smokers, the criminals. We experimented with different drugs, and at the time, LSD was popular. Taking it was unpredictable—sometimes you'd feel euphoric, other times it was like being chased by demons, terrified for your life.

One afternoon, we were in a basement, drunk and high on LSD. I had a bad trip. Panicked, I rushed outside, where the hallucinations grew intense. I lost control of my body and feared I might hurt—or even kill—someone if I couldn't control my hands. Desperate to avoid people, I fled to the countryside, but that scared me too. Eventually, I collapsed on a construction site at the foot of a dirt pile.

I felt myself slipping away. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stay inside my body. Finally, I surrendered—and suddenly, I was floating above myself, looking down. I was convinced I had died and would never return.

Hours later, as the LSD wore off, I slowly re-entered my body. It was February, just above freezing, and I'd been lying on wet ground for nearly four hours—yet I wasn't cold. My hands were warm. I should have frozen to death, but something—or someone—had protected me.

This experience opened my eyes to the supernatural. I began reading about near-death experiences, certain that's what had happened to me. I was also sure that death wasn't the end—you still exist, still say, "I am."

I devoured books on parapsychology, yoga, theosophy, Buddhism, mysticism, and shamanism. They offered paths to "higher" spiritual worlds.

Finally, after being in prison three times, I was released from my contract with the military. I was useless.

Growing up

My father used to joke that I was "made in a forest." My parents married quickly when they realized they were expecting. I was lucky—abortion wasn't legal yet.

But I never had a warm relationship with my parents. They hadn't received much love themselves, so they couldn't give what they didn't have. My soul grew crooked, and I became a mess.

By six, I began to smoke cigarette. It was a requirement that you could inhale the smoke if you wanted to be a member of the big boys' club. To afford cigarettes, I stole from my sisters' piggy banks. At school, I was the class clown—and the teachers' nightmare. No matter how much they tried to beat the rebellion out of me, it only made me worse.

Once, a teacher wrote in my report: "Per sometimes has peculiar behavior." I think it was because I'd get severe cramps in my backside, writhing in pain and hyperventilating.

At 15, I got a three-year suspended sentence. Back then, troublesome boys were sent to sea to "learn obedience." I started drinking heavily, smoking marijuana, and experimenting with pills. My addictions only grew worse.

The Fire

By 25, I was deep into Transcendental Meditation, hoping for a new life. Nothing changed—my problems only worsened.

In early 1982, I became a student in the meditation movement. I lived in a small wooden house with others. One Friday, after a pub visit, I passed out on my bed. A hanging light bulb fell, got trapped between the wall and my pillow, and started a fire.

Smoke filled the room. Coughing, I rolled onto the floor where the air was clear. The bathroom hand shower reached just far enough to put out the flames.

When I ventilated the room, I saw the damage—the wall above my bed was charred, the fire had crept around my head, shoulders and hips, just an inch away. Yet my hair, skin, and clothes were untouched. My bedside table and books were burned—except one I owned, but never read: the Bible.

Again, something—or someone—had protected me. First from freezing, now from burning. The fact that only the Bible survived made me reconsider Christianity alongside New Age beliefs.

The Light

I took it as a divine sign that the Bible had not been burned, and left Transcendental Meditation. But I still sought deeper meaning. In the mid-80s, I visited a New Age center in Copenhagen. One day, we could meditate on Buddha or Christ energies. I chose Christ.

The moment I said "Jesus Christ," a shining presence enveloped me. A heavenly purity exposed me as a sinner—my

life was all wrong. I looked at my hands in disgust, regretting everything I'd done with them.

For weeks, I wept over my wasted life. My stone heart softened. I knew Jesus was alive—invisible, but real. He showed up when I called. Yet, I still didn't fully follow Him. My search, however, now pointed toward Christ.

The Demons

After this experience, darkness seemed determined to destroy me. My addictions grew deadlier—I picked up cigarette butts, begged for alcohol, and passed out several times in the street. Three times, I stayed in a homeless shelter. The fourth time, they turned me away.

In spring 1988, visiting my parents in Jutland, I decided—while drunk—to battle Satan in the forest. (Sober, I'd never have been so foolish.)

The moment I entered the woods, darkness met me. Hundreds of grotesque demons reached for me, trying to drive me mad. I felt them pulling me toward eternal darkness—far from God.

Terrified, I called on Jesus and God. The demons couldn't touch me then, but the battle lasted three days. I didn't dare sleep—I heard them breathing in my ear. Finally, after relentless prayer, they left.

The Deliverance

Two months later, drunk at Nørreport Station in Copenhagen, I found a bag of pills—Ketogan and Diazepam. I swallowed enough to kill a man - several times. The police found me, and I woke up in detention, sick but alive.

A week later, at Kultorvet Square, Christians were singing. A woman spoke about deliverance from alcoholism. That day, I surrendered to Jesus.

Twelve days later, evil spirits were cast out of me (yes, demonic possession is real—that's another story). That night, a divine presence filled me. I was awake yet rested, weightless, overflowing with gratitude. "Thank You, Jesus! Thank You, God!", I said, again and again. I knew I was forgiven, reborn as God's child.

A New Beginning

Everything changed overnight. I quit smoking—no cravings. Hashish's false peace was replaced by God's real peace. My filthy apartment got cleaned. Half-finished projects—like stripped wallpaper—were completed. Broken windows were fixed.

I even got a job, despite my reputation. After 11 weeks, I moved to Sweden, leaving my old life behind. I had a brand-new start.