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

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

*Don't say anything if you can't say something nice is only part of the adage. Speak the the blunt judgement and correction when Heaven can back you, or you have just thrown a brick at your own glass house.*

President Putin, it is high time I adorned an epistle with some flattery. (I think attributing courage to you -- as opposed to the cowardice it is difficult to discern in fuckers like Tump -- is fairly good.) I will take intelligence up a notch further than the letter I finished to Steinmeier this morning with a reminder about human nature. We tend to filter others motives and abilities through our own moral compass when we deal with them face to face. Weakness at the bargaining table happens when an individual approaches a person with the intent of making a sex deal. Then you are filtering the other party through your personal, intimate expectations of godly fulfilment and worship. I will attempt by epistles end to interject something more than sycophancy in the way of flattery.

The reality to explaining characters like Musk and Trump in sex deal terms, i.e. a coward hates his own lover experiencing orgasm, is having endured these personalities in the first place to recognise why something was fundamentally wrong that went beyond the sexual experience being a sin in the first place. A few months back I observed army reserve soldiers gathered at a picnic area behind the office building. They sat in a variety of casual positions, they were in fatigues and displayed a certain tolerance for personalising how they wore their fatigues, some were standing. They were paying attention to a speaker and had a food item, perhaps cake, in paper plates appropriate for outdoors. Some were taking a bite or two. (Not everyone had their plate raised to their chin.) They were sharing tables and benches in a way that said they all knew one another. The observation of the obvious camaraderie and comfort they enjoyed with one another was eclipsed by realising the casualness was wrong. But, I didn't like finding fault with the assembly. Of course I discussed My observation in dialogue with the LORD while I continued walking toward the La Palmera Mall on McArdle (I probably got on a bus, because going to the mall is rare.)

Last week or so, at the end of a long outing that included finding treasure at Half Price Books -- there was a greater need for Me to catch up on history and be My natural self book worm, rather than buy shoes -- I met the person who showed Me why the eclipse was spot on. (I do not wear discount foot wear, and that is a personal snobbery. When I can get to REI, I can get shoes. Not only that but carrying twenty

additional pounds of paper home is just good exercise. Being allowed to have the three hundred fifty dollars needed to bus to REI and pick up shoes in My hand and even save up out of each day is not allowed at this time. I spent My last cent this morning. Then I picked up a nickel. So for what ever reason, I Am at present not allowed to have tow coins to rub together. Do you think you can pray Me up a few coins? Mary, evidently, is allowed to withhold My daily portion, again.)

A potentially Hawaiian, perhaps some Samoan blood -- Samoans are generally hefty and taller by comparison -- but definitely hapa haole if he is Hawaiian, early thirties, male, showed Me his scar from a shrapnel wound. His facial bone structure, hair, and nose were characteristic of the kids I grew up with on Oahu. Raising his shirt he traced the scar with his other hand narrating the events when some little dude behind the sand popped up out of nowhere and hit them with an RPG as they convoyed down the road. The medics fixed him up alright. He was drunk and entertaining a local hard up kinda homeless Corpus native. I had seen her around quite a bit. She found herself a young veteran disability sugar daddy. Skelder. I asked him how the others faired. Two died.

I didn't question that I needed to meet this Hawaiian kid. All I thought was, he need to go back home to his parents, and help them with his disability payments. Certainly home did not include Ms. VD. His mom might not like "company" exploiting her son's obvious need to be a whole male, again. This morning when I wrote Steinmeier it was this kids experience that tuned in why the assemblage outside of the reserve base was so fucking profane.

There is no buffer zone against discipline whilst there is fornication. The worst element of American military leadership is they know the ones desperate to be a little casual (not the old school admirers of disciple) are simple numbers to throw at a battle. Rather than receive the LORD in the military, they simply use watching for the extra mile disciple nerds to mark promotion and they never explain that is one of their rules. The worst is even those that are perfectly disciplined in their presentation because they are not intuitively flattering the leader they need to emulate for promotion are kicked to the horrid duty of certain death. They don't even tolerate a person's individual understanding of by-the-book in their individual efforts to be the greatest military commander that ever lived form day one. The LORD does. Austin and Milley hate the LORD interfering in their leadership.

So, it is more than likely, the buddy that did survive, who was assigned to another base and duty, was one the military discriminated in favour of, because the buddy was the right sycophant for General Milley to stroke himself over, fostering along that one just by his leadership example. The veteran on disability related that his buddy was still serving. They of course do not get to talk anymore.

Death to General Mark Milley and Lloyd Austin! You vile fucking fornicators.

Mr. President, returning to you, I walked to the post office the other day, it was the Friday of Corpus Christi's "Buck Days" (Buck as in cowboy -- they even have a parade.) I still have managed the perfect timing to miss this extravaganza of sidewalk drunkards and town pageant clowns even after three years. I took on dealing with Mark E. Gurgevich in My home. I actually prepared well in advance so that there would be no way I would be forced into fornication taking him into My home to heal. But there was no way I could prevent receiving him. Getting rid of him was as simple as charging him rent and meaning it. Ultimately he moved out because I did not beg him to continue in My home. It was how his twisted reasoning put him in the place of packing his things. I think if I had been fool enough to shake his hand before he walked out the door, somehow that tar baby would have stayed. Dealing with Gurgevich is the land of fighting the witchcrafters. (He is guilty of murder and there is an FBI cold case with Gurgevich's bullet responsible for long decomposed victim.)

On the subject of witches, Mary, gives up information in the deeds that she does. When I endure her Satanism, understanding and doing under the belief system I Am tuned into, Spirit is endowed with understanding across their pathways of her decades of corruption. Of all the ways Mary could have been dealt with, death under the hand of CCPD preserved her life the longest. As knowledge becomes available I drive forward the pathway to fulfil the kingdom, maximising the prayers answered. The great thing is, everyone agrees wickedness needs to be destroyed.

I had no curiosity regarding Mark's genitals. I had no desire to experience any form of either sensuality (like a fucker like that can deliver sensual) of arousal, learn anything about his sexual proclivities, and certainly not hear him utter the jokes that inferred I needed him to lick My clit. He experienced bowel movement difficulties while here and three times he dropped his drawers and bent forward for me to take a picture of his asshole as he flayed his buttock cleavage. Two cheeks, each grasped deeply one in each hand. I think he wanted Me to understand he was smart enough to find his ass with both hands. But, clearly, he is just an asshole. There was considerable bruising and evidence of tissue trauma. He showed his pictures at the VA hospital.

Each time I took that picture over a period of weeks he was increasingly immodest. The first drawer dropping he concealed his scrotum. That evidently was not what he meant because the second time I needed to see the back side of his scrotum. The forward band of his waste however did not drop low enough, so by the third time, weeks later, I received the full Monty drawer dropping, and because I Am so outstandingly good at averting My eyes, I did not observe his penis. His drawers were around his knees.

But wait, there is more to reveal about this dick. Mark decided I needed to spend time on his iPhone. Occasionally we goggled some things. His ill gotten gain allows him to have internet access on his smartphone. Then of course he wanted me to observe pictures. While scrolling through landscapes near to the end was his erect penis. I did not flench. The knee jerk reaction I had to his picture was, there is nothing in the photo that compares size. I quickly scrolled to the top and handed him back his phone. I think the photos were of the harbour bridge construction project. The bridge is passing near to over a family water park. Needless to say, that paedophile is haunting the construction project to scam on scantily clad teens. Back to his pickle. A week or so before being subjected to Mark's selfie I observed a stout, classically formed, partially rotting, dill pickle in the gutter near a Dody street neighbours. That was an odd bit of garbage. Apples are a little more frequent; occasionally an orange. As of late many banana peels -- partially eaten. God was letting Me know the answer to My question about Mark's dick. If his hand would have been in the photo even the whores he chats with would charge him double. Whores know when they might be getting some reward in the deal.

I think though this trivial narrative of what I work though in My perambulatory duties, it explains the greatest amount of detail with regard to explaining two people simultaneously. Clearly Mark was working though is act. My deeds meant I learned the answer to My question without the experience of that fucker, and all I needed was to stride in faith that God had not lied to Me. In other words, I proved I would act and trust on the answers God gave rather than seek additional evidence.

I refuse to allow an opponent to play at a disadvantage. May God be with You. I think I just made clear, I love you.

Mahalo,



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

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