



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

June 14, 2023

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

*T*here are indeed many interruptions in My thoughts that have nothing to do with anything I would think about, left to My own devices. The best illustration I can give you for the world's present dilemma is they have no "T's" to cross because they have no "T's" in their alphabet as mumsy put everyone in tee shirts, and, further, used the "D" to replace the "T." None bothered to learn that the "T" was missing in the first place to return and begin crossing the "T" after replacing where the "D" was used, because of course, God, was too stupid to know the difference.

Why did the Divine allow this in the first place? The cross is represented upside down that Jesus was crucified on. When the foundation is corrupted the structure has no longevity. Yes, your soils engineer and foundation contractor cheated you big time. You want Me to beat them up? You know where to find Me. What did they do? Used an insufficient aggregate (the mix is weak) and did not classify the in-situ risks accurately. What else? the reinforcement is in contact with the soil in some places and will rust. Mexican rebar is the lowest grade shit. Other nations must also have the same kind of substitute. Whatever bundles of material you were onsite to look at or receipts you saw had little to do with reality.

Dearest President Putin, My grandmother never, and I mean never, wore a tee-shirt. She finally bought one when she visited China. It said "come visit the rock garden" in Mandarin characters. That was in the early eighties. She did wear that on two occasions and kept it as a memento of her travels. Grandma is a catch. The resurrection and union you are asking for...I will think. (Her happiness is of course what matters to Me. I swear if you failed to toil for her with the same vigour you toiled in other endeavours or betrayed her fidelity there are worse realities than hell, that I can make happen to you. My suspicion is you already have an idea that she would love you.) She knew a tee shirt was a vile garment. I hate them too, but, like a good sport, I have worn them too.

Why mumsy is wandering around in ball-caps, I can't tell you exactly. Its just that she is most likely trying to convince Spirit she is Me.

Males arms and legs should never be exposed. Slacks, shirt sleeves with wrist cuffs, and no genital definition nor exposed chest of back hair. Right, great shirtless photo of you, you have indeed maintained physical fitness to some degree. You want bigger complements? Growing up on Oahu I learned young to filter out a great deal. When I say, "filter out" I mean not pander to whatever that naked jack-ass wants Me to notice. We can call a Speedo nakedness, can't we? Water polo is obscene. Return to the days of Sparta and strip those fuckers naked for water polo and Olympic swimming events. The only redeeming element of college football (American) is those tight assed males that beg for a bite -- Ha Ha. By the time they hit pro they have filled out and that sick fucking jell-o on those obese fuckers is an abomination against the Holiness of Sumo. Strip the American football players naked and you have a pro game of Godly significance.

Detaching flesh from the consequence of their movements is the oops. But in warfare, anything goes. Unless you are on American soil and you have spent the last four hundred years fucking over the first born from the time the Dutch -- the Holland wad not German -- set foot here with their corporate articles. Holy warfare is what remains to clean this soil of the defilements that mumsy kept building on. Human sacrifice was required when flesh worshipped any Ggod other than the LORD because sin entered the blood.

Your question is, "What is sin?" Sin is the intermingling of what is demonstrated by the instincts and evolutionary components for survival, including procreation, across all non-human creation. Human, being every person walking the earth, sans mumsy -- she is not human. She produced a human. Satan circumcised My heart. A mongoloid-retard-extra chromosome Down's being is not human either. But two forty-six chromosome people produced said adoration, and were blessed for taking care of that domestic animal. Pilot asked what is truth? That was the proof that Truth had not entered the world when Jesus walked the earth. Your question is the proof that sin became the god people listened to incapable of registering their own wrongdoing. Sin has markers based on genetics. The threefold cord in marriage riddle matters here.

Sin is what maps people Spiritually to the stars and is why horoscopes had power. No, I would not read that shit. I hated even coming across those constellation based words in the dictionary, and if reading material included those occult elements, like a newspaper, I averted the headline like I averted a dude on the beach in a Speedo. Seducing Me requires money*! No, money was never spent on Me.

*Right, in the absence of honesty. I want to believe that one is honest in this skirmish. For the honest one I fight. Without honesty, spite works, for a start. Yes, the one with the perfect ass I want to believe is honest. Youth actually makes that more likely. "Old School" was probably trying to "prove" I was a lesbian. Regardless, "Timmy" proved I wasn't. I proved I Am honest seeking monogamy and masculine male if indeed I Am required to marry. This June 15, 2023 edit is because Putin did catch My partial information.

Engineering served as the educational foundation that insulated Me, as far as I could see, from all those "irrational" educational things I hated. I avoided "literature" like the plague in college. In high school I did some serious faking it to get by a "B" student. I did not despise knowledge. I was simply terrified of the occult since I was four years old and did all I could to avoid it. So reading Christi, all I can say, is she turned murders into solvable events with clues like Conan Doyle pulled off basically reducing the occult to the Scooby-Doo level. What do people do with what scares them, the monsters? Make a joke out of it, make some superhero cop or robot destroy it, deliver "rational" explanations from science or human error to incarcerate it. What to military leaders know? These monsters are real. Satan will say "Hello" at the time and when you are in the place that suits her purposes.

Mumsy is a gut driven person who dictates to Spirit. Let's just say, I have spent the better part of My life testing the theories My gut presented before following it. Every memory of My life up until May 12, 2012, I Am forced to review -- and it takes force -- I end up wondering why in the hell I was a passenger on the train-wreck and simultaneously watching the train wreck. That is the horror of being the Slave. I wanted off the train or to avert the wreck. I had no authority to walk away from so many things I would have never ventured into even if I had been allowed to trust My gut or listen to even My rational thoughts telling Me, "This won't end well for Me I need to leave." These are examples of events mumsy slandered Me with that first the Governing Body exploited and then the USMC. Clearly, God did not stop child slavery nor enforce child labor laws.

You bet, I can marry someone out of spite against whatever the United States Military "thinks" they have created for Me as a husband, and for money. This morning I edited "s-h-u-t-t-e-r" replacing it with the homophone "s-h-u-d-d-e-r" that I wrote in My introductory segment of My last letter to Rear Admiral Andros. Then I wrote you your introduction. Yesterday morning, from an unexpected place, I ate a really great cookie. It rivalled My own mudslide cookies. The place looked like a hell hole even more so on the inside than the dilapidated Leopard Street outside. That the cookie was great, as in like My recipe, is how I knew I would be writing you soon. The cookie met My expectations, but I did not think it would when I tasted it. I was not able to love it at first bite. On second bite I really appreciated and enjoyed the cookie.

Today, I was the first customer in "the Galley," on their first day, within a minute of them turning the open sign on for the first time. Good eats! Enjoy this memento. The reason letters to, or regarding, Abbott, Canales, or other trash is so fraught with errors is a function of how much they have personally fucked Me over, and God Almighty is forcing Me to deal with them. Sometimes I have an open fly and toilet paper on My heal, as it were, when I write to them as I learn how buffaloed I Am by how well they know the gods they have fucked in My name. The "T" and "D" is not a bad illustration though, right? As I say, "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

Mahalo,



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

Distribution Recipients Internal