



Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication

Saturday, 11 March 2023

Commandant David H. Berger
USMC Headquarters
3000 Marine Corps Pentagon
Room 2C253
Washington D.C. 20350-3000

Subject Flying the Team Colours

Salutations and Good Health to You General Berger

Perched on a wooden counter stool, mimicking tractor seat design of yesteryear, I wordsmith a weekend epistle certain to ooze brown-nosing for a raise. (Okay, who in the office is pimping you now?) Central Kitchen along Water Street is at present My new haunt. I do not exactly know why, other than it is My kind of hangout. That of course, I know, is not the REAL reason for Me being here. I shall ramble enough to wow you with seeing the opposing side of the letter head. I couldn't produce two original pages of text, right now, including spiritual gems. Team God is on the Warpath -- information is need you know, you understand. You branded yourself for death. I should just lorem ipsum unem this letter.

I hurriedly found a scaleable vector graphic (SVG) of the department emblems, while seated on the bus earlier this morning, and incorporated them into this new letter head format. I snag internet where I can. I also downloaded the free Inkscape app to edit graphic files. The tag line at the footer of this letterhead is the real touch of brilliance.

I completed too, My business card. Revising My address to send correspondence through the Joint Staff Pentagon, fine. They must think I will be volunteering My time honouring them with My high priestly-ness. The business office, monies receivable, is required to go through the USMC. Until We are sacking Israel and conquering the Middle East We need not concern ourselves with receivables unless We are storming the Watchtower Governing Body offices July 16, 2023 (or thereabouts) confiscating all of their global assets. I do not have the resources to produce the quitclaims, nor research all the network of ownership, but shutting those fuckers down is how martial law is established in this nation.

The show-tune from State Fair, "That's for Me" is playing over the ambiance enhancing sound system. I actually have the better part of those lyrics -- with a shit ton of other show tune melodies -- memorised. Yes, I Am that road trip passenger. Those assumed replies to the reader are certainly Occam's Razor qualifiers. That the reader would understand the Americana experience of singing show-tunes *a cappella* while keeping one's self engaged across miles and miles of there is nothing here, My reader would already recognise was a hazard, by association, with someone who had memorised a bunch of Broadway tunes.

The page two closing paragraph is now achieved. The footer is in view. This nation is being shut down. (That was a period. It of course does not require a tampon.) The wealth of the Middle East belongs to Me. Whatever it is you fuckers built in Heaven, you went after serving the Ba-al that is destroying you. The American civilian citizenry hates you that much. Any time you are ready to count these four branches represented on My new letterhead among the living, bring My pay, ID, driver, and escorts, yada yada yada. I will stay on My path of seeking perfecting Heaven and faithfully defending the LORD including in and from warfare. Otherwise, "What do you want on your tombstone?"

Mahalo,



Dr. H. L. MacRae (mac) Dukes LTG USMC

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