

# "Wait for It"

## Or, Squeeze Your (Own) Bunny

---

*October 13, 2022 and March 16, 2023*

**B**eing God Almighty's Woman, of course someone was divining his way into her arms.

"How do I get her to look this way?" Pony asks of the LORD.

mac sat at the table row in front of the first southwest window of Virginia's Fishing Pier restaurant serving the Chesapeake Bay between the naval and joint expeditionary bases. Pony entered with his team mates, and he sat in the window-wall row of tables land side. Pony was watching over mac seated facing him at the adjacent table row. mac with her nose directed in her MacBook pretended to be numb to the newly seated mariners.

It was the early bird hour for dinner when mac arrived, and the bar started to fill up with groups arriving for tables after Her supping. It was late summer. By eighteen-hundred mac knew a one-some needed to make room for groups filing in, and She was being directed to leave by the LORD after admiring, carefully, Pony.

"Wait for it." Came the LORD'S answer to Pony's prayer to meet mac.

Stepping away to the entrance, mac -- distracted by gazing at Pony -- walked straight into the knee-high-sandwich-board-menu focal point with only two casual steps of focus away from her feet. Ten seconds of captivation, admiring Pony, was all mac needed to make an exit the room occupants turned in attention toward.

"Clearly, I could not leave until everyone noticed." mac was reaching to raise the dumped wood signage while addressing Her audience. Dumping that sandwich board on its face with a clatter revealed everyone in the place had frayed nerves. After righting the sign mac gave it a second, unintended, kick with Her big white Brahman shoulder strap briefcase bag. That was Her good measure clumsiness, but She caught the sign in Her hands before it could hit the floor, again. With Her exit still under observation, She made a second polite excuse over the good

measure kick, managing to walk out the door without falling on Her face tripping over Her own feet. That disappointed the princesses at the bar. mac glanced back into the room over the feel against Her back as She stood in the threshold observing the crestfallen faces of the booby chubbette short-shortened military wives, princesses.

Pony entered into dinner that evening expecting to find his Bunny. mac not only looked Pony's way, She got everyone to look Hers, twice. The sign Pony is waiting for to meet Her again is when She made him look Her way. "How does that happen?" is mac's question to the LORD, because U.S. Military command can't meet mac face to face until the Pony searching for mac has met his Bunny, mac, face to face again.

Mary, mumsy, assigned the gametes, seed, a specific Heavenly identity over the two animals she killed on mac's Umland Texas property. One a bunny, for an open Spirit assignment, the other mac's mare, Foxy, for a spouse. Explaining this is an article of its own. Mary murdered a Huntington Beach California vagrant about 1960 -- that is how George Farquhar became such a good friend of the family -- to prepare for this spirit assignment. In short, to explain this article's Pony, one of the mariners at the table held in his testes Ted's equivalent genetics. Does that mean when that mariner bred he would produce a born again Ted, by no means. Ted's genetics are preserved along with the legacy of the future of the Heavenly military purpose of this very same nation. That is what mac made happen fighting witchcraft. As far as present military command meeting mac now, goes, this breathing lot can show up any time they can stomach the work required for their salvation. It is the work they promised they would do to save themselves, Holy warfare. The curse against mac by the wife at the bar simply doomed the then breathing Ted, mac later understood was her l-o-v-e-LINK spouse, to death. Trump really gloated over his conquest. The princess did vile deeds, in lustful greed, against her own flesh, her marriage, and against the life of another young mariner to bind Trump's will to destroy the then breathing Ted.

mac was not allowed to learn, at that time, that was her Pony. She also did not know then anyone was expecting to meet Her, nor did She understand that there were any people listening to the LORD anywhere on the planet. mac was spiritually marooned.

Many other actors had done a shit ton of divining, some long before Jesus walked the earth, on the God's Woman plan. Preserving the genetics of Biblical king Saul, mattered. As mac moves through her article edits the importance of "Timmy," and others, like "Solomon" will be clearly defined. The only individual mac has known on l-o-v-e-LINK is Pony. mac has not participated in sexual stimulus without Her real-time l-o-v-e-LINK breathing and conscious connection,

Pony. The virtual reality of "knowing" others -- as in mac knew this can't be the same person during masturbation because She was experiencing, very often what can only be defined as Spirit forced rape against Her during l-o-v-e-LINK -- was a function of creating Holy matrimony in the LORD the only way it could come into existence. What does that mean? When God said, the two become one flesh is now fulfilled.

When mac walked into HK by the Bay in October 2019, later that same year, She was in expectation of meeting someone. Who the person was to Her, that She was expecting to meet under divine direction, was unclear to Her. She already understood She belonged to someone by that time. She had already lost her car, wardrobe, phone, golf bag, and iPad in the Beaumont Texas greater than category five flood and rainstorm, engineered to "save her life," God Almighty's phrase, from Governor Greg Abbott's hate crime against Her. She switched chariots by October 2019 to Her MS Tejas -- the truck the Corpus Christi Police Department junked in September 2021 -- and returned to Virginia to deal with Trump's divining when She observed "Solomon". mac towed Her flooded TT to a junk yard in San Marcos Texas before returning to Virginia. She received about three hundred fifty dollars for its scrap metal value. It ran beautifully.

Pony [Obviously "Pony" is a code name for, individual in some form of existence on mac's matrimony dance card.] has another month of cruising with the Atlantic Fleet. (Pony in this context is gamete Pony in the table sitting mariner's testes. These gamete children of God can rest now for a little time.) mac is already planning cooking her Thanksgiving feast for black and white to pig out. This is how the original October 13 paragraph entry continues. Whites get the creamy whipped taters, and blacks get the New England style corn bread stuffing. Both put gravy on their plates. One gravy is thickened with arrowroot the other thickened with cornstarch. Anything else taints the flavour of the turkey gravy. How would mac's Thanksgiving feast plan change? She is Shanghaied. mac wrote this paragraph seeking a literal fulfilment in the positive sense of black and white active duty military arriving to have a meal. She went on an unexpected errand at the hand of black and white pigs, over the few days of Her birthday weekend, to deal with preserving the LORD's Church that figuratively, in the pun way, fulfils the text of this final article paragraph.