

# Out Of This World

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By The Author Of

*Reign: The Beginning*

*Reign: We See Him As He Is*

*Reign II: A Story Of The Seventh Millennium*

*Reign: The Millennium*

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This is fictional speculation, a sort of “What if . . .” story based on one historic position that there will be a literal reign for a thousand years which still lies in our future.

The author does not pretend to actually describe in this book what the millennial reign will be like or to predict the time for the beginning of those 1,000 years.

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## Introduction

The Reign began at the return of the King from the heavenly realm. He was worshipped by millions as the unseen King for over two thousand years

The old book says, “In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed,” and “Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?” and “They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.” From this we understand that our Immortals can and do indeed rule the earth under the Glorious leadership of His Imperial Majesty in Jerusalem. He is the first born from the dead of the ancient mortals.

When the Emperor returned after his long absence in the other realm, he immediately subdued the entire earth by his glorious power. He established his capital at the ancient city of Jerusalem and appointed rulers over the earth. The earth was divided into two halves, the eastern and the western. Over each of these was appointed a Viceroy who reported directly to the Emperor Himself. The Viceroy of the Eastern half of the world is John the Beloved who rules from the Isle of Patmos where he was martyred in the 1<sup>st</sup> century of the Emperor’s absence. The island was not big enough for the Viceroy’s palace, so it has been entirely enlarged and rebuilt to hold his palace and his court. Both mortal and Immortal resources were used to accomplish this. Many mortal construction firms were employed and the finishing touches were put on by the Viceroy’s angelic legions. The Western half of the world is

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under the rule of Viceroy Luis Cepata. He rules from his palace in Montevideo where he was martyred in the 21<sup>st</sup> century of the Emperor's absence. Cepata is not as well known or remembered by the Immortals, but the Emperor's judgment in making him Viceroy has never been questioned by them. It has been questioned by some of us mortals, but mortals question a lot of things. We have no real authority so it doesn't make much difference. The Viceroys, like all other Immortals were resurrected at the Emperor's Glorious Return. Under the Viceroys are Territorial Governors or Over-Lords who are over large portions of the world. Under these Over-Lords are Metropolitans who rule over large cities and their surrounding areas. Under the Metropolitans are various local governors. These rulers are all Immortals who won their places by faithful service and often martyrdom for the Emperor during their mortal lives when the Emperor was not seen in this world.

Each Immortal, regardless of rank, rules from a Dais, a raised platform or out-door terrace which is always large enough to hold the entire local court. There is always an empty chair just to the ruler's left reserved for the Emperor who visits every Dais regularly. He arrives with a full angelic escort and everyone, Immortal and mortal alike, falls on their faces. The Emperor always bids the Immortals to rise immediately. One of the lesser Immortal Princes signals the mortals attached to the court when they may rise. The magnificence of each Dais depends on the greatness of the ruler, whether he or she be a Viceroy, An Over-Lord, A Metropolitan or a lesser Prince. The size and glory of the angelic canopy over the Dais also depends on

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the rank of the Prince. There are some Princes in Jerusalem with the Emperor, the primary ones being Peter, the Master of the Feast, and David, the Lord Chancellor of the Empire. The angels of the Emperor are numerous and many are now visible in the world. They have their own hierarchy and they serve the Emperor and his Governors throughout the earth.

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## The Story

02.19.639 C.R. My name is Joan. I am the daughter of Andrew, the eighth heir to Mother Anna. My father's work has been monumental and he completed the timeline of the pre-reign era and filled in many unknown and dark sections. I am now 18 years of age and my dear father Andrew has died. He has prepared me since childhood to succeed him. Elaine has given me permission to continue the work and the angel Lucius is now constantly with me. My mother, Alicia, is still mourning as I am but she is very proud of my succession.

[N.D.] I am happy to include in my journal the following from my father's.

My name is Andrew, son of Patricia and father of Joan. My wife Alicia and I have been very excited about the birth of our baby. We are old to be first time parents. I have always been busy as the successor to Mother Anna and I have specialized on the era just about two hundred years prior to the Glorious Return of the Emperor. It was a very interesting period especially since the Emperor's people during that time did not really know how long it would be before the great event. Many different groups claimed to know the time of the return, but these times would come and pass and still no return. Many began to doubt that it would ever happen. So many records were destroyed during the wars prior to the present Reign that it is a slow and painful task to piece together history between the first and second appearances. Mother Anna had started with the religious era after the Emperor left this world. She

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had taken things up to the era of the dark times. My predecessors in the line have each filled in some part of the history after that. Our people are reading these accounts so that they might have a better understanding of the current reign which has existed for five hundred and sixty-six years now. Our Joan is celebrating her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday today. We are so proud of her. She has been studying very hard to be worthy of being my successor. Elaine says that she is confident that Joan will be designated. When the time comes, I will feel confident leaving it all in her hands.

02.21.639 C.R. I, Joan, am the ninth in succession from Mother Anna. I was affirmed in my offices in the year 639 Christus Regnus, of the Glorious Reign of the Emperor who rules the whole earth from Jerusalem. I am the Keeper of the Ancient Books, the Primary Interpreter of the books of Anna, the Chronicler of Imperial truth, and the Spiritual Primate of the mortals on the earth. I live in the Keeper's Residence which has been here for four generations now. Some call it a palace. Occasionally some pot stirrer will become very vocal about our style of life and authority. His complaints pass through the mortal courts to the high court where the decision is reviewed by Elaine or the Metropolitan himself. The high court has always refused to allow any charges against us to stand and the Immortals have always affirmed the decision of the mortal high court. I am, however, concerned that someday the mortal high court will rule against us in some way, my father warned me about this, and Elaine will have to reverse them. This might cause some to be punished for rebellion.

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I am greatly privileged to stand in the place of my ancestral grandmother, but the responsibility of the offices also weigh heavily upon me. I have asked Elaine to correct me firmly and often. She has assured me that she will not let me go astray in any way. I do love her so. I feel so young to begin these duties.

02.22.639 C.R. My opening report: There is no concept of rampant violence or hardship in our world. The Princes keep everything, every event, even the forces of nature, in perfect steadiness. For myself and all mortals life is smooth and beautiful. We all have a pleasant life and I have a great deal of prestige in my position. The continuation of the titles to me from my father was not automatic. Elaine decided that I was the heir. I love Elaine, but most especially I want to be able to go where she goes. After she returns to us, there is a wonderful aroma about her, it is very sweet and communicates peace to myself and all the mortals. There seems to be an aroma from her breath itself, as if she breathes a different air in that place. The very air must be strongly scented and permeates everything there is. I have followed after Elaine on many occasions as she prepares to leave and longed to go with her. She will look at me as if to say that she is sorry that I can not go. Like a child I want to go where she goes. She told me once that she would like to take me, but that my body, which is somewhat different than hers, could not survive when she goes to places which are not in this world. She had hinted that I will be given some knowledge of this place. I think of it as distant but she tells me that it is actually very near.

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06.12.649 C.R. This morning the guard informed my secretary that the chief magistrate of the mortal appeals court begs an immediate audience. The civil magistrate rarely requests an audience with The Spiritual Primate outside the normal schedule so I granted it as soon as I felt myself presentable. The magistrate, Cyril LaBaise, is fully 40 years my senior in age and I always feel a little uncertain in his presence but I try to hide it. The magistrate swept himself into my presence and stretching one foot out in front of himself bowed dramatically. In doing this he made full use of his long black robes with its snow white under suit. I always had to secretly credit the magistrate for his impressive style; he was nothing if not dramatic and very swank.

“Your Excellency,” he said loudly and very clearly. He glanced briefly at Lucius just behind me to my left.

“Justice LaBaise,” I used his honorary title which always pleased him.

Cyril LaBaise actually smiled. What a morning.

“I have, ah, one . . . small, small but vital matter to seek your counsel on today, Excellency.” He came toward me so fast that I almost backed away but I held my ground all the time telling myself that I was the Primate.

It seems that my sister’s son has presumed to infringe on your authority. I approached both the Governor Elaine and Metropolitan Sawyer on his behalf and they have referred me to you. For a moment he almost looked sheepish.

“I was not aware of this,” I answered.

“Yes, it seems that at a public reading of the ancient books, during a public time of sharing, he claimed to have

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exclusive knowledge as to the meaning of a certain passage. It is from Anna 9 verses 13 through 21.”

I nodded, I knew the passage. He, nevertheless, produced his copy of the book and read the entire passage which dealt with a church high council of the Immortals when they were still themselves mortal and it pertained to the person of the Emperor Himself. In this council the Emperor, although absent at the time from the mortal realm, was declared to be “Very God of Very God.”

“This boy, young Cyril Benton, my namesake I am afraid,” the magistrate went on, “had the audacity to proclaim to all present, a crowd of about thirty-five or so, that he alone understands these words. That they refer to the Emperor’s deity and that he Himself, Praise His Glorious name, was never truly a mortal man. I have chided him severely. He seems genuinely repentant. What would you have us do with him, Excellency?”

For once the magistrate looked truly humble in my sight. I stood up very straight and glanced over my shoulder at Lucius. The magistrate showed slight signs of visible panic. Then I spoke very slowly and clearly.

“Send this young man to me,” I instructed. “He is merely lacking in proper instruction.”

The magistrate looked extremely relieved. He recovered his composure and backed away. I had never experienced such deference from him. I suddenly became more aware of my powers and responsibilities and I was honored that Elaine and the Metropolitan had referred the Justice directly to me. This was my very first case as Primate and I breathed a sigh of relief after he was gone. I was looking forward to meeting young Cyril. He was probably close to my age.

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06.14.649 C.R. Young Cyril is a very interesting young man. He arrived the very afternoon after my meeting with his uncle. I told my doorman to make him comfortable in a room of his own in the residential annex and that I would have time to see him after luncheon. The doorman returned to say that Cyril did not bring a change of clothes and had returned home for his bags. After luncheon I sent for him to come to my study and he arrived immediately. He is a tall man with light hair. He is graceful and somewhat dramatic. He knocked.

“Come.”

He entered and stood there.

I looked up from my books. “Please be seated.”

He finally decided on a chair exactly opposite me and looked directly at me.

“Ma’am.”

That sounded a bit strange. If anything, I am younger than he is.

“Please call me Joan.”

“Uh, Excellency, that would not be, uh . . .”

“It’s quite alright, really.” I smiled. He smiled back. The ice was broken.

Cyril has a very bright and focused mind. We dealt with his heresy first and I soon convinced him from the complete versions of the Second Testament that the Emperor was and always had been both man and God. He became even more respectful of His Majesty. He expressed his desire to see the Emperor. I told him that I had not yet had the honor myself. We talked long and hard on many subjects and he was glad to have access to my library. Most of the works in the hands of the people had been summarized for them by my predecessors. We became very

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involved. One evening while we were sitting in my garden I allowed him to kiss me. He began to talk marriage. I knew that I would have to consult Elaine about this but I put it off. Cyril began to talk about his expectations. He wanted several children and asked if I could handle a family along with my responsibilities. I told him that I was sure that I could. I began to experience considerable mood swings. I could not sleep. I would lie awake for long periods of time wondering if I was making the right decision. Finally, I could get no peace until I decided that I must put everything into my work. When I told Cyril, he was devastated.

“My dear, I did not intend to upset you. It, it is not because you are the Keeper that I fell in love with you. I love Joan. Have I ever asked for any special favors of you in your offices?”

“No, no Cyril. You are a dear. And if I could marry, I would marry you. I am simply convinced that I must put everything into my work. I am so sorry. You are still welcome here and we can study together.”

That was not enough for him. The next day we had a tearful parting. I would miss him always.

Elaine came to see me the next day.

“My dear Elaine.” I ran into her arms and discovered that I was crying.

“There, dear Joan.” She held me tenderly. “What is it?”

I told her my story. She was very sympathetic and kind.

“We are a lot alike, Joanie.”

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She had never called me that before. “Alike? I am a mortal.”

“I gave my all for the Emperor’s labors as well. I died a virgin. You will not regret it. You may be lonely, but in the end it will be worth it. You will have me for a friend,” she said holding my face in her hands and smiling sweetly. I have often been very glad for her friendship. She is my best friend.

[N.D] I read in my grandmother Anna’s journal that things were not as peaceful when our Immortals were mortal. There was war and starvation and sickness and violence and great fear. The Emperor was in that other place with his Father. Whole nations would war against each other and people were not permitted to die in peace. The rulers were mortal themselves. There were some mortals who were committed to the Emperor and awaiting his return. But his power was not recognized by all. So they were a secret army alone in a strange land. There was also an evil prince who could not be seen by the mortals who inspired the hate and violence and misery. At the present time this evil prince is in prison elsewhere held by the Emperor’s power. I am glad of that. We live in peace. The Immortals rule righteously and there is no hunger or sickness under the emperor’s reign.

[N.D.] By the time that I was invested with the title of Prime Interpreter of the Sacred Writings and my other titles I had all but memorized the writings. These writings include the ancient First Testament which was given to my Great grandmother Anna by the Immortal Elaine herself. In

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this testament the origins of the earth are described as well as the Law of Moses, the history of the ancient kingdom and its downfall and restoration. Also, given to Anna and now in my possession is the ancient Second Testament of the Emperor when he came in among us in great humility and the activities of those who were called out to Him. Finally, there is the Third Testament of Anna which chronicles the history of the Emperor's hidden army for two millennia until the Glorious Return. The people have been given the First and Second Testaments in summary form by Anna and the Third Testament, sometimes called the Testament of the Presence, is entirely the work of Anna herself under the guidance of Elaine. Elaine leaves the interpretation of these works almost entirely to me. It seems that it is not a job for the Immortals. As the Prime Interpreter I speak in many great theaters around the world. Lucius always transports me to these events. I never remember anything about the transport. It is, no doubt, instantaneous for Lucius and for me. When a mortal is transported the opening of a portal is necessary; the Immortals and angels do not require a portal; they are simply found to be in another place.

04.12.652 C.R. I recently read Anna's account of her visit to the Viceroy's court at Patmos Island. I have been there several times and it is always as beautiful as she described it and John, the Viceroy, is wonderful. I asked Elaine about two other close friends of the Emperor, Peter and James. Neither of them has a court or a dominion on this earth.

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“Well, I can’t tell you too many specifics,” Elaine answered me. “But, of course, there are positions to be filled at the Imperial Palace.”

“Around the Emperor in Jerusalem?”

“Yes. There and at the much larger palace off world. Regents and such,” she said. “And then there are other places,” she added softly.

“Other places?” I asked. “Where besides at the Imperial court?”

“Other places. Other worlds.”

“Like this one?”

“Yes.”

“Oh. Perhaps I had better keep that in my private journal,” I said.

“Yes, perhaps you should.”

[N.D.] The Immortals seem to have experiences when they transport. When they are among us, we are happy. They do not all leave us at the same time. Some of them are always with us. Many believe that when they are gone, they are at the Imperial Court in Jerusalem. Elaine tells me that this is not always true. That not only can the Immortals travel anywhere in this world, but they can also go to another place where the Emperor is sometime in residence. This place, this next-door-place, is not far away but we can not enter it. I have asked Elaine many questions about this place, but she does not give very long answers to my questions. I long to go there. Sometimes I don’t think I can stand it if I do not. I am trying . . .

“Excellency!”

“Yes, Gerald, I was trying to write.”

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“A thousand pardons, Excellency. I deemed this of significant importance.”

Of course, Gerald is an excellent secretary. He would not interrupt my work needlessly.

“The angel, your angel Lucius, has brought someone that you will want to see.”

I went to the outer chamber to find Lucius holding the arm of a young male mortal.

“The Metropolitan and Elaine send this man to you,” Lucius said.

“Why?” I gestured.

“He is, unusual, as a mortal. You are to study him closely.”

He did not look unusual to me and I sensed nothing extraordinary.

“What is your name?” I asked.

“William, Ma’am. I am sent to the Lord Metropolitan by her highness Janice to be with you.”

“To be with me?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

What are the Immortals up to? Surely not a mate for me. Elaine and I have settled that. What is there about the boy that they want me to observe?

“How old are you?” I asked.

“Nineteen, Ma’am.”

“What do you do?”

“I have dreams, Excellency.”

“Dreams?”

“Yes, Excellency.”

He paused.

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