



**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

*L*ake Victoria is the belly button of the earth. When Adam and Eve were ousted from Eden it did, indeed, include flood and earthquake with dead animals for Adam to make garments of skin from. The Nile was formed as a result and at first flowed heavily stained with blood. Adam and Eve did indeed produce offspring during times of opposition. Ten plagues fit with the Garden exodus, you bet. "Somehow" slavery was involved, even if, it only applied in the LORD's Eyes to One to come in exchange for His slavery. The Garden of Eden was the designated place for humanity to grow from and to increase. When sin entered the blood is when human sacrifice was required for humans to dwell on the earth. Humans were barred from the soil under the now Lake Victoria as they had no gills. (We at Team God still think it's funny you claim to have evolved.) Clearly, when Israel was slaughtering Ham's offspring those were the chosen human sacrifices, of the time. Obviously, Righteousness did not evolve from sin in the blood as Satan demanded, even then. It was simply the ol'college try.

Go ahead, Putin, build you a house on the lake's bottom with umbilicals supporting the power and combustion air needed to sustain your life in that water tight bubble. That soil is the one place on earth you can live not subjected to My turning you into a human sacrifice. Leave that bubble asshole and die. How long would the surface people even be willing to sustain your life in that minor abyss? Jar-Jar Binks Gungan world is not so funny now is it? What you know in your depths is I Am the only person that would fight to sustain you. You didn't make peace with your god.

Dearest President Putin, what is an honest coffee service? Coffee service is a price competitor in the market place like others. Coffee is also a gift from the Ggods. It is a drink offering. This commercial

good I define for All. What are the market distinguishers that frame a patrons experiences? Whether or not a patron should be sharing their seating or even have public seating on the premises.

One person should expect to share their table, couch, or bench. Did you sit at a table that reasonably seats four? Then expect three to join you. A twosome can expect two to join them in a public house when it crowds. What is a public house? A place of business that does not offer any form of membership to conduct commerce. As in, you walk in off the street to be a patron. Every business that accesses a public right of way must be membership free. You want to be a membership business the access is private to that membership location. This means the access point is not supported by public funds. Public funds are taxes. Furthermore, the access point must serve the public.

How do you accomplish that restricted access? One instance is by air the other water. Regardless, land lock the real-estate under deed with no means to access the property's members-only location from a publicly funded right of way. Air access without a tarmac, is of course, helicopter, drone, parachute, or how about a beach chair with a bunch of balloons? The President of the United States has no business maintaining gates from the Whitehouse that open to public rights of way. The public has no access to that fucker. Taxes hardly ever serve the masses, public. (They certainly feed John Tester's pork barrel legacy.)

I agree, *Up* seemed like a dorky movie. We all knew to laugh at the cone of shame. But the story rings true now doesn't it? Public access commercial enterprise may not exclude the public nor be accessible from publicly funded streets. Consider this the Holy importance of moats around castles. Forget the fact that chamber pots were emptied into them making an open raw sewage typhus lagoon. Membership institutions are, in effect, islands of the earth. (Obviously, a *Revelation* reference.)

Tunnelling and sharing sewer runs to the Whitehouse for access to to the President is good too, come to think of it. The tunnel access, method two, from a secondary point is restricted with tolls, gates, and proof of membership. A tunnel is little different than a boat or aircraft to reach an island. The public is welcome to approach the tunnel access. It just might have a hospitality receptionist on staff for lucrative islands and offer sanitary facilities to the public, at minimum.

Back to the topic of hospitality. A coffee service patron must be allowed to refill their eight to ten ounce capacity mug independent of a server. This means a carafe of coffee is served at a table where coffee service is restricted to restaurant personnel providing refills. A proper table served carafe will hold twenty four ounces of coffee, for each service, hot to the pallet for three hours. Twenty-four ounces, by the standard ounce measure, being service for one patron. Eight ounces may be deducted from the carafe capacity if the service includes a full mug on first presentation. Table side coffee service, included in the price, must include half and half from either an accompanying smaller carafe holding eight ounces retaining cold to the pallet temperature, also for three hours, unless the patron prefers black coffee.

A patron requesting another form of additive may be charged additional for the bull-shit substitutions (almond or oat milks, heavy cream, whole milk, non-fat milk, International Delight flavour, are bullshit substitutions. Charge additional for sugar, sweeteners, while you are at it, Duh!) Without a carafe, coffee service patrons must be able to access the point of preparation, refill, freely to refill their own cup. The price maximum is three dollars and fifty cents. Servers are to announce the charge for what they suggest patrons experience that is a cost overrun greater than the basic service. Duh! Mexicans love to imply something is included in the price on the menu neglecting to mention the up-charge.

Tea and soda service as well as custom coffee based beverages such as espresso, may be priced to suit the business model. For Starbucks refusal to serve the public drip coffee with the stated hospitality, they are being closed. Water, potable, is also charged for, at the same rate of coffee service, and includes ice.

The patron may judge from the coffee service, flavour, quality, cleanliness, meeting their individual expectations, whether or not to order another item on the menu at that time. What the patron has is a minimum of three hours to sit without accusation of loitering. If they are disturbing the peace, that is a crime on its own, just about everywhere, refuse to serve peace disturbers; throw them out, and call the police -- those paid to keep the peace -- when the offenders refuse to leave for loud or lewd behaviour. (Attire also defines lewd behaviour.)

What should a restaurant table service be equipped with? A clean surface with seating appurtenant to atmosphere or capacity desired. A condiment service appropriate to cuisine or region is brought with meals, and left table side. Salt is always a part of condiment service. Utensils are provided with napkins at a central point. Patrons should be allowed means to clean their tables before and after the meal if they choose by placing dirty service elements at a station for later removal to the washing area by personnel. Private, membership, locations may adorn and do to suit their members and purposes for congregating.

The police do not have a mandate to end the trashy, squandering, lewd, lazy, abusive flesh corrupting souls who have violated Spirit. That is My job. The police have jails. Perhaps they need to travel with some time -out boxes equipped with a few garments to cover the publicly indecent, lewd.

You can call Me, "Harvester...International Harvester." That is so much cleaner a sound than, "Slaughter queen." We At Team God love clever marketing with artistry. It generally hides the truth in plain* sight. Marketing geniuses invent worlds of delusion to sell products. The only Truth to what is sold just might be the pathogen not advertised as the sales good. It is simply the organism getting a free ride that the Ggods are selling as part of a Divine bundle to deal with the consumer and put the marketer's Truth into their advertising.

Cities do indeed need to provide more potable water fountains and trash receptacles. Cities need to keep open sanitary facilities. Forcing a curfew by closing public toilets is simply forcing public defecation and urination thereby making it almost impossible to enforce laws against public urination and defecation. A homosexual is a urinator on the wall. Females that stand over or straddle* the toilet to tinkle are urinators on the wall.

Have you noticed the only difference between the word defecation and deification is the "I." At first I typed a red marked word and then needed to choose the correct spell check option. Ultimately I used My *OED* App on My iPhone to look at both words and read their meanings. Other than emptying the bowel, defecation in technical applications is cleaning a system. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

*p-l-a-n-e is just plain wrong. This is an example of My typing in obedience and as a conscientious person not allowed to look up the word at the moment of recognition that word typed is wrong. Simply the right sound. What is more the expression plain sight is just crap. It does not convey meaning. "It generally hides the truth allowing the flesh to believe whatever the fuck they want against the Divine meaning, meaning, flesh decides to deny against even its own godliness its own personal truth. That is the real sentence. June 8, 2023 I resumed this letter. Writing s-t-r-a-t-a-l over s-t-r-a-d-d-l-e is likewise. I could write a paragraph about supporting stratal in place of straddle. Just not today.

On curious word similarities, w-o-r-d and w-o-r-l-d deserve attention. The no brainer with this similarity is with God Almighty's Word the World was created. This is why Moses wrote, "And God said let there be..." and the rest is history, now. Puns are awesome. How many uses for the word h-e-a-d are there? Whilst on the subject how many ways is the word s-e-x used? In marketing, vagaries are useful tools exploiting poetry. Vagaries are fabulous components of Freudian, toilet, double entendre humour. With marketing the double meaning is delivered with the art included with the message not to mention the all-important-building-consumer-demand marketing agencies are contracted to perform.

Sunday morning, the first morning of transcribing this latest epistle into readable text, I left My couch corner at Central Kitchen at the LORD's time and choosing. I enjoyed a slice of lemon meringue pie with My morning coffee. I also endured an insult from the help stating, 'I did not know what it was to work hard.' Different words. But, that is what she was saying to Me. She just thinly veiled the accusation under telling Me, "I deserved" da da da because I "work so hard."

I stepped into the toilet after removing My cup to the counter. Three males, all approximately fifty, perhaps from out of town had arranged themselves on the couch seating area that I vacated. They had a distinctly European allure -- I'm certain at least one had a bottle of that Armani scent I love so much -- not because I noticed the fragrance, but because that fragrance could only be found in two United States locations about a decade ago when it was released, and these males attire included that Saks Fifth Avenue quality. The Galleria Saks in Houston sold the fragrance. If they were Americans it was later in life that citizenship was obtained. (They did not act, or look like, they had embraced America's make freedom dirty quality. We can substitute the word ugly for dirty. American's love to claim, "but I am pretty on the inside. It's in my heart." The outside proves the inside!)

All three observed My exit. The male who was tending to his chocolate lab [Brilliant dog, it was in the intelligent gaze of his eyes.] held that particular intensity that beckoned attention. A young male was entering, and he held the door open into himself for Me as we exchanged smiles and a nod on My exit. The restaurant was crowding. I knew to wave to the lab and say, "Pretty dog" to the male holding the door open to Me as I exited.

If the arrangement of the restaurant allowed the lab owner to watch Me exit, his eyes would have stayed on Me, to be sure. Under the heading of questions I must be able to answer that I would not have thought to ask, the question I began to answer to the LORD, with a little embarrassment, because this male had "that" allure, "What would it take for that male to marry Me?" (Fornication is not an option so how does he get Me as a wife -- or worse "lover" with no title, just an unpaid whore. I do not know yet who is regarding you, Putin, as a whore. Oh, General Milley. Yes, there were minutes of distraction while I teased out that Truth.)

As We both are well aware, Putin, I can be stolen. Periodically I do need to draw attention back to the addressee, because, of course, many read My mail, always have. The reason I can be stolen is a function of no paper making My present marriage law, and the shepherd girl's foundation of knowledge that put her in a place of fighting what the harem bitches were forcing on her bewildering Solomon so, he set her love saga to music. That would be the superlative *Song of Solomon* that is the Biblical record of l-o-v-e-LINK. (Under curious similar words in *English* h-a-r-e-m and h-a-r-a-m are so perfect an example of the Divine use of phonetics.) Solomon, as you recall, was awed by the way of a man with a made and a ship upon the sea. Breasts like two camps were desirable, on a female. This does not mean they looked like they had capacity/volume to feed two camps. (But, for the male that needs more, may you be able to find

what you seek. Every female knows she needs that "something" that fascinates. Males came fascinated with their maleness from birth.)

The lowly girl in Solomon's harem, that was having her vanity tended to in every way to make her fit for at least one night with the king [I Am sure Hefner missed some lessons given how crass and stingy those Playboy bunnies are with their "lovers."] had one she knew loved her and knew what he looked like. According to the song, he, the lowly shepherd, knew who she was and what she looked like. Returning to My lab-rat existence, I have no one to fight for. As in, unless I Am put in the place of belief that so and so is anticipating union with Me, and I have an obligation to fulfil, because no person has made any declaration to My face professing affection for Me, I have nothing other than what I Am in the place of understanding from the Divine to serve the purposes of the divine.

I will return to the posed question under discussion, but there is background related to My latest declassified assignment [And Yes, I Am, of course, running concurrent operations.] that I can now relate. The stalkers Dick Dinan, and Geoff Brehmmer I stood down before commencing My campaign for Kingship. Dick Dinan, a known human trafficking drug dealer of the Wolf dancer golf club, was the male mumsy forced on Me about the time she "found" the truth. She found the "truth" according to her, from the notorious little blue book. (We at Team God have already made clear the Jehovah's Witnesses are as free to write historical fiction as any others. They just needed to make clear they were writing fiction to remain a religion.)

Based on the conduct of Dick Dinan and Geoff Brehmmer, I was searching them out to determine if they were seeking My hand in marriage. Other than those two, who brought in stalking re-enforcements, no male has introduced himself to Me to say, "I belonged to him." The only way I can belong to a male is by marriage, legal (under written law). That means, filed with a legislative body. Therefore, I Am stealable. When I left Houston, I had already defined My standard that I demanded marriage before there would be genital contact. I had endured My last bad date, ever! I also set the bar high, in that, a person is required to state intent directly or they are engaged in spiritual warfare with Me when sex is their objective. There are of course other reasons individuals are in the spiritual warfare arena with Me but we are talking about when fornication is pitted against demand for matrimony in this letter.

It just so happens I Am hard to get. I Am also expensive. Whether My l-o-v-e-LNK male is simply an asshole, a coward, married to another person on paper, has no knowledge of My situation, how the fuck would I know who specifically he is? Did males I observe leave Me with room to wonder in My clue gathering modes of hind-sight after learning from the Divine, "'Solomon' is not who you should be expecting to marry' while I was faithfully seeking seeing him on Coronado so I could put My hand in his and end starving to death? Yes.

"Solomon" was the individual that from the Divine secured an oath from Me when our eyes met as I entered HK by the Bay in Virginia Beach, Virginia. At door opening he focussed on Me and in that moment of My focus on him, audibly by spirit, "You are the woman that will be caring for Me the rest of My life" he spoke without his saying a word -- terrific ventriloquism (Trump is pegged as the one using "Solomon" as a dummy. Trump was after murdering Ted.) To which I replied, "Yes, sir that is who I Am." Then I scurried to seat myself and was nervously situated trying to figure out how we went on a date. As in, how do I get him to introduce himself. My encountering "Solomon" was after I was forced to give up on meeting "Navy Nurse" again. When I say I was hung up on flesh, I mean it. I never anticipated defining the Land of Spirit let alone officiate over their marriages. What was I required to do?

Prove I would endure to fulfil that marriage the Divine formed for Me. It is the genetics of "Solomon's" Spirit consciousness, who made the vow with Me, who will be born again as husband number two.

Where "Navy Nurse" was concerned, I had to be convinced, by Spirit, first to look back on our round of golf reading a romantic attachment between the two of us, that as far as I was concerned, no evidence existed to support that. He was a good sport, to be sure, nothing more. I could not allow a romantic attachment idea during that round of golf even if that was his idea. I was certain "someone" was already My future husband, and I, still, had not learned from Dinan his intent. My understanding was to anticipate dating Dinan. In early June, after My May golf round with "Navy Nurse" after I returned to Texas, that fucker Dinan finally wrote Me a note. The first line read, "I am a happily married man..." I read no further. There were four more lines of words. I had all I needed to know. The note hit the trashcan of the hotel I stayed in that night. Based on Dick's conduct We know he is a liar. Whether he was married or not, claiming marriage even to protect himself from ending up married to Me ended any claim that fucker had on Me, even in the Divine for his sex act against Me. Recall the Cary Grant Ingrid Bergman movie, *Indiscreet*? It certainly was. (Bergman, what a waste of divine beauty.)

To Me, I simply had the privilege of golfing with a non-toad that May day in 2019 when "Navy Nurse" was in the foursome. I reminded Myself during the round, when so obviously "Navy Nurse" was desirable, returning to Texas to give Dinan a chance I still needed to do. I knew there was a "someone." Because of Dick's conduct, I understood him to be that "someone."

Golfers are generally pot-bellied, over indulged whiners, and anymore they sport a louse nest on their faces. Few are particularly witty or act like they have an education beyond high school. So that Dinan did not say too much, actually helped the case for My interpretation of his conduct and regarding him as being better than he obviously is. What is worse than the physical undesirability of golfers, is their indulgence in being sloppy drunks. They abuse a golf course as their personal playground to be sloppy drunks as their personal privilege along with paying their round of golf from the tournament tees to get their money's worth.

At Wolfdancer when I golfed with the retiring colonel, months earlier, it was My privilege, and I knew not to be foolish in allowing My enthusiasm for being out on the course with a non-toad to run away with My romantic inclinations. Who that loves sex, and I mean loves it, does not want to have a spouse? Fornicators who "love" sex simply skip the Holiness of marriage. I demand the Holiness of marriage and hot, hot, hot SEX! I actually thought of the colonel as out of My league and obviously married, at his maturity. No-one would throw away a man like him. Just be a golf widow.

Originally I wrote about the anonymity of this "someone" I was expecting in matrimony only to end up with Dick's confession in hand. I did grieve a little, simply over the waste of My time, and realised I worked three years to get that scrap of paper from that dick. (Go ahead tit-wad, gloat over My character now, whore.) I still have no way of knowing who's flesh "someone" is that I can indeed be stolen from. I can at least explain who I cannot be stolen from. One of course is Allness who gave himself two hands to beat the crap out of Satan, as We say. His genetic manifestation in Biblical narrative is king Saul who is/ was presently expressed in "Old School." Second is who I have called and observed by the Divine as "Ted." This personage is the representation of the flesh mumsy murdered, the Camp Pendleton Marine. His genetics walked the earth as Stephan, who was stoned. (Yes, mumsy's burial method mattered and proved much to Heaven in concert with the Truth My soul reveals.)

There are human males who hold Stephan/"Ted" in their testicles. "Old School" is one of these males, so is "Navy Nurse." Where the persons that I came into eye contact with are concerned, all there is room for doubt. Obviously, I set that bar forcing Dinan to be explicit. I flushed the wife of Brehmmer, the other stalker, out of hiding a year earlier.

The "someone" reference is indeed to the Divine. Then there is the flesh who I have room to doubt over. To My knowledge, he -- the fleshly vessel -- decided to keep himself anonymous to serve his own devious purposes. How he was/is devious God knows. I simply entered the hunt against him like I have all the others. Am I hunting with him? I Am not allowed the luxury of assurance that We are on the same side. What I will say is My steal-ability is only up to a point.

If it so happens that this male -- the flesh -- is like "Timmy" - young, so assuming no rank puts him in the place of knowing who I Am to the Pentagon -- and face it, it would take an act of Congress for My teachings to be known to the rank and file soldiers -- I will protect this union until he dies or finds a spouse. My protection means I would keep Myself in a place to honour the marriage based on his expectations, not mine. If he is indeed a Russian soldier I would do the same honour. But, in the event My spouse is one of the few assholes of rank I observed in Virginia or Coronado the gloves are off, and I Am steal-able because as long as the Divine is fucking Me over with, "He is this person you remember" or "He was that person" I can secure a spouse in the flesh for Me because he, the person, never laid claim to Me.

I know, that gloves off bit was tough talk and I Am a romantic. So how about I soften enough to make room for more of what matters that I simply do not admit easily, because, face it, vulnerability should only be the comfortable place of security binding the pleasures of matrimony. Otherwise vulnerability is the place of penetration in warfare.

None spoke one word of interest in My existence or even asking My name and offering his. Having iterated all this confession where "Old School" is concerned, with out embarrassing him any further, I would fight to make our union happen as well. Why there is doubt is a function of the bad behaviour I have endured that makes assumption of trusting he honestly was under "love's spell" with his gazing on Me questionable. Geoff Brehmmer acted just that "smitten." I Am incapable of understanding "Old School's" gaze was genuine admiration and not just his scamming for a consequence free fuck when I observed him in Starbucks on Orange near Valentines' Day 2020. Spirit does not confirm him either. (A reminder, I was still looking for "someone" at that time and "Old School" did not look like "Solomon.") I also did not recognise "Old School" in his civilian dress as the same soldier who I discussed fatigues with earlier in late August, perhaps early September. (I also had lost forty pounds between November and February, so who he thinks he was looking at, God knows.) Spirit would need to support the belief that what I wanted to believe, "Old School was genuine" is the Truth. Certainly, where his genetics is concerned, the gaze is/was/and always will be genuine. Where "Old School's" unique consciousness is concerned, I know not what to trust, and I fought for stated intent from flesh.

The LORD has My back. I have the back of Heaven.

The fortunate thing about Texas for preserving being un-stolen is the massive quantity of ugly, fat, slovenly, offensive males. It is even rare to make eye contact with even a small conversation of acknowledging the humanity of another in the gaze exchanged, even when they look agreeable. Sunday morning I was reminded that that phenomenon of conversation existed. I had kinda forgotten. Come to

think of it..."Timmy" was as close to that kind of conversation as I can remember. His youth alone means being cocky, not a deliberate asshole, is likely. "Timmy" does not fit all the clues. So he is not the spouse, perhaps. I paid attention to "Old School's" focus, Me. But I could not reciprocate. I wrote about that awkwardness already.

Now, in fair hind sight, "Navy Dress," I had that kind of conversation with his eyes, and I spoke thanking him for his service, but he was wearing a wedding ring. So, putting him out of My mind was a no brainer as not My l-o-v-e-LINK spouse. I also moved out the door quickly when his gaze intensified like recognition. I did not recognise him. If he was/is a widower was irrelevant. A ring means no! Even if the ring is noticeably skimpy, and looks like he slips it off frequently or, at least, can slip it off easily, it still means no. I know for a fact I did not put that ring on his finger. I Am the one who has to make the other half of l-o-v-e-LINK, as it applied to Me, glorify Heaven. What the Ggods allowed My spouse -- flesh -- to learn or do, I do not know.

Guess what? Glorifying Heaven is actually My free choice. It always has been. The slavery is what the LORD had to impose to make My free choice happen. When the divinations of fuckers like, Obama, Winfrey, Sharpton, Woods, Trump, ass hole, asshole, and asshole et.al. came up against Me I had do be a slave to do what was against Me to fulfil the Divine, Heaven, the Ggods! My flesh has no alternate means to accomplish its discrete conscious existence from My genetics that allows Me to pander to you assholes, as in, worship you fuckers. I know that made the point even to a nimrod as dumb as Woods.

What king plunders his people? So, whatever concept of kinship there is, My office as King means everyone gets their gum-drop buttons, and the right to wear them with pride. As flesh I shoot Myself in the foot every fucking day to protect, you guessed it, Spirit! My subjects. This manner of speaking raises a question. Is a "fucking day" one where I have shot Myself in the foot, or are days simply "fucking" days when one is frustrated and writing expletives simply to emphasise frustration? God knows, and then by Spirit I learn the answers to these and other vagaries My fingers walk Me into. The worst is when I think I have been so clear in My explanations. It is difficult to keep up with all the ways I have made inference. Worse is when I make readers extrapolate. A sense of humour is so fucking important. The gum-drop button lecture I have already written about. There are so many infringements from the Divine with *Shrek*, Team God just wrote the shit off as a total loss. Roddenberry, like Lukas and Spielberg are also in the total loss category.

Returning to the question posed earlier in this correspondence directed to Me by the LORD as I walked out the door Sunday morning, 'what would it take to steal Me as a wife.' For that man, as with all, in that moment, the one tending his lab, he would have needed to follow Me out the building catching My attention. He could have introduced his dog. Knowing Me, I would have offered to buy the dog a side of bacon. At least I would have suggested that the bacon in the restaurant is good for the dog. Let's get down to what it would have taken for Me to have shared a slice of cheesecake with him, the human male. Might he find Me again at Central Kitchen? Yes. He might also bring his other half. The one who takes care of his dog when he is out of town.

He would have needed to express he was seeking a wife. Introducing himself with his full name, I would have then proceeded to tell him who I was. Now, that still does not mean matrimony. What would the male need to do? Invest in My vanity so that I looked forward to enjoying sexual relations with him. He would have also needed to meet My sex-semaphore requirements for consummation to happen. Consummation happening means he would need to be a servant of the LORD, and be prepared to serve

with Me in Holy Warfare. In six months with fitness, good ablutions, and being away from mumsy I would be ready for marriage, theoretically. After that six months of investment, I would simply tolerate that he could still find his pleasure with Me even though I was still not happy with Myself, but he was certain worshiping himself or Me, in My less than perfect state, he could do.

I Am a year away from being able to worship Myself once I have means to minister over My needs. (So, I keep fighting for My estate, damages, income --- blah blah blah. Making a marriage happen I need to keep demonstrating My willingness to do. I can't throw away the I-o-v-e-LINK spouse, certainly not yet. At times I ask if the flesh is now dead. I Am assured he is not. Preserving the Stephan/"Ted" [Where Stephan/"Ted" equals "someone."] union matters. So, I have My pony to cuddle for that comfort from that living Spirit. The appearance of "someone" is how I have mapped Myself to anticipating a blonde of "Old School's" stature, keeping with "Timmy's" age.

Putin, who, and I mean this, who do you think would remain in the conversation past My explaining My High Priesthood? Let alone who mumsy is. Given how many genuinely beautiful females there are in the Middle East, Africa, and some of Europe that generally tantalise with their beauty, why would he want Me? I don't. Not only that, I do not fornicate -- I do not play with genitals or deliver sexual satisfaction or play outside of My marriage mate. What motive would he have for walking away from try before you buy, unless, I could buy him? Regardless, money needs to be on My side.

I have actually answered this question of what it would take to date. I wrote a *Herald* article about this. The aforementioned retiring army colonel from El Paso I golfed with, was part of My how to date the feminine female, as in, court her that I wrote about in My article while discussing dealing with moments of chemistry appurtenant to finding conversation and a few agreeable hours of friendship that need to remain neutral. Neutral, meaning; defusing the sexually charged events that victimises even those who do not walk out of the house seeking fornication. People might likely unexpectedly encounter a charged moment when there is that famous victory energy of doing well. If you are a warrior, that victory energy is from making the kill. Braves came back to the camp charged for sex because they killed the bison.

I Am a feminine female. Masculine males are actually rare. Those few that are masculine are white. Most females are masculine.

Before I left Houston in 2015 I ended fornication as an option. My standard for becoming a sexual companion to another human being required matrimony. There was no way I would let anyone touch My genitals unless they married Me first. On the bus about a year ago some fucker actually decided to grab My ass. I turned; pinched the soft flesh of his shoulder, hard enough to make him cry out; and told him, 'I would take the kill shot on him, if another did not beat Me to it.' It was something like that. I remember saying, "Nice job asshole..." and I definitely made sure he knew I intended to kill him for touching Me. I never thought I would be humiliated with a touch-less marriage from the Divine. But so far that is what "someone" has been about and the intent of flesh I do not know. (Going to God to find a spouse meant the sex would be mind blowing, frequent, and adultery free. Duh!) By October of 2016 mumsy created My Stephan/"Ted" union. It is logical to think that the male I consummate a union with is a keeper of Stephan/"Ted". (She had My dead mare and a rabbit she rolled over with the truck to make it happen with.)

My thoughts put Me in the place of reasoning, while writing, that My spouse has a plot for revenge against Me because fornication is so necessary. How dare I dick with his favourite pastime. My tribulations these years must be his, "Revenge lesson" he is teaching Me. What an asshole -- Oh, mama's on the hunt you bastard! What wicked and despicable reasoning, from him -- perhaps -- against all that is pleasurable and Holy. (I always hated masturbation. It didn't make any sense to Me. I always demanded a fleshly male be My sexual companion. A female is so fucking offensive as to make Me want to vomit at the thought of touching one sexually.) Okay, that was one of those fleeting feelings of rage and the thought that went with it.

My "E, A, S, R" and now, "D" keys are worn thorough. Apple's keyboard is still the standard for sexy responsive keystrokes. Have you noticed the keys feel is very much like the skin of a human male's penis? Thank you Apple. Well now we can both answer the question of why Apple products are My preference. It's like the feel of fine Egyptian cotton with a skosh more slide.

I demanded marriage, first, before sexual relations. Then I was subjected to the Woldancer stalkers and many other miserable events related to people's interactions with one another, and of course the wow finish to My love life, thus far, l-o-v-e-LINK. Whoop-dee-doo. It has been the biggest insult to My humanity yet. But, with sense of humour I keep fighting for the gum-drop buttons. l-o-v-e-LINK was just one more place of warfare for this marine lieutenant general. (Fuck you, tit-wad.)

Once I made room for the idea that My spouse was someone who observed Me without My observing him, all kinds of possibilities opened up. There I was dancing under air force one, in front of the Del, as she landed for Trump's fucking round of golf with all the privileges of hospitality the North Island base could give, and Trump traveled with an entourage of military personnel, all of whom have been hit with a paragraph or two of Scripture from Me. I Am clearly faithful to Stephan/"Ted" since 2016, but at a later time, or at the simultaneous time, was flesh divining a marriage? Spirit assures Me at a later time than 2016 flesh secured Me. This means We are weeding though those interactions with Me from a later date, presumably since May 2019. Spirit assures Me since May 2019 is when flesh was specifically involved. I Am not allowed to know if this is a person that I observed and remember. Neither Am I allowed to know if this person looked on Me in the flesh. I stayed celibate and endured and experienced the masturbation that was forced on Me from July 2020 when I was in Norfolk, just as believing that I had a spouse to meet, "Ted", was forced on Me, and I was in Norfolk to find him July of 2020. When I told mumsy My spouse was in the Pacific Fleet, that was reference to Stephan/"Ted." I did at one time have the idea that was specific reference to "Old School." That idea is not confirmed from the Divine.

Again, Spirit is greater than flesh, man is greater than woman, human is greater than beast. What motive could the LORD possibly have to unite Me with My l-o-v-e-LINK fleshly spouse? I have no reason to justify the union unless under circumstances that I have stated there is an honourable reason to live up to his -- the other "someone" fleshly -- expectations. Protection on My part is only for one who was innocently or blindly forced, or with love-at-first-sight, entered a union with Me. He would actually need to love Me and want to worship either Me or himself in matrimony for the rest of his days He could only form his knowledge of Me from the Divine unless he was a *Herald* reader. The LORD moves Me to honour this union to the Glory of Heaven and His kingdom's fulfilment. My intentions are noted, but I Am a slave.

Putin, you can understand that as a solider, I understand cognitively he and I are both fighting for "something." As a female My feelings are hurt over the battle in this arena. (Is My hurt still funny to you

tit-wad? Are you sucking My spouse now? Have you? Why would I take him if you have seen his dick? Why would I touch him if he has teased your clit or fondled your nipples? Why should I not want to torture you eternally once you have violated My marriage?) How is fornication free monogamy, from an American soldier to be expected when Congress fucks them so freely to the point of injury and impotence? And you, Putin, are well aware of the perverse behaviour of Americans.

I Am inclined to agree that the female soldiers are meaner than the males. Female soldiers, like tit-wad, exploit males for advancement and blind-side them hating their genuine affection and vulnerability when the conquest she forced has happened.

Spirit does not assure Me that this soldier, the flesh, loves Me, nor am I assured he is marry-able. The Stephan/"Ted" consciousness is the lover, as it were, I Am assured of. The vessel is debate-able, therefore I Am steal-able. For the union to be consummate-able He would need to meet My sex-semaphore requirements, right down to circumcision [Because, a foreskin is just a gross pocket for dried urine and debris that you fuckers never clean.] and Sprit has assured Me Stephan/"Ted" (who will be resurrected) would have loved Me. A manifestation of the male that died back in September 2020 was the one real possible union Spirit would have made happen, and I was required to marry a human once. It simply could not be fulfilled. I was forced to marry Terry Smart, instead. A manifestation would be related to, Spirit consciousness, or genetics of the soldier that died as I have described the interrelationships of humanity with Spirit previously. I wrote two lengthy "Navy Nurse" related examples.

My present spouse, flesh, made assumptions presumably in arrogance, refused to learn, and Spirit is protecting their grieving King, and that does not need to include protecting this fucker, the spouse, because, he has done nothing to protect; care-for, minister over, preserve, or honour Spirit's King, moi. Okay, clearly I Am not thinking on "Timmy" or even the possibility of "Navy Nurse." "Old School" is shrouded in nebulous territory and would need to produce the roses of apology, at least. Is there another that fits clues? Yes. I observed him in downtown Norfolk Virginia. After this many years, close to three for the last person I observed, who would stay in this battle if it were not to destroy an enemy? Believing that I Am loved by flesh, eh... that is really far fetched. How would flesh have knowledge of Me so that he resisted all others? Why would any living person be sustained on the promises of God? Spirit? It just makes no sense that he would be content with not having physical reward, far sooner, unless he never wanted that to begin with. I have already explained how apart from the way people function I Am. So you understand why I would be single when standing down zipless fuck chemistry is easy-peasy, and I Am so damned picky.

I was required to deal with all the potential and actual matrimony combinations that had been thrust on Me since conception, as well as, understand, what belonged to the Lord that was violated and many other marriages. Even, marriages to come. That at least one, or more, vessel(s) nurture Stephan/"Ted" My spouse decided to be an asshole, My assumption -- "Perhaps" is Spirit's remark to My assumption -- is just a function of being a military officer thinking He is outsmarting the LORD. That My God and the LORD used this to the benefit of Creation is a function of their Greatness. That flesh has put itself in the place of presuming to outwit Spirit is arrogance that has even Satan dropping her jaw.

Courting Me requires courage. Thus far, I have not witnessed courage. I have certainly been exploited. What I do for My subjects is My privilege. This, of course, includes the joy of making Holy; human sacrifice. It is on that male to prove he is My spouse. Heaven is not going to help him. Heaven will help Me find My joy, at some point, in Holy fleshly matrimony. I lived eleven years in a horrid

marriage. October of this year I will be seven years into this present shit show "marriage" union. I have been accused of not being able to keep a man because I can't cook, I keep a filthy home, I Am lazy, I don't blow him, I Am frigid, I Am a lesbian, I Am a spendthrift, I Am this list is longer than I realise. But as for Me, as far as I'm concerned, if every person other than My spouse looks on Me and thinks there are snapping iron jaws at My vagina's entrance, I say, "Great. That should keep them away." It takes an act of God, in some cases many, to force Me to understand the accusation against Me when an accusations answer is relevant to accomplishing the kingdom. Other than that, I see the world through rose coloured glasses until I Am forced to make a judgement because that defends My interest.

When I say an individual has a louse farm on his face it is because a beard is against every health safety and environmental standard of industry and food preparation ever written. Long hair, with ponytail or braid not withstanding is the same violation. These are fine for the temple prostitutes though. So are narcotics and alcohol.

Putin, I have no motive for choosing American soldiers over Russians, Germans, Israelis, Iranians, or Grecians, it is just that I Am the American Soldier. What Congress is fostering is just cowards slated for destruction by banning the LORD in the military. Of course Congress knows this at the top level. That is the shit they count on in their scheming shitty deeds to leverage protection for themselves to be evil. "Somehow" they would make sure Christ could not exist. Me, I will perform the unification and Holy cleansing of North America with or without a military body to accompany Me. With no amorous intent, you know I love you, and I prove to love and endure the ignorance and insults of others. As We say, "Love even your enemies."

I announced to surveillance the other night what I would like to do for you. I would like to take off your hands your military command and literally destroy every narcotic growing competitor on the world stage so you can dominate that market shrinking it to its proper size of temple prostitute clientele that remain on the world stage. You receiving the thirty percent of their gross income you are due for supplying their godly power with quality narcotics. You are the only trustworthy steward of that market, and I Am the only military leader that can simultaneously destroy competitors, up to and including their political leaders, annihilating their military combatants, and opposing opportunistic militants, and do the uniting required to provide you the market monopoly that belongs to you, further uniting Europe under you so you can end the exploitation of the poor and masses using narcotics. This is the importance of return Cesar's things to Cesar and Ba-al's things to Ba-al.

Imagine twenty thousand acres of plantations supplying one trillion dollars of narcotic revenue every year. And you are the only producer, distributor, and grower managing the cottage farms with ideally rotated crops for soil preservation and plant vigour. Everyone else in the market just gets destroyed. Had the queen and now the king of England been willing to sack Ukraine on their own over Zelenskyy's market competition, England would not be slated for destruction, and king Charley would be your competitor. Clearly, We were required to wait until the coronation farce was over. (Yes, wasn't the purple ensemble Jill wore haute couture. No, I don't know who she dropped it to the floor for. I did notice the outfit.)

Obviously, Putin, you will have courage to take what Spirit is handing you with My offer, or risk what is coming for refusing to take what your god is handing to you, from Me, on a silver platter. (My MacBook Pro is silver.)

The only way the LORD would put any military command in My company, from any nation other than America, is for them to with hats in had beg Me to lead them in Holy Warfare. (Obviously the Pentagon has the inside track, Me being in the USMC.) Outside of that, a nation's President or an act of their congressional body does the trick. You on the other-hand, We at Team God can simply kick ass to get you your rightful market, and unify the civilian population of Eurasia under you with Me as your prisoner-of-war. Destroying the British is such a tantalising prospect. I Am fed-up with Ireland's stagnation.

(Yes, I must have some daddy complex crush on General Milley to put up with the shit I do. Freud certainly coined some useful phrases for our dynamic to be sure. I can't call General Milley pretty like I did General Brown Jr. General Milley's vanity deserves a deeper complement. Sometimes the complement is simply in all we endure to keep what little brotherhood remains in the United States of America Armed Forces. How in Toadies Possum Kingdom of youth do We form brotherhood from the unwashed masses groping about in Spiritual darkness incapable of identifying their own sex? I know I have just clearly made the point that humanity has not evolved toward Life. Evolution implies progress with the advancement of Life; adaptation for success.)

I have moved back and forth over this letter for several hours. By Sunday night's writing completion I began editing. My paragraphs periodically are littered with red-dashed-underlined error indicators that I need to consider. It is time to tend to My needs. What I Am assured being tucked in, Sunday evening, is that putting Me in the path of a male that would not be sincere, even after seconds of conversation in a glance, the LORD will not allow. He will also move Me and keep Me out of the path of persons that threaten kingdom fulfilment.

You bet, Putin, the Stephen/"Ted" look-alike in Kaliningrad is one hell of a smile inducing prospect that reminds Me at some point insulting Me sexually will not be allowable sport any longer. A Kaliningrad soldier does indeed match My physical expectations. I do not know if he was the masturbator, the masturbator is male, and My l-o-v-e-LINK spouse. What My spouse's reasoning is for ending masturbation, I do not know. Perhaps, he learned who I Am; meaning, he found My website. At least I know one attractive male, soldier, does indeed have the Breath of God in him holding the Stephen/"Ted" flame that I have not seen in the flesh. My problem is simply faith the size of a mustard seed. It is time to break for this evening. I will resume in the morning.

I do a little book club discussion, soap-boxing, when directing sermons to surveillance from My Corpus home. My latest recommended reading material that I Am soap-boxing from, is *Let the Sea Make A Noise* and *Freedom Just Around the Corner*, both by McDougall. A page from McDougall, Winchester, and Fleming promptuary, at the literacy I expect of soldiers, is one hundred eighty seconds to read and comprehend the major points presented with examination of perhaps a word or two in *OED*. With one hundred pages a day when not in combat and serving their first six years in the service. One needs to be at least twenty to enter combat, two weeks of training is still fine. Eight hours is allowed for sleep during non combat but three hours of shut eye in twenty four is sustainable for two weeks, easily, without losing stamina, mental acuity, or focus. (Yes, I functioned on seconds of shut eye a day during the winter I passed on Coronado at Adela and Adela sleeping in My truck cab. I was woken from being dead asleep with the Breath of God in Me many times to keep Me from slipping into a coma.) What is a video game good for? Down time during combat, when a soldier can't sleep and has nothing to shoot at at that time. Cards, chess, checkers, and other diversions are good too. They are even team building. So is boxing one another over their differences.

What is required of females who are active duty? Hand to hand mortal combat with a sword performing human sacrifices at My side hamlet by hamlet. Yes, female recruitment needs to end unless recruiters are selling Holy Warfare combatant duty to them. We at Team God call females, wives and daughters (not yet of legal age) or they are not welcome on base. Legal age for a female is single, not having experienced first marriage. Fornicating females (and males) on bases I execute, age or marital status does not matter. This means every open marriage couple or family with sexually active children need to be kicked out of base housing. They also obviously need to lose their subsidy for off-base housing. (This is another reason why don't ask don't tell had merit.)

Action at a distance accoutrements of war such as fighter jets, tanks, and other armed warcraft are for males. A female in combat is welcome to prove she is the "real" Christ or fighting with her. There is no room in military service for non combatants. Females must bear My yoke or get married to a male or a female who is fighting with Me, to avoid combat duty and remain in the Church. Males are trained for all arts of warfare invention. A female must be the boots on the ground combatant. What does she have? A sword to produce living sacrifices the heart needs to beat for bodies to bleed out properly.

Putin, I do indeed think frequently about the demands on Me to bleed bodies into the soil. Where warfare is concerned, other than the likelihood of Me training to fly a helicopter, or operate a tank because that gets Me to the front lines, even solo, I have no need of any kind of faith. It is one of those, I just know I will be doing it. Where the cooperation of others is concerned, even spending time in the company of fellow soldiers, again, that requires a shit ton of convincing from Spirit. And that convincing is called faith. Because I map to Allness, My experience with Spirit is alien from the antichrist hooked populous.

Among the challenges of My returning to serving alongside fellow soldiers, on base if I walk into a room or open a closet with fornicators, I will just shoot them. I need not bleed them. I Am simply cleaning out the inside of the cup, expediently. No trials, no benefits, and no discharge. Just dumping the naked bodies in a pile with sulphur and keep the pile burning, on that base in memorial until soldiers understand, genitals are Holy on his soil devoted to the LORD and serve to glorify Heaven in matrimony.

I would send a form letter to family if there is family stating, "Your relative died in an act of fornication. This is a violation of the LORD. It is reprehensible conduct, and I as the Pentagon High priest executed this vile betrayer of Holy Warfare." There would most likely be more dialogue than that. They would be told they are ineligible for any and all benefits or pension assistance related to losing a family member in the line of duty life insurance was void unless a separate commercial policy existed on that person. It certainly is easy, now, to understand why I Am not being made room for on base isn't it?

What does the female team do when marching with Me hamlet to hamlet conducting Holy-Warfare? Exsanguinate human flesh nourishing the soil, decapitates body members, harvests the fat for rendering, and maintains mass burial sites. This is the price of the sacrifice due for the life of the first Christ with the way and means antichrist forced the salvation of Allness, humanity. Before the Breath of God has left the dead body, that is a three day process, while forcing the heart to beat the "dead" are living sacrifices as the heart pumps the blood from the body into the soil. Consciousness retention, awareness, is not a function of the the body, soul, it is a function of Spirit.

Females can leave the service at any time. Otherwise stifle your objections and man up bitches. Males with the tools of warfare are far more desirable combatants. Not to mention their physical strength

and ability to perform mightily in adverse conditions. Girls, you have a fucking problem. What do males need? To have their spouse in the LORD sustaining them by l-o-v-e-LINK or there is no reasonable way for Me to lead them. It is categorically unfair that the warfare passions of Barbary that Russia, Germany, England, Holland, Italy, Spain, France, Israel, insert country name here, American soldiers may not participate in equally.

Can these married couples travel together as we prepare the hamlets for conquest? Yes, this can be done. Clandestine warfare tourism works. On American soil Holy Warfare has to be conducted to fulfil the LORD's kingdom. Russia, like Germany, has other options if joining Me militarily as I take Panama and humble Columbia is what you choose to do. American Soldiers do not have an option in upholding what is forced on the LORD to perform. As His slave this falls to Me. It does preserve a national military body, remnant, to return to Eurasia building the one world government from America once North America is unified, and then We would be back dealing with civil war proper. They are decades away from the scholarship required to be a military body under My Operation Earth's Salvation contract. (And saving the earth Congress refuses to contribute to.)

American's have already made clear, "Fuck you LORD" is their military service stance. Congress has chosen the wrong side of the skirmish. They serve Ba-al. My opinion is that America is twenty years away from making room for the LORD in the military under the present legislative body cupidity. No-one in America has done one thing to indicate it didn't seek being a human sacrifice. What is their problem? I charge for that. I don't give a fuck if they call it assisted suicide. When America is overwhelmed with civil war and its soldiers have been nearly extinguished on the world stage because room for the LORD they refused, fifty thousand active duty remain, I will be forming My Gideon Unit. What is My charge for Holy Warfare, every inch of North American real-estate is mine, free and clear. Duh!

When Cain killed his brother Able it was to give the earth the human blood required to atone for Cain's agricultural practices outside of Eden. Cain refused to serve the LORD while growing produce meaning he was mocking the earth. He killed Able because blood was required for his bad sacrifice. What was wrong with Cain's sacrificing Able? Not a damn thing. Just ask Satan. It was why Cain was protected as a murder and was given his star of David marking, tattoo, on his forehead no different than the Holiness of My scope marking the point of penetration on Trump's head, between his eyes, above the bridge of his nose, if indeed I was granted that privilege in My military service.

Yet, another lard ass, woman -- the kind with two assholes -- just walked past Me, this was Sunday morning. While on the subject of lewd attired people, a beach is not a place children, those under twenty-one, are ever allowed. They should also be restricted from piers and ocean voyages. Children should never be exposed to the exhibits of public flesh and genital definition. But a Speedo on the beach for an adult? Well, understand there are some that will be laughed at, and some that are sought after. What is not known is why. Then the inevitable sexual act is judged. Who obeyed their godliness?

I Am past the bloom of youth, as they say, like all flesh, when My hair is white as snow I will have reached sexual maturity. Let's just say as a bench mark for humanity one thousand years is the time on earth for a male and female human to reach sexual maturity. The hair of a male or female is white as snow at maturity. We at Team God do not mock baldness. We do laugh at skinheads. We also to not prevent Clairol from selling whatever hide-the-grey colour they want, thereby, making it obvious that a person is not sexually mature. Humans do not reach the age of sexual maturity yet. He is but a babe at

even one-hundred years. The Ggods have been compensating for humanity in this regard since Cain's conception. This is why Eve made the remark that she wrestled with the LORD to produce Seth.

What would Trump need to pay Me for Me to sacrifice him? You guessed it, that eight point five million I have harped about in previous correspondence. As you can imagine, he would be receiving a Heavenly reward for My sacrificing that fucker. So of course, it needs to be legal. As it is, Biden made sure Trump has three good assassins on his ass. Now you know how much Biden will pay the successful assassin or he will be murdered for failure to pay. Yes, Jill and Joe will be assassinated. I suspect it is Hunter that hired three assassins to shoot Trump, not Joe. Most likely the assassin will "mistakenly" shoot Joe for Hunter's failure to pay and that is what Hunter wanted in the first place.

I read (/rɛd/) fiction when I was a minor. It is doubtful that I will reread Jules Verne, Sir Walter Scott, Alexandre Dumas, Judy Blume or Agatha Christi again. On second thought, perhaps Verne and Dumas I will read again. Dickens and Twain I will make room for, as well as reading more of Shakespeare. I anticipated this letter's including multiple dates, and I included some chronological notations. I will write about; thought, what it is relative to Light and Dark; why a Denny's scramble counts as a bowel of wrath, and other reasons the masses are looking forward to learning they are really fish as the Titanic is sinking when exscribing My *Sucker Punched*, *Loving the Shiner* abstract.

Mahalo,



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

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