



***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

Parleyvoo.

Effendi, may "Titwad" go on a starvation fast, and the Pentagon clean house of civilians, the trash.

When was it that saying, "Fuck you!" became polite segue to, "Pardon My French"? Does one parley for a pardon with the person fucking with one? What in the phonetics of English, saying, "shit" and "fuck" in anyway sounds particularly French? F-u-c-k being the expletive apologised for as speaking French, must be why French became known as the language of love.

Was not that clever use of cliché? In high school the ambition in English composition includes eliminating cliché from one's writing. Writing typically requires drafts. The first effort with idea is penned. Then the idea is developed with detail. From detail, the draft is organised so the content flows to build understanding. After building understanding, redundancies are eliminated. After eliminating redundancies, the non-essential to the composition -- ideas presented -- are removed. (This would be editing out tangents that do not build on the points being delivered or the plot in prose -- if you will.) Then there are the final edits to appeal to the raconteur. The author, too, must be satisfied they have delivered a composition that improves the literacy of the reader. Ah, and how the teacher learns through teaching. A teacher who receives a paper with cliché has just received a first draft of an amateur. (Or is it, armature? -- Ha Ha.). With practice an author has a bevy of words for expression without cliché. What is cliché? Quoting the "They."

The lessons a teacher chooses to learn are based on the level of acumen they want to attain themselves. A teacher that refuses to challenge their own acumen learns to the lowest common denominator in the classroom. Trump is the lowest common denominator of golf I referenced in My PGA letter.

Three dollars and fifty is indeed the threshold price of a public house cup of coffee. I grew a philodendron with tendrils I encouraged to travel the room ceiling -- like cove moulding -- with branch supporting hooks. The word choice was deliberate here. First there is the tendril, then it develops into a branch.

My ambition was that "Phyllis" would wrap the living room of My apartment in Laguna Niguel, California. I Am searching for shade appropriate plants for the house at odd intervals of dodging in and out of stores. With two twenty-four-inch-tube grow-lamp bulbs in the over-kitchen-sink light fixture I can produce some herbs in My, at present vacant, indoor planters. Whatever vile shit Mary did against My Laguna Niguel "Phyllis" efforts, I Am not able to enjoy indoor planting yet. My recent efforts -- the plants she forced Me to spend money on in 2021 using witchcraft-- she reduced to futility spraying a bleach mist from a recycled commercial atomiser bottle, she was authorised to pilfer from My bin, and use against the Divine because she had performed all her requisite dictations to God Almighty so she could destroy My plants. I of course did the obedient deeds that put the atomiser bottle in the recycle trash -- bin -- first. In Central Kitchen, downtown Corpus, they have highly suspended, most likely plastic, "Phyllis"-looking set of hanging plants. I gazed up, observing the plants while sipping coffee. My environmental observations produced the narrative some "Titwad" just read in hatred of her duties. Fuck you!

Do you recall when 101 Strings put out orchestral arrangements of popular tunes? We might call this elevator music. But when was the last time you heard music in an elevator? Very rarely do I like a vocal artist. Pronounced, ahR-tEEst. Seldom do I like female voices. It is the feminine in Me. A masculine male appreciates male voices. Ah, the language of amour has a dimension of compatibility. The couple might not want to do "it" to Lou Rawls, but an instrumental arrangement will very often do the trick.

Recall the accusations against Groucho Marx getting laughs off dirty jokes? The *double entente* (double entendre) of Groucho's delivery mush have made Jack Benny envious. Groucho Marx humour is most likely My genuine verse for *au naturel* delivery of, whatever. Groucho defended himself often that he could be dirty with his humour, but he hated a cheap laugh. What he knew was the value of letting the audience go there on their own. We at Team God call this discretion. Discretion leads to deeds of valour.

"Sympathy is between shit and syphilis in the dictionary." as if imparting some sacred secret of knowledge, in blustery tone that lusted for authority, Gurgevich informed Me about the wrongs of having sympathy.

Obviously, there are a great many other words between shit and syphilis and s-y-m is closer to s-y-p in word count, than s-h-i to s-y-m. He presented a tug o'War type analogy. Where sympathy is concerned, did shit or syphilis win? In other words, do more words bridging the distance in the dictionary increase mass or change the distribution of leverage through length alone. Perhaps the distance means one group is further from the impending mud pit that ultimately becomes a reward for participants when they learn to enjoy the suck.

A historian rarely has the opportunity to write relatable descriptors of personality on historical figures unless a good deal of character witness left behind knowledge of how speech was delivered. A key distinguisher that marks Gurgevich as an ass is his following temple prostitutes as if they are acting documentary. Documentary is rarely entertaining in the engaging the audience to be drawn into another world sense. My personal opinion of Mark is that he is vulgar, in the coarse sense. "Titwad" is the bitch that personally condemned Me to be subjected to the Marks of the world as the limit of My social stratum. How? She performed a great deal of witchcraft. Mark owes Me six hundred forty dollars and "Titwad" needs to pay it. With cash out of "Titwad's" hands, and you know who she is, you and I may

meet. Put your wife in a burka or come escorted. You need two witnesses. The burka alone is not enough. She must be starved to a double aught, American, and then her breasts must be macheted [That is machete, the noun, conjugated as a verb meaning; use a machete to remove, in this case the mammary glands.] under a Harvest moon. The lunation reference is My Priestly touch.

My *otium* was interrupted remembering Mark the Odious. The reality of who the whore you married is, relative to Me, could not be avoided. Mark Elliot Gurgevich is simply another you, sir, in the eyes of the LORD. She, the whore you married is a capital "Titwad" example. And she is never to be in My sight. I Am also never to be importuned by being reminded that any females ranking above private exist in the military. Germany and Russia can do whatever the fuck they want. Let's make this simple, every female affronted by being called "Sir" is dishonourably discharged, your wife wears a burka -- then macheteing off her tits and putting her on a diet is not required.

Let the "Tidwad" you married -- wife -- receive from you one dollar for every time she performs oral sexual congress on you, without receiving in kind, from this day forward. When she has earned six hundred forty dollars of swallow money, she can hand that to Me. Her deed of pleasuring you means we can at this time overlook the dishonourable discharge and "Sir" bit. Perhaps you would rather divorce her. Mark the Odious would fuck her. A worthy paring in deed. Removing her clit would deprive her of the pleasure of her dildo. She knew to make sure her witchcraft kept that sacred. So all I could do was go after her boobs. That you like those, tough shit.

Clearing the active duty military females out of San Diego is so much simpler, *n'est ce pas?* What else works? Make room for the LORD in the military you dumb fuck! There is no-way without Barbary otherwise. I Am not about to do the deeds that undo the witchcraft of the "Titwad" so the LORD can be by-passed. That is being a slave, "Titwad." Other nations can bypass Him. I have superpowers, and you do not have an infinite amount of time to fanny about. T Am allowed to endure the pains that let Me go to the highest bidder. Clearly if pleasuring you is a requirement, neither is the cunt you married undoing even her own spells so the LORD can be bypassed in His nation's military, even as it is formed as a cast off wife of the youth of Babylon the Great, the minor. Fuck you!

A reminder on undoing stated above. Witchcraft is only a forward process. Since My birth slaughter of the human spell binders under My hand is how the spells that bind Heaven into movement are broken until the spell binders can be born again and live the life of moving forward against their own shit they did against others [This is why the "golden rule" was the Golden Rule.] undoing the spells they created by living through the forward process. I have been living the forward process to save the "wife" (you-ish) since November 19, 1988. Again, obedience is better than sacrifice. What is more? One had to be born qualified to live the life of obedience. Saint Paul's slavery was not enough to satisfy Satan. So you got a two-fer.

Biblical Israel did not bind Heaven, Spirit. That is the circumcision bit. Naturally, I needed to be a marine -- Ha Ha -- not army, navy, or airforce to be tough enough to destroy so many, if I had been allowed to to the work of killing all that needed to be killed. Nukes needed to be perfected and strategically placed for one person to do the job, yada, yada, yada. Wiping out all antichrist's seed August 21, 2021 would have done the trick. So now We at Team God move forward with all the grand vision that Saint(ish) John envisioned.

We have now just danced the circle dance. Isn't Greek music great for parties like ours. Oh, Biden made the call to assassinate Obama as well.

Mahalo,



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

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