



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

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Commandant David H. Berger
USMC Headquarters
3000 Marine Corps Pentagon
Room 2C253
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Explaining Another Day in Paradise (ADIP)

Salutations General Berger, long life to you. (May you have a life that means you want a long one.)

Yesterday, at keyboard stroking commencement while considering the letter name and contents, as in, what replaces the "Untitled" place holder of the document name, I considered the weather in view in front of Me. Then with My perspective of Corpus I thought, "This is another day in paradise." (The weather was perfect. The town, "paradise." The word "paradise" I use under reasoning influence of cynicism.) The thought of course is channeled through the prayer centre of My mind. Then the letter name became Berger ADIP.

Now, the "a dip" I didn't notice until God Almighty forced out of My mind that ADIP was acronym for, Another Day in Paradise. When the letter title struck Me as, "Berger, a dip" even I paused, and I wanted to change the title. But, alas, this slave to the LORD was not allowed to. So, someone has you pegged as the ultimate Crayola eater in the most derogatory sense of biting down and eating wax. As in, you are a retard. Not you are a saviour with a wax mouth piece to bite down on rather than yell out, giving away your comrades position, when the bullet stings you. I lectured surveillance about this very topic a week or so ago now.

Speaking of retards, there are times when I Am vastly surprised, sickened in the rended sense, of the reality that strikes Me when I Am led to understanding the difference in our God constructs. (I Am referring to Myself as the retard here. And just like My self applied Jonah reference, those that run away with that, accusing Me, are in for a great deal of hell from Heaven.) The differences in our God construct perceptions are why I continually end up returning to a point of beginning, in that, I Am being led, forced -- kinda -- into your fold. Personally, I do not see how there is any room for Me in America's national defence wheelhouse. I keep showing you how Spirit keeps elevating Me, and you, with your brethren keep doing the nothing I expected. Regardless of what Spirit grant Me, it will only prove further the lies you wove against Heaven for your rewards you are living in full. As far as I Am concerned you doing nothing will not change. I will simply outlive you, and My life will be better because you are dead. I keep working under the promise I Am joining My team. This means the promises made to Heaven for My power were that I would own you, lock stock and barrel, so to speak.

When I wrote about the prayers of Native American tribes, how they gave up their lives in demonstration of conviction that their own God would honour their life for laying down dead after defending the life they knew was according to their God, I did not recognise a modern parallel was in play. (The apparent victoriousness against Native American people made it impossible for Me to see your vulnerability.) The parallel is that you, with the navy, airforce, and army are being ditched in favour of the new fangled space force. She will provide all the National Defence measures necessary, and you are the wife of youth of Babylon the Great -- the minor fulfilment -- she thinks she can just dump for the new model without you continuing to receiving your due. The new wife, as far as I Am concerned, can be the one that is burnt with the whore -- Babylon -- when she perishes. The marines dead in the Pacific, Europe, Africa, and strewn on the shores of the world matter to God Almighty -- no different than in the days of tribal peoples laying down their "pagan" or "heathen" lives.

That fucking whore does not just get to dump the wife of her youth. When Heaven's power is used -- this means when flesh goes after enslaving their God given Spirit conscious to achieve among other flesh, when that very same enslaving flesh refuses to do the honest work for the influence that might get them their way -- Heaven demands payment. Low and behold you see Heaven's bill collector, Me. It is the sacrifice of the United States Military as it formed itself during world war one -- when Mary's way was made open to happen, in the flesh -- airforce, army, navy, and marines of this nation, that made that whore prosperous rich with gifts even on her birth.

That fucking Watchtower Society with England had the lives of the LORD's Holy Church to burry for the Spirit collateral to expand itself around the globe being that One World Religion, the free market. The One World Religion you are living is of course on that whore's terms. This is not simple correspondence to share. I included the first draft of this letter that has many underlying unstated understandings on my part. There is indeed more to this topic to reveal. But, alas, I Am being pushed to get to Office Depot and have this letter printed today. It isn't possible to mail it today. But, printing this letter now, seems to matter to the Ggods.

Who are the Ggods of the One World Religion democracy -- the free market? The legal entities of corporate America. The corporate entities powered simply due to geography. They became legal entities on the LORD's land under the government founded under the LORD. There are *Herald* articles covering this topic as well as the link between God Almighty, Allness, and the LORD's hymnody sharing this landscape. Recall that God Almighty is comprised of all of those new gods, with many old ones too, and I Am who makes them Ggods. The capital "G" is applied to those in the place of being found true by the deeds of at least one human making the fulfilment of the gods word true, as the god, Spirit made promises for that genetics power. No different than campaign promises of politicians. There was a time when voters said, "You filled the promise or made good strides in fulfilling your promise, so I vote you yes again" or, "you liar, so I vote you no -- that is the least of my sympathies."

This fulfilment of all the bits of Allness is how becometh a Righteousness loving True God Almighty that all dwell within again. Look at a new god example. Tip is one hell of a creativity Spirit for Crayola. (If you buy the right box of crayons Tip is a freebee with his story.) Tip gets to experience the benefits of serving Heaven in the way that blesses Heaven, because of Me, the Christ. Mary is the flesh that made Tip a contributor to ruining the earth thinking He was serving Allness. (The LORD, child's play -- thought Tip.) I know I have made My point to you. As far as the retard making accusation against you, I would need to write volumes. As you know, I most likely will. (Write volumes, that is. Making the retard

understand is unlikely.) I Am why God Almighty can prove to Spirit, He loves with balanced scales, and Mary was an impostor against Righteousness and the LORD.

I Am still required to be paid, or you are dead, with your bothers three in that first wives club. And of course the dead include all the rest of the United States of America. This wife analogy is why there is a remnant possible even in this time. Heaven's preservation of you as a figurative wife is why your shitty extortion scheme, as flesh, is just bull-shit. Honour My office or die. This is indeed a ransom note a Crayola eater, like Me, understands.

The question a reader needs to consider is, "How did Tip promote His Ggodship in Heaven for power?" Because, what powered all the Tips is being fulfilled. If Tip is a perfectionist, and I suspect all Tip are perfectionists, then the Crayola users are in for a very rude awakening for using His products, beneath even the god given abilities of their flesh. This means when flesh uses Tip's Crayola's against His power, that is a problem for flesh. Again, obedience is better than sacrifice, Spirit is greater than flesh. What is more? Tip was founded at the time when the Lamb was overseeing Heaven, Mary -- the evil dark twin -- was in the wilderness, and now Mary's demands made of Tip, so Crayola could stay a company, are due. I Am the Law, that would have made Holy -- by fixing the global abuse Crayola contributes -- you hated and went after destroying. Fight with Me, as in on My side, making room for Holy, or die.

The post script on this note is that only under force does a person toil for no wages, pay, salary, bucks, et.al. That explains the "kinda" to your cock sucking (with fornication) Pentagon trash. There is no point in "paying Me off" when you die anyway without warfare under My mighty Hand. You simply do not get to participate in life saving warfare without joining Me. The LORD has indeed, spit you all out. And no, there is no room for a civilian -- non Crayola eater the non-retard varietal -- in My Pentagon. Not only that, everyone in uniform enters combat. Desk jobs are rotated into and out-off by many following work instructions, spelling themselves between their physical labours in combat.

Mahalo,



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

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