



---

**Field Office of Senior Joint Chief  
Divine Communication**

---

May 27, 28, and 29, 2023

Vladimir Putin  
Russian President  
c/o Russian Consulate  
1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300  
Houston, Texas 77027

*H*aving faith the size of a mustard seed is why I Am the one who moves mountains. I don't mind being accused of having little faith. What I mind, is not being able to buy a bottle of Perrier-Jouët Belle Epoque any damn time I please. God gave himself two hands so He could beat the shit out of Satan. Duh. This is why boxing is such damn good sport, to a male.

President Putin, I don't pretend to like American football. When the touchdown victory dance giver was penalised for the dance, and the Steelers no longer put a trick play in the game, there was no point to watching a team's season games. When the superbowl violated the Presidential Colour Guard I was sickened. The navy bimbos were who deserved to do the fly over. The flying bitches are an undignified lot of defiant flop ass whores that abuse their "top gun" ness. If I could kill them all with My key strokes I would. They are the ugliest witchcrafting prostitutes of them all. Males did not deserve to be degraded by being a part of the whore show. I turned off the game before the coin toss during the bearded fat fuck's national anthem performance. That louse faced free-bird flaunting the power Ba-al earned off of the expiration of one cell off one dead solder was more that I could tolerate. The power of one dead American soldier powers the freedoms of one hundred American superbowl commercial festivals, audience debaucheries dedicated to freedom for the year included. The pre-game show to the superbowl ended My watching American football. I understand I need to become a real football enthusiast.

That Jill Biden likes the drug addicted big chaps to fuck her comes with its own consequences. (Nicole Simpson sure found out.) Right, Jill fucks the celebrity athletes. Duh. Personally, I would like it if Joe did outlive this one. Even, legally have the right to beat her to death publicly for humiliating him. Having the right and not using-it, because of his present circumstances, would just bring more against him. That the law is making him impotent to beat her legally is protecting him. When justice cannot be done, as in, when there is no justice possible is what it means when the law of one has taken the life of another. Not being able to execute justice means mercy is no longer even an option. When there is no justice, Holy Warfare is what remains. When mumsy murdered the Camp Pendleton marine the only way a fella like Joe was going to live to see justice done was Holy Warfare. I Am Holy Warfare. Joe has yet to see justice.

As far as I'm concerned, the only thing wrong with sports is the infringement of athletes, like astronauts, as being as valuable as a soldier -- heroes -- in their marketing and self promotion. That is blasphemy! No athlete has ever been a hero to Spirit and certainly not a fucking astronaut, especially Buzz. Veterans escape the promotion to real duty that means combat so they die in exchange for who they raped. They run to be CIA, FBI, NASA, an elected official, policeman, or "security." Damn the veterans benefits, all of it! for stealing the LORD's justice in the military. What is worse is when filth like Gurgevich gets a non combat assignment. The non-combat assignments are rotated into. Because every soldier is required to develop mental discipline, knowledge of applying the secular skills -- including research -- that solve the world's problems. Private industry sure the fuck isn't doing it. Duh.

Restoring the death penalty is no easy task. I Am losing patience with Iran too. Too much gum flapping, little action. The sooner Americans end up in combat, the sooner we restore the death penalty for rapists. Not even in Africa or Afghanistan would American soldiers be considered the boyfriend. The problem is a system of politics and laws that allows people to leave the Church and marry outside the LORD. A reminder, Saint Peter founded the Church with an army officer. Foundations, corner stones even, matter. Abortion in Asia is the only fair system when a prostitute has been created and an orphan would be hated by his own American father.

"Navy Nurse" explained from the tee-box that he wasn't worried about meeting someone, someday presumably for marriage, and having a family. He said this conversationally giving consequence to his having the maturity of being twenty eight years old -- in hind sight I now realise he had no idea I was his mamas age, at least. How the conversation ended up there, I couldn't tell you. He also informed Me he was single in the same paragraph of dialogue. Taking one look at his beauty without even being able to hold back the physical jolt of laughter I blurted out, "I'll bet." This was after he explained his confidence in meeting that someone. My blurted reply, went with thinking that one, him, could walk into a bar with his cock in his hand and get even the white blonds at the bar to drop to their knees at his feet -- its obvious the Mexicans and brunettes would.

For some reason unknown to Me, the next thing he talked about left Me with asking him the question, "Oh yeah, what would the bastard think?" Whatever it was he said, him making a bastard was the issue. To which he replied, "Touché" Then he blew that ball from the tee smack dab into the fourteenth fairway. I understand from the LORD, if he and I did play another round of golf there was no way he would allow Me to play from the forward tees again (something about being a sandbagger.)

The only value of golf on television is you can fall asleep to it, quickly. Come to think of it, great "subliminal message" advertising. Griner should have been sent to the front lines. Damn you! Where sports are concerned, teams are fabulously divisive mechanisms that rend communities. The supporters, fans, never see how their trashing opposing teams fans is bad behaviour. Its just how they get to support their colours. I agree, athletes need their drugs. The drugs shouldn't be so fucking cheap or readily available. You earn twenty million a year? The drugs that give you super powers need to be thirty percent of your gross income. Obviously a fucker like Tump could not have run that goddamned cult if the real price for narcotics was paid. Very few could manage a distribution chain that elite, and those willing to sell at the real price to the real user can rise to the top of the market when the roaches are exterminated from the industry. If an Eagle needs his drugs to fuck all night to keep the roadies happy and stay hard for a night of pounding his drums for an audience, he needs to pay the price that respects; only with the drug could he be that god. Mexico is a roach factory.

President Putin, the lesson plan I had in mind for this letter has yet to be produced. It wasn't until I remembered being walked into Target, the one at the Moore Plaza Centre on South Staples, with the LORD keeping Me focussed on the divining going on that I was put in the place of observing the sparkling wine display. A tipped champagne flute puts Me in the place of thinking of you. Target of course does not even have a bottle of White Star and now you know My preference for champagne. The prayerful conversation in Target past the bottle display went with Me realising I was being told, "Ye of little faith" over My giving up on living in Kaliningrad. You bet, the "Ted" look alike is a draw, attraction for heading to Russia. I have already been tested by My own desires in this regard, and I Am protected in the LORD under a matrimonial arrangement that Spirit fulfil with flesh. My struggle is of course I Am always hung up on flesh and need to be reminded Spirit is indeed involved. Even when in My mind the only word I can coin for Spirit's involvement is, "somehow."

I was not allowing Myself to be taken in by ideas of deliverance coming from your hand to remove Me from this fuck-hole. Then in a reflex moment of humour -- moments before addressing this letter in depth as I had tabled My laptop -- I realised you needed to understand faith the size of a mustard seed is indeed little faith by definition. Duh.

The problem flesh has is it does not price according to the total cost. Economists like to toss about phrases like negative externalities and tragedy of the commons. The total cost is ignored because Protestantism brought humanity a manifestation of the LORD that put Him in the place of upholding the law of "Lucky god" Jehovah. The drug illustration and My letters to Mexico and Columbia raised genuine questions. I Am now going to address prayer that beblubbers Me. Jehovah, the Ba-al, is why you ended up destroying your own planet through consumption driven by witchcraft exploiting the gifts, genuine use and authority, the gods held through cultural adornments, food, the whole assortment of goods across every land on earth that flesh was blessed over because it crafted these goods with its own two hands. Unless you are God there is no way you would realise; being able to beat the crap out of Satan is a more righteous use of His hands than weaving a blanket. North America is the Heavenly landscape that produced the powerful consequences ultimately condemning all the other children of the earth by every form of prejudice and exploitation.

Originally My opener read, "Making "Mr. Lucky," what it means when Angels, those with hats in hand, take a walk with the Ark of the LORD. Also, ritual is the gifts flesh perform so Spirit has the power of the LORD to protect their flesh." I like the new hook about the mustard seed. It is time to pause. My father's mother, Maxine, emigrated as a young girl with her parents during the late twenties -- I think -- My father was born nineteen-thirty-nine, as I recall, from reading his birth certificate. Only a few things about her have I been told. Only mumsy and Lucille did the telling. Maxine was niece to the famous boxer Schmeling. My father's father, her husband, was Blackfoot, full blood quantum. He was part of the Minnesota twin cities effort to civilise Indians during Roosevelt's -- the bear killing poser -- hey-day. I have a photo of her and she has all the ancestral features of an Eastern European. So perhaps I just might be a little Russian. I Am a quarter blood quantum Blackfoot. Maxine I was told was simply German. I always understood German heritage was a good thing. mumsy is from a bunch of in-breed Alabama kissing cousins that were all pre-revolutionary war Scot, with some Cherokee. The goodness of that is of course the beholder's perspective. Erskine and Lucile McRae were the last power couple hosting Spirit that held Protestantism together in Heaven. mumsy of course destroyed the potency of that, right off.

Hiroshima and Nagasaki's bombing was antichrist's power manifest in the world reshaping religion. That was the day the music died.

Sunday morning I found Myself actively focussed in a live action thought experiment. A male approached in some overly theatrical and non distinct (under defined) garb against My left temporal lobe. He boldly challenged Me that he was going to make a water spout appear with a tidal wave and crush the Gulf of Mexico beaches while raising his arms against the ocean. Then I was prodded to prove I was the Pentagon High Priest with demonstrating My own magic. I replied, "I will do the same thing." He paused in angry anticipation. Then I said, "In this weather? There isn't an indicator of a water-spout to be seen for miles."

My magic is making the magic of others happen because the brakes, penalties against Spirit, no longer exist. The sword that is used to kill actor A because actor B forced Spirit to kill actor A is simply on Me. I Am Spirit's saviour. The value of the opening illustration harkens to the days of the Egyptians. There was a time when Spirit performed miracles, often, just never freely until Jesus. So, at one time people needed to have mountain sized faith because they were not going to do diddly squat as the human. When a person has only mustard seed sized faith it is because all the power Spirit had was stolen from them to provide faith to the fleshly believer. Duh. In My case with My two hands I move mountains. Explosives are magic. So naturally, My faith is only the size of a mustard seed because, now, all Heaven is unified in destroying the wicked, and I will be the least objectionable option for keeping the lights on, "someday."

The magic practicing priests of Egypt had many gods they did in obeisance too. What is this about? Every created being has a Divine purpose. A dog for instance obviously has a keen ability to follow a scent trail and takes a hell of a lot of neglect off an owner while still wagging its tail happy to greet the abusing owner. What happens when man wants to exploit the dogs purpose for his own gain? Man is after-all supposed to have dominion over beasts, that is chain of command according to creative days. Let's here after call creative days, natural order. The dog god is appeased. So flesh is not abused with appeasement, the LORD intercedes, now making it possible for the dog to be trained to follow a scent trail without hurting flesh. Treat the dog poorly when the dog made you wealthy, and you get to die. That is the crux of the Mosaic law.

Let's return to the problem My military has. "Somehow" they needed to get someone else to sack Mexico for them. They understood that they would never be allowed to invade Mexico. Where war is concerned, it is so much more advantageous to get someone else to bear the expense of sacking a civilisation, take the hits for being the villain, then swoop in and restore what the big bad wolf blew down being that "villain." Damn-it, Putin, if you blow seizing Ukraine, I just might make sure I drag you out by a ring I put though your nose and slit your throat Myself! I've certainly prayed to save you that way.

In addressing the "somehow" I will share last night's thought experiment that sent Me off to sleep nighty night happily cuddled to that silly stuffed plush pony. I set ashore at Panama and destroy the canal, seize the nation, and establish a new portage crossing with two harbours; one Atlantic and one Pacific. Then striking northward sacking each city sieging it with Holy Warfare I slaughter the populous advancing to the United States. An evenings repast I passed on the beach with fellow solders. We were roasting a side of beef and feasting on lobster. On the horizon a solder cries out, "look we have a new carrier setting anchor." "What's the number?" "She's the 72." "The Lincoln, I thought she was Pacific side. She's Atlantic fleet, again. We need to start setting up some targets for them to strike at so we

reduce the amount of munitions we are expending. Do any of you have ideas for setting up decoys for them to strike so they can do 'something' to justify loitering in our waters?"

American command knows it is so much better to get Russia to sack Mexico. If they send their High Priest to Russia first, then surely they can get rid of her, take Mexico at Russia's expense, then be the "good guys" establishing more Ba-al bull shit for the likes of fuckers like Obama. Now, what do I know, if they don't form that Southern offensive, destroy the Coast Guard, and build their command as I have already specified? When I strike, all they can do is sit in the fucking water and do nothing unless I throw those dogs a target. Then of course I take all of North America.

Putin, I know where you are concerned I have now illustrated how witchcraft engineered Joshua's offensives against the land that belonged to Ham's offspring. When the LORD hands you your enemies and you do nothing, only your god can help you. Make peace with your god.

Mahalo,



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

Distribution Recipients Internal