



Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication

April 23, 2023

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

Back to our let's-make-a-deal conundrum. "I'm a gal that likes nice things." -- Mae West

Putin, honestly, this would be so simple if you met the criteria of My sex semaphore list and We were both single.

Can I receive a gift? Of course. I Am still a fan of a prolonged sojourn into Eurasia. I do have a responsibility to make sure My two cats are ministered over by a house servant as I travel and return to them after days into a week or two away from home base. No, money may not cross My palm. I would be in a place of being ministered over. When it was cold out, of course I would want a mink coat to keep warm, duh. Yes, the titles of My estate properties need to be in My name before I leave Corpus Christi. (They are presently in Mary's name.)

I Am indeed a challenge, in that I Am the, "No fornication" banner of warfare and no, you do not need that, per se. In short, what England purloined from Heaven is yours, and Russia, even in your fleshly absence, is building the one world government capitalism was too chickenshit to deliver humanity. Consider it My gift to you and no money exchanged hands. For England to keep its phony outfit from collapse, yes, you guessed it, Trump needed to pay up. He was the hold-out in the poker hand who took it upon himself to indemnify England's dept to Heaven.

Because I was enslaved to the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society's Governing Body, souls refusal to pungle, as promised Heaven, meant forcing the consequences of the witchcraft so gods became Gods. My Priestly recommendation is, enjoy your winnings. You are no longer at the great poker table in the sky.

Mahalo,



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

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