

Plea of The Woman of True Religion

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Who does not want to serve God? (Service to a deity is meant to reap rewards.) Biblical accounts record a sample of the perverse acts the Israelites would do against their bodies to please their gods they adopted from the nations around them.

True God, I Beseech You,

"True God, giver of perfect; gifts, wisdom, discernment, and happiness, You are the father of all living who gave His most precious blood to save humanity. Humanity that in ignorance rakes at your heart with the tines of a trident during every act of fornication. This includes prayers fed with the misunderstandings of idolatry. Humans invent gods of wood; penile, driver, carved, standing dead and forest: in a desperate need to identify with you."

"Your word, both your precious blood -- your word in fulfilment of the promise to Israel -- and your Bible, are the subjects of Satan's war against Truth, you. In your judgments, please, see through the veil of deceit that Satan has architected across the true religion of first century Christian's. The content of your word endures, but your name is profaned and the meaning of your word is polluted. We simply make prayers in blindness of you."

My Petition

"This prayer is a petition for you to show mercy toward Me and favour My work in your service. I cry out at intervals of stress concerned. Don't let Me be one more trick in Satan's bag of whores against you and your sheep. All of humanity has been indoctrinated with some form of Satanism since birth. As your sheep seek you out please lead them in a way that assures them, they are moving away from death and toward life. You have made Me personal promises that are coming to fruition. Mercifully, I survive under extraordinary circumstances. I live each day faithful to you as a spouse."

"We move between strongholds of United States power surveying the shepherd. I am your Ark and Prophet. From my location you reach those proximal in power. You search their hearts with kidneys to read their hearts in the absence of the sin in the blood. Some predators have recently been removed from naval command. Are you house cleaning your shepherd because of where you move me? When do we move back to Washington? How about Arlington? When do we head to Moscow and Beijing?"

I Struggle to Accept My Grandeur as Spouse

"Watching humanity skip by Me as if on an Easter parade; sucking, fucking, and stroking one another to ecstasy with lies mayhem and every pleasure that fucking your neighbours daughter while in Waikiki, letting your wife load up on the buffet can get you, is an outrageous slap in the face to a servant who has no source of comfort or pleasure."

"Are you teaching Me that you are going to sustain Me through sleeplessness, loneliness, isolation, poverty, and want that not even the bonds of a prison cell can explain? Is this you, true God, supporting me because nothing

else can explain my survival? Are we, a force of two (awaiting the third)? Am I indeed a boast to you? (That is my desire.) Am I pleasing you? (That is my effort.)"

Service Should Come with Blessings

"Who does not want to serve God? (Service to a deity is meant to reap rewards.) Biblical accounts record a sample of the perverse acts the Israelites would do against their bodies to please their gods they adopted from the nations around them. They cut themselves, marked, pierced, scarred, and mutilated their own bodies including their genitals not-to-mention human sacrifice and sexual orgies that would happen in the Baal temples to please Satan. I possess none of these marks but many of your sheep do, and their past will be their past once they come to you. You have no mechanism for holding the past against a repentant individual."

Am I Enduring a Punishment?

"Have I sufficiently begged for forgiveness for My fornications of the past, being brought up in the perversion of a false prophet religion, Jehovah's Witnesses? I beg again. I realize I need to regard Our work as a privilege. Certainly, My relationship with you is a magnificent gift with a double-edged sword of duty. I walk a path unabashedly ridiculed by fornicators because no judgment of yours has met them yet. They declare their sins approved by you. Please, true God, grant Me the language of your heart to correct these wicked fools before they know the power of your righteous destruction of them to end their deeds on this earth. My duty is to deliver word of your coming judgments and how."

"I sit and watch the warships cruise in and out of the shipyard. We are at a harbour with the tools of one shepherd on this earth. Will this shepherd be humble in accepting your invitation to side with you? Will your shepherd recognise that you have been blessing their resources and employees to do a body of fine work at keeping the peace? (In spite of their many sins against you.) Will this shepherd recognise that you have other shepherds the world over and brother will not be allowed to slaughter brother in world war III? Would not Satan beam with joy at accomplishing this perversion against your Creation?"

Government Needs to Connect

"Please let your shepherd find you. Give this shepherd guidance to find peace, and join you in annihilating the wicked. There are kingpins of sexual trafficking with small militias and a brotherhood of chemists that are sheltered by the avarice or their family who is sitting in the place of your shepherd in governments around the world. These are not good shepherds. These are the wicked. Do not let those wicked make a mockery of your good shepherds, imperfect but caring for the masses."

"Will you rid the fornications of your shepherds? Will you correct those in power so that they understand their role is to make known your greatness as Nebuchadnezzar once did?"

Who Will Listen? Do I Even Have an Ounce of Credibility?

"How is it possible to believe that there are people who will listen to you through Me? You drafted Me under extraordinary times in My life. We worked for years training Me for My years as an Ark for humanity. Who, without being

blown away by heavenly wonder and signs, will turn to the Bible and look for you?"

"I Am fed up with awareness of self-satisfied-happy fornicators with each other in public places without so much as room between them for a grain of sand. I wonder how did a bitch that dumb get a guy that hot, and then, oh, yeah, men like dumb women. (Apparently, to a weak minded man, those are the obedient ones. Dumb ass bastard. It takes education to grow the intelligence necessary to possess integrity enough be obedient to a commander.)"

"You have driven Me between coasts to save three men of one shepherd. One will be my husband because he listens to your voice. The other two in service to you when you call."

Tough Object Lessons

"Does not Satan support evil doers through a network of sinners that listen to their hearts (pumping sin) for direction? Like the five stalking bastards at My former golf club. My luck to move into the qngmic cult, and false religion centre, central Texas. The drug kingpin we turned in. Was that the object lesson to learn your seeds of truth and hatred for fornication so I could enter your service? For the most part I sip fine pure lemonade from these lemons and I Am happy. You do sweeten many moments of My life with the way you keep Me alive. You are, after all, the ultimate navy nurse caring for your sheep with your figurative ark. I do know I Am loved by you. I Am frustrated with our anonymity."

Just Board and Be Good

"A thought experiment among My fears. If everyone on this planet is in a hurry to be the lowest common denominator, they cannot all die, right? Can

everyone in humanity be a fornicating piece of shit and just suck Satan with every immoral act they perform and be in Christ's Kingdom? After all it is the place of learning in the absence of Satan's influence. (But the presence of sin.) Are people going to be allowed to fornicate and self-mutilate their way there?"

"Well, all conceived life will be resurrected in Christ's Kingdom and there will be no survivors of this world if this happened. Clean slates with no memory, everyone. None of My petitions for others will allow the wicked to escape the judgment and annihilation they earned. But I do not see how anyone will make effort one to serve You, true God. You know how to lead your sheep and the Christ would be faithful to you even if there were no sheep in His Kingdom. (Refusing bread when starving.)"

"Are My efforts just a mockery of your existence? True God, if you never declare yourself in any way to Your sheep, nay to this world of humanity, You have simply paraded Me like a rape-able Godiva through the streets of the entire world. Being a laughingstock, even to the end, do not make Me Noah without the proof of the flood. Do not let Me be the only person who survives this world. You have billions of prodigal sons and their children to save. My life is in no way worth Jesus sacrifice. Please, I have never asked of you to prove yourself to Me, personally. I ask, prove Your existence to Your sheep."

It's too Much to Watch the "Good" Evil Doer

"If I have not made it clear I Am torn by humanity because My nose is pressed up against the glass watching hypocrite after hypocrite flounce by delirious with their Satan filled lives. I cry for the grave some nights because I am fed up with cold and deprivation in-spite of keeping your commandments. Hypothetically to improve My life at this point if you desert Me, I can run to a

psychiatrist and convince him to institutionalise Me for life because I talk to the true God."

"The truth is you talk to Me. It is for the most part nonstop. I look for reasons to say nice things to everyone instead of anything that smacks of the true misery I Am trying to endure while being deprived of every aspect of life that makes Me a woman. I await your correcting the slander that was delivered against Me by the anxious hands that sought to steal our corporation's monetary seeds owed Me for the years I served as a slave to My mother. Please defend our share and deliver a righteous judgment in this matter."

Who in Modern Day "Listens" to God?

"The day We live in heightens My insecurities further. Who has listened to the voice of the true God? We have confessions of Satan's seed claiming to listen to You. How about the drug crazed mad man with a homemade bomb to blow up a beautiful city of benevolent people, salt of the earth, interested in doing good work and being fine people? In a shower of insecticide they are annihilated while the militia outsider that lives in a cave claiming to listen to You (an outrage!) is drugged with marijuana, cocaine, heroin, opium, alcohol, or whatever induces an altered mind. How Am I supposed to be believed?"

"Channeling is demonic ownership and use of an individual without their sane awareness of themselves. To be in the hands of your Holy Active Discipline keeps an individual completely aware of their faculties and place. I know My own thoughts from yours, true God."

"There was a time Bible kings, not religious pious-baby-raping-scum bags but kings called out to men like Daniel because they knew they had a dream that You, true God, gave them, and the kings clergy, including witch doctors, couldn't come close to interpreting the dream. Kings were spoken to by You and

given dreams. They were also humbled. Who does He talk to now? Me? A woman with no husband, no home, no family, and friends that are acquaintances at best, and penny-less from robbers? (Yeah, that is the mark of credibility in this world.)"

I Admit to Being Wounded

"I have fiercely fought back against the men that wanted to rape Me. Your hand was strong in revealing their motives and the perversion of their wives. These men would have relished forcing Me to suck their dicks in the golf course parking lot in front of their own wives. Satisfying the criminal lust of those women who gave off sucking their own husbands so they could relish the pleasure of screeching with orgasmic ecstasy while their husbands kicked victims in the head with steel toed boots after giving them a belly full their cum."

"You wives who refuse to satisfy our own husband are responsible for the women your husbands rape in acts of adultery. You send him after victims with your pussy whipping. Does your husband get you a mink coat or a new diamond for setting him up with an underaged virgin? Yeah, I hate women that do not satisfy their husbands. Did you capitulate to fornication to get your husband, and now you want virtue back? Tough Shit. You won't get that. But you can learn to love your husbands dick in you again. Then, and only then, will you be a good wife."

My Faith

"True God, I Am angry over being stalked, no one believed My cries for help. I also did not end up raped. It still cost Me thousands of dollars. Not raped, a mercy I credit you with, thank you. I just shadow boxed with five perverted men

at a golf club for three years and then ran home to Washington anxious for My home in Virginia. Who would believe the true God listens to Me? Or speaks to Me?"

"My faith I publicly post. I Am obedient to the instructions I Am given by you but at what point do you simply turn Me over to the hands of a shepherd? What are you using Me for true God? I Am not particularly cared for, and I see no benefits like those enjoyed by others for the work I do. It is like I went from an imaginary prize fight with the sick obsessed men of Central Texas, and now am shadow boxing the entire world."

Listening to "God" Is the Mark of the Insane

"No one with any credibility has boasted a conversation with You (John, on Patmos) since the last of the Christians were executed or survived in caves hidden from Rome [Which, wow did it fall.] Those executed Christians were the last to poses the key to, who is the true God."

"I have been faithfully reading the Bible, enduring insult, and pressing You with gut wrenching prayers that exposed every hurt, wound, challenge, sin, and trouble in My life since I was four. Guess what, I was special. Really? That will be believed? Ultimately, all I Am is fodder for some asshole sheriff or doctor to say, "You are crazy. God ain't talking to you." And guess what? If it does not rock your world, true God, to defend My ass, all this like everything else in My life, is for nothing. Well, "hey y'all" sounds like "hee-haw" and I did live in Texas. Only you can shield Me as I walk this earth delivering your messages."

Vulnerability Begets Rage

"At times, I Am enraged at the position of vulnerability I Am in. Please prove yourself to the world. I have no leverage to make that happen. I Am powerless. If I ask for proof, how the fuck do I know what act of proof would bring glory to your name? Humanity does not know your name. Humanity has some enduring titles and a base set of Hebrew characters that have been bastardised all over the Hebrew Scriptures with the obfuscating misery continuing into Greek. If you wanted your name known, all would have it to call on You. Humanity has reaching out to you in titles and hoping, just hoping, that is enough."

Just A Whisper

"I can make all kinds of declarations but all I Am is some pathetic Barney Fife being laughed at for wanting to stop, not the spitting on the sidewalk, but the mimicking of Satan in the streets in celebrations of fertility, death, lust, and animalistic pleasures that seduce the weak and prominent into believing that because they were not left in a dumpster after being gang raped all night in an alley, it was just good fun. Wink-wink, nod-nod."

"Please, true God, without your Force, all I Am is whispering, "Hey why not look at your Bible." And why the fuck should they? Didn't their priest rape them? Did not the community have the audacity to tell the victim, "Well the priest has needs too. You are just God's gift to the priest." Yeah, that is the sick fucked up world we live in."

"The person who starts shouting out on a global platform, "Hey, the true God will care about you and develop a personal relationship with you" is simply a drama queen who deserves ridicule because who really wants to know God?"

Satan is such a good fuck. Keep fucking, people. I have a lance to send through both your genitals and the strength to do it. My rage alone will pierce your bone. Pun intended."

The Prophet's Plight

"I'm a good cook. I hate eating out. Then I was forced to fast at the demand of those anxious greedy hands for over forty days. Thank you for My new body. (Kind of hot, slim, but hot.) I have no bed to sleep in unless I drag myself up the Gas Lamp district sighting the homeless with pity and despising those whose conduct will render their rape victims homeless. Then it is a hostel bunk that I repeatedly thank you for hoping, in vein, that I will have a mattress and shower another night. I learn to live without."

"That is My life. Learning to live without. You have shown Me little reward or condescension beyond bestowing on Me what I hope is scriptural understanding, and being alive when I should be dead. That I Am thankful for, as you know, with my whole body. But again, I Am so heretic in My writings that unless you, true God, bestow a gesture that proves to the masses or that proves to each individual that falls on our site that the true God's Truth lives in Me and I Am writing your identity, John marvelled greatly over Him as well as the woman, at trueGod.macdukes.com I Am abandoned to judgements of insanity and irrelevance by others."

"I know I have produced the Truth as I can attest. I have no human witness to My truth. That is a rare situation that makes Me suspect for being crazy. Moses had Aaron. The prophets of Israel all had multiple contemporaries or protégées and spouses, and Jesus had twelve apostles. (Granted others were alone with you. Sometimes in caves. But you proved their faith to your sheep.)"

Merciful Shepherd My perspective is myopic and needs your glass. In "Jesus name", I submit these words and My gratitude if you read them."