

Manifest Destiny

Bunny Exhorts Pony

Seven Moleskine Volumes of Amours

July 6, 2022 to August 20, 2022



Knowledge is freedom, if it is the Truth. A pearl is a solid object formed from a grain of sand a precious oyster is attempting to endure with comfort. Now you can understand how a several pearl of Heavenly proportions forms each of the twelve gates of Heavenly Jerusalem to come. What mac wants you to consider is the oyster that forms that pearl. Would you want to be that grain of sand? Everyone wants to own the pearl.

Disney, move to Russia, that is an order.

mac requires cognitive, verbal assurance from God Almighty to proceed with every action. Again, slavery here matters. mac's genetics meant she was born a slave to God Almighty. This was the sentence Eve already endured. How mac is the cookie jar, as discussed in another article, relates to her genetics. mac was born into the world to accomplish, fulfil, the Word of God Almighty. The love letter volumes have one object. mac was in the place of applying a person she had seen in either vision, or with Her naked eye, to learn who people like "Timmy" were to Her and Creation as that one object under God Almighty's direction.

mac, exasperated by the process, at times, simply asked of God Almighty, "Can I simply run down the list of usual suspects?" when She was asked by God to "Hug Your pony." Then as She hugged her avatar, her plush stuffed pony, She and Her Pony were fighting to be sure matrimony was Holy and l-o-v-e-LINK was game on. Yes, in this process she did kick and throw that Pony

to the floor. It has been put in the washing machine numerous times because she hugs it like a pillow.

mac illustrates what it is to write letters with amorous intent. Each love letter to Pony is written on a palm sized, slim, black covered book, with a prominent seam securing the pages. That seam page opens up tabloid style to a centre-fold sheet. By the fourth volume the pages were pre numbered by mac when the title page she was writing denoting the volumes intended contents. Sixteen sheets lay open and are seamed to the volumes cover. The pages allow for a month of entries following a Godly format for Journaling. The Paddler journaling pages will be numbered and designed to fit this palm-sized format. Better to write in the palm than read it.

mac, when writing volume one, did not know at the outset she would be writing a volume two. The volume one original cover reflects this understanding. It holds two different ink colours and the title page volume number is footnoted. The transcription format is italic black for mac's original address with blue used post writing definition of meaning and intent. Standard black text, third person, is the clarification inserted for public audience.

Manifest Destiny

Bunny's love note to Pony

What it is to marry one's own perfection.

July 6, 2022

My dear Pony,

I have given some marriage advise in My life. Oddly enough the way and when My first on paper marriage ended accomplished two things. First, I was completely convinced I left no deed undone that should have made that marriage last until death do us part.

And never did I consider foul-play to be a way the marriage ended.

Second, being in another personal, intimate, relationship again had no appeal. Neither did I have any desire to be promiscuous.

I ultimately ended up on a couple of bad dates a shit ton of Bourbon (a fifth in a few hours sitting) went down Me in preparation. I still knew what was going on. It's just that I needed to be willing to go through with the inevitable short term nature of the "relationship." I would have married those bad dates.

I stayed in contact for another bad date until I learned, no there was no way they were going to honour the sex with marriage. Then I never spoke to them again. Terry My ex-husband I corresponded with when I moved to the Austin area as the job market promised so much, and he was still unemployed -- moved

carts at Walmart -- and I knew he could sleep at the house without any interaction between us. So I was willing to let him get on his feet in Texas.

There is a natural grieving over being a non virgin and loving My perfection, you. What would it have been to have learned in God Almighty's way what it means to experience our genitals for the first time with one another.

God damned mother fucking world we live in.

I have kept this clean, little black book, in My nerd pack for months now. I contemplated what it might be to be you. How by your divine creation you would know what it is to live a manifest destiny. My nerd pack is that not-quite-a-wallet I carry around with Me that includes some pocket sized drafting tools with a slim selection of materials like this little black book.

Some advise I dispensed to Amanda Knuteson of Bozeman, a marriage is about cross aligning weaknesses and strengths so that two people are greater than the sum of their parts. I know at some point in our marriage I will be reminded that your shit stinks. (At first I wrote "our" then I added the "y".) The key is to make sure no one learns from Me that your shit stinks. A weakness is what We atone for privately, and cover for in one another publicly. What a great pair of warriors.

Wouldn't it be fabulous to see that policy across all units engaged in warfare for the same country?

This is of course our relationship I discuss. To use this to say why in the fuck does the Air Force of the U.S. bitch about the weaknesses of the U.S.Army to German command, what a bunch of fuckers. When they need to be united in their respective marriage of till death do us part, is a slip of Godly proportions. Because I lived that advise of covering for one another's oops in marriage, and of course as Milley's marine, I keep plowing in God Almighty's service.

General Berger wanted to understand My definition of ugliness. I had explained how that awful face of Torres I wanted to tear apart with My bear hands. A scalping to be sure. But My problem was it wouldn't accomplish anything because that fucker is an incurable-from-his-corruption monster. All I would risk is breaking a nail for nothing.

I also shared with General Milley I had no desire to re-arrange his face. I just wanted him to be able to look like he worried less, had better quality sleep at night, and got rid of allergens.

What I related to General Berger was that he was agreeable to My eyes. In some ways his countenance in his headshot reminds Me of the portrait I penned of "Timmy" thinking he was you.

mac understood on several occasions, in between others, "Timmy" was Her love at first sight, "you." God Almighty always had to power Her belief of who was the object sending love to Her. As mac had no dialogue, correspondence, or communications with any human conveying interest in her, in a way that conveyed matrimonial intent. mac was not able to express any form of affection toward an object not powered by God Almighty. mac has to be forced into willingness

to be with a human being other than God Almighty. For Her, She has to be convinced that an individual loves Her, and will fulfil Her physically first, because She fulfils all the right signals for him, before She will reciprocate. She loves everyone the same, all the time. Recall, mac is Allness in the flesh.

Where there ass-holes in Corpus trying to work mac over as some kind of "girl friend" experience. Yes. The CCPD was aggressive in making sure she was branded a prostitute in the community. A male with a pot belly hanging down over his manhood stands no chance of mac being convinced he is capable of fulfilling her physically. A male who stands nearly at her height places her in the physically dominate roll psychologically. She is incapable of seeing herself as the feminine one in the marriage with a male of stature even nearly equal to her height. A male who would adorn his body publicly in a way that violates the sensibilities of dress that convey respect for genitals, mac would not want as a spouse. Never could mac be satisfied with a female.

*I Am assured that for a code naming you "Timmy" in My difficult to tease out events
Cadillac's Midnight Romeo article, I will get a spanking*

mac, during her editing, continually found herself changing her *Live Fornication Free* dedication object. On about the date of this journal entry's writing she was remembering who she code named "Adam." "Adam" is the spirit Mary built in union with the Lord, from the marine at Pendleton she murdered. "Adam" was spirit on the Mary cloud intended for mac, that mac had to learn existed in the first place. mac refused to tolerate being served a spirit spouse for physical fulfilment.

A spirit spouse, for mac's physical fulfilment - as in experiencing orgasm - is a crime against Her own humanity. As long as Mefucka Trump gets to be so god damned pretty in the eye of so many, and gets dick to please her, mac demands her vanity be pleased and She have One She pleases in Righteousness. When wickedness is served so fucking well, then Righteousness must be likewise, or it is unbalanced scales.

When no female on earth has the satisfaction of physical admiration or copulation then mac is content to do without. mac is also content to do without if her demands are not met. What drives mac? "I will be the best at My born purpose or have none." Now, God Almighty would certainly want Good Lovin' would he not?

Clearly, the Lamb arrangement, because that is spirit, is a function of mac's purpose, never being allowed to die, and faithfully being God Almighty's mother of humanity in His Eternal

Eight Day. Being forced away from validation that a fleshly union brings, was by far the vilest condemnation of mac's value as a human being, and her validation as a female, human, that could have ever been conceived to "fulfil" Her.

The Lord built "Adam" and your birth "Timmy" [When Pony has lived his fulfilment, mac has the born again "Navy Nurse" and "Timmy" fulfilment before Ted is resurrected with mac's A-Team. There is no B-Team.] is the fleshly fulfilment mac fought for. "Timmy" is the born again genetics of the marine Mary murdered and the Lord cloned "Timmy's" spirit. "Adam" was sent to the firmament this August 13, 2022.

"Adam" mac understood would look at mac's "Timmy" portrait critiquing the subject a goof-ball and say, "That fucker was trying to steal My Bunny." (For the record, Pony would say the same thing. *Wait for It*, is the Pony article.) "Adam" was somehow a spirit assassin. mac endured spirit rape for months proving she hated being united with spirit to satisfy sexual purpose. mac's choice without a physical spouse? "God Almighty, in Jesus name, cut off the sexual need." If your eye is making you stumble, pluck it out.

I wiggle My toes and grin with glee every time I think of the spanking you will be giving Me when I am cuddled up in bed hugging My stuffed pony.

July 7, 2022

Two false starts on this next string of thought. Since I was small, let's say five, and learning to write My name, I wanted perfect penmanship. I have many ways of writing characters but I dislike every habit of My fist. Then I started writing with My southpaw. I was proud to write. I started seeing patterns in wording that needed grammar I had no way of even recognising before. My left hand is still shaky for expressing thoughts. In time though, and with practice, I will see the perfection in My writing I need to see for the sake of My id.

Protecting one another's vanity matters. Are you My perfection? Yes. Are you your own perfection, or Me My own perfection? No. What do We do? Perfect one another. Do We look to another person outside of our marriage to perfect ourselves?

We might need a physicians care for some physical concerns, of course. But every interaction We have with other people We always need to make sure We protect a united centre, baseline, as it were for how We approach our self opinion and our unity. Creating an atmosphere of jealousy is wickedness.

No. While I, Myself, do not want a ripped six pack on My abdomen, if you needed that in Me I would work for it. As you are, with your six pack, you rock My world. I Understand a gentile amount of concealment over My abdominal strength titillates you. Ah, the truth of it is more tantalising to conceal rather than to reveal. Right now I need

fitness. In the last year My body has been fighting a constant dose of poison from My own mother while My metabolism, soul, was cut off from God Almighty. No flesh ever has endured that. ("That" being cut off from the LORD.)

I have learned a thing or two in My life about nutrition, skin care, and maintaining good health. This includes keeping the appearance of good health during adversity. Would We know when one another was in peril? Presumably so. But with military duty We naturally experience times of being out of reach of one another. Oh, the outstanding beauty of l-o-v-e-LINK. Even in distance from one another God Almighty perfects Us for one another in His service. I Am on the Alameda bus. I just sat at an Ocean Avenue stop near the naval base as God Almighty triangulated Me. We maximise the ownership of property to accomplish righteousness.

I Am in one of those full stop moments.

When My marriage ended I certainly experienced, as what I understand a good many do, a desire for fulfilling orgasm. My prayer was for sexual desire to go away. It wasn't always immediate but the desire did abate. I repeated My prayer even with tears.

mac had already gone through praying to God Almighty for a mate, spouse, as in lawful under God, and did not want to go through God "finding" Her a spouse again. Terry Smart was who mac deemed was God Almighty's fulfilment, and mac testified to Terry that repeatedly. Part of enduring Terry was deciding she was at fault during marital difficulty because he was from God. mac's expression on marriage once she had her divorce in hand -- and She could only consider marriage was flesh for flesh -- "I was cooked." Having a spouse, partner, date, She wanted over with as in behind her. Been there done that, is the colloquial expression that applies here. All mac wanted, was to earn a living and save for her own retirement. When the stalking started, at the Wolf dancer Golf Club in Bastrop Texas, mac made it clear, "We will be married before there is sexual congress or any kind of intimate physical contact."

mac's further defence of being in the dating game was vanity. She is convinced if she could have spent the thousands of dollars for cosmetic care and procedure so that she could get a not ugly piece of garbage runt filth dick, perhaps she would have been more interested in the dating game. Meaning she would have prayed to Her God construct, God Almighty, for a spouse after Her vanity was restored to Her satisfaction.

You, "Timmy" are My perfection. As far as I was concerned, you were unattainable because of how ugly I Am to the world. This I understood from how ugly every "suitor" was that attempted to entertain Me. Even the "handsome" ones I needed to stretch My imagination a little over to see some beauty beyond their obvious distortion. (I prayed hard to get the stalkers to leave Me alone.) Terry's arguments with Me often ended with, I forced him into marrying Me. Even, I extorted him to get him to marry Me.

I imagine that intensity of prayer is what it takes to quit smoking.

I endured an abstinent marriage. My spouse hated Me that much. I learned by the third year, stop asking for sex. He hated it.

The reward of whatever intimacy, physical gratification could happen, was not worth the days of asking for sex. I dated someone after that horrid marriage when I was in San Diego while attempting to find work, and housing so I could remain in graduate school at UCSD. He told Me our sex was rape to him. About a week later I packed. Yep, he called sex with Me, rape. He preferred internet porn and could not understand why I would not leave him alone and let him enjoy that.

I fornicated to end up needed to marry him (Terry) in the first place so as far as I was concerned the abstinent marriage was what I deserved. Find a way to endure. By year three I started asking what I understood God to be to make it possible for Me to see beauty in a male that to Me was all ugliness, and to be able to see reasons to love him. Always that prayer was answered.

And, most days that prayer was said more than once.

The only thing I was angry about when the marriage ended was that it ended. It was too another failure to My credit.

Also, that I had to live the humiliation of being a rejected piece of divorced garbage with all the world asking Me, "Why couldn't you hold your man?" I had been accused of not blowing him to not being a clean person, everything. I hated being fodder for the singles.

Intimacy, too vague a word. I restart. The sheer joy of playing with one another, teasing, arousal, the flowing river of vaginal readiness for penetration, ecstasy. That is what you do for Me. It is the gift of our marriage in union with God Almighty and together we need to protect our time and care for one another to satisfy our mutual, twice a day libido. Face it, more is bonus.

I write from the perspective of a female. I Am also feminine. How a masculine male relates to these words, I will know when you tell Me.

What I know is that God Almighty has His hands full with a camp of virgins that are busy fucking everything because they can't stop themselves without Me. If the Biblical nation of Israel was as a first worn son to God Almighty, the United States Military is the whore wife He takes back. The only thing wrong with what I just wrote is implying anything else by using the "if".

This needs to be amended from "God Almighty" to "the LORD". It is Jehovah the United States Military has run afoul of like Egypt.

I Am always on a fishing or hunting expedition and that "if" just pierced through some bone. Isaiah wrote the most prophetically about the LORD'S whore bride, the U.S.

Military. How she was a prostitute in reverse is the most prophetic tell going. I always understood those words were against Me personally somehow. Even though, never, and I mean, never, did I want to be a non virgin before legal matrimony.

How I was allowed to be prostituted has just sent a spear through the distribution list to make corrections for their prostitutions.

[I pause in silence.]

Now the jealous rage of the LORD is in Me and I have a weighty message to write. The harbinger of hell, Me, is now going to be in General Milley's face with Berger, and McConville, receiving what the navy's top admiral, Gilday, is going to choke on. How the navy has been jewelled with the finest and been a whore.

Pony, what would it be like for a human to stand in the valley plane and hear God Almighty, nay the LORD speak out of a windstorm? In Job, God Almighty, nay the LORD, spoke through tumult asking Job to explain wisdom and creation to Him. When I was on Coronado,

and you were deployed, after you had studied over Me and said to God Almighty, "That had better be My Bunny" I laboured over understanding how a person, flesh, like "Adam" could have seen Me, and Me not seen him if he was just that into Me. Taking apart the clues as God Almighty is allowed to deliver them is part of My experiencing death, hell, at his hand. That is what My flesh experiences. Herald articles cover that. "Timmy" I hated that I was never allowed to coo over you all the time. I hated being interrupted and inconstant toward you. I was not allowed to indulge constancy for you until I understood who "Adam" was. Part of understanding "Adam" was analysing Myself critically with, "I didn't stop to think that, I did not fall in love with him nor others when I looked at them. That must be something I have never experienced."

I witnessed in vision an Army of Cavalry standing in the Heavens.

This cavalry was visible in rows as if presenting arms facing one another while posed below mac's station. mac's description,

"It was like I was in the heavens with them, but there was no way for Me to hold that notion. I perceived that glory of an army as being what I was bringing with God Almighty to the military. I never wrote about those things. I felt crazy enough as it was, and was struggling to maintain shelter for Myself. To Me, if I was worshipping God the way He demanded then the blessings of sustenance, all these other things, would be added to Me. I really lived the "seek God's Kingdom first" "christian" belief. What I could not figure out was, why was I in such a poor house all the time. Hindsight, It is because I hosted the Lamb and of course Righteousness is what no room was made for in the human Ggod construct of antichrist's, the Lord's, world and the world had mad an idol out of Me."

The visibility of the calvary was in the way that My naked eye makes observation but having no apparent physical matter.

You I of course see in vision this same way. Only your physical matter I Am very aware of.

Mary, mumsy, called some things she read about as being part of the mind's eye. She does not know shit about the mind's eye. So if a reader were to call what I have witnessed and delivered testimony over, "mind's eye" the LORD, Jehovah, says, "Bull Shit" muffled almost indistinctly with a gesture of hand over the mouth and coughing.

I travel about in the mixed company of Team God accompanied by the Heavenly troop of Saints ready to dispel ignorance.

Before July's end, of this year, My ambition is to get back to San Diego to North Island. The Marine Corps Base is the obvious choice. I would just like to be at the dock when your vessel comes in. North Island should be your deployment ends docking location.

July 10, 2022

It is the morning. I just finished picking up dog food for a new acquisition the neighbourhood abandoned. I named him André. We have two cats.

I was counting Humperdinck for a while making three cats.

*And, one dog. Doggie looks like he should be on an ididerod team. I Am on the 37 CCRTA-B waiting for it to return to the station and drop Me on Gollihar near Dody. André is part of the wizards duel going on at Dody Street with Mary McRae, the woman whose vagina I passed through to enter the world. I call her mom. Mumsy really fits though. She calls Me H*****r. She also tosses some pet names out there that I respond to.*

André will serve as good company and thwarts some of Mary's ghoulish ambitions. It all hearkens bak to the saving of "Jack" years ago in Big Bear. I had a Guenea pig in those days, and I was in high school.

I Am still in battle with the Corpus Christi Police Department's (CCPD's) Mike Markle. That mother fucker is the High Priestess for civil police offices in the U.S. Every country has flesh, a person, performing the priestly type of office, making sure the sacrifices go down.

Markle is a male, woman, and I need a notation to indicate male who is wicked, a woman. Markle is not a man.

He has been on a murderous binge against Me to "prove" I Am blaspheming and can be put to death for saying, "I Am the Christ." What Mary ensconced among other things was a miserable breadcrumb trail the Lamb moves Me on to unlock and restore My identity.

I Am the High Priest for the United States Military. I report directly to General Mark Milley and as a marine I Am under General David Berger's command. Since May 12, 2012, I have held My rank as Brigadier General and due to the demands Mary built to

destroy the United States Military for Britain I could not receive remuneration during My duties. I was set to fail so the Queen could have her godland. It did not work that way. Obedience is better than sacrifice for that very reason. Spirit, is of course, greater than flesh, and I never received worship from Spirit. The Lamb certainly was not worshipping sin! Of course sin is in My blood. What flesh thinks they have been doing with Me, divining and doing witchcraft, to kill Me is just bullshit.

They did get rid of "Lady" Dianna that way. (That being witch crafting her death.) She was going after mac's crown with spirit. Dianna's flesh was gone when the divinations were complete.

It is not possible to blaspheme using one with a circumcised heart. My heart was circumcised before My birth by Satan herself whilst she was god of this world. The conception to birth gap of My life is what turned abortion into such a sacrifice mill.

That is why the argument over, "It's my choice" transcends a willingness to improve social services. The desire is to sacrifice one's own child. So the age determination, legalising abortion, gets law in trouble on every level. The Pope has it right with saying, "Abortion is wrong." He just needs to add the reminder, "You are going to hell for that stupid."

Team God makes the abortion argument simple. To perform an abortion, cut the cord. Kill them both (all if mother carries more than one child.)

Did one twin die in the womb? Remove the dead. That is why technology is allowed to have divine power to begin with. The one that would use it in a goodly way, would have it. Abortions were a sign you did not have the LORD on your side in the first place according to Deuteronomy.

Pony, obviously, this writing has content added for global readers. What I understand is that navy command will make an effort to figure out who you are. Because of course, you know you have a divinely provided spouse you expect to take to the chaplin. My chicken scratch, is of course a labour of love. This volume recordation is a labour. What would be interesting is how many other couples, like us, just might be separated by deployment this very minute.

Oddly enough other high priestesses are in the Corpus Christi Texas vicinity. Wells Fargo banks is. The high priestess for the homeless is. I have been face to face and spoke with others but I haven't sat down to map them all. It is tiresome work.

When I was commissioned I started a top secret national security investigation. Biden declassified the operation and I let those I write to know who I Am, now. America is salivating for civil war. Asia has revenge on its plate with the former U.S.S.R., the Middle East is folding to Egypt, whilst the Queen will be nastyin' away with her royal line incapable of funding its military without Mary McRae. When the Queen ponies up £ 500,000,000.00

[This is a standing offer so it will increase with inflation, and out of courtesy I use their currency.]

to Me personally she can take that miserable poltergeist off My hands. If Markle just acts on a simple solution the U.K. can pick Mary up off the street.

July 12, 2022

Pony, what would the centre fold be without saving the sacredness of the birds and the bees. Does not the flower emit nectar from its very centre, whether dripping, or densely packed stamens tight with pollen? Last night André pushed past Me at the front door and while I was watering the plumeria he danced off after drinking in a whiff of invitation off a neighbour's lawn. I foolishly thought, "He must know his way home." (That would be the previous owner.) That young male had his night out on My naïveté, and today, before noon, it was as God Almighty said, "He was headed back to his home." André simply needed to give Me a centrefold story of Biblical proportions for a love note. He is sleeping it off in his room. That room, being off the entry living room, has a locking closet door, now, and good natural light and ventilation for fitness equipment.

It is the evening. Always, with God Almighty, Pony, what is referred to among religious groups as, waiting on the LORD, is required. We should not consider God to be slow respecting keeping His promises. I Am in a place of need to know. First I Am put in a place of examination, what can I cognitively understand, at this time, about the Truth My body owns being cognitively understood. Then based on My commitment to righteousness I move into My next offensive. This moves the defence into the positions they demanded they be placed, this is why Jesus cautioned do not be going after the grandest seating assignment, and do not have class distinctions among yourselves. Once My offensive has been fulfilled, that is, God Almighty's mystery on that operation is going to happen according to His plan, I Am debriefed on the details, and taught why My understanding gave too much credit to an unfriendly.

Pony, that is My typical failing. I give far too much credit to others having Righteous motives. That way of mine, My demand for modesty is why I have been able to serve the United States Military.

July 13, 2022

Pony we have finally ditched the imposters. There are moments on the CCRFA-B when, If I had My iPhone, I would record some of the soliloquies of madness the black American populous is branded by. My problem? I don't think they make street drugs that produce quality entertainment like genuine wickedness produces when it has the Christ, Me, as its ignoring audience.

The boldness of Spirit of black skinned people, is why one does not make a king of, nor take kingship from, a black person. I wrote about this. It is done by God Almighty alone. This kind of phenomenon is behind the scripture that asks, can a Cushite change his skin? Black skinned people make a concerted effort to be more of what they are in My company.

It is disadvantage for them compared to how they can compose themselves when their gut feed is satisfied. I block gut feed.

The introduction of this love letter I was in a place of belief that a manifestation of My future spouse, two, as I sketched him, "Timmy" was you.

I Am learning about how "Navy Nurse" is still relevant to My future. So I started writing the day of the 13th convinced "Navy Nurse" was My l-o-v-e-LINK spouse.

Isn't that a craziness. "Timmy" does have a reminiscent look of Berger. When Spirit and flesh are faced with My understanding, that is made apparent by what I write, God Almighty tightens the reigns on wickedness and applies discipline. We, "Navy Nurse", are finally going to be able to have another round of golf soon. My grieving? That while we are being brought together in God Almighty's union I learned you and I would not be spouses.

So what happened Pony was I was put in the place of believing that the "Navy Nurse" I golfed with at Torrey on or about May 14, 2019, was you. I was always applying a new face. "Navy Nurse" spirit construction does matter for firmament occupation of the tribe of Judah and Benjamin's fulfilment in the distant future. We Pony will still be united at that time. There have been many actors that have been forcing unions, marriage rights on My spirit to be powerful. They lied. I move on. God Almighty still fights to unbind the rewards these liars have been reaping in the Heavens. Then of course the flesh follows suit. The lag time between Spirits' freedom and the physical is very much like, one wants to build a building, so they plan. Then when the plan is permitted, they build what the plan represents. Let's just say there were many liars and the tragedy is that Trump has his name on so many buildings.

That aside filled in. After mac concluded in with, "not be spouses." She writes the next line,

*And just like that Spirits relinquish their grip.
"Timmy" and I have one another now.*

That is how she continued.

Pony, "Timmy", I say to God often, "People act on their belief." Then an epiphany. People shape their belief to achieve the reward they want for doing the work in front of them.

I adjusted My understanding of motivation today when God Almighty pushed Me to understand the Truth that is in My genetics. The heart is the seed of human motivation. The LORD has an objective. He is taking back His whore wife the United States Military. To do that, I of course hold My High Priest office and soon return to surveying more than Corpus happily traveling with My brethren so General Milley has the place of divine information he needs to win.

Will General Milley end up glutted with intel? Yes.

For Me to join My, Our, comrades, General Berger needs to act. God Almighty works with General Berger's beliefs through Berger's existing authorisation channels with Spirit and I Am, viola, united with the USMC secured from the vulnerabilities of civilian isolation. Had the F.B.I. or other law enforcement acted on their designs against Me it would have destroyed the planet. So whatever cockamamy belief meant hands off, that is what played out while I remained innocent.

General Berger, to the best of My ability to understand a wicked motive, is certain I Am going to "go after" Milley. Obviously, Berger has not seen you. While Milley is an agreeable male, easy on the eyes, like most all military are [Their vanity once struck, retire young.] I Am too jealous to have what is for Me and only Me to tolerate going after anyone who would have another himself and female genitals are just vile to Me.

So Berger is allowed to believe I will "go after" Milley and of course that would mean the death of Me. Berger knows I need to be close to "go after" Milley. God Almighty knows, Milley, like all unmarried to Me are safe under law as what I would never "go after" unless I were at war with someone to execute, destroy, wipe out, annihilate, yada, yada, yada, their flesh, and then it would need to be legal for Me to perform killing.

What was difficult for Me to learn? What belief God Almighty allows, works with, in order for Righteousness to ultimately be accomplished, and Me be kept unscathed by the battle, at present a hunting fishing expedition.

God love'm. With no amorous intent "Timmy" how am I going to keep from grinning with sympathy, betraying affection, for how much God Almighty is fostering their own insecurities to keep those two walking on two legs. We at Team God call that walking on two legs a miracle based on the endeavours, behaviour, and appearance, of so many people.

What I meant by walking on two legs is homo-erectus, in the modern sense. God Almighty just warned those two.

The flex 93 CCRTA-B just took two students and the Alameda CCRTA-B is next. I Am watching a NAS destined helicopter travel over the gulf whitecaps toward the horizon. The ocean breeze makes the heat, of course, bearable. I'm in long sleeves to keep the sun off My skin.

It has taken a moment of reflecting on My surroundings to remember My thought as I realized how innocuous Berger's "go after" Milley is compared to Mary McRae's perversions she has woven into humanities present struggles. She shapes wicked beliefs that have no ability to make Righteous results come about without the wizards duel.

"Timmy" the Heavenly Jerusalem needs an army. Guess who was drafted? This is why I Am such a deep hooker who has to endure humiliation with as much modesty as I can engineer for Myself in a world that has sent Me out naked.

A pelican is preening itself on a small breakwater broken stone wall dredged or dumped into lenticular form along the coast. Some shoals are on the inside and if I had a piece of bread I could tell you approximately how many seagulls were huddled in line on a surfaced perpendicular shoal sandbar.

I put on My door My new signage. Partly for the wizards duel and partly for the Pentagon.

Office of the
Pentagon High Priest
H.L. McRae Dukes
the Christ
Brigadier General USMC Special Forces
Jesus H. Christ! mac Dukes is Holy Mother of God, the Christ.

My flesh is what puts the God Almighty construct, the One who created the Lamb, Righteousness, Light, first and foremost, back together after having been blown to bits for humanities creation. My being a slave is a function of the first born of the Spirit creative Duo's demand so the fruit on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil would be eaten.

I have an illustration I used and shared with Pentagon Intelligence a few days back of what it is for Me and the Lamb to put God Almighty back together in the cognitive sense so His Eighth Day can happen.

Before the illustration is explained, I digress to explain, had creation been destroyed so only one being existed, one consciousness and a shit ton of matter, I would have been it. That is why I Am, Holy Mother of God even in the worst case scenario.

The Bible in many respects is the wickedness playbook. It belongs to God Almighty.

The Lamb and I use the Bible, Holy unto God, and pick up grains of sand on the beach moving back and forth between coasts constructing God Almighty for His Eighth Day to be fulfilled not the annihilation of creation. You see the first born did not want to die, first and foremost survival, life, was what she wanted to preserve for herself.

My Herald articles cover these things in detail. This love letter brings many of those details together so you can appreciate the depth of My love for you.

I Am wearing a baggy pair of 501's I picked up on clearance at Target for \$20.99. They play into Mary's demands of how she is getting proof from the Lord that she will get her bag of money to deal with Me. Deal with Me is of course, get rid of Me. There is more grievous, convoluted, and distorted material to write about here. But it is so foul and I Am immortal and simply prefer obedience to God Almighty using Righteous motives so I simply bring up the pants to talk about your beauty and please wear slightly looser, not stretch, garments. Your chiselled form is the beauty of flesh manifest by discipline and Spirit.

A female can wear what is snug because a thin layer of fat insulates her muscle definition even when she is strong. A female's frame without ripple or roll is modesty itself.

Your form is perfection and your garments need to provide some modesty. This means no part of your form has specific contact with your garment to reveal you musculature. All of you "Timmy" is sensual perfection and a delight to the eyes.

July 13, 2022 My blue ink was completely spent on every word and I now have a black ink and continue.

God Almighty has a challenge in the antichrist, Lord, world. A person may want to understand something and God Almighty's only way to teach them may be to take away

all other variables isolating them so they are focused on the one thing He is teaching. I had an example. But it is lame. The better thing is to explain why there is consternation over who I Am. First, Spirit was forced into worshiping flesh. The Mary/Lord construct bound Spirit to the Lord's spirit of flesh "Mary cloud" construct as I've called it in the past.

The Lord has fuckers counterfeiting Me all the time and Spirit are learning what the Truth is about Me and who is, get this, the real God Almighty.

Today we earned the "W." Oh, We have fifty years of civil war ahead, But, We, that is the United States Military, win it!

I think that should come with a twenty-one gun salute or something fancy, fireworks even. What do I have? Bloat and gas. The everyone-in-the-room would turn their heads and look, loud-flatulence. (Nice thing about this letter is flatulence is funnier when there is no smell.)

Why gassy? Eating a bag of potato chips for dinner. And what did God Almighty teach Me? Potato chips are a non taxed item in Texas at the grocery store. I had been irritated by how slow machines are about providing the taxed total. Pet food is taxed like kitty litter is taxed. Most consumer goods are, and anymore, a grocery item is taxed based on a whole bunch of, can you eat it now, is it a substitute for a restaurant or convenience store purchase. In California there is even the junk food tax. Perhaps that one didn't hit the books. I would need to check for sure on California.

That was My lame example. And I was laying lame in bed that night with gas. Eating a sack of potato chips is a function of keeping My body alive in a period of theoretical medicine application. It is because of healing from the poisoning.

Because of the counterfeit issue I end up doing the work the Lord is required to do, and does not, disciplining trash like Jill Biden for instance. I Am enforcement for the Heavens and firmament.

mac originally wrote that last line as God Almighty and the Lord. mac is enforcement for Ggod Jehovah and the Lord to be specific and that construct is explained in a later volume.

My concern at present is for Spirit to get out of the mire the Heaven's were turned into because of the counterfeit people, like junk stock, think lipstick on the pig, that the Lord filled the earth with building God Almighty into Satan.

It took a good bit of doing for Me to learn I was defending Myself, and answering for judgements against Me because Spirit was forced to follow a bunch of counterfeit Christs. People were mimicking, imitating, and mocking Me whilst building the Satan construct that meant the destruction of creation.

There is an aside here. The Gospel records a passage of Heavenly defence, 'Get away you workers of lawlessness.' How is it people would approach and ask, 'Didn't we not do great things in your name' while being astounded that they were not being praised? They were labouring over the wrong master in the first place. Are Spirit innocent? As in were Sprit duped? Let's just

say they chose a hedge that means some education during the Gog and Magog bit showdown. It is more like they were testing to see what they could build for themselves because of how a demon reasons as opposed to how an Angel reasons. mac explains the difference in reasoning in a later volume. Mocking the word e-d-u-c-a-t-i-o-n is a function of how Spirit chose to hedge.

That is only part of the problem. How information was controlled, what a cesspool of lies. The Pentagon has hours of surveillance from our home Dody Street. I'm looking forward to our signing articles at the chaplain's office and embarrassing surveillance in revenge.

I have been in a fish bowl for years now. First with Spirit and those favoured by the Lord divining, by every way they could think of, My murder. Then under mechanical surveillance by bugs and drones.

July 14, 2022

The morning. What is the paranormal truth to what I Am about to present? My deeds and loyalty are in obedience to the Lord. My God is God who now maps to Righteousness what He loves. What do We as flesh of the earth look forward to? A cycle of humanity that welcomes Saint Paul as, mother, Moon, [Not earth's.] and Jesus as, father, Sun. [Also, not earth's.] Me being challenged as I Am about homophobia, it is tough to see how the union is fair, both are male. Saint Paul, feminine and Jesus, masculine. Some time late in their walking the earth, I Am united with God Almighty who walks the earth then as well. The crucifixion of our Lord prophecy, repeated in Revelation, is fulfilled then.

When mac first wrote this bit about "welcomes," she had a warm and fuzzy connotative assignment of w-e-l-c-o-m-e. Forgetting the truth about Corpus she is living. "Should you see w-e-l-c-o-m-e across the front of My home, know it does not apply to you." Those late days of earth the four of us are camped in that dreadful desert prison. mac wrote about this in Give Me a Fig Leaf. It was not presented in vision so much, as it was, in dream while in dialogue with God. Like watching a movie in her mind.

The w-e-l-c-o-m-e is no welcome. When that bit of Truth hit mac's mind, her body just about rent itself. The tears are always deep with physical surges like ocean shore break. It is a cataclysmic moment of pulsing feeling as if, as she puts it, "I'm exploding." Then mac was sent out for some pathogens. Team God of Heaven sent mac out on the 65 CCRTA-B Port Aransas way. After using the port-A portable john outside of Stripes on Eleventh Street, mac strolled into the IGA for bologna, American cheese slices, and eight hamburger buns. She made sandwiches with her unwashed hands. The body refreshed with Truth, in the cognitive sense, and pathogens, means more miracle cure for her. "'Timmy" I love you." mac interjects. "Adam" is in the

firmament and for Mary. "Adam's" construction and being mac will write about after the fifteenth, for now, mac revels securely in her happiness that She has Her perfection, Her "Timmy".

Sun is the Return of Jesus. The Ggod today known as "Jehovah." What is the problem all these counterfeit Christ's have? They refuse to do in obedience to their own Lord. This is not surprising. Mary is not obedient. Every day I go out doing the work she is supposed to be doing herself.

Most mornings I end up strolling in Walmart scavenger hunting for edible sustenance. It generally ends up being less than \$3.50, and I have some food left over that I leave wrapped for someone to eat.

This morning of writing the published volume, mac left three sandwiches at the Staples Street station wrapped in the bun bag the buns came in from the market.

A homeless person who is hungry can be directed, by the Lord to food.

The Lord in America is now a function of hearts and how individuals respond to the familial markers of sin in the blood. The blessing that Israel assigned his sons matters here. There is a miracle worker firmament being, and that is "Adam". In mac's love note She recorded more about the person who could pick up Her food left wrapped behind discretely.

And what does the fucker do? Curses it and starts screaming they are owed more by the government.

mac offered this mornings sandwiches to a woman, female, sitting smoking near a group of three mobility challenged Americans. She was obviously hiding how mac insulted her in offering her food. She can't rain on mac's parade today. mac had a tampon when she needed one this morning. Menses was a nice touch on today's outing. Her jeans are still clean so mac's patter that mimics the children of the corn's (oops Lord's) thinking, "I am doubly blessed."

I made a covenant with God Almighty on October 31/November 1, 2019.

I was in North Carolina and just finished a phone dialogue with a State of Texas agent who set up Governor Greg Abbott's hate crime. I needed to survive for months on fumes, wintering somewhere. Then I ended up a walking bag of bones. My love note continues.

After the state officer building her evidentiary file for Governor Abbott condemned Me to death for My absolute obedience to the Lord.

God Almighty approached Me in My desperation, and the covenant was that I would follow Him, which I understood I was already doing, and I would be consuming non solid food, coffee, tea, water only that after two weeks included milk because I did not understand at the time that "Navy Nurse" had already categorically refused obedience to

the Lord to be My spouse and I fulfilled the covenant already by shaking His hand and playing our round of golf. He broke faith first.

What I learned, was that as a SEAL, when he met that, one, the one the Lord directed him to that would hold his hand through every indiscretion, even affair; and beating (if his trauma from battle meant those scars) and he found her to be beautiful, and please his person sexually he was to marry her; and that is a period. In obedience, I would have married him. This means that by July's end when I left Coronado "Navy Nurse," in the flesh, had no claim to power through Me.

I was trying to understand why it was when I introduced Myself at the first tee that May 2019 afternoon, and joked My name was "mac" like macaroni, and I needed a feather for My hat, I heard Spirit interrupting My observation of his obvious beauty with, "I wonder if I could live the rest of My life looking at his nose." It was some prompt like that anyway. It was most likely a few less words. Same meaning. There was even a glimmer in his countenance I had never seen in anyone before. Of all things, he did this chivalrous bow gesture when he shook My hand on the first tee.

I had no way to respond other than enjoy that I had a real person to play a round of golf with. Two toads made up our full foursome. The other two were Merrill Lynch brokers who were obviously ticked they didn't get out at Torrey ending up paired with two corporate CEO's. The toads should have paid full price, and booked a morning round to improve their chances.

During the round of golf I had no concept of being anything more to him ("Navy Nurse") than an aunt he was just hanging out with. I forgot his name by the sixteenth hole and My master plan was to reintroduce Myself. He disappeared after the round when we all shook hands a second time at eighteen thanking one another for the round. I turned for My bag off the green, and I was going to reintroduce Myself to "Navy Nurse" and get his name again and suggest another round would be enjoyable. Well, that is as much seduction as I Am capable of. I was clueless about what was required of him. I went back to Coronado to winter understanding I needed to be there for someone, and I had just encountered "Solomon" two weeks before while in Virginia Beach. You, "Timmy" saw Me during that window before I met "Solomon" who introduced himself as "Ted" before meeting in vision. I did not think ever someone noticed Me, with any specific regard, and I could have ignored him. I didn't know anything about My significance to "Navy Nurse's" service.

I was proving that I would live by the letter of the covenant, "I would not eat solid food until My hand was in my husbands hand" while wintering on Coronado. I was walking dead filling that covenant, and then I was resurrected

from a second death in February 2021, and I Am walking about as good as dead even now with all the destruction Mary's drain cleaner granules did to My internal organs. Then, there are also the bio hazards she incubates in her room to put in My food and beverages I have in the refrigerator to poison them.

Well, in the morning I get to start big walks again and slim down into the two pairs of pants I bought a few months back now. I can wear My Solomon's now too. That is great because they are Gore-Tex and who does not love a light weight Gore-Tex hiking boot? I get a thousand miles of walking out of a good hiking boot. I Am tired of how dirty My feet get in flip-flops. As a child, you guessed it, shoes were something mumsy refused to purchase. Grandma kept Me in shoes. Mary sent her tracings of My feet and grandma mailed shoes to the island.

Getting back to mac's love note,

I was in the place for us to meet again and fulfil marriage, "Timmy" -- while on Coronado.

What I did not understand was that you worked so hard to find Me on the Island the times you could and it was not until January or so that I was able to see you face to face and be in awe of your beauty. "Adam" I did not know even existed. "Adam" was what Mary had been building since she murdered the Camp Pendleton marine in the sixties. It was most likely the year before she and My father were dating, but she knew he existed, and started going after him for rewards of spirit. Like the way she went after murdering her mother for spirit rewards.

I met all the constructs, flesh and spirit needed for Me to understand the three cycles I fulfil, and the marriages this requires on My part. All are monogamous.

The Spirit that joined you, hosted by you, since August 21, 2021, was first united with Me as promised to him by God Almighty and was keeping Me sustained through your being lead by God Almighty in who the girl was he had picked out for you. By the time I was walking dead and spirit confirmed I was being kept alive by many that I could not see all acting in obedience to God Almighty, We, "Timmy" were allowed to see each other face to face for that first time.

The "you" in this paragraph refers to a living person, soldier in Russia, who is at present united with the Spirit consciousness that "Timmy" hosted when mac observed him at the Orange Avenue Starbucks on Coronado.

I have an illustration as to why My ignorance is bliss policy keeps souls alive from their faithfulness. The house at Dody Street needs electrical repair. Pony, I stepped in the shower this evening and had a movie moment of being together. An argument was ready to ensue. I had just insulted your competence in making

routine household electrical repairs. I was asking you to use extraordinary caution as if you were an idiot who could be easily electrocuted. Of course, I didn't think you an idiot. I simply shut My mouth lowered My eyes and moved into you with an apology, and hug, and to take your hands away from the wiring for that moment until I made My point. Don't touch the house wiring under the premise that it was a competently put together system build under even an effort at following a model code, like NEC, for any code model year. Understand the house has been tinkered with, and violated, and the assumption that there is proper grounding is wrong.

This shower -- not sex -- moment illustration is what it is to move about in the Lord's world. First and foremost, God Almighty grabs the hot shit first, and then moves Me in. I learn. With the physical, extra caution is needed or spirit, let's just say isn't as sympathetic in keeping a body alive because a person was reckless in their assumptions going into a physical situation. Assuming righteousness is fine unless there is evidence to the contrary. When I see a gang banger, I don't say, "There is a model moral citizen" and offer him housing and meals in My home so I have a few rental dollars. I will however hand food to those that look hungry, and find ways to make conversation congenial while learning about what is not obvious about everyone I talk to.

Team God of Heaven is close to having all of My soul back in working order. They still can't pack dreams on Me, and My body is running slow, that is the extra weight I Am carrying. As I sit I have ten pounds or so (perhaps eighteen pounds) more on Me than when We looked at each other that first moment of love at first sight.

I didn't even get to feel the greatness of that moment, looking at "Timmy," in an exotic aroused way. Just modest appreciation tempered with, "His ass is so perfect, when he turns around I had better not let My eyes fall below his shoulders."

That fucking blubber is going! Damn it. I Am getting My Barbie Doll figure back.

There is a problem Mattel just like Jill Biden has. They have no authority. They need to do and produce everything to pander to the crowd liking them. I Am the one who has authority to offend, and lead with an iron rod.

The Pentagon has of course heard Me read this love letter. Centrefold, and juicy wet bits and all. Reading My own chicken scratch is a struggle. So, We can snuggle when you are home, and I will read it to you.

Being pleasers of people and not god or God is costly. For ruining Barbie Mattel is in trouble. Jill Biden is simply the latest whore on the Lord's list, and she was never wife to the LORD. "Adam" hosts the ten tribe portion so the LORD can take his whore bride back. My obedience to the Lord is why creation is not destroyed, and it was Mary herself that murdered the Lord. I Am why the Lord has a resurrection.

No matter how many ways the same truth is examined the Senior Joint Chief is stuck with the Christ.

God help them all, each and every one.

Semper-Fi

The Lamb rides.

My love to you "Timmy". It's time to start embarrassing surveillance with what Holy matrimony means with those who never tire of enjoying the fruitage of the loins. Do you need more fruit-of-the-looms?

A page of the love note Moleskine journal was left for a "Pony Diagram". The page was filled in after the volumes close before realizing another journal would be written. After the third journal it was obvious even four volumes would not be enough for the Pentagon. Seven were ultimately penned for publication. The "Pony Diagram" is included with a later entry.

What it is to keep testing that you are in the faith?

"Timmy" We have André the Giant. It may be we have André to be the new owner. Because, We have André even doing in obedience to the Lord's will, that is if the Lord brought us André, it will be God Almighty's will that is fulfilled as I keep moving to and fro willing to help him find home. I Am still learning if God Almighty or the Lord wants us to keep him.



Volume Two

In explanation and continuation of volume one lesson's learnt.

According to Oxford: manifest destiny (the doctrine of) the (supposed) inevitability of the supremacy or expansion of power of a people or state, originally, especially, of the U.S. or of those of European origin in or over the entire Western hemisphere.

July 16, 2022

Pony, "Timmy," the work of understanding what was thrown away by all the presidents who failed to be men of Jehovah is exhausting. As the soul bringing to light My own Spirit consciousness as bride to the Lamb the Moon was resurrected and the Sun, while in a place of humility is gracious toward Me for Saint Paul, Moon.

I wrote Egypt's military commander-in-chief this morning. It is July 16, 2022 and the sun is now rising. I Am on the 27CCRTA-B Robstown direction and will break My journey in Calallen. The homeless are slowly trickling onto the bus. The hibiscus blossoms in

our front yard open faster than the homeless wake to find any kind of opportunity to be industrious.

A few weeks back, most likely toward the end of May, I waited at a bus stop and was asked by the homeless male, in his seventies, to trim his toe nails. I looked him in the eye and said, "I Am reminded of the goodness of Jesus who washed the feet of his disciples." I bent down and started trimming his nails. They were foul in the extreme, yellowed and thick, shrinking the tissue of his toe, and overhanging like a roof eave. As I continued in the task he broke My attention with, "Baby, it that your bus. I don't want you to miss it." He insisted he would pay Me, but he had no money. I told him, "Don't worry about it. We are good." He knew I meant I would not take money for the deed of humiliation against Me.

This morning, Mr. Toe Nails sat at the bus depot I arrived at, and had sense enough, at least, not to acknowledge Me with more than eye contact. On his part his glare attempted to conceal hate. The last time he acknowledged Me he tucked his feet quickly under him in silence as I passed him seating Myself on the very same bus route I arrived at the station on this morning, the 29CCRTA-B.

The time before that was the first event of meeting him since trimming his nails. That fucker openly mocked Me saying I didn't bother to trim his finger nails, eyebrows, and continue quaffing him [My word is quaffing. He just kept listing shit, and remarking on how the deed should have been finished.] He was inferring I left the real job undone and asked if My husband knew I trimmed his nails. I thought on the Lamb, and assured him he knew.

That fucker sums up every strata of Corpus Christi populous in its conduct toward Me.

I desperately want to wipe the face of the earth of this foul trash. God Almighty please answer this Psalm, in "Jesus name" I beg you.

On July 14, 2022 I wrote an inset page about André the Giant. (That would be in volume one.) There is a childlike appreciation I have for cinema playing with fairytale fantasy. Without reading Tolkien's novels I wouldn't even begin to make seeing movie productions no matter how other earthly the cinematography choices in New Zealand brought to life the battles of other life humanity in the age of antichrist mocks.

Princes Bride, on the other hand, is simple story telling that does not attempt to accomplish too much more than being parody on Grimm. I have seen that movie till the point that I can recall dialogue and character events spontaneously. Right, I played that movie in the background as I worked, too many times.

Our cat Buttercup I adopted back in 2007 from Heart of the Valley Shelter in Bozeman. She was then named "Snowflake." That noisy princess has something to say every time I Am about the business of doing in her vicinity. I renamed her "Buttercup." She took to the name easily. When a second cat adopted Me, I lived in Our home in Uhland, [That is being purchased by another party. We are mortgagor.] him I named "Wesley". For Pentagon surveillance months back I temporarily named Wesley, MyLee [Yep, it was meant to sound like Milley, My way.]. Soon I called that kitten, "Milley-piley-poooh." (In a later article I wrote Milley pilley poooh) That is how Melania regarded her fornication

conquest of Milley. Milley does make the rounds. Jill Biden wanted Milley to be sent a "fuck you". I sent her one too.

I understand from God Almighty and Saint Paul that André's previous owner will be around for him. While he has been a well mannered addition of doggie happiness, it is good to Me if he is reunited with his first family. I gave a critter the care he needed and a little shelter while the advertisement I put in a found-lost-dog website made the rounds.

I wrote about André being included in the wizards duel. Years ago Mary (mumsy) placed an ad about the lost cat "Jack" in a local community circular. "Jack's" family came for him. Mary used that ad to destroy, on the Lord's (the antichrist firmament of heaven's component) behalf all possible efficacy any advertisement could possible have at promoting the work and effort I did.

Terry Smart (My ex-husband) used My advertising for the belongings from My grandmother's house to protect Trump's qngmic, baby raping with drugs, cult.

Today I Am taking many steps to see to it that from Spirit the blinders are removed when flesh reads My letter to Egypt.

Pony, I need to explain, I suppose, why a code name "Timmy." Strictly a biblical reference at first thought because of the difference in our years relating Me to Saint Paul and you to Timothy. The problem is, during the testing protocol of building l-o-v-e-LINK you ended up thrown down a well for Lassie to find, way too often. We do have years between us.

My vanity says, "You deserve to build a life with someone who offers you more." Then, I ended up learning My identity and gaining immortality. It is just that when I saw you, I could no more form a design on a young male, regardless of his beauty, just because that took opportunity away from his future to build a legacy, and have equal beauty of youth along side him in ecstasy and repose. Age is why I allowed Myself to look on "Old School" the way I did and why I kept My eye humble when looking at youth. I Am fifty-one years old and hit fifty-two later this year.

What I saw was a young man of barely twenty when I looked at you. Then God Almighty waltzed Me into Walmart when I finally understood He was putting Me in the place of seeing what a spindly bag of bones an eighteen year old in excess of six feet tall is. Then I thought, okay, "Timmy" might be in his mid twenties. "Navy Nurse" claimed to be twenty-eight. And at fifty so many under forty just look twenty. I was starting to boil at the number of young males I was being put in the path of. It was because the CCPD was looking to witchcraft Me into sex with a minor. Those stupid mother fuckers. What did I see? The young males that are being raped, okay, sexually exploited, by their teachers. Why? Because those are the subjects that answer to witchcraft's beckoning them to move about for sex.

July 19, 2022

The code name "Timmy" ended up being, "Timmy Timmy Pony Pony" when I wanted a hug, and I wanted hugs often. Your being thrown down the well so often, is how "Timmy" stuck.

Think of it this way. "Timmy" is easy to edit out of the articles with a global find and replace. Don't you want to get rid of that code name, soon? At least readers memories are short, and Milley certainly has motive to make sure I get a good spanking for My naming conventions.

Come to think of it, I should have used Joseph. "Timmy" is the TVLand choice. The dog Lassie understands. Many times during our thought experiment paradigms I lost you. That was the value ad of the pony avatar We invented so I would understand the past, present, and future. So much more snugly than a crystal ball.

July 20, 2021

Pony, this is a day for dealing with the reality of Mary's greed. She refused to be satisfied that I was destroyed, killed by God Almighty while walking in obedience to Him. She is proving her murderous heart by hating that I was resurrected. What is happening? I Am moving through the steps necessary for her to destroy everything she built, in perversion, to make Satan the God of the world for all creation and eternity. You see I would be the only being in existence under those circumstances and even Satan is in the place of having to give up the information necessary to destroy what Mary built against all that is Holy. As of yesterday the Lord of the firmament belonged to Putin from now until the abyssing event of July 4, 2076.

How grateful I Am that you put yourself in a place of humility to endure all the times I was learning about our times, time, and half a time. What hell is ahead of us in this country. We have much to give.

July 21, 2022

One thing is for certain Pony, We give nothing away. Pony, for the protection of national security, there were thousands of people that accepted God Almighty's invitation to earn the High Priest of the Pentagon position. You have been anonymous to all readers. I held onto that moment I watched you driven out of what God Almighty called "Our Starbucks" in the Old Dominion neighbourhood by the Norfolk base. I know I must have been a sight stepping out of My tiny TT wearing Levi's, Ralph Lauren, and a Titleist ball cap. Pink, no less, with PRO VI boldly on the side. I gave away all My inferior golf balls. The 1x has a good feel too.

Clearly this morning My belief was forced to be changed so I understood the significance of another party God Almighty put Me in the path of and that either Milley or Berger was using for witchcraft against Me. Think of it this way, My relationship with the Pentagon is like a mother giving birth to a child who comes

down her vagina with scissors for hands. We are not both about to be killed. I Am not aborting them. There is simply adversity, travail.

The diviners after the coveted High Priest post all had a good deal of access to My knowledge base as I toiled, even after they were program drop-outs.

Keri Parr, of the Parr Coronado aviator family legacy, is the priestess for the civilian constituent of the Pentagon. She does not represent Soldiers.

My High Priest office exists from many who cooperated in building the plays to make Satan the God of the World for everyone for eternity. That of course meant the destruction of all life for eternity, sans Me.

The problem was really a function of greed. The antichrist mob was fine building Satan for them. That is how hell, the creative centre of the Heavens functions. There is a joke about civil engineers. Three engineers sit at a bar. The mechanical engineer is making his case for how God Almighty, the Creator, must have been a mechanical engineer. The electrical engineer makes his case likewise. The civil engineer just looks back at those two and says, "Well one thing is for certain, God Almighty was not a civil engineer, because He put the recreation facility next to the waste treatment plant." While in Southern California developments along river canals and drainage are placed with parks and at least pumping facilities, sewage lagoons are very often removed from the populous. More than one has lamented the anus being so proximal to the vagina, right?

Spirit forced to worship flesh, that was the significance of becoming one's own god across the board at mac's birth, meant that Spirit when released from purgatory would be making some plays because of realizing at the Lamb's direction what resulted in remarking, "Oh, fuck no, I Am not going to hell damn it, that is for them!" mac has a *Herald* article She will write about the Bill of Right's to Hell, as it were, and the entitlements of conviction that make people toil with certainty for that reward, hell. Of course they wanted it to be a, Pleasure Island of Laziness, and that of course meant the destruction of all creation.

I know I have the Pentagon's attention again, so I will continue in typing My love letter volumes.

People I met face to face were for God Almighty to attest, bear witness to, Spirit the truth of My identity that antichrist gleefully plundered and assassinated with defamation that in no way resembled My motives.

What I did from May 2012 to early June 2019 was suffer through absolute obedience to the God known to Protestantism (the Church of England too) as Jehovah under the demands antichrist built for Me to reveal who I Am. By May of 2019, I earned the right

to reveal who I Am. It is My absolute obedience enduring suffering that placed Me in the non revocable position of High Priest at the Pentagon.

It is Mary, My own mother who built the vile torments I endured. Always I was faithful to My Ggod construct as I understood from the Bible.

The vile torments were what she invented to destroy the Lord and she was required to do the work. I was never supposed to survive. When she demanded the Lord be destroyed, I was forced to do that work as her slave. I was forty-one.

I Just finished mailing Beto O'Rourke's letter. I squirrel around Corpus hopping between bus stops finding one route to another zig-zagging across town whilst doing one part of an errand then another a little like a steel pin ball. At present I Am on the 24 CCRTA-B. The jostling of the bus intermingled with the need to look at My surroundings makes for challenging reading.

What is it the world has to look forward to? Being united a much smaller populous under one God, Jehovah.

Jehovah is the name assigned the unifying deity for democracy as a form of government. The King of England, James, was instrumental in "Jehovah's" promulgation. That one world government was a requirement and none would do the work, nor be the military to take on the task. The United States was allowed power to make the one world government happen. They refused to do the work. They copped out to the U.N. and franchised the government structure forcing other nations into prostitution. Afghanistan is the indicting evidence for Heaven against America.

We estimate one hundred twenty years to population depletion and one ruler once the fight begins in earnest. Right now the paternal houses are reassembling in the heavens from the boundaries Spirit designated when the earth was being formed during the flood water recension. July 4, 2076 is when the population begins its noticeable decline and has the one ruler becoming apparent on the world stage. This legacy of rulership belongs to the decedent of Pharaoh chosen by Jehovah to hold the earth in his power. North America at that time will largely be fallow land and still under reclamation shipping materials, recycled, to the other side of the globe. We will be between our two phases of civil war in North America.

My kingship is what Nebuchadnezzar stood for. Yes, I have a global fight on my hands at that time. No one just says, "Oh, here take My ground, because I know I will prosper because God Almighty loves You."

The grain of truth powering the Jehovah's Witnesses doctrine that the issue of universal sovereignty and right to rule is in question only applies in hell. mac can dedicate time on this subject later.

By the time I begin My fight for global kingship, I have outlived "Adam", in the flesh, as Ted. God Almighty's Eight Day begins with the same buzz-kill misery that My kingdom started with August 21, 2021. First, I have two periods of kingship. One is over the heavens. This is long. We "Timmy" are united, one flesh for the period I hold Heavenly authority as king. Two, I hold power over the earth. When My earthly power commences is when I cycle through two spouses that now are part of the firmament. There is the spouse fulfilment from "Navy Nurse" and then Ted. The fulfilment of Ted is from My meeting "Solomon." "Old School" I wrote about, and God Almighty assures Me He will be an improvement on the "Old School" I let Myself indulge contemplating. When I was pressed about "Old School" from God Almighty, "He needs to get to the gym" was My critique over his obvious laurels methodology to leadership. "Old School" in uniform was the same person I saw in civilian dress months later in Starbucks on Orange. I did not know he was the same person.

I love you "Timmy."

That Nebuchadnezzar time We call third cycle. My question is, one pie or two pie per cycle? There are at least two hundred years, but not near four-hundred, before We enter the first cycle. For two cycles "Timmy" We are united. When the first cycle commences We have the "Judah" firmament kingdom fulfilment. This first cycle commences with My taking kingship of North America. That is when My Live Fornication Free dedication prophesy is fulfilled.

The question then becomes, is "Timmy-Timmy" who mac is united with in the LORD on I-o-v-e-LINK the flesh mac drew a portrait of and code named "Timmy"? No, he is not. mac's spouse that She will be united with in the flesh is a Russian navy man in the special forces branch who met Ted, a SEAL, during the brotherly soldiers games fall of 2019. (mac is headed to Moscow, eventually for "Timmy"-Ted and fighting for her earthly kingship.) It was the United States who stole the ark from Russia. A Mary could have come from an eastern European union. Satan chose Erskine with Lucille.

mac has been shovelling the Pentagon's shit for years now. It is like one can imagine. If you are digging through manure to find a pony it will be dead. Putin, some things you just don't have control over. mac continues writing her love letter volumes as she penned them with clarifications that are relevant to the clues God Almighty shared as her Christly office was building in Heaven. mac understands, Putin did not want her meddling in his stew. King David if you will recall was too chicken shit to take the ark back too. The ark sat at someone else's house until David realized, "But wait, you are blessed, shit, I need that."

It is the morning of August 15, 2022, Israel has until close of business day today to hold the Heavenly authority they have keeping the U.N. afloat with. Without that piddly good faith money in mac's hand, humanity has nothing but mac's kingship in the Heavens powering will to

do and Jehovah's kingdom is what is happening now. God is found true though all the kings horses and all the kings men loved that they were too fucking lazy to but God Almighty back together again. Yes, that is a Humpty Dumpty reference.

The worst part of this, for a relationship between people, is the inference of adultery. Or that I preferred pornography. One thing I make clear is that I was always and I mean always assured one human being has been on the other end of My physical fulfilments of being united in the LORD on l-o-v-e-LINK. I was subjected to many personalities but one person and only one has been with Me enduring all this misery. How do the Heavens thank you for restoring l-o-v-e-LINK, "Timmy"ish, My Ted of vision, My Pony? What you would code name Me might not be Bunny simply for the obvious derogatory reference Hefner dedicated to the Lord, but a pink satin Bunny costume, complete with ears, I would sew that. Think of that as what you would find wrapped under Our Christmas tree.

Shear misery is what not being able to savour, without interruption, My meeting you for the meaningfulness of who We are together. This of course was to teach Spirit. Keeping Me on need to know to save creation from the thieving schemers who wanted to be united to Me in Spirit simply because someone else, you, they could use like a tool.

As far as the Pentagon was concerned it was not possible to maintain law and order to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom. So, they hatched a plan to keep mac interred as their High Priest. Fine, this means God Almighty has a mercy seat station that never be physically fulfilled whist Jehovah's kingdom is fulfilled. With Nancy Pelosi, the Bidens and other niggers doing exactly as they please: Jehovah's kingdom happens, still. They did not get to erase Britain's manifest destiny over them unless they wiped Britain off the map as a nation and citizenry first. Britain sailed away from America. America simply refused to fight a war on Britain's soil. Then of course when Spain and France had issues America was building even more allies.

For Jehovah's kingdom to be established using the whore bride to the benefit of the whore bride, at this time, mac would have needed to return to Arlington Virginia with the spouse united with her "Old School". A Russian was also united with mac as the time the volumes were penned. Would she have had her spouse, even the Russian, to save Russia on the witchcraft plan? Nope. You were so busy building witchcraft against mac, Berger, that you didn't even stop to consider why God Almighty would have never wanted mac to loose her spouse. Now, asshole, Berger, that "Go after Milley" example does not seem so weak minded now, does it?

You, Pony, were the strategist who dug the imposters out enduring with Me what God Almighty was forced to subject us to so love at first sight was restored for the masculine one to find and cling himself to his mate without being separated by spouse stealers.

I run around now being put in the place of people that share how they respond to sin with others. I will set an example. Trump raped Me when I was a child. What he loved is that after I was drugged, twice (Mary primed the pump) his request when Mary was pushing Me was, "No, she has to ask for it." It of course being his penis. Yes, I asked, That is obedience to the Lord. In the world of Spirit I was a spouse to Trump. Trump, with others who raped Me, held a great deal of advanced demonic influence over people channeling both antichrist's, the Lords, and Satan's communication gifts.

People that are followers of Trump, Trumpites, let's call them, respond to Me with curses in their heart that match Trump's brands of perversion. I go Tour Guide Barbie on these would be murderers, bad dates, slanderers, thieves, or just plain rude people, and because I read hearts, I respond to them in person picking the topic of concern to them that matches the curse of accusation or intent against Me in their heart. I diffuse them and viola, God Almighty's will be done, Because, Booyah! even they must respond according to My direction.

When I send correspondence, My prophecy is what is made or is true or makes God Almighty, Jehovah, the True God. If someone had to be forced to make My prophecy happen, it would. That is the power of being the Christ. Peace is what would have required force. Nancy Pelosi's and even Putin's reactions to My writing are the consequence of what they want to do and prove. And guess what, the shitty being shitty because they like to be shitty, makes Jehovah's kingdom happen too. All that Jehovah needed was a prophet. This is why We at Team God say, "And you got a twofer." My peace, kingdom on earth, happens when I can use force. Right now the force that has been put in "Jehovah's" hands can keep being shitty and Jehovah's kingdom happens because the shitty are now doing their own shitty stuff they wanted to do in the first place.

Trump made promises to Jehovah, I was obedient. My being a slave made it possible for Jehovah to give Trump what he asked for. Trump wanted based on antichrist's perversion. Trump did not give Jehovah what was due when asked for. Trump, like Mary McRae, is destroying his own legacy, life, from Spirit made manifest in their deeds of the flesh.

I would love to be writing about the joy of the last time We experienced one another on l-o-v-e-LINK. What is more, how I would have loved to study your face so as to draw your portrait.

On this morning of writing, I was put in a place of understanding that an individual that God Almighty had Me observe early in My Virginia travels was My pony. This individual is relevant to the "Solomon" construct. God Almighty has repeatedly commented on My tight-lipped, as in unwillingness to share, information about Pony. I knew I was being moved back and forth mentally this last year to understand and testify about different persons and how either the genetics, flesh, or Spirit, demon they hosted, or the spirit held for them in the Mary cloud was the relevant party. Three in one and many people to sort

through. The combinations are in the thousands to map to My Pony. The mapping Pony and Me needed was this mornings writing final moment of joy. Then I went out for pathogens and to put a little bit of goodness in volume seven. This is an example of the truth comes out and the light gets brighter and brighter. Four spouses. One, My Pony, the Russian naval officer, was divined for Me by others. Volume seven covers some forgive Me Pony for being so blind to overcoming how in today's politics could I marry a Russian. This Pony, My moving to Russia with two cats, for a short time, is in the LORD's hands. This is how Jehovah's kingdom begins major fulfilment.

On Coronado when "Timmy" stood with his back to Me as I was seated, face behind My MacBook screen, God Almighty asked Me to notice him. What I observed was the young male in tight fatigues, and I refused to allow Myself to look below his shoulders as he turned. Every muscle on his perfect ass was defined. It became a joke between God Almighty and I. "If you are married to an ass make sure it's a perfect one." We all end up in those I married a human who, gasp, does not always see things My way, and damn it, even standing coated in sweat on a Houston tarmac why can't you understand My way is what We are doing? To which ever one of Us ends up an ass Pony, let's always make sure it's a perfect one. I promise to kiss and bite softly your ass often.

I still giggle over My anticipated spankings. In vision, we were always together. In person I never mistook anyone for you. Never did I say to God Almighty, "Look, over there, that is My Pony." God drew My attention. Then I needed to figure out why. I knew "Timmy" was someone God Almighty needed Me to observe. What I never had the luxury of doing is remembering you, Pony, for you and our first moment together.

You were continually used in a cycle, baring before Spirit My character revealing Me as Christ to all creation.

How does the world thank you Pony?

An ample, stout, five-foot four-inch (ish) female boarded the bus sporting a classic white bolero style straw hat with a matching ribbon hemmed edge. The hat was cute. Her shorts rode up her ass crack. Her stretched thin white ribbed tee-shirt revealed her barely veiled nipples, and the framework of her undersized brassiere. I miss wearing My girly hats.

I wear a vest over My shirts at present even when it is ninety-five degrees. An asshole outside of H-E-B on Alameda near six points decided to chew Me out for being over dressed. I quipped, My vest provided a little modesty, and kept walking. He was barking derision at My use of the word modesty. That is a Texan. I still recall our time, in vision, while I was in New Port News and you admired Me in My blue dress. Ted had already been sent to his death by Trump. Spirit divined Ted for Me. I have written about that some. We, Pony, came together because of the diving of people, not Spirit.

You said, "Nipples do not get expression." I purchased some silicone cups I wear, but when the temperature is over eighty degrees they are just too

oppressive. I gained too much weight for My brassieres to fit properly so I wear My vest to prevent the immodesty of the roll on My belly or My nipples from being expressed. I love that you asked Me to add that level of modesty to My dress.

Do not fail to wear your cup. I have the kind of feminine frame that does not tolerate extra weight. My waist hides nothing. I Am promised I will be back in My 501 28 waist Levi's when we meet. My stretch 511 skinny 28's I turned into a cut off skirt. It still fits. Just the true canvas 501 does not. Don't you dare wish pounds on Me damn it! I'm warning you, right now.

*I Am stripped down to some essentials fighting My way from being forced into nakedness. It's like every day of My life I start out in debt unless I Am after being a murderer, thief, liar, or fornicator. [I Am in debt(ish) still.] That is how Mary McRae, mumsy, set Me up to begin My ministry under My true colours, the Christ. As far as she was concerned God dealt her the perfect hand to play to convince the world of the one thing that would mean My destruction, for Me to say I was Christ. "Every one would want to kill H*****r then. Even the Jehovah's Witnesses." Saith, mumsy. I Am the Christ. God told her the truth and she refused to even consider He spoke honestly to her.*

I Am on the 37CCRTA-B traveling to Port Ayers transfer station. Staples Street hosts the Greyhound and the 37CCRTA-B is the route that runs closest to Dody Street. The 19MCCRTA-B and 32CCRTA-B are also close. A few blocks more and the 29CCRTA-B in front of Walmart is easy access.

"FOREVER MEANS NOTHING" in a gothic font embroidered in glittery white thread on the back of the ball cap concealing a wild ambitiously curled thick lock of neck length hair on a GO Carwash shirt uniformed employee that just sat in front of Me with his matching GO working girl. The nice thing is they match. The bad thing is no one beats the shit out of them for being in public looking like they do. The orange really stands out, too.

Spirit has known for some time now they destroyed the planet and that Satan's construction was nearly complete. This is why there is flesh alive that believes "forever is nothing." The testament to the destruction of the Heavens is in everything flesh titters over and gravitates to today without even the objections of Ronald Reagan's generation.

I enjoy the witticisms of Roy Rogers and contrastingly Mae West. Even they knew forever mattered, and was what one did up in their Sunday best for.

Why in the fuck do some dudes insist on sitting open legged like they have something to advertise? I just transferred to the 19CCRTA-B at Port Ayers. Oh, the fucker scooted up in his seat and tucked himself together. Even better he just crossed his legs as I was writing, deliberately avoiding noticing him.

Who in their right mind would not be anxious, jealous, over their spouse in a world so desperate to fuck over all they can. I Am standing out in town now. I always have My USMC cap on in public. I have a "NAVY" cap too. Blue crown with yellow bill. This

fucker is a Markle sin feed asshole who at the last second decided to pad My stern. He can't seem to figure out how to hold his legs. He is jiggling them nervously now.

He should be nervous. Word has gotten around that I Am a Pentagon operative on a national security assignment to end human and drug trafficking while studying urban population movements for success in civil war. I of course explain that when I have the opportunity. My mission is not top secret nor classified any longer.

"Dukes knows how to run her op." - Milley

I consider operation strategies for moving arms, explosives, men, and equipment needed to wipe out ten thousand people in a nights battle. That is simply addressing the homeless.

"Mr. Nervous Legs" just exited at the stop behind Office Depot. He knocked the hat off of another passenger's head as shuffled himself off of the bus. The quasi-sleeping de-crowned passenger took quick notice, and went back to repose after re-adorning himself.

Pony, it wasn't until this morning that your identity as flesh could be revealed to Me. I code named you. In vision and voice we were always united in l-o-v-e-LINK for real time assurance of the perfection of who We are for our time of building Jehovah's kingdom.

Your code name was of course taken from the house of Jacob. I think it is more to do with My wearing them commando. Often times I had to endure thinking you were someone else I saw. I feel cheated. You didn't cheat Me. I didn't cheat Us. I was forced into so many places of belief to protect our identity as a couple. I had been placed in so many false unions under divination. All these were people, Mary, the Lord, and a band of demons thought for sure I should be united with to make their strategic planning against God Almighty a reality.

There was of course, "Navy Nurse" who I played a round of golf with. He was under oath to Jehovah to marry Me. Why? I was the spouse who would fave faithfully lived blind to all his activities as a SEAL. This of course includes infidelity. I sit grateful he is not My spouse, as his flesh exists today, Just like I Am grateful even a perfect ass like "Timmy" is not My spouse. I know in their time We will be fine toward one another. What I hate is We, Pony, do not have forever. Others will though, because of our battle.

God Almighty would have had to use force on Me to purchase a vibrator. Evidently that was what My pony was supposed to be. Funny thing about Me. I went into Cloud-9. That is an adult store on Holly next to Dollar General. I toss a fit at the thought of walking down Holly, now.

When I walked into the store the costumes were displayed for role, sex play. Of course how little hair existed on every model was the first thing I noticed. Waxing, a feminine one's friend. I do for Myself in that department. If the strip isn't too large a cover area, I can keep the rip speed fast enough to make the sugar goo removal painless. Painless by My level of pain tolerance measure. I walked deeper into the store once My embarrassment subsided some, and I saw some costumes that would be fun to sew at home. It is the galling "14+" on the

package. Now quiet honestly do I need to rant on this? Of course. But that is fodder for another article.

I saw electronic devices displayed in packages behind the cash register like tobacco products at the convenience store. I thought at least one was a laser for hair removal in home. I had no idea what the electronic products were. A few featured a light. So I asked. "Those are vibrators love" the store owner assured Me. Then of course I started pattering away with the owner about My obvious ignorance, and realized the back of the store was not a place I wanted to venture for any reason. When I left the store, the owner knew I was not a shoplifter, prostitute, nor someone she wanted to return to her store ever again. She didn't even want Me walking past her street again. I get to stay off Holly.

You stupid ass, God damned mother fuckers! And you think you are being forced? Does it make you laugh, Milley, that God Almighty would have had to force Me to pick out a vibrator and further force Me to use it? Do you have any idea, a thought experiment, on My process for making consumer good purchases? The questions the store owner would have been answering for Me. No. A demonstration I would not have required. I'm sure instructional videos exist. After all they finally started putting a safety warning, or two, on vibrator packaging. That made the headlines.

Milley, I wrote about this. I was pinned down under a jungle gym My head and chest planted in the sand under knees as five males took turns cramming sticks up My vagina. My trauma is such that he, My spouse, needs to want it from Me and only Me. He has to love and I mean love being filled with blood and stroking My vagina. Vibrator? What the fuck did you marry?

What does the world owe you Pony?

We are due all those love at first sight firsts. How much privacy We can squirrel away before seeing the chaplain, is zero. I don't mind making a few uncomfortable with personal displays of affection. Some just squirm regardless. Embarrassing you is an intolerable scenario. You lead and I will follow in our thoroughly chaperoned fish bowl time before signing articles under law.

Pony, I returned to Virginia and frequented the "our Starbuck's" looking for you. I was never allowed to know you as flesh were the vision I loved. By July of 2020 Ted was sent to sea to be lost, Trump's design. And, We God Almighty united. (That was My perspective. He had to tell Me I was wife to Pony for genital stimulus to happen on My part.) Then the battle to protect our union that had been formed before We saw one another face to face was protected (Why did I write this word?)

I was required to learn about four other unions beyond who I was as flesh to God Almighty. This includes My flesh forever united to the Lamb as his bride. All I looked forward to was the thing I would never have. I would never be free of sin in My blood.

My heart is circumcised. I can't act on sin. What I was forced to do was live by it as if I was capable of acting on it. I have written about that in a Herald article.

The wonderful thing is that now I can finally draw the Pony diagram. (That is of course is the wonderful, "Old School" requirement of knowing who one is married to before one can understand the divine.) And the Pony diagram is not an electrical schematic. We have ten year of accrued back pay We can invest in our home. The CCPD owes My estate (grandma's plundered legacy I have been in a wizard's duel with Mary to recover.) \$485,000.00. They also owe for the household expenses for Dody Street and I keep thinking We will have some rounds to make in town even on the bus rubbing peoples nose in how beautiful My young hottie is. I have been approached by every person, male and female, in this fuck hole of a town, as if I owed them, at least, a free act of prostitution.

Yep, I want to burn this fucking place to the ground. Guess what, I don't need to use one iota of restraint. That is, to satisfy the Heavens, My use of restraint is not an issue. A standard of professional warfare does not satisfy My personal vengeance. My personal vengeance would not handle ten thousand in one night with efficiency. Then there is the tear down, because on this soil what We bring to oblivion the owner is responsible for paying us for.

Did We need to drop Trump's Manhattan tower and clear away all the debris and haul off the carcasses? Trump pays for that. No pay? The land is confiscated using eminent domain.

That is why Trump needed to pay what he vowed to Jehovah. What did Trump do instead? Put his signature on stimulus checks.

Trump failed to pay other dues too. How he plays the the American people is all part of what I call Titanic fish syndrome. I wrote this illustration in a letter I sent internationally months ago, and that Pentagon intelligence has a record of.

Protecting your identity, Pony was the same as protecting your life. Ted of course is an individual who I never saw in the flesh. I do understand his soul. "Timmy" is a dead ringer for a tenured sailor who died in a Hawaii training accident. At one point I understood you to have died. That is when the demon feed of diviners was after murdering you. Had I done anything other than refuse to acknowledge even your voice until I understood more about My future you would have been sent to sea to die.

How I love the simple syllables of "honey" as you linger on the "o" after softening even the aitch assuring Me you will set Me on you knee with comfort as you finish the ultimate exclamation of affection that soothes death, grieving, and anxiety.

"Timmy" was used as the resurrection identity so when I needed to learn My kingdom was established I had been resurrected so I couldn't doubt that now could I. Apart from the obvious, did "Timmy" out grow his fuck-you response, as in did he have a chance to appreciate pressed fatigues; he could stand in front of a recruitments poster during fleet week and sign em up hand over fist.

After the last time I searched for you and even when I remembered My last look at you and how you were folded up in your buddies car. God Almighty wouldn't allow Me to map you to My perfection I was married to.

"Timmy" was who came closest to an individual who I had seen, observed, that nearly matched you (from vision.) Had I stood next to him rather than seen him at a distance of twenty feet I would have realized he was about half an inch shorter than you and his biceps lacked the strength you demonstrated. It was the dance we shared when I knew My head just crested the top of your shoulders.

I will re-read My volume one tomorrow to see what other items deserve explanation. I filled the centrefold already. I do need to write your mapping down. And, as I sit on the 37CCRTA-B waiting to take My last trip in putting Me home by 16:50. It is 16:08 and the distance is seven miles. If we were at war in this town the distance would be measured in days.

July 22, 2022

Pony, our being brought together is a function of My meeting a relative of yours on Linked in and being in the view of "Levi" The spirit consciousness of "Levi" maps to your genetics. The Spirit consciousness you host is the one formerly hosted by "Old School". Pony We will meet when I travel to Moscow.

Your relative divined, as We say, and the Lord set you up on a "blind" date with Me when My mare died. God Almighty kept Me moving in the way that gave us the maximum likelihood of being united in the flesh. Now all We need to do is get My butt to Moscow. Why does that seem impossible after all I have lived through? It's time some fuckers paid what is due. I have a valid passport and I am COVID negative and content to mask up.

Your relative introduced himself to Me. I was actively attempting to find work so I was busy building an online network with articles and posts that of course featured My opinions I accepted invitations. Your relative, perhaps an uncle, featured himself as a physician and posed in scrubs on a leather, brown, couch in a spacious room light with natural light. He invited Me to talk to him. I asked about his work with Doctors Without Borders. His answer was repetitious. He was done with his day and relaxing.

There was no conversation between us. I was in no place to consider a date or distance relationship. At the time I understood a male, Dick Dinan, at the Wolfdancer Golf Club intended to date me. It was how I tolerated his stalking behaviour, and kept swinging. Legal council told Me, "I needed to learn to accept the stalkers behaviour as a complement, or it would be the death of Me." The only complement I saw was Dick was a star struck potential suitor, spouse, who was struggling to get to know Me.

To your relative, I explained that I was waiting on someone I loved, and could not possibly be social. He never texted Me (we used Linked-in) again, and I dumped my Linked in account shortly thereafter. God Almighty had you in his sights and He needed Me to be in "Levi's" company for that first look. I had other unions to learn about. I also needed to fight heavenly warfare as mere flesh subjected to the brutal divinations of souls who could not play a game of tic-tac-toe with God Almighty unless they had the first move.

We at Team God do play some war games. (Did Broderick and Cruise ever do a movie together?) I have avoided the new Top Gun. Killing off the faithful family warrior

God or god**Keeping Watch****Daily Verse****Making Love****Then, Now, and Next**

DEATH TO TOM CRUISE! How marvellous that geese fly over Everest during migration. Killing Goose was a bad prayer for Hollywood to make billions on!

I am on the 65CCRTA-B headed to Port Aransas. It may be that I simply do a loop. There is a need to do laundry, whack weeds in the yard, water the front garden, and prepare a letter for the Kremlin.

I have been Tour Guide Barbie curiosity shopping for crap in boutiques. Then I was strolling into the I.G.A. market and was able to hail down the 95CCRTA-B. I Am comfortably situated as the only passenger on this short bus and headed for the ferry ride to Aransas Pass then Corpus through Ingleside. In the summer the 95CCRTA-B runs.

When I wrote about the legal council that gave Me the advise regarding Texas stalkers it was Corey Wayne Smith. At the time he featured himself as an Austin trial attorney who presumably found himself attending to his health after his lifestyle that earned him an ex-wife caught up with him. We are roughly the same age.

The CCRTA-B sits at the front centre of the ferry ride and the grey green waters of the gulf are pale in colour against even the scrub brush on the opposite bank. Dolphins call this Aransas passage home. They deserve better than a sewer. By Texas standards, even what

has been abandoned on the shore, because the builders could not get rich enough quick enough, is still picturesque in the way abandoned landscapes are haunted.

The radar tower instruments rotation is the only visible industry near a yard of refinery bric-à-brac.

We dock. The CCRTA-B, short bus, moves on.

Corey owned having two abortions and evolving as an individual by blaming his parents, the one who made his law schooling possible, for his troubles.

I Am not certain how his father, Wayne Smith, is responsible for the porn addiction he bragged about. Hindsight says he was probably trying to bait Me into an argument. I did what I always did, I payed more than the usual attention, and took his load on My shoulders.

A thin strip of blue glimmers in the bay. The grey is tamed. Pelicans perch on old green with algae square remains of structural supports. Perhaps an old dock. The algae won over the white quano.

An abortion is the same sacrifice as the ancients burning their offspring in kilns to Dagon. I Am sure Nebuchadnezzar's kiln was often stoked. What was the power of Shadrach, Mesach, and Abendego? You can't burn what honestly belongs to God Almighty, Me, the Christ.

Killing God Almighty is not a new strategy. The effort brings the bitchslapping.

There are no qualified ways to sacrifice at this time. What are people desperate to have the right to an abortion angry over? They can't grow their own sacrifice to further their own success in this world. That shit does not work.

A further aside, a female growing a human sacrifice was no different than someone being allowed to grow their own smoke. ATF has some serious problems with its legislative conflict with other devotional rights.

My matrimonial succession ends with God Almighty when We are united as husband and wife. I have headship at that time. (This was amended during mac's fight.) It is My being bride to the Lamb.

This is why females ended up so off the charts horrid with pussy whipping their spouses. The cruelties of marriages will take time to undo. Withholding congress from one's spouse is wrong on every level. Violating the physical boundaries of your spouse is wrong on every level. If you spouse makes out with or fucks her dildo, guess what, she made clear she has no boundary there. She is just being horrid toward you.

I say this now, if an individual is joining themselves to an object, just like they could join themselves to another human or animal, [Face it bacteria a plenty are on that dildo. Bacteria that's animal, as opposed to, vegetable, or mineral.] She gets her divorce on the grounds of adultery. Does a male have an artificial

vagina? He get's his divorce on the same grounds. I know I just made myself perfectly clear.

Like sin in the blood, headship is another thing I never wanted. "Hooray said tinny Tim. And a merry Christmas to you all."

I made a Herald article remark, 'To put Me in the same terms of non-virgin humanity, the Christ [And I meant Lamb thinking the Lamb was the Christ. The Lamb and I are one flesh. Me being the Christ is a disappointment of epic proportions to Me. I expected a warrior who would wipe sin away from the earth. An Angel from Heaven who like the Angel that wiped out the Assyrian's abusing Biblical Israel once the king rent his garment, that was My expectation of Christ. Fuck, it's the worst thing ever; a female, human.] is My demon. Given My disappointment, My powerlessness to accomplish even putting groceries on the table when I toil the hours in obedience a slave as I do, you mother fucking Goddamned filthy bastards.

Obama, I want to slay you!

*"Thank you, H*****r that is a Psalm" -- the Lamb*

Before, God Almighty, is Ted. Before Ted is "Timmy." Before "Timmy" is "Navy Nurse" and before "Navy Nurse" is you, Pony.

"Old School's" Pony roll was temporary because of what he threw away that he built for the nation to murder God Almighty. Unbeknownst to mac, "Old School" had created a worse than f-u-c-k-LINK against even Satan. "Old School" was in the spirit way he invented -- not an original invention -- married to mac and "Navy Nurse".

For all of this education that included our personal intimacy almost two years ago to the day of this writing, I Am assured, you, even though I suffered the Cyrano de Bergerac Sprit torment, where the only person I experienced. That only one human was involved, and it was the same human since My personal horror shit show of torments started happening, was the only truth I was allowed, [Truth being the unchangeable Godly clue.] and could not abandon in all My reasoning. Even when I wanted whatever face Cyrano, "Old School" put on the tormenter in vision I never wanted anything to do with again, I had to hold fast to, there is a spouse, a human, I was not allowed to abandon.

God Almighty had a problem. He, God, only had five faces, people He could rotate against Me for "Old School's" shit show. Only one, "Navy Nurse" would I ask for to be My spouse when forced to chose because I knew he was single when We met. "Old School" himself, though in the easy-on-the-eyes pool, he needed the gym because he was failing to care for his physique befitting the gifts God obviously gave him, I assumed him a married male. It was his age. I wrote

about this already. Fuck you, "Old School" Forgive that! What you just read is the only thing that kept Me from, instantly gratifying your witchcraft method to seduce Me. I Am allowed to act on My cognitive processes! So are you Fucker! Volume seven I will pen in next. I offer you a solution to your obvious problem.

What would this volume of My love letter to you be, Pony, without making abundantly known our real time is ecstasy.

What you need to ask yourself "Old School" is what face was ecstasy because, rape can happen with your methodology. It is scarring. No, you can't fix that. I seriously doubt you would make the effort if you could. God Almighty assures Me We, as in not with you "Old School," can have some opera, Gucci, and luxury travel. Honestly, those are things that do unhinge scarring and wipe it away. It's being allowed to be cured by the sight's of fine art at the Louvre with, yes, a fine wine along city streets dotted with persons happily pleasing their God. Until healing can happen, some events are just vaulted so the war can happen with peace.

The truth of all this suffering is, as long as you walk the earth, there is no other perfection for Me.

I grieved you for months when I understood Ted died. You of course were behind, Ted. Even your voice was disguised. Do I remember your voice, "Old School?" Yes. Your voice cold only put Me in a place of recoil, How could you have been single? Once I was in a place of understanding "Timmy" was My spouse, you "Old School" needed to hit the gym, because I hit the jack pot with "Timmy." What else was I excited about? Being fatso mamasita was not going to keep perfection like "Timmy" in bed for only Me. I got to Be My own perfection too. I of course was modest in My behaviour toward "Timmy." This meant bonus in the Heavens for Me!

The voice Ted was disguised with is how "Timmy" stuck. I knew "Navy Nurse's" voice. "Timmy" I never heard speak. "Solomon" I never heard speak. You, "Old School" with "Navy Nurse" and the handsome chap at the elevator so massively out of place I heard speak. God Almighty had a problem. At one point God Almighty made it clear to Me, you did indeed have a spouse. Was that the invention you concocted with your own ritual against Holiness that meant I was the spouse, or on paper do you have a "real" spouse? I am required to treat our union as binding and reject you for the sake of forcing you back to your "real" the under written law spouse. She just Might have a dildo if she is a real human. I of course do not. Volume seven I pen next. The next question also becomes Pony, were you physically witch-crafting Me to belong to another human? You have one big fucking problem dude. You, "Old School" are indeed the perfecting flesh for Me. What fire you have abused, jack ass. Forgive that!

The ugliness of all this is somehow General Berger and "Navy Dress" are in this like olives in a dirty martini. "Navy Dress" wore a wedding band! He was out of the pool always. I have a policy. A person (for Me male) wearing a ring is displaying a symbol that says, "No Trespassing" I did not put that ring on the the finger, I would be the trespasser. I did not see a ring on your hand "Old School" I also was not looking for it. God Almighty directed Me to see "Navy Dress" wedding band. I dropped My eyes and hit the door. I needed to learn why I was asked to approach him. What I now know is rather than thank him for his service, I needed to curse him for his fornication.

Curse all of you, for your fornications. Fuck you, United States Military, each and every one of you. Forgive that!

I need to recount. One of Trump's assassins made the likely's and competed with "Timmy." He might have been forty. His voice I do not recall. He nodded in acknowledgement of Me, but did not speak.

I pause for a moment in this writing. I might be headed out the door for a few hours again. Yes, Corpus Christi Police Department, I Am still, the Christ. You fuckers still owe Me \$485,000.00 for plundering My estate. No, I Am not giving information away to surveillance. Go ahead FBI notify the CCPD of My speech, nay, writing directed at them. Don't worry FBI, no one expects you to go after Trump's gunsels. During the shut down of this nation, during civil war, males that skilled can head to Africa.

I grieved for months what I understood was you when I learned Ted died. You of course were behind Ted. You voice, Pony, was the clue that made "Timmy" stick in that I never heard him speak. One other was like that. I code named him "Solomon." I experienced the personalities that I kept insisting were who I was newly married to after I learned Ted was dead. Each one I thought I would be moving back to San Diego or Norfolk to sign articles.

No, having a wedding, oooh, that is for the pretty little people with friends and family to entertain, impress is more like it and force favours upon because they answered the invitation. I just wanted things legal. The faces of people I saw were also for Me to learn it was the genetics of the person who's face I saw that mapped to the Spirit consciousness that was hosted by the person on this soil I could meet. There was much to learn between Spirit and flesh, how souls exist I needed to learn and of course mumsy seized on the opportunity with My union with the Lamb, over My heart being circumcised, mumsy, raped Me stroking My vagina when I was an infant to consummate the union between Myself and the Lamb in her own sick prayer of heart way which of course that profane Lord went looking to give Trump power with the Dali shit and the world got even uglier. Jill Biden, you fucking whore (That is from General Mark Milley)!

Bacow you are next (That is from General Berger)! The spirit you people have fucked are no longer waiting for their vengeance to be fulfilled.

I would really love to meet in Saint Petersburg. What an exquisite even city from the Google perspective.

On the morning of this writing I was reminded of the individual who is the born again genetics of the U.S. Marine mumsy murdered who mapped to the Spirit consciousness of "Timmy." Writing in the now My expectation was to meet him. Readers understand that this person was not simultaneously masturbating with Me. I was enduring what "Old School" capitalised the military with being "married" to Me whilst I was dealing with the curses mumsy made to take down her perversion.

For the Kremlin, who will be mining this information, your pony, is special forces navy, not yet thirty, Kaliningrad Oblast, blonde with blue eyes. He misroutes over a pimple or two of adult acne, I do too, He has earned rank as a junior officer and can move mountains.

For Me to have access to moving to Russia or be freed from this soil would take an act of God Almighty. This is Him moving His ark to make Jehovah's kingdom happen. That is being a slave who does not get to choose her spouse. My life is the one given and taken in marriage. And you people gripe because your fathers protected your lives, with the liberty God Almighty gave them, that made so many blessings possible? You vile mother fuckers! No wonder your fathers abandoned you to porn, beer, and television sets! Death to the pussy whipping whores that destroyed fatherhood! (Pussy whipping whores, that would be your mothers!)

Now that, pony's, identity is protected this letter and all My amorous intent has one divine object, Pony.

Bunny love's her Pony.

I meant that when I wrote it.

During the Cyrano torment I was creating a mosaic and I had no idea of where the pieces were even being placed. I was blind to all but the certain visions I was blessed with during our real time together.

This is what I understood was "real time." I still needed to endure much for l-o-v-e-LINK to be put together.

The full loop on the CCRTA-B. My today trip has just about finished its full circle. I sit on the 19M and it heads down McArdle. The ticker scrolled "1:04 PM." Cunningham (Happy Day's television show) Middle School the bus sailed out of view. We have happy days to look forward to as long as we have a sense of humour about thinning the population.

My question as a child was how does peace form on a global scale? Then I went about offering peace and learned humanity earned destruction. Humanity on a global scale practices witch craft to power Democracy.

I was what Jehovah had to power all your shit as Queen of Heaven, because I rebuild God Almighty, and I Am bride to the Lamb. Rather than part with the quid you promised you went after killing Me. Ya'll know that is a parable. We will post a Herald article for the confused. You got a twofer. That four-hundred years is up and We lost interest in listening to your lies to stay in business. Death to Biden! That is from the Lamb.

The Levite priesthood arrangement, restoration, I build for there to be sacrifices. I Am the global market monopolist for Ggod. I make Jehovah's kingdom happen. I Am the global market monopolist on establishing and maintaining that precious priesthood that makes the planets go round in the heavens for Eternity.

July 23, 2022

My wonderful Pony. Our battle finally got too expensive for Putin. It is getting through My head that the expectation people have is I Am supposed to be some kind of milquetoast that is dropping rose petals and approving of all creation. (You fuckers should have paid for the rose petals.) What a fucking was of crap.

This day mac woke understanding "Solomon" was who she was united with. As in the flesh she looked at. "Solomon" is the individual that Spirit used for Her to be in the path of so Ted who they divined was united with Me to protect their interests. mac experienced what she later called a vision stunt. She wrote about the burning bush in a Herald article. Trump was orchestrating this meeting with witchcraft and "Solomon" could not turn the meeting into a one night stand. Something to do with timing. We at Team God often say, "We have perfect timing."

The majesty of that first moment I stood in the doorway of H.K. By the Bay was interrupted by much mischief in the Spirit world. Those rascally little ones. I shall slap their little hands.

Pony, I knew you were My perfection the moment I looked at you and listened as you said, "You are the One that is going to favour Me with care and affection the rest of My life." And I bore witness to the same Heavens oath, "Yes sir, that is exactly who I Am." Isn't it wonderful we work for the same till death do us part military.

Next time I head into H.K. by the Bay, you can look for Me in My comfort wardrobe, Levi's, Polo collared button down shirt, and pink Titleist cap. I would like for us to meet again sooner than that [And what was I trying to say? Because clearly My mind skipped to a next topic.] October 22, 2019 or so evening when you sat with fellow crew for evening meal. I of course situated Myself with some familiar faces at the bar nervously trying to figure out how I pass you a note.

May our hearts be complete toward God Almighty with magnificent courage as We thrive in warfare.



I sit and wait for the 7:33 morning 37CCRTA-B

Volume Three

Manifest Destiny

Volume three continuation from Volume two

Bunny's Love Note to Pony

Pony, what do We call the victory energy ecstasy when the success of battle means We need orgasm? We Can't call it victory fuck.

Fucking and fukers die off.

Our uban warfare study journal begins

July 23, 2022

mac's title page hosts a question of nomenclature. She did not have the certainty of "Navy Nurse" was her spouse on l-o-v-e-LINK until Sunday October 23, 2022 evening. Healing the scars of pornography, and Pony's enthusiasm for mac before he understood she, the woman He golfed with a Torrey, was indeed His Bunny He already knew, unbeknownst to mac and of course How "Navy Nurse" God Almighty could reach because of mac captivating the interest of the should who hosted the Sprit conciouness that mapps to Nvy Nurses genetics. That Spirit was hssted by a Russian youth. Then mac also needed to under stand the importance of the union she would fulfill with both "Timmy's" Spriti conciouness when Ted Us was resurrected and Navy Nurse once hoseted Sprit conciousness genetics are born again. She also needed to learn that these Speirit had genetics also as flesh of earth in this time.

It turned out to be the

*Volume Four**of Manifest Destiny**What it Means to Marry One's Own Perfection**What Drives Our Funding Explained**July 25, 2022*

mac's cover page is scattered with notes regarding the pen she needs to use. These little books require finer writing and mac decided 0.05mm was too fat an ink. She likes the 0.03mm extra thin ink and would like to find that width in both blue, and red. Red fine line is great for mark-ups as the thinness of the marking adjusts for the abruptness of red. Get over the use of red dumb-ass. Red stands out against black or blue ink. mac does not number the cover, title page, one.

Q A I D A M A H R Y O becomes SHAQ HARM YODA ID

July 26, 2022 ante meridiem

Pony, last evening I sat down [What a realisation that on God Almighty's calendar, clock, High Noon is the start of evening] and drew Scrabble letters.

There is need to elaborate on the evening being started at noon. mac herself lost Her original understanding, and began questioning Her certainty. Beginning of day is 4 am with days end, with twelve hours of sunlight, 4 pm. Where on earth is someone standing when this vernal equinox happens? The better question would be to include, according to what azimuths of the sun included on that calendar day? NASA is not about to answer this question, they are clowns. What is worse the Space Force is full of intellectual weaklings that cannot answer this question. So Air Force, proof of your glory is in the intellectual muscle you have on staff that can answer this question. And yes, do note, a mind is a terrible thing to waste.

Then I went through the selection process retaining, isolating, the twelve letters We wanted to keep. We is a useless pronoun here.

This diversion is the capital occurs at the beginning of the sentence so We is Team God we is Me with other not Team God parties.

I Am looking at the backside of the letters as I draw them. Many in the oily layer have been after the death of Me. Being physical I need to be at the very least moved into places and scenarios of doing physical harm.

God Almighty distinctly tells Me which letters to draw. Sometimes drawing the letters is distinctly quick. Other times I Am looking at the backs of them back and forth across the blanks waiting on Him to queue Me to draw the first letter after a few minutes. I don't draw letters for messages to Me. As in

My publishing was interrupted. The waitress at Denny's had a moment of composure like I deliver, and sent the cup of de-caff, hot, she just poured into My cup across the counter into My lap under the lap-top, and put Your volume four letter in the microwave to dry it out. So the morning pun of events was related to rapidly cleaning out the cup and nuking the spilt contents. Well, that is My so-far take on the moment.

The coordinated waitress -- of about fifty years of age -- just had her eye surgery she needed. She was at yesterday's Trump rally in Robstown relating a little about the usury of the concessions, and she had no way of knowing if Trump was actually there. A bag of chips and a torta was forty-five dollars, and a paper cup of coke was four dollars. I Am surprised it was not ten. It must have only been about twelve ounces of total beverage including the cup of ice the coke was splashed around constituting a beverage.

This morning of writing is October 23, Sunday, and kudoes on the Moleskine paper, and My having on black pants -- it was time to put in the washer anyway. The ink did not run. I told her she did what I normally would have done, and that is why I need to sit next to a stack of napkins. She put a stack of napkins down on that spill in the same second the cup was toppling and she started apologising two-hundred words a second. The is the waitress the hostess refers to as her "Lady friend." The waitress is named Val. The jealous hostess that code named Me "Lady friend" to Val was her work girlfriend Val. Val is the same waitress I talked to Pentagon surveillance about. She is the high priestess for the nation's fortune telling constituent. As in, the psychics.

I told Val I needed to wash these jeans anyway and they are black so no ruined garment. Half that cup I Am wearing. It is raining today too. Drizzly, really. And the showers are scattered. Hopefully the garden will receive some rain. When Our cat, of nearly twenty years old, needs Me to wash the bedspread she pukes up a big hairball onto it. Val laughed at My narrative of kitty's hairball message. She outwardly appreciated that to Me, she just added a moment of good humour on My morning. Well, that is the way I Am writing it. If she needs Me to take it differently she needs to improve her cosmic signalling. Pony, You hit the capitalised pronoun importance this morning.

I don't sit and say, "Tell Me My future daddy."

I have always known My future. My future is the same as everyone else. Time and unforeseen occurrence befall us all. That is part of the ecclesiastical oration king

Solomon delivered to Israel speaking to flesh and Spirit. What made Me different, My flesh had no afterlife component, consciousness. All I was ever after was understanding physical things. My truth to My life has powered the righteous rewards for humanity for that very reason.

I take every shit direction God Almighty gives Me and I look to make life giving compost out of even the drops of blood. I would say make lemonade from lemons. But even Trump wants at least lemons from God. I get the shit. It is My theosophy to find how righteousness is worked while people are trying to squeeze afterlife promises out of Me and in indirect speech and all they get is the direct speech of Me saying this physical experiences is good or bad.

When others are inquiring of the LORD, God Almighty, they are connected between all the gods out there. Some know some truth all are exposing their belief system. Putting faith in a belief is a nebulous business if the belief is one Trump has posted.

I will get back to My scrabble letter example. (General Milley is reading this volume personally.) When I sit to draw letters it is the message that God Almighty wants to deliver to the diviners, shitty little gods, that have been running their lives on half partial truths since fighting the Lord of Hosts to use all creation, sans Angel, for their divining. When General Milley divines, he like all other persons, is patched into the mega party like on his pyramid. Their pyramid of divining communication works like so.

Pony I drew a simplified schematic with points and curly connecting pathways connecting the Trump's. I sit the top of the pyramid. That is being bride to the Lamb. Rather than the Christ, I won the singular monogamous placement of Christ. As is My title is as God Almighty originally intended. I put Milley in the illustration as well as the Army in the illustration. Unified groups have collective weight when they are part of legal entities. Peoples individual placement is most likely lower than the group. In Milley's case, he is not beneath the Army.

When an individual fornicates they open up the channel for more godly awareness, but it is death. As in a lie is enough to kill a human. I had to demonstrate My desire for God Almighty's message, and then I puzzle over meaningful letters, and work with the clues He has given. Sometimes puzzles take longer. I Am given opportunity to overcome looking for My own "personal" message. I have My chuckle moments when I see cute words like, P-O-N-I-L-U-V-B-U-N-I-E. I look at the messages I form. Without a congruency with meaning, framing a thought, using legitimate spellings, those that might not pass for a complete sentence, but all letters are used, there is still no message.

When I have formed the foundation word I proceed. To divine for God Almighty means distributing to people the message He wants to deliver to flesh from Spirit. Sometimes it is hunting to find that foundation word.

A marriage is so precious for what husbands and wives can do for one another and even legal entity families God Almighty respects headship, chain of command. God Almighty grants to husbands and wives His word so they can care for their flesh.

Fornication means an expanded network just like inkde-in, with the addition of picking up all the shared untruth every one has in common with the shared truth. The more

corrupted people become the more they map to the messages from the divine that is death. This means they keep focussing on eternity and disregarding hell.

Divining is a big party line of communication without ability to get through to only one person. This was why the fight for l-o-v-e-LINK was such a spirit hell from My perspective.

G-o-d-LINK works the same way as l-o-v-e-LINK, no amorous intent. It is psychic communication in warfare. Pony, I Am the market monopolist on that too. I Am also the market monopolist on explaining Jesus illustrations of the Gospel mapping His illustrations to the different generations of humanity that serve a function for eternity and of have flesh to look forward to.

Some genetic combinations are not possible again, in the eternal sense of flesh living forever.

Where My life is concerned I Am always in a path of obedience. Sacrificing is a provision for acknowledging the trials flesh endures with sin in the blood. This is why Adam and Eve, God "fashioned" skin garments for. The worst of it is how vile

In My transcription of My original text I came across a word or few run together in an illegible way. c-a-r-e-m-a-n-i-e, perhaps, c-o-u-e-m-o-u-n-c-e, again, c-o-u-

Slaughter, harvest, then do something with all of that dead animal. Most likely animals, dam would have learned what skins make the best clothes. It gets postulated in religion, how did Adam know what death was. Animal kinds ate the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and bad and experiences the same sentence. Wouldn't it be phenomenal to learn that some dinosaur, perhaps a T-rex, was God Almighty's favourite because the dinosaurs would not eat that fruit like domesticable and our modern, ark surviving animals.

I know I just wrote one of those moments for military command to sit back on.

From the divine people understand the correctness of the information handed to them. Multiple choice tests are great for the "skilled" diviners and skilled diviners are allowed memoization.

I Am the one who has to make knowledge her own to use it and God Almighty must decide first if and how I learn, retain that information.

Urban warfare in the U.S. under My direction, because only the High Priest at the Pentagon can authorize stage, and execute that work, and is akin to the tenth plague on Egypt in terms of how it is handled. I have written for little over an hour this morning. It is just after zero-five-hundred.

While many beautiful expressions of love I would like to open to you Pony, God Almighty has asked Me to conclude the portion of this volume that He will allow the Pentagon to read before next week's end. (Also written before the end of next week, which is shorter to write?)

My passionate love to you Pony. My discipline to Milley. Both are love.

mac wrote the next note squeezed [Squeeze is considered a word, but highly dialectic.] across the bottom wrapping to a tail of text on the right edge of page sixteen.

(62, there are sixty-two numbered pages in this volume. You owe Me a coffee :) mac, the Christ

Later in the same morning mac continued writing.

Dance with Me played over the P.A. as i walked into Walmart for today's primary provision needed to keep My body fermenting alcohol internally so I Am not overwhelmed with infection. My internal organ are still very shear.

My mind was tracking on how I might be ministering over Milley in his final moments. God Almighty will make those final moments the ones that accomplish Righteousness. When signals from someone's divining reach Me, and General Milley has a strong mapping to Me, I prove, "No, I would never bring you eternal harm. You built that for yourself." What do I look for? Ways I undertand through My Biblical dust, paryaers o the Holy Ones, I can bear load to preserve the Good. Then God Almighty has the Lamb enter the frey, mire, and We retrive even more for our storehouses, of Heaven.

Walking into Walmart before zero-seven-hundred, by a good twenty minutes, was after one of those reccognition moments when My eyes rose to the Heavens while drones observed. My body extended and bent prostrate while walking while I quietly uttered an "Oh God" moment then declaring "Oh, the horror and the Holyness of the catebombs in urban warfare" all at the same time.

While sitting at the bus stop I realized the catecomb walls were an open burrial labrenth outside of old cities that as the remaining populous expanded the builders knew, do not disturb the burrial walls. Build the new city over the bones.

We will be building these memorial walls for the birds of heaven to reast upon tearing the flesh and cleaning down tot he bone. Cougar and bear I Am sure are encouraging thier young on this continent for this very reason.

This catecombs Holiness understanding was after realizing what it would take to exanguinate a body. First is was opening the arteries and applying an electrode to the heart one tey had died. That would empty arteries I thought. Then the moment hit when in antiquity an individual would be beheaded with heart stomped on forcing the blood into the soil. Our modern equipment will improve efficiency. I have work to do so we can use machinery for this work to handle burrial rapidly. By burrial of course we are building catecomb walls again. This ends all Europe's claim to perserving anuy kind of divine on their manicures labrynth gardens. They do not know one word of truth about thier sacrifices in our modern times.

Pony, We live in the dark ages, midnight, of humanities knowledge of the spiritual significance behind what the oily layer has been preserving. I Am bringing on the luminary. Call it Moon, to light us till dawn, the sun will rise.

The Oily layer no more understands the catiombs as they do hedgerow planting symbolises the labrinth beneith the castle, churce, etc. perhaps even the city walls themselves are masones over which is why boundaries are so respected!

Oh that profane wall of America. Biden coul not violate the sanctity of protecting boundaries fast enough. I break here on warfare realities for a moment. It is "7:37 AM" according to the bus ticker and I Am on the 29FCCRTA-B that I boarded outside the bank parking lot from the shelter in front of the Walmart store marquee. A male just boarded from along the SPID stretch before the route travels the bridge to Flower Bluff. This is what the "F" is for. "Flower" "SS" is most likely Staples Street South. I will exit the bus at Waldron and Compton.

The B.O. off the male newly seated behind Me waifter My way. Masking B.O;and the need to feel like one has eaten or satisfied endorphine release is the body are why growing tobacco should not be denied the soldier.

The proble? The corruption of such a sadly necessary product. Better not to need to light up. All the same warriors need honest tobacco on the world stage.

"7:46" just scrolled by on the 65CCRTA-B headed to Padre Island. I took a rear seat, one of the few remaining, and My next stop We have not routed yet. The diviners are doing their shit and My objective is get funds in My hand as quickly as possible. Funds other than My own estate through the duel I have going on with My mother.

How the French Revolution found itself down such a merky road of establishing democracy, fraternity, and equality, was its guillotine. They neither bled the body and the body was not renered dead before beheading. They only had a quarter of the military process in their manner of exicution. After behaeading pinding the heart will keep the blood evacuating the corotted arteries into the soil.

At the very least I Am writing about blood and the heart. So I Am still technically in love letter category. It is just so much more satisfying to remember our satisfaction and joy with one another. That dance We shared was difficult for Me to enjoy because how We could be united in marriage I was still learning about.

The bus evidently just stalled our. The driver decelerated to enter the Port Royal drive. This place always looks deserted. She radioed in the stall to dispatch. What would that last sentence mean if you had no ideal I was on a CCRTA-B. It is a short but to be sure, and I sit alone on the back bench. All the other passengers, sans one, he is quietly snoozing, have debussed. Port Arranseax exits are next. The ticker digital stream read, "8:29 AM."

My editing process and changes in what typical working is the concise active working.

Pony, when I have the luxury of editing what I have written, even I look back at what I wrote with pride, after My editing is completed.

"Arrrg", Saith Me often at what remains to be learned by heart.

The snoozer just left the bus. His face was white with zinc ozide. His bicycle was the last one on the front rack.

Had I been on a bicycle, and the rack been full when someone else wanted to board the bus with a bike, that might have been the moment God Almighty queued Me to leave deliberately giving the rider oursiffe who needed or demanded he be able to ride the bus, and unbeknownst to Me this was a demand the rider make against Holimness I would have been xxxxgcyng txxwards to him and removing Myself and bike for the CRTA-B so

he could ride. It takes them not in the oily layer a while to divine up to that point and they pyramid off one another. So whn I take down onw all the diving on that circuit is shut down. The way the trunk line of information works I can graph a lettle clearer now. I pulled the cord. Tiem for coffee.

And just like that the bus stalling innsodent mattered and it is now zero-eight-hundred-forty-three. I Am debussed. Headed over to IGA. I need to put My sunscreen on.

I always held out for what was doable as flesh under God Almighty's direction. This is why He is the switchboard operator and the Lamb is the warrior who gets elected. (I don't think light can be elctocuted.) So great system. Everyone doing as they can in the LORD'S work.

This was definatly an Angel in the Centerfold passage. Who is feeling the finish to that musical chorus? Little Wesley would loec to take his Buttercup to the big city. He thinks the ARlington Residence Inn by Marriot would be the ideal place to overlook military operations and use is hale of the nine-furlongs of divining power in service to the nation. But, Buttercup strongly insists her human needs to be there too. That Righteousness thing of her human is not to bothersome. She likes the kittly miracles. Views of the Pentagon with line of sight to the Potomc with places to expolore. The human just needs her twenty bucks a day to stay occupado on God's errands.

It has taken little dude (Wesley) a few dyas' to get through to mac this journal is not all about Pony.

Buttercup and Wesley need higher wuality food than mac can afford. The pari of pets have nine furlongs.

"IF PRAYER WAS YOUR JOB WOULD YOU STILL BE EMPLOYED?" At Church and Main Streets in Inglesode that qestion is possed.

Pomy, "Solomon" I found Myself learning the stregh that Buttercup and Wesley give that the CCPD has been using, is not about Me. I actually wondered at first how they had nine furlongs that helped My cause. Endurance, the pryaers of hte Holy Ones, and being alowed to learn what it takes to be true to My corps, even if I shoot Myself in the foot, those are the components that make Righteousness happen.

I have already wirtten herald articles about my fundamental rules of being God Almighty's slave. Fortunately I Am allowed to have a sinse of humour about what is ahead.

I started to run our of ink at Church and Main Streets in Ingleside. While riting on the bus. I rode into Staples Street. Boarded the 19MCCRTA-B, picked up ink at Office Depot, and now am situated aboard the 5CCRTA-B headed to TAMUCC. On the hour the 37CCRTA-B picks up ans I can enjoy sitting with a beverage with I do a little "reading" near the NAS gate.

I met a Port Aransass resident that I shared a broad brush prospectus of My commission with. She sicussed loosing her wife a year ago, hurricane Harvey, and her time in the military (army). Evidently Port Aransas (correction Arransas Pass is where we met and I had breakfast in the rudest fucking joint of white people.) recuved a partial dredging of waterway canal debris that altered gulf drainage to the detremenr of the

landscape. Jst imagie if a contractor took defense funds did a sloppy job because on one is holding them to indemnity clauses. Is the Department of Dfense being cheated by the Port Authority? God Almighty say's yes.

To her, as well as to a bus driver, the driver of yesterday's 65CCRTA-B morning adventure, I was able to explain how the department of defense is studying how to secure the unrully without harming honest citizens nor just bombing city centers.

Pony, in so many ways we are simply going to give the Pharaohs the chance to run out into our crashing sea after us onece we have removed the warring unrully harvesting them on the oustide of town. Then the hate fest starts and they run mad out into our defiensive gunfire,

because these people are armed to murder us for removing all the people that make their divined drug and humand trafficink that they buit thie self righteours lives on agains tthe Heavens and the LORD .

mac should include the significance of meeting Merk E. Gurguvich weeks later at the Lamar Station Post Office. Mark was at one time in the Air Force. His career like so many "veterans" and draftees like one year navy veteran master fornicator and warfare sicko, Reveren Tak Pissen" Chip Cooper the sandcasle building ordained minister living on Dody Street near McArdle whos actions in Nam resulted in the death of many fine marines from his drug and fornication expoitations is one of many 'veterans" that wan vingence and their share of America for their great fucking sacrifice. The LORD "owes" these fuckers. mac of course will he harvesting these greedy diviners who are owed death, the wage that sin promised. mac does not want to lump Gurguvich in the TokPissin pile. But she will bleed Gurgovich as readily as Tok Pissen; Tok Pissn mac is required to drag out of his home to slauther. There will be several thousand she will need to handle in America the same way. Mike Markle, if he is still alive when she besigs his city of residence she will be required to do the same way. The Rabbi Emanuel and the Corpus Christi City Manager are on this list.

Surveing a city is for a team of one-hundred blending in for six months. We stage harvest areas and places for naval and air support while ground crews are set up in temporary bunkers gunned to process ten to fifty thousand militants runniong out to destroy us in one period of battle running on to days.

Some of this is Jerico.

The digital time stream of the bus read "1:38PM" I will debuss at the campus. At this moment I feel alone and amandoned. sometimes this feeling is accompaied by haunted.

July 27, 2022

Pony, this is a morrining of false starts, and little momentum on My end. Today marks the end of businesses being overly conveyent for customers driving a few miles to fill up

a car. Yes, lines for fuel wvwn at six dollars a gallon, yes. People heat or air conditioning their homes in exchange for charging vehicles. On top of that a refusal to ride share. Already california has lost its future water supply. Saving standing dead wood, trees, do not grow nor give Oxygen at large rate when they are ready for harvest and fire prone. Harvest and replant or it burns with little encouragements. I sit at Morgan and Santa Fe. The 6CCRTA-B will be along soon. The 23CCRTA-B and 19CCRTA-B will be in that grouping fleeing the Statples Street Sttion at once.

Words are a struggel this morning. The shadow of Christus Spohn has just about retreated to its own lot and the hour is zero-eight-hundred. Competing My love letter to You is the priority for today. I have an envelope at the ready to send this to General Berger. The CCPD, I Am assured byGod Almighty, is mid "Shit-Show" in its desperation to get Me to do Mary bodily harm. The 23CCRTA-B destied to Molina debussed two passengers after rolling to a stop. The 19GCCRTA-B approaches. I waved him on. He sits at the morgan intersection red light. The signal went green. The 6CCRTA-B rolls in next and there will be a 19MCCRTA-B that streams in after.

What ever happened to hydrogen fuel cell technology. Humanity no longer needs to burn fuel, oil, I have come. Burnning oil was the ritual of the gods until My arrival. They don't need that any longer. A batttery has not ability to outlast the body of an F150 fully loaded pick-up, even with only leased from the dealer milage and wear and tear allowance.

So much for the romance I wanted to fill these pages with.

Buttercuyp has just walked across Me at full purr. She has a purr volume surveillance picks up. I Am stretched out on the bed in our bedroom. ary is adjacent chattering her way into ritual mode.

From waiting for the bus a few hours ago, My direction was changed. I handed over My bus day pass to "Joey Garcia" and walked back to Dody Street.

Joey finished making the point for Me that free will could not exist if a penalty like hell wer real. A penalty so bad no one would have the freedom to do badness. God, as in the Creator, would be some kind of asshole to have a real hell.

Joey in no way wanted to make that point. What he wanted to convince Me of is hell does not exist. That is one hard fucking point to make while Me, the Christ, sits in hell's outhouse talking to the likes of a "Joey Garcia."

Free will is of course the mose improtant right of all to a Joey. Joey still insited that rapests and murdered needed public exicutions so rape and murder would end.

I just finished buying Joey a coffee si I could send him away form Me. I love you Pony. Joey owes us a cup of coffee.

June 28, 2022 is the assumed, planned, date for Me to return to love letter writing. Now I must take care of some domestic things.

June 28, 2022

"Timmy" it is the morning of 28, June 2022, for Me anyway. We established a rule that does not get violated. Because God Almighty has the authrity to mive any number of

people in My path, by either My moves or theirs, this rule We apply to, the flesh I encounter and I endure and learn about who was here in Spirit first. "Solomon" had the first in xxxline love stajhgjf.

How does Heaven thank you "timmy" for enduring those that cheated their way in our union. Last night twenty hours central time, the ability to divine was terminated by the virgins. "Solomon" emphatically, was not going to fulfil matrimony. I Am the one who proved to Spirit the body, flesh, is required to fulfil its contracts physically to Spirit or what the flesh was using they stole.

The divination status change means people are required to live sdfxxxx I do. I sit here in the early mornig hours after waking up from being dead asleep struggling to gain alertness. Fine way for Me to begin ghte first day of leading the fulfillment of Jehovah's kindgom establishment on earth. Mentally aware of My surroundings with little sense of place. I think I Am supposed to write Israels's military command. Evidently, that is still required. Looking a Aviv's headshot, just about tent Me into a rage over you. That was the way to end that sentence. It just explains damn little, My kingdom authority on the earth now plays out to fulful what jehovah was promised by all that oily layer to rise to power.

The only thing I ever promised was Me. I kept fulfilling taht agina and again. Evben being willing to be forced into marage ewith "Solomon." Evidentilly he would realy have loved taking art classes together.

So here at Dody Street Me sit. Waking slowly. The last person I opbserved with writers recognition of was a touched adult, tall and lanky, who sat across from Me when he boarded. He made a horking soulnd whilst his head was folded down in his arm. Then he dribbled spit, like phlem, into his heand. Gravity was his friend. He played with it in a half-baked attempt to remove it where to I know not. Perhaps it was to evaporate the spit of fingers and transdermally eponge in the excess fluit.

While at home, when I was loosing it getting ready to rip up the plants in the garden, contemplating writing, Aviv again, gripping in rage language about the inirtia of Me efforts, I was assured Mr. Spittle was Berger.

Earlier in the day I was put in one ofthise divine

Spirit awarements events where I Am playing our scenaris, God Almighty put Me in the place of greeting Berger or rather him being a part soehow, of My rounds here in Corpus. Mind you, that kind of analysis fails under scrutiny. I was put in a Godly place of beief. After the witness of My belief then the scenaro stanted after dealing with Joey.

Basically My way of sharing spit with Berger (that was the divination) was splitting a cup of coffee from the same cup. My justification was, some spit and sweat between brothers in battle is of no concern, and I assured "Him" drink after Me when he was getting ready to hace another sip, it will cure what ailes uoio.

"Timmy" I resolve all those divinving contract wth way I deal with people person to person. You fo course tested Me already. The two of Us come under the heading tast and see that God is Good.

:"Timmy" you have Aviv's chin. There is a similarity in your look and I lost it. there were matters of Spirit to resolve to put the Heavens in further order, and all I had to do was let "Solomon" go. It was uttered. We "Timmy" got to enjoy onw another. In looking at Aviv's head shot all I could do was be angry, wrathfull, becuse I knew My "spouse" "solomon" wS NOT RIHT. AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNES SOMEHOW AVIV was dividing our union.

On the topic of Israeel, let Aviv take kingship, I don't give a fuck. Netanhahu Net-own-yahoo can have it too. Big deal. Pelosi can be slaughtered in Tiwan. Until, Xi, drops his bombs on U.S. soil, there is no war with China or anywhere in Asia.

That was an asside. I sketched the hell construct in the last journal. Tis was when I finally asked of God Almighty if I had to use the flesh at the Pentagon as the insulation layer. I was suured no. The insulation layer was built.

All I have to offer flesh is eternity in God Almighty's Eighth Day, for the work warirros do for fighting to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom. That is of course abid loive not all on its own. That is what I mal to Aviv and copy Daviv (Berger_ on.

I Am going to break here in My writing. It must be getting close to zero-five-hundred. I can walk out for a cup of coffee with half and half soon. I Am ourhere at the house. There are errands to run and how people respons to Me now that their divinvg p=ipeling has been shut down, I will learn.

General Milley wiould no more benefit from two kitties as he could Me. The politics of Penagon pperations mean My ownership of them needs to be acknowledged for them to befit from being in the sludge of the hell borg. Not geeling the butn but energy for the burn all the same. I can't imagine being resurrected and beig prefected from sin in the blood has any apeal to Milley. The way he has lied to Spirit, he is not alone, they all did. I Am simply lumping all soldiers of the U.S., sans you, under the Milley name. how could he believe he could work his way into not feeling the burn of hell when God Almighty was the one telling hi so. I had better write a little more about the God Almighty construct.

"Timmy" as if you were not perfect as I way you at the Orange Avenue CoronadoStarbucs. You went a packed on more buff? Hot baby. I'm feeling that where are you from My crotch beconing at the tought. Its the tought of you that makes My clit swell and throb. How do the Heavens thank you "Timmy" foe being the one who fufuil his mainifest destiny?

the Lord slanderd teh Sun, Jehovah [We hate that name.] and it was Me that untangled the horror Shit Show the likes of ozbama had morphed jehovah into. Jehovah has the Lamb's light again bright in the Heavens and the the Lamb and Me are putting the heat on humanity so that the contract is delivered with Holy warfafa on this U.S. soil.

I have fifty-thousand troops to be trained to lead in mortal ahnd to hand combat and accompanied by full scale military support. Is Berger going to train Me? The answer to that has been no. I can't accept No. "Timmy" the wonderful thing is that life mattters. And sludge does not dneed to exist for hell to function. the columnar gravitation asit were, center is built. Milley wanted no feeling in hell. To make that happen, I was handed ownership fo the entire military. Right now they refuse to act to their own preservation. God Almighty still has, and always will, the control over who comes into

contact with Me. If I meet Milley or Berger it is because they will do the work of Holy warfare. I need to get My mind into the place of writing Aviv. According to Heaven, Aviv is expecting a letter. I know I will assure him kingship can be his without My interference. He also needs a copy of My Egypt letter.

Berger will be copied. Of Course I still own the military of the United States. What they do with Meis done to them and of course thoughts matter. NATO is still junk and England still requires wiping out. What England needed to do to Always be, they didn't and they set up many events to bring the Lord about.

I will start stirring not to make My way out the door.

My stirring sent Me back to bed :) I even put the clean sheets on this morning. I didn't bother to do much more than sleep on top the spread. It amounted to a night of two dead asleep naps to me that maximised our union before each nap. I love you Pony.

"dTimmy" in three days Our Heavenly army joins Our fight.

When I was born God Almighty dispersed himself amongst all the Lord's chill'n so any one could do the work to form the God Almighty identity. They had to do the work of Righteousness, too.

Obedience, living with integrity to their own dust, in the Biblical sense to map God Almighty to the Lamb. None would sans Me. And you "Timmy" fought to fulfil Me. What would make this crowd so foolish as to think I couldn't give birth to My own insulation layer? Doing the Holy warfare that is what is in front of the U.S. military and I Am the conductor with the iron rod on that affair. Berger makes our family good so far, so does Milley. The public I have talked to know they have nothing long term to fear other than death and taxes, and they knew they were born with that in front of them. Of course everyone sees themselves as the law abider that would never run out in front of My cannon to be another brick-in-the-wall.

I love you Pony.

Now and then I have some snicker moments. When I turned the page, it was blank. The Heavenly joke was for Me to write :The page intentionally left Blank" Enjoy the rest of your promotion earning deployment in the Pacific. I would like to take out the #8 and I Am up for promotion too. Two stars upon thars. I was happy with one.

I love you Pony. The 32CCRTA-B is groaning forward even now. "8:34AM" bus ticker reading.



Volume Five

Respect exists even without trust. Being sold into sludge by an aitch-bomb. And, more on the Ggod Construct. Why Ggod works.

July 29, 2022

Pony, in many ways this does feel like a Friday. This morning My Lieutenant General promotion was made official. The bus ticker streamed "8:40AM" and I sit aboard the 37CCRTA-B diverted by the pleasantness of a favourite play list. Amazing Grace plays in My ears at low volume. The bus grind and whine drowns out many notes. It may very well be that this volume (#5) makes today's mail. I understand that from greater NAS some marines will be seeking out their covert ally. The place of earning trust is on. My respect the had for being soldiers. Courtesy everyone has for being human. But an asshole that dumps his trash on the street gets called out for the fucker he is.

We have months measured even in years of developing trust with military command. Now, We watch how that trust is maintained in the way We conduct ourselves with others.

The 37CCRTA-B rocked into Port Ayers Station on its soft shocks. The 25CCRTA-B rolled in as well. I head toward the Greenwood Walmart but will not linger there long. Keeping Me alive is still a function of God Almighty teaching theoretical medicine to Spirit. They have lives to preserve. The Peas (Black Eyed), iTune, is pattering away, Where it the Love? I miss the sands of Coronado Beach. It was easier to keep My feet clean in California. Here I need to grind My heals with sanding tools.

We sat at Christus Spohn in Westside. Beyoncé sings, Halo. When she performed this tune live for the public, presumably for the first time, it was on the Oprah show. I watched that episode. Oprah, like Drs Phil and Oz [Did you ever see an episode of Donahue?] were ubiquitous television. Like I Love Lucy reruns. You will encounter a show if you turn on the television a few times even rarely. I turned on the telle a few weeks back and ate ramen noodles with frozen broccoli I added to the pan while warming the water for the noodles to a boil. It amounted to not-quite-vegetarian broccoli with beef.

"And the bewildered herd still believe in everything we've been told since our birth. Hell, they won't like to me not on my own damn T.V. But, what is a liar's word worth? What happened to peace on earth?" So the lyric goes. I just finished a breakfast of expiration date meringue topped key lime pie. Some of the crust and custard I was allowed to dump in the trash. The aged egg white was the key to this mornings feast that saves.

The right of the first born God Almighty needed to protect. The Lamb had to enforce the consequences. And the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society wove into their doctrine hell does not exist in a literal burning sense. That is bull shit. What can exist? Those that are fuel with no independent awareness of self. What else? No independent experience of feeling. Are these in this type of Borg serving a divine purpose? Yes. How

does an individual get this? They give Me everything they have. This is the truth of Jesus instruction to the rich man that did all the fine things, but still something was lacking.

The Watchtower Society refuses to turn over every f'ing penny so guess what? The burning hell is on for them. What did I inherit? The United States Military all of it as it has been defined. The Space Force needs to disband into the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force or just be unfunded and nasty away.

Things of course will be changing. When what has been divined is tested, then We move forward. It is like this, someone is going after profits or followers. They seek force, divine, the unseen, so there are followers that flock to their products or mark hames on ballots supporting promotions. God Almighty grants it. The person is responsible for proving when asked by God Almighty the value of what was given them in their own terms by the divine. They don't pay and the pyramid relay of connection is ended. What Am I busy doing? Collecting payment everyone is supposed to deliver or their divining is invalidated. Divining is best modelled by a non reversible chemical reaction. It makes a solid not an acquiesce solution. Once oil is burned releasing heat and making a gas CO that too is an excellent example.

Materials that require a millstone to grind, or simply vanish into thin air, that is what humanity built fits John's vision. Divining creates products bound in the Heavens that require a millstone. All humanity, having the power of God Almighty, broken across all souls when I was conceived, divined the destruction of the planet with that divine, balanced scales gift for humanity at My conception. So a fucker like Trump could have been God rather than the shitty little devil, god, he is. Trump fought hard against even his own core to be a monster. If I wrote another date of God Almighty being broken apart across humanity to give many the opportunity to have My reward, this was in error. It means the other date is/was critical for some other component of the divining process I could not explain. When I was conceived, Satan was still gGod of the world, and the Pope held the fleshly gGod contract on earth.

What needed to happen was the reversal process of Spirit having divined the destruction of the planet by people like Trump, doing the enforcement so Jehovah's kingdom was fulfilled. This is why Trump like everyone else had Ggodlyness the ability to form the God Almighty construct. None would take the hits in obedience. I did. What did Trump and others do? Went and destroyed the Heavens. When I talk about destroy, it means the Word of God was morphed to destroy life. That is the epic no no.

I look back on My childhood realizing the times I didn't understand why I couldn't stop My own train wreck. Wrecks that ensued even when I could see calamity was coming and knew cognitively to do something else. The train wreck was because My mother and Grandmother had started the divination sequence to make it impossible for the first born to receive her divine right.

I boarded the 19CCRTA-B at the Greenwood Walmart. Colonel Bogey's March plays. A tune to whistle. I lectured surveillance about the wrongness, truth of lies mercy, that went with the publics judgement in seeing the movie, when on the ending credit the Colonel was sentenced to prison. The public was perverted with, He saved morale reasoning that failed to understand the honest to duty solution. The Colonel needed to instil discipline

to be sure. They needed to conduct their construction with the timing and precision of a Special Forces team. The colonel needed to move his men in disciplined opposition against the enemy. What did the colonel do? Built the best damned bridge, and gave technology, even workflow, and construction practice training to the enemy. Tsk tsk or tut tut.

The Colonel needed to create a means of communication with his fellow captives under his command to enlist their strategising espionage whilst simultaneously building a bridge. The espionage could have looked like what the enemy themselves did to punish the soldiers. Tough to put others in the place of taking a hit. But obedience is better than sacrifice and wounds heal when Sprit is preserving souls alive. All this keeps a very productive body of soldiers who are even earning promotions.

I have My mask at the ready. A couple, perhaps a few, weeks have passed without My masking up. We cart it around now handy to put on. At the very least it makes Me a less discernible object apart from My handsome USMC distinguisher that draws attention to Me from people who might need to mock "Semper-fi" Those that thank Me for My service, I assure I Am still on active duty. With a few I share information about My assignment, and I learn how assured the public is by our pending actions for the security of the nation. I Am still not required to bus to the border yet. Mostly the reaction is, "Right, I knew that."

Now and then, We decide on a convention plural is always more than or equal to two. Not even a fraction of one. This is an absolute value obeying rule of English. Why I blurted that in there I Am not exactly certain. But the topic ended up on My mind as I was searching back and forth for the next metal direction of focus My cells needed to reveal.

I left Port Ayers Station and God Almighty, Jehovah, specifically in the ITZA identity, directed My notice that I did not move My backpack. The Goodwill on Ayers ha a prominent sign on their door window side glass under the posted store hours an announcement reads "no backpacks" in bold, as I recall, white upper case block font. This morning I strolled in. At another time I observed the sign and walked away from the entry. I most likely grabbed a Stripes coffee to exchange the activity of not bargain shopping for something else. The experiences of both are equivalent. [Just taste the coffee.]

Most Goodwill's I have been in have retail store hanging racks, are somewhat departmentalised, at the very least sorted by clothes and various home goods. This one is in a class alone from what I just described. Blue kevlar style plastic tubs at counter height are in rows as merchandise tables. It resembles a triage in a war zone. The blue kevlar material is the same as the partition, structural, of the 1012 and other blue interior CCRTA-B busses.

Some effort was made so that clothes were in rows of tables with drapes, cushions, shower curtains, bedding, and so on. Next table rows over are the miscellaneous shoes, books, home decor, and other material even personal necessities in unopened packages. At the third table I browsed, and second package of adult undergarments I saw, Jehovah

made it clear to Me, "No, you are not her for Depends." Mind you, Depends are better than soaking ones britches in excrement.

By My looking up and counting seven plus packages it became a joke on My part to as if, He was sure We were not in there for Depends. I dug through a few tables sorting out some 1960 encyclopaedia volumes. Then on the second row of casual sorting, with heavy heart I was emphatically told, "Look at it. This is what this country thinks a soldiers life is worth." I wrote to General Berger an attention getting introduction letter. After discussing the solution to a soldier having his head up ones ass, I explained Sacrifice Theory does not work. It was what was shielding and protecting the commerce of diviners like Walton.

At some point a duty will be to gather up, and in purchase, every book at some Goodwills, and build a monster bonfire under the soft notes of a piper playing Amazing Grace. Just before moving to the toilet for relief from My chronic bloat, My irritability only fades with the bright spots We enjoy, I was assured We would, but nothering that time. I put My hand on a bound Cervantes, Harvard Classic Publisher, volume. It was time for Me to go.

Everytime divination built itself to a terminal point the next greedy sucker was anxious to perform a new prayer of heart on top of the old and climb the pyramid. One person had to be capable of invalidating what was divined previously (call Me a millstone) because only one person had to be able to build the God Almighty construct. Ve-ri-tas. Bacow needs to stop dodging on fulfilment. My holding priestly status is why the marine corps will be taking on trillions of dollars in revenue. We need to build a...Okay I just finished being distracted by a mega-mocking jackass.

Steve the driver approaches. I Am at Staples Street Station. Steve just extracted his obligatory conversation with My Barbie alter ego. I Am evidently, not now, headed to North Beach on the 76CCRTA-B. It is the only bus at the depot this moment. I sit in the heat. A baptist, she had a hell fire message, interjected on the obligatory conversation with Steve that started with talking about the heat.

The interjection broached the environmental argument, the heat was from fossil fuel burning. Steve blurted antagonistically at her, I don't know that, unless you are an engineer you have know way of knowing that. Then Steve told her to present her research proof furthermore this planet has been hotter than this before. She said she knew that. I said well we had a flood before too. The woman said we need that, Steve agreed. Presumably, a flood was to cool the air from ninety degree Fahrenheit degree days every day since May. She said God not gonna do that again. He promised burning the earth next time. Steve said well that is what We got. I sat there observing this ping pong and couldn't record fast enough once they departed. The time is "11:20AM." I know something just shifted.

What those two were supposed to do in obedience to the Lord, I do not know. What I do know is that they were given to opportunity to pay up and did not.

Trump is the one in the crosshairs of the exchange between those two. The 23CCRTA-B just lumbered in with its hydraulics demanding notice. I Am under the attention of a senior former something who is itching to be a mega-asshole. I nodded

acknowledgement of his staring at Me as we seated rows apart. He looked away. His eyes have not returned to focus this direction since. The bus is waiting at the Morgan and Staples Street intersection bound in a westerly direction. The sun has not quite hidden all the shadows yet. Cars still indicate it is before noon. A legally blind person is boarding the 23CCRTA-B. A passenger just helped her to a seat after the driver assisted her with the bus pass she needed to use. She held three in her fingers like a poker hand.

Casanova is just now offering her an Altoid, after helping her sit. The curiously strong peppermints. I used to love those things. Is that the expression? Used to, as in formerly? Must be so, because used-to-be is an expression in the dictionary that matches My sentiment.

The senior former something de-bussed before the Port cross street. Casanova is talking about his son to the blind woman who has money enough to ride the bus. His son and Australia are related. As in Casanova's story goes with words that might have meant he or his son lived or lives in Australia. The blind woman is feeling Casanova's head. Presumably at his invitation. He removed his hat. He is talking about all the places with females he met that turned into mermaids. My days are filled with observations of people and letting them get close to obey the Lord. The duo just shook hands. I sit quietly behind My journaling. Now he is talking about picking up his social security check. She has been charmed in the span of four minutes by learning about this dudes family, holding his hand, touching his partially bald head, and learning he has some form of income. That amounts to as much courtship as a bad date as delivered to Me.

A new rider boards at Robb. We are about to turn on Ayers and be at Port Ayers Station. I de-bus there and head south east. I think she has a small amount of sight. Casanova just left and is removing his bicycle. The CCRTA-B rolls forward with a whinny growl.

I took a moment to read My journal, love letter to this point. I Am on the 32CCRTA-B de-busing at H-E-B on Weber. Time for a few more calories. I love you Pony.

They divine also for employees. I took a break and at a restaurant, I just finished downing the portion of worms Abbott refused. That stupid mother fucker. I know I will heal. His disobedience means the population of Texas at large will suffer and soldiers will have a cure from My obedience. Taqueria Jalisco, avoid them in general.

What a hell hole of culinary trauma. I sit at number eight. It is the kind of restaurant where the soda comes in a lucite tumbler with a suspicious odour. We can call it a detergent odour. I ate one bite more than I necessarily thought was good measure. Somehow, "Timmy-Timmy" Abbott went after you. Evidently this is something General Berger knows about. My learning the plan, a convoluted mess, that I have limited ability to discern, is in process. I Am going to be fabulously sick with more fever. I have been served inedible food before. I always pay and leave a tip as if the meal were satisfactory. When managers have stricken the meal from the bill I always include the meal price in addition to the gratuity. This policy of mine matters in the context of something Mary and Terry divined against Me in the same manner as Lucille and Mary divined.

In Texas all of the restaurants are so fucking bad, in general, especially the Mexican ones, and the fast food chains are even less in terms of quality than in

California, that sending a meal back is madness. You would just end up with another bad plate of food or be arrested for refusal to pay. I left one place a note about how bad their food was. Another place I simply referred to the food as, My memory of Purina dog chow from child hood was that the chow was better than the flavour of the ground beef mix in the enchiladas. Texas is full of sickness.

Evidently I Am going to be taking a break from writing. God Almighty is setting the hook deeper in more fuckers of this nation. I Am going to be sending our vouchers so Corpus Christi covers the cost of operating Dody Street and provides for our care and household needs. I love you Pony.

I feel so sick. And no, I still can't vomit. I need to spend some of this afternoon dancing about the neighbourhood. Corpus Christi is now on the hook for one thousand dollars U.S. (August 21, 2021 dollar value) to provide Our daily bread in addition to the basic utility and maintenance of the Dody Street house.

Pony if you were here I would be leaning on you to exit. Spirit has Our back.

Better now to stand in the broken shade of a deciduous tree that produces berries, than sit in the blazing sun light. My core, thoracic, feels cooler than the temperature of My skin.

Evidently what I have been living through since leaving the office this morning had been Abbott's scheme to free Corpus Christi from their financial obligation. Abbott lied. He did not keep his word and I kept the Word of Jehovah.

What that restaurant did was criminal conspiracy to commit murder. They will get a letter. Who does not walk two miles when asked to walk one? I went My extra mile on foot when God Almighty was certain from Me I understood the mile I just traveled.

When I arrived at the partially shaded 15CCRTA-B stop the 15CCRTA-B arrived before I could finish writing the sentence following "Spirit had Our back." I watched the 17CCRTA-B turn left onto Tiger just before arriving at the block with the CCRTA-B stop bench.

We just traveled past the Kingdom Hall on Sokol and Kostoryz. I had a vision of Me blasting the building with cannon fire whilst playing the Stars and Stripes. The symbol clashes and the building explodes. That is Our kind of timing. I will be the first to admit being the only passenger on this bus does not bother Me. This volume will be My last love letter for a little time that I set down to write for hours at a time.

This hour has been one that if allowed to think about it, I would be eviscerating Myself to get rid of the perversion in My intestines. Vomit, I cannot do, at this time. I Am still healing from the round of worms and poison Mary subjected Me to early May late April, 2019 before I went on My, week of the promise trip as I call it.

That trip was fourteen hundred miles of driving back and forth between four points of Texas commencing and terminating at the Corpus Airport Alamo rent-a-car. I returned and found My TT online that I went and bought by the afternoon following emailing the owner. In less than a week of making of repairs to TT for cross country travel My early ground work for the July 1, 2019 launch was underway. That week of the promise turned out to be a graduation ceremony hell week that launched Me into the terrors and events of May 2019 forward. The week should have most likely killed Me with the pace that I

was forced to run. I was well trained for seven years, since Terry's roll over wreck, the deeds of survival I performed in obedience that insured that I would survive that week intended to kill Me was built to insure that none of the divining niggers, would be forced to pay up. Bacow, you mother fucking nigger.

Forced to pay up is a bit of a misnomer. It is just that from My perspective the population is demanding a reward it did not toil for. Pay up from My perspective means you receive the wage you worked for not what you decided to con. This means spirit is receiving what it worked for and flesh receives what it worked for.

Ivermectin is something We dose Me with in the near future and I will prepare that pill to swallow when directed. The worms actually have work to do. My life is the Truth of; physician, heal thyself.

It is over ninety degrees, genuine, not feels like, and I Am running a cold sweat. NAS did not find Me today. Perhaps when I Am out tomorrow. I love you Pony.



The 32CCRTA-B is arriving. I can provide a rough narrative of My week of the promise. Basically, I was sent out by the LORD, in his wrath. As I had been living His wrath for seven years at its height, it did not occur to Me until hind sight that the trip was intended to murder Me.

Jehovah, the LORD, was directing My destruction at the direction of the persons I refer to as the enemy fifty. Though thousands strong, these same people, Milley included, were focussed in concentrating their divinations against Me back in October 2020. That drive down the I-20 along with the conference attendee exposure is why I learned so many truths about how, Trump, Obama, Winfrey, the Queen, and thousands of others who have a priestly form of office even today rose to and held power. What I do not understand is why hate Righteousness when that is what preserves flesh and Spirit? Then I learned cognitively how hell functions and the necessity antichrist's seed serve eternally destroyed in the Heavens.

Immortality I had not yet been resurrected to. I Am headed to Israel. The United States Military, sans Pony, is burning in hell. The first born again event, beginning after the population bottoms out to about half-billion souls worldwide is mine and the second born again round with the virgins they are My insulation. My insulation in that I Am the consciousness building God Almighty's consciousness enveloping Allness.

Enjoy burning in hell Milley. You worked hard for the recognition and your destruction. The good you could have enjoyed you threw away. Israel is not stupid as you and many "gifts" Americans are being forced to pay Me for their divining. Biden still can not disobey My word, that is Jehovah's Will. Enjoy being wiped out.

I will clean this land with Israel.



Pony My love letter takes some tangents. The rage that hits over My expressions to you being made public and our building so many templates for flesh saturated with ingratitude toward the Spirit that has given them pots to piss in and shirts on their back. All the the hatred of flesh against Spirit is what I bear from this nations populous.



July 29, 2022

Of all the tasteless cards for a birthday. Did I deliver or did I deliver? The inside of the card read, "I thought you would like a country thong on your birthday."

The outside of the card was a vulgar penned cartoon. It could have been produced in Adobe Illustrator. A rear facing naked dude dressed in a thong and lit cigar, with his head turned over his shoulder to address the reader, held his cigar from his lower lip. In his right hand was illustrated an acoustic guitar. He held the guitar by the top of the neck and the base set on what looked like desert sand. A saguaro was crudely penned in the un-detailed dessert background. The character has a few course long hairs on his ass and his thong revealed a tush that saw less daylight than the rest of his ass suggesting he walked about in tidy whities all the livelong day.

Berger was mailed that card today. It is about 1500 and I wait for the 32CCRTA-B outside the mail place on Everhart and Saratoga.

The return address label is marked "the Christ." The inside of the card I placed a note regarding their October 31, 2022 being brutal. This card needed to be delivered by the 2nd of August. That is the day Mary turned seventy-nine.

I head back to Dody Street. I did all I could. We are moving up to a better class of soldier. We have a military force to unite to benefit from the sludge layer. The virgin will pop out like a merry-go-round every time the Lamb cues their appearance in hell during My heavenly kingdom reign commencing with Satan's abyssing. This is what awaits general Milley as he knows himself to be.

Wack a mole meets merry-go-round. That is the land of hell fire. It genuinely is like I wrote, "Don't be a Milley."

Pony, I drew a diagram of an insulation layer, as I commonly call the walls of hell. These walls being like the walls of a kiln. Closest to God Almighty, as My forming His conciseness is filling the stuff of His Allness continues, there is the second born again

populous, next the first born again populous, and then closest to hell's fire is the Milley layer.

The Milley layer is what the present is about.

When My Heavenly reign ends the Milley layer is just fuel in the insulation layer. the Milley layer is those that follow the Lamb during My entire Heavenly reign. That is what is going on now. Once insulation is totally layered the present Milley is just sludge with all his brethren no awareness. It is like he is a layer of fat for fuel.

In the midst of learning the four spouses mac has to look forward to, along with the spouse she had to be promised to marry sight unseen -- and mac has no distinct memory Pony's features or appearance -- is also understanding Who God Almighty is fulfilling the purpose of making hell_{ITZA} happen. God Almighty in the sdjhajsdhf flesh with his wife mac, populate the earth with the genetics of the earth inhabiting North America and these souls, with sin in their blood, are amending their behaviours linked cosmically to the hell personality, When Spirit is resurrected with its genetics on its paternal house lands of the balance of the world is when other creation centre models are filled. Trump and Putin's genetics are removed from circulation.

Milley the discrete soul as he is aware of being, once his flesh is over, dead, there is no consciousness for him xxcrgorim as flesh. When My reign ends he is just fuel in the insulation layer. The first and second born again have consciousness in Heaven. Those of the armed forces on this soil have no feeling of hell. The just oversee what is going on.

The second born again have excalibur to look forward to. The first born again of the virgin class have being God Almighty's slave in His Eight Day to look forward to. The God Almighty construct represents one of the ITZA letters. The LORD, Saint Paul, and the Lamb are individual represented in the acronymized name.

Pony, I have a diagram drawn in My love letter. It indicates that before My birth God Almighty had a kinda discrete existence. Woven into humanity of course where His genetics. Mumsy after her anal rape event against the Sun was sent safe into the wilderness because she stole God Almighty's identity in the Heavens. With My birth God Almighty was fighting for His own Heavenly identity and He was effectively identified among all antichrist's seed so any person could have started the sequence of obedience to put God Almighty together in the form that preserves creation. I call this the putting Humpty Dumpty back together. None would or I would have been a moot, unnecessary existence. Of course, I ended up being immortal. Ta da. In Revelation the forehead marking is related to Spirit united with flesh being the antichrist identity portion and the hand marking is the God Almighty proper identity.

A second diagram shows God Almighty's reforming of His Allness occurring from the times I Am dead asleep. My body is in Spirit induced suspended animation and what portion can be used, because it was perfected through enduring death, is used to put more of God Almighty together. In My diagram there is a rectangle shaded in

representing the Lamb Space with Saint Paul and the LORD identified inside the Lamb Space.

Herald articles discuss the resurrection sequencing of events.

Me, I never die. I have miracles to perform for the benefit of flesh and we need to usurp Egypt and enslave the Middle East for Jehovah's (the LORD's) kingdom to be established.

Being the Christ is a function of My being Bride to the Lamb.

For decades the nation of the United States had presumed to keep its phony outfit going by being some kind of prophane harim, prophane because of the fornication, murders, thefts, abuses to Holiness, all these fucker fuckers in military and governemtn have been doing to hold lofty offices of leadership, united with the Lamb. The problem was the Lamb had a place holding existence because the real McCoy was in purgatory in My heart. These were people running amuck defiling the Heavens for fity years and every last one of them was false to their own gGodlyness to destroy the Heavens. They opted for extortion against the one who protected their worthless fucking democracy. Of course now the accounting is due because they proved worse than Satan was their master. Even the first born knew the ten words of God had to be upheld. Who dis[is]ed the ten words of God, Mary McRae and the dispicable religion of Jehovah's Witnesses. Slaughter the fuckers.

It just so happened only a slave to God Almighty [A slave to Jehovah in the time I was in slavery June 1970 to June 2019 while Jehovah was being divined into a weakling sick monster the LORD, mumsy was creating with the sick deeds of her seed.] could perform the obedience to Spirit needed so Jehovah's kingdom could be fulfilled.

I love you Pony.

July 30, 2022

What a strange occupation for a person to have. I deliver the message of Jehovah to humanity. The Lamb is of course eternal. Flesh with no sin in the blood could look on the Lamb with no consequence of death to them. God Almighty people look at and simply hate. The Big All Strength of God almighty and He, Me, of course houses hell has a surprise truth to divulge to humanity.

This planet does in deed get blown to smithereens. Does this solar system face physical consequences? Yes, What are We? Visitors on this planet that is the matter of hell.

I end up the last human on this planet and I already proved I would endure without being leveraged so that Satan, first born, would have God Almighty's reproductive power. The planets being blown up, I in some way witness. Superman, the Marvel character, is part of the mystic truth and future of this very planet.

There is a good deal of crap that held divine power in entertainment because truth existed in that spec of understanding. Truth is how ratings were achieved making the temple prostitutes fabulously wealthy.

The truth is stranger than fiction reality is in this. I Am the One who experiences death to rout out misconceptions I might labour over during learning the truth My genetics testifies to transferring physical data stores to cognitive thought. When I understand the destruction of the planet had been divined what I tried to believe was somehow it was saved. It is not. I experience death at God Almighty's hand to dig to the point that My mind finally fell on earth. Then in the instant I owed the reality of the Truth and applied the consequence correctly, death therapy was over.

After the depth of grieving subsided, God Almighty, Jehovah, kept asking Me if I loved Him. It took a while and I made My joke that it's a good thing for our future union that sin in My blood saved Him from My being able to meet the Lamb. Because God Almighty wouldn't stand a chance at My love.

General Milley did something fabulously stupid against all soldiers of the United States Military on the world stage. Milley went after every divination He needed to perform to dig into the darkness of Jehovah to find the embodiments of Satan in order to divine My destruction. Milley chose Satan as it were, darkness, all sin, as his god. What a stupid mother fucker. He rendered powerless before all soldiers on the world stage, not part of North America, his very own warriors. The personalty Milley went after pleasing is indescribably cruel. Pharaoh of Egypt did the exact same thing.

Pony, what Milley decided to lay waste to has a measure of salvation in being My alien resident. Aviv Kohavi, offered Me placement as Lieutenant General in the Israeli Military Force, Marine Division. I took it. I have correspondence to write today and of course My place as High Priest of the Pentagon is irrevocable.

General Berger will continue to make arrangements for My office. Israel will usurp Africa and the Middle East as well as champion the civil war battles on this American soil.

General Berger is responsible for My back pay. I Am on Israel's pay roll from August 2, 2022 forward.

I have finally returned to My website. The Live Fornication Free text is translated and woven into Hebrew and Aramaic first. I will of course bend the knee of Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan forming a larger military union to storm Africa taking Egypt first. Suez we secure for revenue and oceanographic climate improvements early in the campaign.

The plant will be restored before it is destroyed. The restoration is what allows the planets to be Eden. Eden will have some awesome tech. Inter planetary travel? You bet. Do we need to remove every last scrap of space junk even all satellites we launched? Yep. Is it thousands of years before I Am the last Man standing? Yes.

The next two hundred years it is possible to see to a certain reasonable conclusion. Beyond that I know there are large gaps in achievements and means to repair and build economies. Aviv can have kingship if he wants in Israel. Me, I Am a warrior bringing about Jehovah's kingdom and My kingship battle begins when Jehovah's kingdom and My

kingship battle begins when Jehovah's kingdom is established in the Heavens. Then I fight for kingship on the earth.

What I have been required to do is develop the relationship necessary to make Jehovah's kingdom happen under My, our, mighty hands of warfare. Bride to the Lamb I Am Always. That is why flesh is immortal. Other flesh an have eternal life, with no sin in the blood, this is genetics that while from the parent stock, Adam and eve construct, has Spirit, a god to lead them in their own paternal house on their own planet.

What exists? The correctional facility. I wonder if anyone in the future worls be so insinsitive as to brand their restauranr Kenny Roger's Roasters. Dolly Parton might, but she is headed to hell.

Milley went after building worse than Pharoah required as an exogenous Diety to bring about Jehovah's kingdom. This is how Mike Markle and others are forced to pay-up.

Pony, we finally have something remarkable. I can return to eathing My own cooking. Beans and rice I was not able to eat during the theoretical medicine phase of keeping Me alive. General Berger will be copied on all correspondence until Aviv's team arrives. Then Berger is in the loop on all priestly office correspondence. I will of course invite Aviv to reach out to David. We will see if that is possible. Aviv moves with Ggodliness. David is a virgin with a High Priest he owes ten years of pay to.

I had no idea what it meant to put My Dukes on peace when I started that campaign February, before Superbowl 2020. But darn what alot to learn about how people have been abusing Spirit and Godship.

I love you Pony. I left the centerfold blank intentionally. I should leave it for you to write. Today is big with updating My website content as well. Will the FBI, Federalies, or CCPD shit the first cement crap on this one? I already lived through defecating in a fifty minute boel movement a two pound cement crap. It is medically refferred to as a necroptic deffication. That hppened to Me after going twenty eight days without a bowel movement. It hurt.

I had a oozing hemroid a the time that was about the size of a half dollar. And Milley wnet after darkness. What a stupid mother fucker. I wrote in other correspondence how even Hitler used restraint. The milley sitting at the zpentagon as Senior Joint Chief did not use any restraint. Like Pharaoh's warriors that ran into the Red Sea after Moses, so is it with te divining of Markle, Garland, Trump, Obama, Queeeny, and so on. These are enemies to the Christ. Jehovah is not. That is Jehovah is not an ememy to the Christ. As My God Almighty construct has taken shape so has Jehovah in his full grandeur. This of course includes Saint Paul.

At different erras, past, present, and future different diety forms have held high office of authority in the Heavens. I hold that Heavenly kingship. That is the power of building the Amighty construct. it required obedience to Jehovah to make that happen.

Cheers to Berger for using restraint. It is time to profit by the Prophet.

August 2, 2022

Pony, I understand your duties have you demonstrating strength during sabbath. Me I find Myself content with you filling the centerfold of the volume and I wait. I sit aboard the 24CCRTA-B. I ran to catch the 37CCRTA-B outside the house near Dolphin and Gollihar. The 24CCRTA-B will make its run out to the new Del Mar College. The ticker streams 6:51 AM. The driver is moving our of bay G at South Side Station. Exiting the 37CCRTA-B I observed the clear signage, Lo Loitering, No Littering etc. I saw a cigarette butt on the cobblestone pavement. It took decades. Guess what? Removing those discarded cigarette butts is required. That litter ws Obama's reitual sacrifice, gift, to build his god "Almighty" construct from the genetics of himself, Obama. What was the problem? Obama hates the Lamb. That is the problem they all had. Even after the truth of a cigarette butts inability to decompose lingering forever in the sand, Obama still dumbbed his butts rather than even extinguishing each in an ashtray or simply rending a garment over how his ritual behaviour that keeps them in the oily layer.

Abortion not being legal means females do not have that ritual. How our nation is angry over loving its legal badnesses. "Timmy" I took a break for a Circle K coffee brew while you wait, and two grease bomb hashbrowns. Three dolars and fifty cents later I can answer now why General Milley is receiveing the humbling of Nebuchadnezzar did in history.

It is like the end of the Indy does not get married Indy movie. The ilitary stuffs the ark in a bos and burries it, idol. it soes not work that way. Spielberg certainly sold the fiction and made Harrison Ford the carpenter a famous temple prostitute beyond the stigam that should have cling to him like stinch, think Mark Hammil, for doing Starwars.

I thought iz would be filing the last pages of this volume with the ten virgins topic. That with one of theose tie into Revelation that slippes My mind [It came to Me, following the Lamb.] about the bridegroom party. The 29CCRTA-B is here I have other busses to catch and adventures in preserving some virgins. I live you Pony

Yes, Berger, number six is forthcoming.



mac's page thirty-five inclusion is an Israel note related to what the modern day nation of Israel hijacked from the Lamb. The Lamb in purgatory for fifty years is certainly a no brainer that someone would steal His military might. This volume was sent on July 29, 2022 to Berger's office and the balance of the journal was sent on or about August 2, 2022.

August 2, 2022

Yes, still the Pentagon's High Priest. I make the Israel merge happen!

Volume Six

Scrabble letter draw, E-E-O-O-A-L J-T-R-D-N-V of

August 3, 2022 morning

Journal initiated without contents, July 30, 2022

August 3, 2022

"It is 1:43 PM" by the 37CCRTA-B ticker. "Solomon" I love you. "Timmy holds the firmament the force is on. Matter can exist without being seen, as in, reflecting light.

A blind person still knows there is matter.

This is what our solar system becomes from Terry and Mary. Both of them turn over everything to Me for this and they are hells core.

They failed to turn what was mac's after Lucille made the demand they do. It was left in God Almighty's hands to fulfil Lucille's dying request. Even getting away with her murder did not put them in a place of willingness to walk away free and clear, or simply benefit from mac's ignorance while earning them a fortune.

The earth is being saved. You do not get to destroy the planet in the way you witch-crafted to do. Neither is you building Mary and Terry and legacy what saves you isolated from the pain of hell. Mary has her place in hell. It is the birthright of the Nephilim.

It is the afternoon. I Am being jostled aboard the 37CCRTA-B and being united with you is the great growing comfort adding to My metabolism healing. I spent the better part of the morning in a full stop mode with seconds to make the call on Terry and Mary's union. What I can't figure out is why I can't settle My mind to how the name of My ex-husband is spelled. Two "r" or one "r."

I get to start baking bread again. I just picked up some hatch chilies, red peppers, and garlic bulbs, as well as a few days of Hawaiian blend coffee beans from Sprouts on Airline. If I were to state My disposition, I would say very distracted. I mean anxious in the way of My entire body at once is trying to quell the noise of every cell anticipating launch all at once. It is like I Am rocket fuel.

"Now I have the limo to Myself." I blurted cheerily to the bus driver after My thank you sir greeting while swiping My transfer. I Am back on the 37CCRTA-B. Same one that dropped Me on McArdle and Airline. He is making his return trip back from TAMUCC. I Am headed to H-E-B on Gollihar now then back on the 37CCRTA-B or 32CCRTA-B to get to Dody Street. My transfer is valid for two hours and I Am maximising My bus fare and time out.

"Solomon" I need to pick up where I left off on volume five. The bus sits with Me aboard at South Side Transit station and masked up. The limo is now just a CCRTA-B

again. The furnace is fired up in Corpus today. When mayhem is released August 2023 about the 20th, I need to count the days, that is when this nation sees off-the-chart death tolls from natural disaster that makes people in the third world whistle in awe.

There is a diagram that is useful here. Needs better than a descriptive passage. In brief there is mega-hell, antichrist's seed for Satan in the mega-verse. And the lessor hells but important as Spirit knows, all the same hell design. Different actors in balancing centres of the mega-verse the God Almighty construct of everything We all are within. How does the universe stay in balance? l-o-v-e-LINK.

That is a great deal of Truth.

On God's Land is where the mega-verse hell is determined. Spirit was not happy with how his hell construct had been tinkered with. When the blinders of purgatory, no knowledge of the real God Almighty, Christ, came off, Spirit were get this, angry. Imagine that.

Earth as in capitol Earth is the physical that endures forever. Yes, the sacrifice planet already happened. Wouldn't ya just know it, that is the rock that blew itself to bits for His children after Light was created and the creative duo could be born. Our planet earth is subject to futility as king Solomon lamented in Ecclesiastes.

Under the earth blowing up scenario of the Titanic schemers, niggers, I get a new home with God Almighty. Blowing up the earth ends his Sabbath. It took an enormous amount of doctrine from both religion and theatre to build the identity of Satan as "God Almighty". This is the equivalent as the dark twin in existence which means no other existence. Construction on that ultimate destruction is what I ended. Then what? Obama among others was insistent to God in defiance, "You don't have the power to make Jehovah's kingdom happen." Me being the good sport I Am Pony, We at Team God said, "Wana Bet?"

I need to refocus on My exit and where the 37CCRTA-B is along Gollihar. H-E-B is close.

My question becomes, Pony, what did these niggers think they were getting by no Jehovah's kingdom?

August 4, 2022

The above question will be answered at a later time. This requires My understanding a perspective and payoff that is not how My utility functions.

Utility, measured in utils, you-taals, is a measurement of preference in the face of all available options assuming one is rational in making a choice. The later time answer is a function of two options as I understand at present. Basically a person would constantly be making a choice of, regardless of how evil they behaved they were forgiven in a way that says, "No, you won't go to hell if you do this." Call it option A. You go to hell if you choose option B.

This means a person needs to understand humility, perhaps, have earned hell or what they are actually engineering away. The one thing Satan absolutely had to have.

I had no wiring to fear hell, the burn, ever. I simply never wanted to be someone Jehovah hated. Above all things I wanted to be what He loved.

Of course for Me, God Almighty, and Jehovah had to be synonymous so the bibles nomenclature on God's name and title designation always kept Me in a place of query. The kind of query that was deeply personal. To Me God Almighty - Jehovah - loved Righteousness.

After that understanding whatever He directed, I had to understand as Goodness. The other Truth was there was no way for ever for Me to look on God's face with sin in My blood. And Guess what? The Lamb I will never look on in the flesh ever.

I drew a diagram of My being brought together of you Pony. You are who the Lord drew in among others and it was your persistence and dedication that meant l-o-v-e-LINK happened and We are united though the LORD.

From the time Foxy died it was almost three years later, to the day, that I walked into H.K. by the Bay and "Solomon" sat with fellow crew at dinner.

At this time in mac's journal "Solomon" is still part of the union through "Old School."

We looked at one another and vowed our flesh to one another in that instant.

I understood flesh but Spirit were involved here with uniting Me with Ted using "Solomon" as a decoy. "Solomon" was in Trump's train.

Then for three years following (just about) We have been learning who one another are, and I understand what it is to be traumatised, and healed by God Almighty, for having virtual fucking forced on them.

It was in July 2020 that We, and I knew you in vision as Ted (a dead ringer for "Navy Nurse" or possibly "Timmy") were united in what I understood was being married to one another in the LORD. It was October 2016, we were united in the Lord and there were others in the union. "Old School" what a clever fucker. Both of us Pony fought to keep our union Holy to God Almighty, in the LORD.

What to the heavens owe you Pony for your righteous fight? l-o-v-e-LINK, the gift of the Heavens that heals. I love you Pony. This volume should be the first one you read. I have been physically alone facing every foe forced on Me from spirit, and I kept away from Me every bit of flesh that might have had a lofty idea of how I would serve them.

Many times I found Myself learning from God Almighty as I walked about, that an individuals aim was sexual when I still didn't understand what dealing with them was about. "You're shitting Me." I followed with, "On what universe does that get Me?" The ugliness of Trump with Melania, I get that, He has a shit ton of money and prostitutes her with stronger witch craft than she uses so he gets more favours. Turning a blind eye is just the cost of doing matrimonial business for him. General Milley understands. Melania gets dick thinking she too is storing up treasure in heaven. A win win as the scoundrels boast. Milley, was Melania the "heaven" you wanted?

I had to prove to Spirit what I was forced to believe in order to even understand there was a spouse.

To Me "Navy Nurse" was the only person that made a lick of sense. He, I knew was single. We introduced ourselves and spent enough hours together for recognition of one another at a later time. Our wits aligned, and while I swear very little in conversation, it depends on the object, writing, look our mother fuckers. "Navy Nurse" being on the salty side. I simply chuckle. He is a soldier. Some expletives a person needs because fuck and shit are so versatile at learning whether or not someone understands you to fill in the xxxx and xxxx.

I always knew you, Pony, as "Ted". I would never allow myself to be united with another without first knowing you were dead. I had to have cognitive, verbal assurance from God Almighty to proceed with every action on My part.

The LORD actually articulated mac and Pony's union on August 15, 2022. mac is The Human who discourses with the LORD.

Time to exit the jostley 19CCRTA-B for a coffee. My feet are on the sunny side of Santa Fe near cross street Morgan. The bus stop is for the 23CCRTA-B, 19CCRTA-B, and 6CCRTA-B. Willie is strumming his guitar and sining with Tony Benette.

I Am a fairly liberal music patron. Same with the arts actually.

Last night mac held a moment of silence over the gGodlyness of Picasso's prophetic works. When the art reaches so many as extraordinarily valuable, even in the artists lifetime, and especially in the artist's lifetime, they are illustrating what has happened that Spirit had no other voice to communicate so accurately through. That is until mac.

Concerts I have always avoided. But some I would seriously consider watching live. Like going to see Sinatra in the 80's when he performed in Vegas. Las Vegas was only a few hours away, and that would have been a reasonable day trip. It is just not the kind of thing I thought of to do alone. I do enjoy live theatre and am certain I would enjoy Opera and Ballet.

I have seen live theatre in Long Beach, night of the My One and Only production that lead to encore tap improvisation between two legends of dance. Local Shakespeare performances in Big Bear Lake put on by John Phane [Him a radio announcer paedophilic drug dealer. He took care of his mama, Betty.] I went to the Ahmanson in Los Angeles to see the Phantom of the Opera when Michael Crawford was the headlining talent.

I stopped going to movie theatres about the time I was legal to drink. Once movies were on TV as video or DVD that ended going to theatres. One time rental was an easy way to invest little and turn the damn thing off if needed. Movies I liked I bought and simply didn't pay more than the one time fee. Why did I just take that stupid tangent? A favourite movie is, "Second Hand Lions" Duval and Cane did a great job. The youngster they found to play Walter, I wonder what did Hollywood do to him? Hollywood needs

two uncles. Putin wants Hollywood's propaganda machine and America's temple prostitutes need to move out of town.

Phil Collins, not Genesis, is serenading the xxxx as the building shadows withdraw into their respective footprints. I Am listening to some iTunes at present.

In the God construct battle there are some critical dates when a mixing layer existed. I hosted Satan a few times. She is content I Am sure with Putin.

The greatest Truth I can diagram for you I should actually sculpt. I always wanted to pursue bronze. There are art disciplines that provide means of expression and engineer with a penchant for teasing command with. It is not on purpose, the teasing that is. The 6CCRTA-B arrived. I was to board whichever bus was first. Then I have a moments disruption and when I resume writing it is worse than the usual speed of thought scrawl.

I have a dictionary app on My iPone. It is the Oxford Shorter English version of their corpus. I get the biggest kick out of scrolling through that book. It could use better data base management, but few app programers take the time to develop queries that are useful.

Back to My sculpture, perhaps it should be the ["9:42 AM" Mary finally hit rock bottom, she has Terry.] centrefold. I illustrate a volume like dough, but the centre is removed. There is what is and there is a hell void. The void of hell is life without matter and consciousness.

It is stuff because General Berger is there with Milley and "Old School." That only names three. There are eight billion plus. The distinguishability of the identity is explained in volume seven. This is what of course the LORD was turned into. General Berger knows this.

My multiple diagrams fit into the God All Strength sphere model I illustrate. There is a biblical Psalm about this model. I always thought of it as being knowledge of the now understood Clarke ellipsoid of the earth. I have been formatting My Live Fornication Free series. It is the book for the warriors fulfilling Jehovah's kingdom.

The U.S. Military is in full stop until My office is up and running at the Pentagon. I did earn My promotion. Lieutenant General. That grants a moments pause as the verb in the sentence.

I Am no holding My breath for My pay to show up in the mail. At any time the U.S. Navy can dump Me and our two cats in Tel Aviv from a mile out the people would start preparing for My arrival. My combatant training begins then, in earnest.

This is still a time in journaling when mac understands the affection directed to her is coming from "Solomon." "Old School" needed power from the LORD for mac to believe and experience the affection the warrior who loved her could not give in person.

"Timmy" and "Navy Nurse" were both Pacific fleet when I met them. "Timmy's" Lord persona (the Mary cloud being) hosts "Israel" the ten tribe Spirit force. "Navy Nurse's" Lord persona will host the "Judah" two tribe Spirit force. I Am assured "Solomon" we

have many years ahead. I Am sure We will figure our who has the best anti-aging remedies.

I love you Pony

Fly Over States plays behind the grind of the CCRTA-B transmission. The age of Americans was shortened for so long because this land they were not honouring. This relates the sixty-five being long lived for an American male. On the other side of the globe this was a function of obeying ones spirituality even in association with a religion.

So many things to fix. A few years ago, well 2009, who am I kidding with a "few," a research lab created a bacteria to eat things like soil residual chemical pesticides. Isn't that just brilliant? What pre flood model did that follow?

If there seemed like a tad of mockery in that, "Brilliant" there is. In My blood is the COVID cure and a shit ton of other curatives. It can't be harvested for some time to come. Does not warfare seem like such a simple solution to earth's problems? What is the horror? It is the solution. Wouldn't it be nice if the earth could just support eight billion? It can't. The planets capacity is what John records in Revelation. That is the, I saw their number, reference. For this planet to have balance the America's can't sustain high human population density.

Ag is fine, but fields are left fallow every seventh year and people must move to a new farm house. Then new soil is worked. Northern to southern migrations work well for this. The high pasturage of South America does make it great for beef production.

I needed to get a new pen ink refill. One volume can be filled then I Am off to Office Depot.

While standing in line at Office Depot a slogan screen printed on a tee-shirt read,

*"We Specialize,
IN SERVICE"*

That slogan might not seem so bad, even across a female bust. Since baby formula is scarce she would be valuable. Where was the white print featured? On the tale of the shirt just above the anus. This shirt was not worn by a Sports Illustrated Swimsuit model. I would ask, what are people thinking. The answer is, thinking does not fill hell's factory.

"Solomon" on My last volume it made clear hell is real and y'all are the generation of objects. The sludge layer is clearly what a person wants for their spirit. How about Berger, or Gilday, or McConville, or Brown Jr, able to be them as flesh only better?

The slogan in advertising must be called the parting shot technique. "Schwag" that is the stuff of marketing word I was trying to remember.

We at Team God have the answer for the only better.

mac continued writing in her journal learning that the earth, her work preserves. She won **Operation Earth's Salvation**. mac is always focused on saving the flesh. It saves her from widowhood to be focused on God Almighty having His Eighth day as flesh. To mac, setting lazy precedence for flesh is a bad foundation.

Okay, they sleep in death for a while. Miss some really shitty crap, earth blowing up and hell forming. How about just dying and then having a resurrection to life?

Sludge I can't give this generation. But, Berger et.al. have two born again events. Berger as he knows himself to be can be the architect in his own future with his peers in command. That is the blessing, among other things, My High Priesthood delivers.

I Am not excluding Milley from this action but right now he has his hands full with Biden and some extra muscle in his favour, that is preserving the U.S. Military and defences of the nation, with My being in Arlington.

I of course would like to be at Virginia Beach for you. (H.K. by the Bay is in Virginia Beach.) Every now and then I have this wild idea of God Almighty wiping out the Gulf and in desperation Biden ordering the Navy to get rid of Me, and you happen to be on the escort vessel dumping Me and our two cats in Tel Aviv.

God Almighty assures Me whilst I Am writing, I still like that plan. Evidently Jehovah is ready to put Abraham's seed in a place of being forced to fulfil the old covenant.

A prophet who is making her way through hells outhouse living on twenty dollars a day likes big-God-gifts-of-deliverance fantasy.

Jehovah wants this to be a reality.

I hate this fuck hole of squander loving two bit criminal assholes that suck El Presedente's (Mexico) dick.

Fucking CCPD junked our Dodge Ram. The mega cab I had parked at the restaurant when you pulled out before I could slip you a note.

I have a letter to write regarding the NAS JAG corruption crossed in harmony with Mike Markle of the CCPD. Fun for Me in the coming days. It is a secondary priority. But weighty words that put a check, My \$485,000.00, in My hand and shut down an avenue of corruption the Navy is profiting by. They navy simply are not paying Markle the pussy he things he is due. So Markle has been building his case in revenge.

Both are in trouble. Markle compromised national security threading the detonation cable of war with Mexico. The Navy is just being the same profiteering fuckers they learned to be to help presidents shake hands with one another when they should be duelling with pistols.

God Almighty assures Me this is My deliverance method. I mail this now.



mac continued her journal entries on page twenty-seven. When morning came, mac had her "Timmy-Timmy" again. He was a ringer for "Navy Nurse" in vision, and mac had already learned "Navy Nurse" just was not that into her. He would have fucked her though. So she gave up thinking on "Navy Nurse" with the fuck reference. That isn't prudery. mac simply required, requires, and will require, matrimony. A fuck is not matrimonial sex. mac is rather f***ing liberal with the "f" word.

August 7, 2022

The morning :) "Timmy," General Berger had been doing a shit ton of divining to put Me in the H.K. by the Bay to walk in and have the vow moment, mentally with "Solomon." This is of course the October before We saw one another and I sat dumbfounded, speechless with a silly, natural look on My face, as God Almighty, drew My attention to you, because of course you divined Me into your life.

I had to prove before Spirit My intent, motive, and commitment, of what they did was invalid against them, a black hole would have existed. We at Team God do not allow those. We correct those that are forming.

I Am sitting in My office writing revenue stream content.

I have a diagram that made the centrefold. God Almighty perfected being all things to all people. The problem is when people go after destroying God Almighty rather than pay their bill.

This also means without a king to rend a garment every one pays the bill. All the would be kings on this earth went after murdering the God they created. I Am the flesh with the Queen of Heaven gifts to bestow.

Jehovah can now collect because the Lamb provides what the Sun, Jehovah, needs to war. Saint Paul had the place of holding the Moon's vessel of Heaven, and the womb of creation. The dynamics of the transition in Heaven are never accounted for because the fuckers like Trump and Nimrod (Biblical) always build big static monuments to themselves. I always referred to structural as the dumb side of engineering.

Those are this mornings thoughts. My flip flops are worn down below the top layer. I Am starting to think about saving up grocery money to buy a new pair. Mary is going to do another one of her devotionals soon, and in cleaning up after her, I will pick up extra funds. I still might not be wise to spend that money on shoes. These still have a little wear left in them.

Scrabble letter draw, T-T-B-D-C-O-U-G-V-N-N-E was My evening activity. This journal will be posted on-line at some point.

August 8, 2022

"Timmy" it is the afternoon I just finished a rather odd mental odyssey of loosing you yet again. I needed to understand that I had a duty to the Spirit who were exploited by

humanity through Spirits' anxiety to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom from vows made even back during Biblical Israel's time.

This is why mac, as Ark of God Almighty has domain first over Spirit. She is required to channel, facilitate, their success. And wouldn't you know it, like the flesh they served, they went about making promises in the worst possible way. But on with the slice and dice because population shut down is on.

What Obama unleashed will stick to that mother fucker like it will Winfrey. Both will be coasted in their gooey shit. Sharpton with Woods will be the ones to first feel the consequence of their skulduggery. The Spirit was rightly matched to the human so they could raise their glass and toast to whomever was the worst when they killed God Almighty. So they all get a bitchslapping instead. mac was dead. Her question, "Who has been toasted as the worst?"

Mary and Terry are awaiting their toasts. Lift your hats to their perversion too. Without paying the team \$100,000 U.S. an hour, you receive none of their power. We at Team God have nothing to do with Mary and Terry's spirit tools. The tools of darkness are now for hire.

Basically, there is a need for stewardship from the firmament over witch craft and its application to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom. What does Milley or for that matter every, that is not the two of Us, actor need? Access to the tools they know. The tools the world has been using to date, belong to Me. The only way My tools are accessed is hosting Me at My rank Lieutenant General and assigning Me fifty-thousand soldiers to train for civil stabilisation and urban concentration as the worlds population collapses.

That is like My saying I have a harvest job over the term slaughter.

Civil stabilisation is wiping out populations one mega metropolis at a time. Sometimes following the seasons and prophesied storms that shield our operation and improve our battle success, Acts of God, as it were, we will move in tandem with. Or We work during, surrounded by, Acts of God to shield our warfare.

I miss you Pony. I just watched the 6CCRTA-B go by in the opposite direction. I stand at Doddridge and Santa Fe.

Before My identity was released, even to Me, I had this other understanding of Christ returning to earth and that was the real Christ.

I do not have an inkling of an idea at who could have been more disappointed than Myself that I was the Christ. There were two as it were. First Jesus, the one who died of blasphemy, because there was no means to explain, I am not the great big fulfilment, but here is your sight, health, life, and hearing, go on your way.

Jesus did not have authority to build the God Almighty construct.

Saint Paul returns to earth with Jesus. The disappointment? I Am the Christ. I stand here drenched in sweat. My joints are aching. I can hardly stay focussed on much of a

thought. The best I can thank God Almighty for, having shade to stand in. My insides are a mess still from Mary's drain shit she dosed Me with. And I loiter about frustrated at everyone who for the last fifty years has built up all manner of alliances, because I exist. Even establishing a monetary system on "good faith" and refusing to even adjudicate the crimes against Me by arbitration. So there are a few fucking court documents that explain Me. Evidently My name on anything is perfect camouflage in plain sight.

At least that is My perception. And the challenge is getting the law to recognize the Law, Me. Stupid mother fucking assholes. The only reason people notice a dollar is it reads "IN GOD WE TRUST" If it read God or GOD no one would be allowed to notice a dollar had value. Well that is Me irate at the misery of so many having so much, and they are vile to begin with. Some fucker who just started up his Ford 150 is leering at Me. I think My apparent literacy, writing in this little black book, made him think I might not have been the hooker he was looking for.

However it is I register with people, taking Me to be a fool, drunkard, or hooker, tops the list. Pony, I Am angry, there is no justice with flesh for Me. Israel, as in the wad of present day human flesh, has until August 15th to forward Me \$100,000.00 in Good Faith to move Me into the IDF. I replied by submitting an email to Aviv Kohalvi [He is the Senior Joint Chief equivalent for the IDF.] letting him know this was the only shot he was getting or I unleashed against Israel every fucking enemy and means of exposure possible to reduce that populous and its military to nothingness.

I had more diagrams, mystery of God revealed, and all that. But, it just escapes My mind at present to draw. My life in Corpus is just one Groundhog Day after another; only the fucker in Hollywood failed to provide Me the daily portion for piano lessons and meals out as well as daily accommodations. So Hollywood on American soil is over. The temple prostitutes do no have one lick of influence here any longer. Nor did they do the work of putting Me in the place of My getting, My love of a lifetime, for improving My person in arts and skills that appeal to class and quality.

While enduing these long days of fuck hole Texas, I learn that how I would have handled something would have provided a wonderful solution and still have accomplished Jehovah's kingdom. Evidently to divining filth like Milley he just had some humiliation dumped on him that was along overdue.

Like I would really know one way or another about Milley's receiving what he is due for his corruption. God almighty tells Me things, then I wait for evidence.

A 26CCRTA-B arrives. I Am now at Airline and McArdle across from Benjamin's. It is one of the many bric-a-brac looking businesses I have not ventured into since being here. I was forced out of the pool of intel in the divine by when I was eleven years old, summer 1982.

Roaches, that is Nanci Pelosi's take on people. I see it. The problem is she is unwilling to do anything but stuff her pockets. Me I have the job of extermination. For some reason, all the roaches she needs for her witch craft, evidently, so her husband and her have a comfortable life. They are old. They are near death. It cannot happen soon enough.

I Am angry, All I can do is look at the ugliness of those around Me and see Myself as a useless roach too.

I Am angry. I was being diverted out of the house so Mary could stage her shit with the CCPD. Last night in the Staples Street Walmart an officer, I think "J. Perez" was embroidered on his shirt, followed Me a short while with no real recognition of who I was. It is after three in the afternoon. I will get on the 29^{CCRTA-B} near Kohl's making My way back to Dody Street.

Pony, "Timmy" I love you.

August 9, 2022

The date I read off My day pass. According to the accompanied waif, sitting diagonally opposite Me on the 1012, 19^{CCRTA-B}, headed to Staples Street, it is a blessed day. These two are definitely out sleepwalking their night in the dirt. He asks his speaking in lips girl for a kiss. Three times perhaps, she capitulates. Okay, for him perhaps a blessed day.

Me I Am just glad he is willing to be a contented idiot, because the sun is obfuscated by some clouds. Three hundred yards away there are shadows. A woman, female, sits behind me, now. Her pink shirt is an anomaly and an affidavit of her being at the same time. The text in plethora of font artistry, the kind that might move about if one were dizzy reading it, read, 'F-Bomb mom, with tattoos, Pretty eyes, thick thighs.'" I waited after writing in some of what I remembered to turn and find an opportunity to ask her about her shirt. She chose to sit in the seat directly behind Me.

I took a moment and asked the mom whose twenty year old twins thought that an awesome Mother's day present. She loved being able to talk about what I called her conversation piece shirt.

What is more she spent \$38.00 on each twin sending them an equally impressive tee-shirt. Her shirts to her sons has Proverbial slogans. I Am certain that is not what she intended. One shirt ended with "Even the Devil, on my shoulder asks, 'WTF are you doing?'"

I made a transfer to the 17^{CCRTA-B} at Six Points. I Am headed down toward Southside. Some benighted idiot across from Me with a fishing pole is insistent, at least twice, in interacting with Me as I keep focussed away from him. He has My peripheral attention from My right side. He made something and wants Me to take it, leave it, or buy it, for a donation. Donation is his word. Corpus must have gotten a new shipment of drugs on the cheap yesterday.

The struggling are happy as shit making polite conversation blowing kisses to the world. This one with the fishing pole has proper shoes. The last one on the 19^{CCRTA-B} had plastic bags over his feet tied at his ankle. The fishing pole owner is making more of his straw weaving creation. At least he sits content to have Me keep ignoring him. I need to pee. Today I Am not in the same place of anger. I needed to learn yesterday that the way CCPD set up their slanders in the community against Me made My national security assignment and vindication as the Christ that much easier to fulfil.

I Am evidently moving about now with some big power. We head to breakfast. The overhead monitor reads "09:25 AM." The bus is traveling Carroll headed to SPID, the Carroll underpass. I crossed out My route direction because I was planning on boarding the 5CCRTA-B at Six Points. Instead I ran to enter the 17CCRTA-B that was parked on Alameda just in front of the 5CCRTA-B that was pulling in. We have a Herald article to write.

"Today's my birthday. I'm trying to make them with extra love." A new woman boarded the bus and brushed "Mr. Fishing Pole's" prop. "Would you like to make a donation for a palm cross?" Is his request.

Straw that could have been recycled off a dead palm frond beach hat, he is fashioning into a braided twist of a cross shape leaving a pile of discarded crap on the bus floor around him. At the very least he is still content to play with himself.

I love you Pony. I Am assured we have time soon to look forward to hand in hand. I cuddle with My silly stuffed toy pony through the night comforted in the way a child is comforted that they needed be afraid of the dark as they sleep. If I were at My fighting size that toy and I would be nearly the same volume.

Yesterday, learning about the magic behind the ark of the covenant's construction, I was living, learning, a broad perspective and different viewpoints from My own perspective on motives.

A righteous outcome My indeed happen. The righteous outcome may be do not spit when you talk. How does one achieve that? Swallow saliva pausing while speaking aloud with others. What is another way? Take away a persons saliva with dehydration. What accomplished the objective? Both means did. I take the first rout. Spirt that joined the rebellion, take the second or other rout but only if being forced to or forcing others.

What does flesh do? Takes what Spirit teaches and profits by it to benefit their flesh. I can lecture a great deal. but My means of providing for My self was witch-crafted away, and then those that owed simply wanted to murder Me rather than find a way to allow Me to live. With some things I Am required to learn the wicked perspective. Like My battle with the CCPD.

Some parts of what Markle has done and his reasoning I learn. It is about understanding, if nothing else, hell's construct and being able to endure a little longer Myself. When I understood how Markle was taking it on himself to get his police force to assure people, "Oh she is a liar and prostitute" in reference to Me. Then I realized, Oh, you mean he didn't even protect the lives of Janet or Stella as a servant of the people? Then I knew, wow, the hunt is really in My favour the way We at Team God are hooking that bastard on his own evil. Markle is setting his own hook and I will not meddle in how his own police force is struggling with his behaviour.

The pink shirted new woman giggled by the fishing pole is leaving the bus. I stay seated a little longer. The El Sol de Mexico restaurant I enter soon. It is at the corner of Everhart and Williams. Williams turns into Corona at Everhart. Mr. Fishing pole might be exiting too. I pulled the cord he started gathering together his crap in the seat next to him. The shit on the floor must be his offering. What do you know, he picked up some shit off the floor and threw it off the bus. The driver called, "Anybody getting off?" I left quickly. Mr. Fishing Pole remained. El Sol De Mexico waits.

It can keep waiting. Pony if you can endure My cooking We can save a ton. Be fit and have more time either diddling around at home, in the kitchen, too, or simply enjoying al fresco eats with Godly adventures in people watching and savings, avoiding eating out.

The food at Del Sol wasn't horrid by Texas standards. It's just like all restaurants anymore. A person sits, orders, and has not way even when they didn't intend to pay of receive anything extra spend seventy-five percent or more for their food than the price indicated. What is more the cashier counter had posted they gave a 2.75% discount for paying cash. I announced I was paying cash. She flatly refused to honour the discount, with a scoffing smile. The waitress pretended not to speak much English. And found ways to up charge Me. I didn't want coffee just water and she brought Me coffee anyway. She did not bring My tortillas that came with My meal, according to the restaurant menu, and still charged Me for a separate side of chips and salsa. The menu clearly states substitution was \$1.50 extra regardless of the substitution. Fajitas, the number fifteen, \$12.99, beef. There was no posted extra charge for the beef. Furthermore and the beef fit on a teaspoon, [No cue to the eater there should be an up-charge.] and the meat was dwarfed by the mixed vegetables. Ticket total, \$20.76. I was mentally prepared for \$17.00 to cover the compete service. At \$20.76 We could have eaten for two days on My cooking from scratch and been full.

I'm not angry. Not today. Just making My usual note of how expensive eating out is. And Texas food is poor quality in general. They should just say, come in, sit down, it costs you five dollars. You receive water, a greeting, and a menu. Then with an entrée some kind of appetiser, or beverage is easy to hide in the price of the meal and it is a much more hospitable dining experience. I still tipped \$4.00. So, nice of Me, given the price of My plate with all the up-charges. I never cheat the servers.

I have more than once gone in an establishment tipped upfront \$5.00 sat when the rush of breakfast of lunch was over and took advantage of an empty restaurant dinning room while making sure a server was given their sue for service and taking a table. Servers have said they appreciate that. They even keep My coffee cup full. Restaurant managers at chains it terrifies. It means the idolatry built into the wasteful practices of their kitchen management is counted against them.

Why does a donut shop content itself o not serving coffee or a coffee shop content itself on not serving a good donut or pastry? It is how the drink, grain, or other offering sacrifice as it were is delineated in the heavens. Dunken is hard pressed to be coffee and donut. A mediocre donut an d decent enough cup of coffee but absolutely no hospitality. The compartmentalising of physical discipline and food service means a bundle of waste in antichrists world.

I sat at Everhart. The 32CCRTA-B arrive. "10:49 AM" bus ticker time. the 905 bus will now do route 26CCRTA-B.

I wrote Israel, modern day U.N. debacle, the other day. I think I mentioned that earlier in this diary volume. The August 6, 2022 Herald posting talks about what is happening. Being the exclusive Christ, that was always, God Almighty's plan for His woman. Shepherding from the LORD is now available, because one obeyed so there was indeed a True God. We hate that name "Jehovah." The LORD knows his wicked creation calls Him a Dick.

Dick is who those on the wickedness play book serve. What a thing for Me to come full circle on learning. My question was, How did evil come into existence. The truth of Rebecca, there are twins at war within you. Living a day in the life of the true God, the obvious is sometimes all He has to teach His creation with. Now however, We have something wonderful to charge for. Mama ain't given nothing away. Well, giving God away is over. The wicked fuckers sis not even leave Him a gleanings. I Am pressed by standing at the South Side transit station. The busses have all left in a caravan. The 6CCRTA-B just rolled in. Eleven hours, one before noon day. The 26CCRTA-B just rolled in becoming the 32CCRTA-B. I'm sitting at the station. It is time to put some revenue stream together and here to go in the next moment remains uncommitted. I wait on the LORD. I love you Pony. I thought of North Beach. That is where I Am headed I boarded the 6CCRTA-B behind the driver getting back on his bus. There are only a few passengers. :at evening the final few minutes on the 32CCRTA-B and over the radio a presumably CCPD officer asked for driver cooperation and awareness that a 1038 would be staged answered at South Side Transit Station. The bus was on Weber near Barnes. I exited and walked back to Dody Street. Seventeen hundred hours, just about. It was still over ninety Fahrenheit degrees out, and the right time for Me to safely return home after Milley made clear I was doing My job when questioned.

We sit at the Ocean and Robert intersection .. I have four cigars, wrapped, that I will be adding to our day pack that I carry around with Me. The pack easily holds two laptops in protective sleeves, and has a decent enclosed zipper pouch to lay bills flat in, keep the keys secure, and purse loose change.

I will be glad for us to be sharing this pack, and our adventures. From My seat looking to My right, narrow roads empty into the gulf below the drainage crest of the cross streets xxx the gulf. Not much white chop. The birds are lazy and the tree tops are still.

Last night I trimmed the ends of My hair so as it grew out, it would lay flatter below the brim of My hat. My hair is now long enough to be unruly beside My ears t caps brim, but not long enough to tie back. Some kind of stocking or skull cap under My hat would keep My hair down.

My hair has the problem Mattel solved by giving Ken an all rubber head. What a prophesy in that toy, if one would wear a Trojan. Barbie's hair was a simple matter of make it long. That toy illustrates the horror of a shorn head in a female.

I clutch My pack to My chest to replace My pony cushion when I Am out. This time I lamented the centrefold did not linger on the ecstasy We have to look forward to once the Chaplain We have visited.

I had this idea, it was when Spirit was in a place of seeking answers to the Mystery of God

Almighty pinged off the wickedness of Berger and Milley. God Almighty said would speak, "If you think you will be skipping off and eloping together think again." Me I knew We were going to the law and nothing would stop that! Then I teared up with some kind of Cinderella notion of either Milley or Berger being present to give the bride away. What evil they had going down that prompted what God Almighty said, during Nineteenth Hole - Strokes of Genius, I will be able to pen. The obvious alternate was We were not going to meet at all.

I love you Pony. How filled with pleasure I Am thinking of you, My perfection, understanding I Am you perfection. May We perfect one another in our faith. That was Saint Paul's prayer. We head back to Dody Street now. I exit first downtown at the new garish mural at La Retama Park. It is a picture only wickedness would contract wickedness to paint. I met the three witches that painted this monstrosity of gross cartooning. I can't decide which blob of paint does them more credit of betraying the truth of what they are.

Truth, that is what these day's ahead are for all. Like lottery winnings making one who is an asshole more of an asshole. A beggar is more of a beggar, the killer is more of a killer. You want to change, I say to the world, you need Shepherding. I love you Pony.



Volume Seven

*The divine gift of endurance to fulfil one's manifest destiny. -
Bunny's August 9, 2022 opening sentiment.*

August 10, 2022

My dear Pony endure the "Timmy" reference please, just a little while longer. First there is the cry, "How long? How much longer until our blood is avenged?" Then it is a little while longer.

Pony, I begin with a mumsy anecdote. Mary chopped what she claimed was a copperhead snake that was mowed over by Able Valenzuela, or San Marcos Texas, who took over the construction project when Fred Garza finally had enough of needed to do according to contract. (Yes, I watched over the work being done and made home repairs when they were all done, including what the Jehovah's Witnesses volunteered to do for Mary as a needy widow when I was working in Houston.)

I found a family investment project in Umland Texas (It carelessly gets called Kyle.) The presence of copperheads is likely. Cottonmouth were in that neighbourhood but rattlesnakes were far more likely. Once the venomous snake was mowed over, the exposed muscle and torn skin might have made a certain identification unlikely. I doubt

she looked specifically for the rattle on the tail. The property met every requirement Mary ever claimed to demand or complain about not having. This takes in consideration the constant complaints about the A-Frame on the North Shore area, Pupukea subdivision, of Oahu that was exactly as she and My father had ordered on the vacant lot they purchased. Carl Reinhart was the builder according to her. I was not yet born. They moved in according to her the night of the first lunar walk.

The snake is significant. Her declaration and confession to Me was, "I am making people perceive you and believe about you, you are as undesirable as a venomous pit viper, and they will thank me, as Able did about the snake writhing snake from being under his blade, for my chopping up you putting you in bags as I did chopping the snakes head off with the shovel and scooped it into a plastic bag. I will toss you in the garbage in pieces."

Mary does perceive herself as the Christ and of course refuses to declare it. If she declared it she would be killed in mob violence. Spirit would stir up flesh to be sure a false Christ was murdered. One of those events in the past was recorded and became gospel. Mary has a freezer in her room to keep body parts in until she can put me out with three cycles of trash collection. Mary understands no human would look for Me. Every human, sans My military unit, is looking to murder Me. I Am not defenceless.

The Lord is the one that took the twisted generation that maps with Mary and morphed Jehovah into a horror of a being. The sun, was in a helpless mass. She filled up the LORD placeholder with every vile thing, abusing her daughter and parents. This put Me in a place of debt for going after being approved of by the Lamb. My God construct meant that Righteousness was what He loved and He hated what was bad.

The Lord was taken down that was one part of antichrist. Then I needed to go after learning and doing in obedience so who Mary was, a serial killer - among other things even the CCPD claims is illegal and professes as undesirable behaviour- could be made manifest before Heaven.

Until I was born, because of Satan being god of the world all Mary's prayers of heart were forged on the Lamb to uphold. This short time, since the Lamb's being released from purgatory, and then My being appointed sole Christ, My deeds in obedience, Mary was also required to dance to. She built the squander methodology, and one person was always in a place of being able to restore Jehovah so His kingdom could be established. The 1007 bus display reads "10:56 AM" I Am on My way on the 23CCRTA-B into Staples Street station.

Pony, the "Timmy" mystery is solved. I had it penned once about you Pony, being the genetics of the Spirit consciousness of "Timmy." "Timmy" physically was everything I described. Then Pony, I compared him to what I knew of you in vision.

Pony, Putin is somehow responsible, in some way for seeing to it I Am moved from America's soil, relocated to Moscow. I sit on the 29CCRTA-B. It is still before noonday here.

Pony, the Lord, picked you out. Jehovah is fulfilling our being brought together.

August 12, 2022

It is after noon. Pony, I looked up some things. One was s-o-m-b-r-e-r-o. That is what the incompetent who was making crosses on his birthday could have been recycling. Mary created a vile culture of bacteria from some sour cream in the kitchen fridge. She dumped it in My ready-to-go chocolate milk, I mix and sip on. I was a wizards duel, take one for the team, moment against My flesh. This morning We went out to put some pathogens in Me so My body wins and is stronger.

A shit storm is going on at Dody Street. I must have missed My opportunity at the 17CCRTA-B. What is up right now other than the temperature, I Am clueless.

August 15, 2022

Looking at the last line I wrote It is a relief and joy that My last day's were spent sequestered at Dody Street typing up My love note first volume to you, and working through clues to the puzzle when so obvious was the picture. I was so willing to say, "Chuck-it" As in, "I'm done so I burn this place, Dody Street, to the ground before I go?"

Arson is against the law of course, but so is littering and this morning an old bus pass left behind on the bus bench on Staples Street South, near Weber, on the down town bound side of the Street, a gust of wind pushed out of My fingers and chasing after that rubbish I did not do. I littered, technically.

Pony, I need you to forgive how I could not see how Me an American could end up in Russia to retrieve My Russian spouse and bring him back to Our home in America. Me of little faith. Well, let's just see how fast all progress now that what two nations divined to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom can be fulfilled.

The bus driver got irritated as Me when I insisted on using up My change card's first. A day pass is \$1.75. Go ahead call it expensive. I do. I wouldn't be if a day pass served a twenty-four hour period. It should be a buck fifty and serve twenty-four hours.

The automated bus announcement played, "Approaching Six Point's area." I was going to feed the machine the dollar in My hand first, but once I fed it the dollar if the driver decided to act on being the bitch she is, I would have been handed a one time non-refundable nor exchangeable with up charge to a day pass, ride ticket and another change card. That means bus riding today would have cost Me \$2.50 and the bitch would have loved, revelled in her, bitchiness, gloating over God Almighty and the Lamb how superior she was to them for being nasty to Me legally.

A passenger just gave up her seat to accommodate a wheel-chaired passenger. The driver demanded even another passenger give up a second wheelchair accommodating place. It was God Almighty that cued Me to wait on depositing the dollar; I waited, held it, used up the three twenty-five cent change cards, then dropped in the dollar. The difference is in the automated process and the drivers desire to take the dollar and not deal with My inserting the change cards, too, or give Me a day pass. She rebuked Me, My obedience to Jehovah, what an idiot.

Staples Street station is the next stop for this 29CCRTA-B. I Am not certain where I head next but I will have that direction when needed. It depends on the curses We catch as We

approach. I was checked out this AM by a CCPD "Supervisor" patrol while I was rounding Weber's street corner at the Staples Street intersecting walk on foot passing the taco stand to wait for the bus. I then crossed the street to take the opposite bound 29CCRTA-B, to arrive at Staples Street Station.

I'm on the 21CCRTA-B. It is the 717 bus that generally does the 27CCRTA-B route.

In volume two I wrote a note about Trump. A word is at this time illegible to Me. I Am assured I will be able to decipher it. Today for the first time I feel like a whole person.

The driver of this bus is in training. My cheeks are not clinched together nor My fists in anticipation of terror. I get off. Habitat for Humanity stop Comanche and Coke as the boarder is vile. We will miss each other. Habitat for Humanities re-Store is closed. what needed to happen was I not linger at Staples Street Station and not pick up the 27CCRTA-B from Staples Street Station and not pick up the 27CCRTA-B from Staples Street Station, its point of beginning.

Because of the construction, reconstruction, on Leopard, the route 27CCRTA-B is diverted to cover part of the 21CCRTA-B route. I sit on the downtown side, to be in the shade, But I need to hop-up quick when the 27CCRTA-B that will be making its way to Robstown and returning through here in just a few minutes. I watched My anticipated bus travel past to Staples Street Station as I was walking back from the Habitat for Humanity door.

Insignificant bits to write about. But bits of observation that mean clarity or confusion to one who is not here but learning the miles I have traveled.

Clues are posted with the hours out and about of how long I spend jostling around and sitting in the heat and then the sprints in between stops to have the kind of timing I prefer, which is arrive, look, and there she is, the bus to catch to the next direction. Sometimes perfect timing means I Am at a stop to engage a specific asshole in dialogue, or simply let them do the ever popular stand-by, "Oh I know I am more righteous than you act." That act comes from their corrupted heart and sin is one hell of a master that perverts even good deeds mapping them to bad motives because a bad motive is what sin needs to do a "good" deed.

Corpus experienced soaking rain over yesterday's duration. it is still ninety degrees out and most of yesterday it was well over eighty even while rain drops fell in the streets. I boarded the 28CCRTA-B. It passes through here, on detour route as well. I is a short bus headed to Navigation Road traveling Up River Road. The 27CCRTA-B still has not been by. How far I ride I Am not certain yet. I Am reminded of My aversion of taking a spouse from someone else's nation.

Years ago I met a Jehovah's Witness who was certain she was going to lead Me back to the "truth" and caring for My mother properly. Living near San Marcos at the time in Umland right at the time Foxy died. [My mare. Foxy was her barn nick name.] My tragedy was her perfect timing event to "befriend" me. She had married an Eastern European named Vladimir. She called him "Vlad," and met him while going to an assembly in Ukraine.

My opinion was she did a predatory deed against the happily ever after due a Ukrainian female looking for her prince charming. A spouse from Jehovah in the Jehovah's Witnesses religion.

Miss America traveled, got her male and moved him back to America to live in squaller. He spoke English weakly and was out of place as a provider in this country. But he did provide what he could honourably. She was plenty capable of employment but threw work away to be a shinning star of the congregation, a pioneer. What happened with her? she couldn't get dick nor someone to flip the bill for her life without prostituting herself and that meant she could not be a good standing Jehovah's Witness without a double life. The males in that religion of her age are so gross in their bachelorhood even she was not settling for one of them. So she went to Eastern Europe to an assembly, a social star for supporting the persecuted brother hood, [Support presumably by being an extra body in a seat with a smile.] and brought back her male to the land of the free. Fuck you whore!

Their couple lifestyle, in a run-down-rental house in San Marcos, was Lord approved for the standard of not being obsessed with the things of this world. It is the same cult crap that is flat our against the blessing of worshipping the LORD when the LORD has not been morphed by flesh going after sin's rewards in their worship. This does merit a Herald article.

The way he was underutilised and the way they lived, to Me, meant he was clearly being exploited. He was the bread winner and she obviously didn't even know how to prepare food to feed them they could afford.

I learned to cook from scratch and feed two people two protein meals, hot, each day on forty dollars a week feeding My mother and I seven days a week, I still at twenty with these skills was not in the pool for a spouse in that religion.

This bitch served warmed over restaurant leftovers from the previous night. On the tinny pay he earned, why the fuck were they eating out? She was not a home maker.

He was younger than her too, so that helped her push her weight around I Am sure. She complained about not getting along well with her father. I Am not surprised. He must have told her no. Her mother could not control her teen rebellion and she, Miss America, was raised in the "truth."

From My perception of taking spouses from other countries, unless I was moving permanently to his shore, How was I to say, "I have a young beautiful Russian who will be returning with Me to America." My refusal to process the idea was out of distain for trafficking and stealing good, marriage can bring, to the people in a nation who have reason to be there to begin with.

I certainly am exonerated of all forms of prejudice as long as My sex semaphore list is satisfied. The problem with black male is black males are feminine. That is a period. black females are masculine. That is a period. It is what Spirit built. A male with hair on his back is feminine.

Without Me being in a place to offer a good living for both of us, how could I possibly take a person from where they can do so much for another in their own home land.

A county marshal patrol is behind Me in the parking lot of Villa and Leopard, or was when i sat down at the stop. I will take the 27CCRTA-B out to Robstown when it arrives. I made a loaf of bread last night in Our bread machine. My best flavoured loaf yet. A genuine crusty with soft white interior French bread. Through marriage evidently the two super powers get a boost, kinda.

I wrote that thinking of how much of a military force the world over it takes to wipe out population in Holy warfare which is what is happening in urban areas under My command. I require fifty-thousand to heal North America's soil. What I did some unpleasant miles over after writing the "boost" remark as if positive. The two nations witch crafted over Me to destroy one another from the inside. The United States to destroy Russia the Russians to destroy the United States and the Queen would be saved with much new lands for her realm. Bitch you were required to wipe out Africa and India. You useless trash. Fuck you Queeny of England. Let your puking sons suck on that.

Pony, We get our back pay for My ten years as Brigadier General and with My promotion, Lieutenant General, in July, I Am thinking We should shop for a boat, at some point. Because CCPD or a benefactor for the City of Corpus Christi is paying that \$485,000.00 owed.

A handle bar moustached littering male of Mexican decent, just dropped his Kleenex rubbish on the bus floor after he watched Me pick up a banana peel and produce grocery bag refuse pair from the bus seat in front of his rear corner situation. I masked up with a bus provided face cover and used the mask bag to stuff, compacting, the refuse on the remaining bus seat so I could sit with relative comfort in this crowded route out Leopard. Boo yah! I just dealt with another cursing asshole and I have spoken with him cordially months before. I greeted him before sitting. Then he raised his hands with Kleenex loosely in his fingers and with the gestures of a flautist he dumped the tissue watching it descend to his toes. And by the next stop was standing at the side rear door to exit.

I Am starting to feel a little hunger and I didn't even look over My shoulder to notice the Marshal's being parked while I boarded this bus. It is time for a few calories. "Q Productions" is in front of Me. The bus stopped for a moment. The flautist left the bus at the next available stop from My sitting down.

A male and female couple took the flautists seat. They were evidently of the sin feed queued to deliver Me a new round of, "This is our town" grief. The dude in the duo was intoxicated. First he put his feet up putting the souls of his feet in

contact with My hip. They were both petite; compared to Me. Next he attempted to elbow My hat off My head whilst stumbling up to the front of the bus as it traveled. He used the surrounding grab bars and handles proximal to My head to make his clumsy departure. No, he did not stumble like that when they took the seat. Quick and deft into position and then the act started. He returned with his mask and the female kept apologising for him, "Sorry mama." I assured her without flinching or offering My hand for assistance, that he needs space for his condition to wear off is understandable.

She had a quails egg protrusion on her right brow near her temple that was still red. Ah, the next generation. To make conversation she said she loved My hat. "The design was cute." I thanked her without hiding that "cute" made Me laugh and told her, "I don't think the Marine Corps would call it "cute"" but I appreciated the positive acknowledgement and would take it with Me as a complement. Then I told her with quite gestures and a joke most of the time I walk around town just hoping people notice the bird whilst I shared the obvious gesture from My right hand without much enthusiasm, as if I was waving to a large audience seated away from her. As I exited the bus she said, "Ggod bless you mama." loudly. I interpreted God as her meaning directed at Me. That is My office. And said proudly, "He always does." I waved all five with smiles as I exited the bus at H-E-B out Leopard at Calallen. I just left Fantasy Island.

mac's journal does not mention that dynamic duo. After the flautist that mac referenced as a Mexican, boring, in her love letter to Pony, she continued writing from his bus exit.

We are now approaching "Norte Camino Padre Island." I watched the highway extend in front of My view as the bus traveled across it. Frame of reference matters in understanding who is moving. The rear of the busses have facing seating forming an alley to the back row maximising the rear wheel wells. I Am on the drivers side facing the passenger exiting side of the bus.

I need to draw a little bit of breath, and break from writing observations around Me. I love you Pony, and all of Me gets to enjoy this now. I will pester God Almighty more with the obvious reminders. We need our \$485,000.00 from CCPD. What do I do next? Because in My mind, those are funds I can take a vacation to Moscow, even to Saint Petersburg on. And the Kaliningrad Oblast is inviting even from My Apple maps app.

The centrefold is still a few pages away. I wonder how clean I can keep it?

I fortified Myself with a few to go calories from H-E-B on Leopard. Cottage cheese and a bag of potato chips. The convenience store available food pairing, is a mumsy thing, as it were, the chips serve as a utensil. Lunch alfresco made awesome with a picnic the spiders ignore. The bus top on Leopard seating assignment is just bonus. I will take the 12CCRTA-B to the 37CCRTA-B once the 27CCRTA-B gets Me back down to the exit.

I did not sit a the stop long enough to observe the ants forming a noticeable duty assignment to retrieve the chip I flung, without awareness of My fingertips

movement. A second bus passenger arrived. He was obviously proving he did not need to sit next to Me. It must have been the curds and whey. Joe, the chihuahua who was going after a doberman, waltzed by. "Hey, girl." Apparently he has inventory out Leonard to fund his lifestyle with he needs to watch over. At least one in Walgreens and another in H-E-B.

He needed to test Me even further the following morning when I bussed from the Port and Ayers, station, to some other horrid Corpus sidewalk place. There were ants there too, I Am sure. Perhaps that sidewalk ant colony held slaves I needed to learn from the ant over. Those that live in the "Colony" subdivisions in America certainly understand how to enslave those a the "Place."

Today, evidently, I Am out for some hours, that is the plan, giving Mary opportunity to be even more shitty. From her perspective I have done all the things necessary, she has divined, for her to bring the law down on Me for at least slandering and "honest" woman, her.

Because you see, I told people the truth about her murdering her mother and My bing the Christ. To her My saying anything like that is the lie that will get Me murdered by a mob so he does not have to do the dirty work. She calls it karma. She just does not like to call it karma. Perhaps, justice, is her word.

God Almighty kept begging of the colony, help what is mine in her place. They kept divining even more gifts for themselves until there was nothing to do but wipe them out because all the divinations of the shitty little gods needed to be made true. The is let Trump be found true over Obama and Obama be found true over Trump, by both of them dying by means of their divination. Even Trump is a god under the let god be found true though every man a liar clause of divinity. To make the divinations of the world easier to understand, all the shitty little gods are forced into the duels they demanded. They must to be forced into their words being true, just like Satan.

It won't work that way. I understand she will be shocked that I returned to the house this evening. What a sentence. I Am writing in the present tense the prophesy of the evening to come. Shocked being past. What is nice is twenty dollars will be for Me to pick up in the morning for whatever the day brings.

Each day I attempt to save a portion for the next day. That twenty bucks isn't mana. It is currency. It won't rot because I keep it and it is not a divine gift. It is My hard fought for estate that I keep peace with Mary over by taking it and walking away each day. So far I have in surplus over one hundred dollars accrued since mid July. No postage for the time being is nice savings. Thankfully I Am not required to entertain General Berger or the navy with any more birthday cards. My cookie jar analogy would be good to include here. I

will save that for a Herald article. Five nations have that analogy from their surveillance efforts and the public can wait a little longer.

I'm after an extended vacation in Russia traveling with two cats. The CCPD owes \$485,000.00 and I will send them another notice copying relevant signatories of the city with notice soon of their delinquency.

What a letter from My official office as Pentagon High Priest on official stationary. General Berger will be hearing from Leach's attorneys at Greyhound I Am sure. Leach will be parting with the \$1,000,000.00 he owes the Jesus H. Christ operation fund.

I will send out our advertisements for emergency management agencies to learn how the Pentagon has their back in times of genuine distress, because the Department of Homeland Security is defunct. Bush, you mother fucking piece-of-shit.

The only agent that does not get to hatch their glory days divinations is the Pentagon. They do not get to be a phoenix. They never get to be ashes. Though they have been set on fire by so many, I Am preventing their incineration. It still burns a little to be in My saving glory. I have this presentation slated for a two day seminar for state preparedness based on available infrastructure, industry presence, geographic advantages, and population demographics. State's will pay the Pentagon, Jesus H. Christ fund, \$2,000,000.00 for this presentation. Each attendee will walk away knowing, they have nothing to worry about. The heads up delivered from My mouth is peace of mind. My only question is, what will the governor of Texas wear? A rhetorical device.

I Am the Pentagon's God and it is My word that endures forever. So when the Pentagon hits the ashes it is when the earth is following Me in peace. Not one, accepted My peace when I offered. The Pentagon is forced to stand. For the time being.

I sat eating My curds and whey whilst the ants looked for food at My feet unaware of the two legged spider that sat down beside her.

The yokle Joe [Yokle is someone who will buy anything with varnish on it, in this context. As opposed to the California slang, yocal, friendly village greeter local.] as he named himself, waved to Me as I sat having My luncheon at the 27CCRTA-B stop, with a nice awning of shade. There is even a trash can.

August 16, 2022

It is past breakfast time. Steak and eggs special. I didn't realize the tortillas were extra. What fucking planet am I on? I mean to Me, if a waitress offers when a meal is ordered it is because that is what comes with the meal. Otherwise you say, for x you can have either homemade or corn tortillas.

On Joe, you like John, will meet My Pony. Ass holes.

What was this mornings sea shanty? Ah, "I saw the light I was baptised by the fire in your eye and the flame in your touch." da da da da da "I'm a brand new man."

I Am on the 37CCRTA-B. Apparently that chihuahua needed to test the bite on the doberman. He just earned that insight in earnest. So in due time that pile of shit will experience My flame the way Aviv was threatened. No, promised.

Is not making wishes come true a happy ending when one loves the battle and salivates during the hunt. Picking up skulls, eh, it will get old watching them roll I'm certain. King David envies My fulfilling his prayers of heart.

*Amazing Grace plays on the pipes. How old an invention. Grace. All the ways humanity has lost healing, communication, and touch. Some invention had been made. Why does a telephone get invented? There is no long distance knowledge of ones family. After **Big Bang** with Wolowitz getting his weaner "caught" in the robot, oh, then there was the tested robot lips. Making out with Koothrappali was an obvious writers outlet for laughter and prophesy. With masks, the virtual kiss - I mean a robot mask with contoured video screen. Someone has to have invented that already. What a hygienic solution and when one cries they can look like they are smiling. Because when you smile the whole world smiles with you.*

Those lips, stimulation and reward without exchanging DNA. Certainly that isn't classified as fornication, saith the geeks. The sad reality, well My perspective, is two married people might need technology tike that to avoid fornication, because of the rewards needed for how affected so many are by artificial, automated, stimulus.

Those fuckers, junked our Ram. Some Hare Krishna want-to-be is attempting to pad My stern. I Am thankful for the garments he has concealing himself. A robe though, okay some obvious attire appropriate for his divinations would be good humour. What is the problem? I will probably run into that toga draped Lord beleaguered disciple of hells virtues. I spent nearly an hour figuring out My chicken scratch was w-a-n-t-e-d back in a volume two discussion of Trump.

Other times I wonder how did I write the same word in tow places with two different tenses leaving no meaning for the reader; even Me, to follow. That also was back in volume two.

The stern padder remains at South Side Transit Station. I boarded the 26CCRTA-B. A driver is in training. His look favours the neighbour Steve who married Tina who became known as a blonde, Chris to "keep" her male, evidently. Whatever they have going on, I don't think monogamy is an issue. She, they, refuse to call Me by name. I will let you size them up Pony. The other neighbours I have met outside of Janet, Chip Cooper, and Stella (every one in the military has had her in his face.) are worthy of that much of My paper and ink. They have value in hell. So some ink I can spare for the sake of the work they will do in the first borns creation kingdom.

I wrote about trust. I spoke about treating everyone the same. I keep a steady helm in all kinds of waters. It is more like being all things to all people to prevent My capsizal. Right now with surveillance, a good cry, no. Those things are stifled.

I have mentioned I don't let My enemies know they have hurt Me. It is like that StarTrek episode where illusion was all the big brained people had to protect the entrance to their cave from Kirks party blasting it with lasers that have no physical demands of the user. Kirks mentor was being allowed to live out his happily ever after with his muse, and colony building spouse. There was no way an Adam and Eve spin off was going to work.

That is what as known as not looking like you are fasting, when you are fasting. The Holiness of things is what humanity gravitates to for salvation, and the illustrations are manifold when revealing God Almighty.

I have this outstanding concern. What has become of command that, a Stella has a job at the Pentagon, because Berger is blind to his dancing around her to keep his job.

Why she keeps him, looking "good", wink wink nod nod on the world stage because she knows where all the i's are dotted and the t's are crossed. That Berger knows where a body is buried, big fucking deal. When does General Berger, and all the Bergers realize how crippled they are? One word of direction, "micro-managing" those wonderful Stellas, and the Bergers careers would be assassinated. They already fucked over their marriages.

Bull fucking shit! Stellas do not have room to flinch in this High Priest's Pentagon.

As long as Stellas are undisciplined, My office is mobile. I Am changing the conduct to fire all the Stellas. I Am getting rid of all their benefits. They can die protecting their computers during civil war, an early version. Call it a minor fulfilment. Xi and Putin have work to do. I need the Stellas in the ground. I would rather have a fixed office too.

Death to Stella!

Long Live Berger!

mac turns the page of her journal. General Berger made the centrefold.

The battle is the battle. It certainly is not friendly fire in both directions. It is simply learning where the lines in the sand are, to drop the bone and move on. A soldier has value. Explosives have value.

I contemplated on what a marvel, and an obvious one, that the human mind. God Almighty is wired through for a human to have infinite memory. This also allows the past to be put in the past to forgive.

There are twins at war within you. The older will serve the younger. All I can do is paraphrase at this moment appreciating in awe how much technology from God Almighty souls have lost for not knowing him. To write a passage as Moses did, so broadly and specifically at the same time is Majesty of thought.

Pony, I drew a diagram, hell model, if you will, that looks a bit like a sacrifice plate in a volume of fluid. When the plate is charged the positive is attracted to the negative and the volume is dynamic. When a molecule is stuck to the plate it has no awareness of

being. It does not feel what the other detached bodies are experiencing during the dynamic flow. Think of the USS Lexington hulls preservation methodology.

As the bodies, individuals, move away from the centre, want individually to be noticed, guess what, they are. It is mean - hell. It is also life as spirit in the heavens. It is forever, too.

Can't you see how Trump loves every form of publicity? The punishment of some for his antics, a few people don't like him. It goes with, "Hey, I'm doing something wrong if everyone likes Me." In so many ways Pony, I Am writing the remainder of this volume for General Berger and the three other olives.

The fourth olive is "Timmy." The flesh who I did a from memory portrait of. The Russian is related to "Timmy's" spirit conciseness. When the Russian soldier is born again, He and I will be a team in matrimony. Where marriages of record are concerned "Navy Nurse" and Me will have longer than Abraham and Sara less time than Adam and Eve. We will be setting some new records for modern man.

How does a populous exist that will serve, let us call it a totem pole, god, in the middle of mac's hell model? These are people that need obedience. It does not matter whether they serve Satan or mac. What do they have? Poof of obedience as flesh to their god. This is why mac must be all things to all people. She is the one that tests their obedience in the flesh whilst God Jehovah is made true and working with humanity from the date of posting the three hundred sixty four day times three benchmark. The obedient are in that Borg with all other souls doing the work of creation. This is why protecting what the first born decided was due makes Righteousness happen. What is the reverse horror? That unless a crowd is throwing tomatoes on the carousel riders in hell, none are willing to ride the inside, unless of course they are paid. What is the operator paid? Worship.

Flesh designates the grand seat so, because of eyes admiration of others paying to be a rider. What is the perversion of England? Their model of freedom means hell in the extreme for Trump with his trumpites following him to the edge of the carousel with no observers at the carnival allowed to throw tomatoes. That went out with vaudevillian theatre.

What was the problem? This system of Trump demanding worship, powering imbalanced scales, shut down the life of one, the Lamb. You go to hell for that shit stupid.

I love you Pony.

Pony, I have these moments of observing the simple peasants going about their lives. The reasons they utter, "I am blessed," or "we are blessed," and the topper, "Ggod is Ggood" [One "G" is silent.] is literally about acknowledging chance, as in luck. They do not say, "Yes, I worked my ass off, timed my day, and planned then succeeded," but rather, "Oh, the mystic greatness of the Lord, I made it to the bus just in time" or "There are clouds in the sky today, gGod is gGood." It is about appreciating the change events that have nothing to do with their own endeavour. Catching this pair-o-dice

understanding was no easy endeavour because My thankfulness is, I endured to appreciate where I was placed next to unravel yet more of God Almighty's Mystery.

Then of course there is the old stand-by, "Things happen for a reason." No, analysing was it good or bad not part of the process. "Just enjoy what comes." I met Annette F. of Ol'Steakhouse. Congenial contentment to be certain. It would be nice if she stopped following Trump.

God is Good for all the chance shit a person does not control themselves to be a part of. That is how Jehovah's kingdom is illustrated best by God Almighty as a pair-o-dice. It is the chance encounter that favours or teaches, hard lessons, life's a bitch. sometimes that they deliver praises and prayers. Biblical Israel laboured to be free of Pharaoh, if indeed Pharaoh decided to destroy the LORD's, Jehovah's people. Is Jehovah a modern naming convention. Yes, assholes since about Martin Luther. I wrote about this.

Moses was the agent that orchestrated the LORD's timing on the peoples endeavours. think of that rod of his as the power to concentrate the Ggods in unison on a singular objective. The key? The people are focussed on the objective, too.

Pony, being in a fish bowl I know We will definitely learn to capitalise on.

mac switches her address to "Old School" the human who did such perverse divinations against her and Pony. "Old School's" former Spirit consciousness is manifest by the genetics, flesh of "Navy Nurse." mac still had to deal with "Old School" in spirit as the asshole he physically is that she met at Starbuck's on Orange Avenue too, twice.

We of course have things to resolve between us.

mac continued her journal writing out her anger over what she understood were "Old School's" reasons for deception.

You forced pornography across the metaphysical world to violate the Ark of God Almighty. At the time of writing, the seriousness of what you did, is because We formed a married union. I was in the place of slavery. You were the free nigger forcing your enslaved spouse into prostitution with spirit with Me fighting to hold onto being united to one person who would honour Me in matrimony under law when God Almighty could bring us together. You violated My vanity and My humanity. Those things said, this was written from the perspective that, "Old School" was indeed My spouse. The reality he was a Spirit trafficker in sex against humanity.

I understood "Old School" to be the one who actually intended to honour Me in matrimony and reasoned he hid his identity because I was too corrupt to see beauty in him for who I saw in him as a person. In other words I needed some sick porno fantasy to pay sexual due to My spouse. That is wrong on every level! That accusation is criminal. This is why caring for one another's vanity matters.

To My Pony I better be the hottest Bunny he ever sees not because he is blind but because I care for My physical gifts, what turns him on, and fix My flaws, the things that make Me hate being alive.

The worst is the accusation that you, "Old School" I would not have loved madly for you. Crazy drunk, you are the only one ever, like a tween [This is 2000's after all.] who is discovering, wow I want orgasm all the time because you are my first with the hope there is no need for another. Of course, that no need for another goes quick.

There is no good, even Good, way to explain the grieving a Cyrano de'Bergerac with genital stimulation does to hurt one who took a few years to understand, it was you, "Old School" who wanted Me to believe you were someone else. That moment of education hit this afternoon "Old School." You and Pentagon command arranged your divinations to hold onto what was against life, that is for Jehovah to deal with. There is nothing on My part to shield or protect you from the consequences to your life and command this wickedness brings.

I write now "old School" Spirit and many of humanity answer for who I Am even against their own desires. Everyone wants to treat Me like a prostitute and you, you did more than condone that, you built a spirit network for that. Being in the navy, you can scarcely be held accountable by your peers. Me, I Am a slave. I Am also honest. Death or you joining your genitals into contact with another person ends our married union. God Almighty's preference is death. Mine, because if for no reason other than you could not make room to believe another, is I must honour our union and demonstrate amour before creation and most importantly the Lamb. This marriage and My depth of affection for you must be proved. That I love you for you. Seeking your face and body for pleasure and comfort. You determined I would only love a beautiful, young, blonde with light eyes. God Almighty must have made clear, no, only male.

Die after years of together under law or now. There extortion isn't that nice motive for marriage? "Old School" I give you this, I can last years without time together. Never and I mean never, in physical company with one another. Jehovah's kingdom is what is happening now. If for Me the greatest means of contributing to kingdom fulfilment is to be back in the USSR, because that is how lucky I are, I will be there. You can keep grabbing your weaner and I will grab My clit and We need never experience one another in anything other than vision through l-o-v-e-LINK faithful to that precious spirt union. I Am not a blonde, My eyes are hazel not blue. Yep, in peak form, and I will be there soon, I have a Barbie Doll figure and still press the weight posted in the Sex Semaphore article. It is on you now "Old School" and General Berger can decide even if it serves his command for you to get you hands on this letter.

Jehovah's kingdom is what is happening now. And I still wish you a long life regardless "Old School." I have been prepared to never have the privilege of your company. In your opinion that just might be the best case scenario. Understand this, My perspective is that God Almighty, with the Sun, Jehovah, make it clear with, I shall prove to be who I shall prove to be, prepared Me to endure and thrive under My worst case scenario perspective. Worst case for Me, never be honoured as a human being with the pleasure of a human who enjoys My physical company.

We have assets to our favour, that would be what I have held onto, but the law grants you nothing. Don't worry I was a bag of bones in February when you last saw Me and I wouldn't even ask Kerry Par for a cup of coffee. This is My way of telling you, your pay checks are safe from Me.

I do well marketing and moving about town by bus or on foot. No, I would never hit you up for an automobile. As far as wardrobe, when what I have wears out, I can pick up clothes off the sidewalk and restore them by washing and mending and still be modestly dressed. Milley does not like Me picking up coins, so I now leave them behind on the street. Perhaps another will be able to say, "God is Good" because I left behind a nickel and they were not too proud to pick it up.

I have a passport. I can take care of affairs and leave My home for a while. That is actually the plan. The good I can accomplish for others whilst Pentagon command decides the next way they can be even dirtier. Then I can return and clean up what remains.

I would never have nor do I now even think you "Old School" to be the shit Terry is, a murderer. Just someone who gambled and perhaps won what he needed, safe time with his own dick and the masturbation is just a little more fulfilling since you can come twice with minutes long orgasm. I can ride that side of the relationship too. I know what it is to be raped using a foreign object. FYI it took Me hours to achieve an orgasm on My own when I masturbated, I simply didn't like it. How could you now look Me in the eyes and ever know for certain, you for you, where what rocked My world. That isn't even required long distance. I would like to make the distance greater. Jehovah's kingdom is happening. I would sing a country song for this moment but all I can think of is America the Beautiful. I do not know the lyrics to Star Spangled Banner.

In less than ten years, I lay waste to Texas. It will be an act of mercy for this fuck hole to experience My Holy warfare campaign. I have a prayer to offer My God. I need an army. I haven't been on My knees in worship in some time. The last time I was on My knees in prayer I was forced to pray for a wife. It was an hour of tears and screaming prayer over the horror of taking a spouse after Ted's death. I ended up just asking that God Almighty use Me as He needed to for His will to be accomplished. I wrote Sex Semaphore shortly there after. God Almighty pressed Me to be direct in My dialogue, "Trust Me" He said, "This will protect you." Wouldn't ya know it, blonde and blue eyes never made My list.

Buttercup, one of our two cats, that you need never worry about taking to the vet, is blonde and blue eyed. Wesley has light blue eyes, but is like be Me in being grey to brunette. There is a picture of Me still posted on the website. CCPD has video of Me, heavy, extracted from My own back yard, and in the squad car. I wouldn't want to be married to that either. I was in handcuffs. No, bondage would push Me past a boundary that like annal sex is not allowed to be crossed.

Mary left Me a gift of a beach towel on My door knob today. I think the important component of her "gift" is the cardboard hanger. I deal with her as I can make room for her bullshit in My schedule each day. I'd simply like to close this now and be done with

all of it. But the sex is good, what we have of it. At least good enough for distance. It is a marriage. Fornication or death ends it.

I won't deny you, nor will you receive any requests from Me for support. For Me to carry you out of the prison you are in, We would need to be together under lawful matrimony. Rest assured I have strong shoulders to carry a burden, and I don't fuck with chain of command. It is true I out rank you. Soldiers are valuable. What gets you out of bed so Jehovah's kingdom can be fulfilled works for Me. If you are kept in your bed and in ill health it is because you went after fornication. You stupid bastard. I have never even cost you a single flower nor a dollar store box of chocolates. So are you getting your worth out of this relationship? Did you get the revenge in you needed to take out against God Almighty because you didn't get off free and clear for fornication in a previous marriage?

What motivated your witch crafting designs "Old School" I don't know. I have not inquired of the LORD, and unless your particular motive is necessary for Me to understand so Jehovah's kingdom can be fulfilled I will remain unaware. I would have never assumed on purpose an individual wanted to wear a mask nor have even gotten away with such a thing for sexual congress. But you exercised great power over Spirit to wield perversions even Cupid would use restraint over. The clues fit together now. Perhaps one of the places you hold a passport, polygamy is legal and you have another spouse under law. If this is the case We will never experience one another again and I will still be protected from being poached. In other words when you die, matrimony will be an option for Me and I still would not wish your early death. I would rather live abstinent, than deal with knowing another sexually ever. Nor ever being exposed to even considering dating as an option. What I Am in the queue to enjoy in a physical way, as in what wants to look at Me, I do not want to even consider being forced to look at. Fornication against your other marriage, and you will get caught, even by her assuming her on my part, then on grounds of adultery I Am free to marry. Do Me a favour refrain for fornicating at least a decade. That gives Me a good head start on building My army under the protection and decency of being honestly able to reject everything because I have a spouse. Then We at Team God get to see how really persistent in their filth so many of antichrist's children are because they go after forcing prostitution on Me harder. Marriage means nothing to so many. And couples prostitute their own spouses. The is the garbage that gets a drop off view in the abyss, too.

Ah, the hunt is on.

Regardless I won. I can endure My worst case scenario. I have the protection of l-o-v-e-LINK until you do even more of your act. Do Me a favour, for the sake of the good orgasm at least, that you enjoyed this morning, do not fornicate. Stay faithful to who you are married to under law and teach her. Me, I Am good to go on total abstinence with protection from God Almighty that Spirit rape is over. I need fifty thousand troops. In less than ten years I sack Texas. What can I enjoy? Never and I mean never in all your remaining years touching Myself for pleasure, and I like being frugal with toilet products. Touching the ark meant death. How you violated others is a matter of prayer between Me and My God. For them, for how they were exploited, [My guess is the collaboration was thick as mud.] My thought, I will handle on My part prayerfully. General Berger I would

like to preserve, if possible. That is My moral obligation. Do Me a favour, for at least ten years, honour your marriage, teach her l-o-v-e-LINK.

Me I have been prepared since reading about the marriage anomaly between David, Biblical king and Saul's daughter, who hated him when the ark he brought home to have a spouse and no marriage. What was lost by Ted's death I will most likely grieve a little more. If not for the soul who died in want of resurrection, the loss and wait that Spirit is enduring as well. Do Me a favour don't fornicate. Let Me have ten years of this protection. Would you like a financial settlement to refrain form fornicating? It does not need to be a favour. Think of it as a savings account to aid in your retirement planning. If nothing else the Dody Street house is paid for and while yes, I sack Texas in less than ten years there will be a means for you to protect your household. So signing this deed over to you I can do in ten years for you not fornicating.

How foolish of Me to ask a favour of a United States soldier. Thank you for your service sir



Still ninety degrees and it is evening.

August 19, 2022

The 1022, I have not seen this bus yet. I spent My morning getting people to be obedient to their god. The United States Military built Jehovah into the god he was. I made Him the God He Is. Pony, "Good Sex" the August 18, 2022 note that matters for l-o-v-e-LINK.

The obedience required is why I drag that useless woman of a military along with Me. This is why caveman cartoons of pony-tail dragged women had power. I Am the only way they have to worship their big dick.

Let us call it a totem pole for the sake of the pagans that taught themselves a thing or two learning from their Sprit patriarchs dancing in unison around the pole.

Modern man is dumber than homo-erectus. That is why Jim Carry was so funny to young males of his generation. Now the godliness of Dumb and Dummer is published. It has outlived its utility.

My spouse in union with the LORD is "Timmy." Until the fifteenth He and I could not have one thing to do with one another through the LORD until the divinations of "Old School" and mumsy were complete. "Old School" is a mega fucker. The horror of "Old School" was he created a demonism pipeline bigger than a three way global synchronised fucker masturbation dance. "Old School" demanded mac participate. She had to have a spouse, in the LORD, flesh for that inclusion to happen and even then she resisted plenty. So did Pony.