

Field Office of Senior Joint Chief Divine Communication

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Senior Joint Chief Mark A. Milley c/o Office of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff 9999 Joint Staff Pentagon Washington D.C. 20318-9999



love letter? Really? From Me? I Am simply all agog.

General Milley, I have attempted multiple introductory lines. How soon you experience the death the LORD has placed upon you, I do not know. What I regret is that there are not wild dogs to rip apart that vile whore of a wife you married. I want to put her blood in the soil.

How is it that the President of the United States holds onto a judges title of Honourable when for decades the American populous understood, if someone gains a political office that high, they must have sold their soul to the devil. Today, the masses actually think fuckers like Biden really are the good people -- unless of course they side with Trump. The town mayor and sheriff were proof enough for the common man -- of your father's era -- to appreciate the Christian value of contentment with sustenance and covering.

This mornings letter started with coffee at Calypso Cafe. It was complements of the house. I bought Myself a pound of genuine 100% Kona coffee beans. If I could wish on the world of coffee makers one thing, it is that all coffee beans were prepared with the same level of fastidiousness with Ggodliness that Kona beans are produced. Mary is due to produce another whopper of a devotional. I will fill My billfold again.

On the subject of blood. Blood is where god exists in souls. For someone to consume the blood of another is epic, and I mean epic, fornication against self, and the discrete identity and uniqueness of individual soul's self as their own god. If I thought longer at this I could say more with fancy words. Today we simply did a no frills quicky.

Mahalo,



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

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