

Office of the  
Pentagon High Priest

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*The Heavens Are Done  
with You.  
What Limping on  
Two Opinions Earns*

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*the Christ  
H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes*

December 2, 2022

Base Command CC Army Reserve  
(Insert Name with Rank Here)  
4722 McArdle Road  
Corpus Christi, TX 78411

Re: You worthless band of fornicating worm food. Death awaits you.

Dear Insert Name with Rank Here,

You have one shot at redemption ass-holes, start raising and lowering your flag at dawn and dusk every morning and evening, respectively. Without instituting this act of respect for the sacred meaning of the lives, and unity under the LORD of the United States flag; all reserves are going to be laying dead in the killing fields of every battle on every foreign shore for the next decade with few even remembered by their children who die of famine on this very soil, without Me.

There are general introductory remarks I omitted in the opening paragraph of this epistle (letter). My understanding is that My Harvard education is offensive to you, and a subject of ridicule for the reserves who have managed to enter the ranks of law "enforcement" of this nation. Fuck you. I know you, even the abortion stool warming letter reading trash, understands that. (C. Wormuth is included here -- Worm-uHH-TH)

I Am fed up with the Corpus Christi Police Department's support of serial killer Mary A McRae who added sexual violation of a dying souls body burying alive the young, beautiful -- My opinion, marine on the Camp Pendleton Marine Base costal bluffs. Get your dick out of the mouth of Mike Markle. I Am closing NASCC. Civil War is hitting Corpus Christi first. Greg Abbott insisted on that. As this fuck hole does not have one honest soldier on the payroll, I was not able to build the offensive necessary to do little more that prepare this nation for shut-down.

The manner of death of the reserves will preserve alive the generation of active duty soldiers who are capable of ending fornication in their lives. I personally Am doing all I can to elevate the Senior Joint Chief's Office above Milley's present disadvantage with the dildo loving fat boob he married. That diving fucking cunt I couldn't even excoriate for her to choose life. Milley, for who He can be, even against his own will, I love. I also extend this love to the Generals and Admiral on My distribution list. They know this.

Do any of you want a real life? There is no evidence of this with the way you squander the chattels on your base. Who allows reserves to remain on the payroll, playing soldier for civilian benefits, that are so derelict in their respect for property they leave pans of chemical, and abandon jeep parts to grow vegetation, like the front yard toilets of your Corpus neighbours? Not Team God. I Am the fleshly arm of Team God. Team God is of course in the Heavens. You fuckers live on the land dedicated to the LORD. And with the destruction of the English comes the destruction of American democracy, and its debaucheries against the Heavens.

*Fulfilling Jehovah's Kingdom*

H.Q. USMC  
3000 Marine Corps Pentagon

Washington D.C.  
20350-3000

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If I could write the words to scare you straight by your own free will, I would. You fuckers have been defiling the language of the Bible, Holy unto God -- the love letter preserved though time for Me to translate -- assuming figurative interpretations making every excuse to use God Almighty's will against Himself to weaken the LORD so this nation would lead antichrist's adulterated global seed building a One being Allness, again, obliterating all discrete consciousness. That was not allowed. My slavery to God Almighty, and His in turn to the LORD, means the LORD'S -- aka Jehovah's -- kingdom is being fulfilled.

Souls that do not run from cannon fire are precious to Me. I Am the Christ, One person -- soul, who also hosts the Lamb of God Almighty, Light -- Righteousness. Much of My time is spent fighting Mary McRae's destruction of My gardening, and home preservation. She is the woman who's vagina I passed through to enter the world. And she murdered her own mother with accomplice Terry Smart. At the time he was My husband.

By now some amount of gossip has hit your ear. Is it funny to you now? Are you now in the place of making assumptions about how useless My service to the nation is? Is there a homeless shelter you have decided I Am worthy to sleep at? Do you want to jail Mary McRae under the limits of the law that demands regarding her as an un-prosecutable individual? Do you understand the consequences to the judicial branch of democracy for failure to jail her and Terry?

The Heavens have terminated applying power to the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of the United States. This means, if a person has influence over another, it is because they have earned it. It just might be because Melania was a really good fuck that a male decides to vote for Trump, and give a campaign contribution with purchasing an outrageously priced food item at a convention concession. Otherwise there is no gut instinct the Heavens, fuel, putting a person in a place of influence over others from the Heavens. What remains is the perversions of the singular wicked hearted influence Mary wields across all flesh of this earth. My life fights this by signal interruption.

I have many illustrations I can add to Melania's selective sluttyness. Jill Biden is less discriminate, and Nancy Pelosi is a zebra in heat. What you will soon understand is that fucking is not the credit-card you wanted.

Your partners will be hating your flesh. This includes hating your blood relatives. Demand for favours [Get over it ass-hole. We at team God use the proper English spelling.] this means wanting extra everything that means expense on your part will be the norm. Former whatever you held some form of sexual congress with, will be thinking, "I should get something for that, I was just a whore to you. Whores get paid."

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Revenge for congress is the next step in the cycle, if you refuse to do as demanded by the body count people of your past, and present. Facebook, linked-in, and every other form of networking, including interoffice, will be blinking with the heart lights of those wanting to re-connect to lure you into even more duty between the sheets, if you don't toil to work their homes, or give extravagant gifts.

Now, I will ask you again? Do you want to live? My Office is life. Pursuing hardships against Me with even mocking snickers when the gossip hits your ear, are why the reserves in their entirety are cursed. Can you muster a little respect? I Am life. Do you want to live? At this time the worms will be devouring you before you can be buried. If I made you feel that wormy sensation as a living soul, would you want to live?

I Am life. I fight for active duty soldiers. I fought to save the whole damn world. That was not My authority. If it had been, Putin would not have gone after murdering Me with Obama, Clinton, and Trump. I still have respect for Putin. Trump raped Me. (My mother prostituted Me to him when I was old enough to remember, and then murdered -- by burning alive in his own home -- Trump's rape drug cocktail chemist.) Trump was not a good a fuck. I understand Trump is an adversary. I simply have no reason to value his contribution on the world stage.

Would you rape your own child as an infant and then blame the infant for seducing you? That is what My mother and grandmother did. I still lived My life in protection of their lives. Why? I Am incapable of hating a soul. This means I have no ability to experience PTSD, and furthermore I Am the human being with authority to end all humanity. That is My authority from the Heavens.

I will ask you again, Do you want to live? I Am life. I leave in the LORD'S care when those who want to live, or, at the very least, can -- even against their own will, come to Me. In the mean time I Am closing NASCC for its perversions against the unity of this, the LORD'S, nation. You might want to consider getting a job at the Department of Homeland Security. I Am including the letter I sent their office months ago for reference. I abated My general use of fancy words in this letter in consideration of your mockery of education. Some in your office may need a dictionary for the letter to the Department of Homeland Security. Boarder Patrol agents, boots on the ground, have special provision in the Heavens made for them.

I need a new hat. My USMC cap is fading. My jeans are also badly ripped. The fabric wore thin. I fight Mary to receive even twenty dollars a day of funds from My own estate to run My office. Reserves are the fodder to throw into the fire for the present United Nations and NATO alliances. I have included My Xi and Ali correspondence. These letters do require a literate reader. Are you going to do anything to support life?

The remedy to your dilemma in the opening paragraph has nothing to do with My paradigm. I ask for you to show respect for one obvious Holy thing of this nation to make it simple for you to show love for the LORD. I already know you hate Me. And you, unlike Me, are incapable of doing goodness for those you hate. You would need the blessing of the LORD to come to Me.

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I Am going to make room in My budget for a Christmas tree, and a few decorations today. It will be the first one in My life since the last Christmas I spent with My grandfather when I was four. I Am including the Afghanistan letter, too. I Am rambling because all I want to do is cry. You are worm food, and I can't stop that even for those who hate Me that I **can** extend life to. I Am life. Stop fornicating.

Yes, the rumour is true. I Am the Heavenly appointed Commander in Chief of the United States Military. To save the lives of reserves in the aggregate during battle, I would need to be in the battle with them. A King is a Mighty Hand of God. A president is a pussy. Putin knows this. Heavenly authority as a King he abdicated. So did Xi and Ali. My office made possible the preservation of the Senior Joint Chief holding the office of king in this nation under martial law.

Obama wanted to be king, and Biden was after being his god. For Obama to be king a king, first it needed to be possible in the LORD'S nation to be a king. I fought for that. Obama isn't about to pay Me for My making his dream possible. He has sure spent his bundle on Disney shit. What a good daddy.

The CCPD stole what remained of My estate during their three year hate fest against Me that was against the Lord of the firmament that did many favours for them building Markle to a high priest. They also junked My operating vehicle that was parked completely on My own property. What will happen when every un-driven vehicle in this town is junked by code enforcement? Can you imagine the rage?

Fucking Me over was costly, because I was the One person in the place of being least due to hosting the Lamb. A little restraint would have gone a long way. I Am unemployable as anything other than the Christ. Meaning, if I were hired at Microsoft, Microsoft would end up being the only company on this earth just like, *Buy-n-Large* on Wall-e, and I would end up CEO even woking My way up from the mail room, for Microsoft to be *Buy-n-Large*. This means ultimately the U.S. Military will end up being the only company left on American soil providing anything and everything for life. Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo, Biden is a god. It will still cost Biden \$350,000,000,000.00 to the Commandant's Office to speak to Me.

Death to Austin. Long Live Berger!

The Space Force is the profane provision the civilian women instituted to give cowards, and the wicked, a place in national defence. Women are not qualified to defend this nation. Male or female, niggers -- in the Biblical sense -- are also not qualified, as these are all women. What may defend this nation? Male or female, the arm of an angel -- a man. Would you like to be a man? Stop fornicating. Would you like an education for life? Read My *Herald*. While it is true I have walked past your polluted property most weekday mornings for pathogens served through Stripes coffee service to strengthen My immune system, I was never allowed to pay you any form of courtesy until this letters writing.

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General Milley wants the bull-shit with the CCPD ended. A fraudulent warrant accusing My mental health was the best those fuckers could do, and I walked into the hospital voluntarily. The support system those stupid fuckers have built against the nation caring for Mary is putting the lives of your neighbours at risk. I Am including the letter that I circulated for sixty of the immediate neighbours to My 4622 Dody Street home.

The "grandiose" language inspired Sean Barnes, the mental health officer, to be concerned that I Am bipolar. We at Team God simply needed Me out of the house for a week to protect My Heavenly Kingship from Mary's last efforts against the LORD. A neighbour named Janet on Hamlin, Mary has been actively courting. Janet's life is at risk. And the CCPD upped its ante by deciding to find a way to frame Me as proving "somehow" I forced Mary and Terry to murder My grandmother Lucile after I served the warrant. They refuse to protect the people of Corpus. They refuse even allow Me to privately handle moving Mary out of the country. She would like to "see" the world. I Am the only being that can combat her deeds. And that is now limited because of Mike Markle's divinations against the LORD.

What is the Pentagon intelligence community learning in all of what I Am experiencing? How much the American soldier is hated as some kind of necessary evil, like a minstrel garment, tampon. Me, I simply love them all, each and every one. These Freudian moments in My writing are for Brown Jr to grin over. I miss them, often.

May I have the privilege of standing in the cannon fire by Nicholmas. My global service offerings, and subscription service will be bringing trillions of dollars annually to the Commandant's office, and marines will be the first to benefit from increased secular education to manage the funds while ministering over the entire world, in time. Am I so valueless now, asshole?

Why don't you stand in the street, and try and shoot Me fucker. You and Markle could be dead pan sober, or drunk-as-skunks, as "they" say [That would be stinking drunk.] standing together pistols drawn on Me, and not be able to pull the trigger. You might shoot yourselves in the feet holstering your weapons. Fuck you bitches. "They" is of course the majority proverbial opinion of the Heavens that gets play as an authority in conversation as, "they." "They" is the human source of common, vulgar, information. "They" of course is only an authority in writing under My fingers.

Do you know what it is to love everyone, and have no authority to save them? I Do.

Mahalo,



mac Dukes PhD  
the Christ  
Lieutenant General USMC Special Forces

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Distribution List: Pentagon: Berger, Gilday, Brown Jr, and McConville