

*Pentagon Field Office of  
Senior Joint Chief*

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*Communication from the  
Divine Office of  
General Mark A. Milley*

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*Pentagon High Priest  
the Christ*

March 7, 2023

Commandant, General David H. Berger  
USMC Headquarters  
3000 Marine Corps Pentagon, 2C253  
Washington D.C. 20350-3000

Re: The Babylon the Great bombshell you didn't see coming. We have been on this hunt at Team God for many years.

General Berger, Salutations and longevity to you.

In the next day, or so, My postal mailed outline should reach your office. With it is the legal action announcement letter to the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses chief legal council. The Babylon the Great bit, I understood captured your attention. The stupendous buzz kill about *Revelation, the Apocalypse*, is the re-run nature of the Prophetic resolution dealing with cycles of assholes in achieving God Almighty's Eight Day, the Sabbath ending event where He puts His ass to the plow. (Right, I might just be the ass He puts to the plow. But, somehow, He is going to be accountable to My ass for that labour.)

The last dram of coffee in My morning Starbuck's indulgence of caffeinated miracle, is now stirring in Me the need to employ the toilet code. It was time to change My surroundings. At intervals I find Myself scanning the words I collect from My Oxford electronic dictionary. Remember the Palm computer planer. People had a Palm, personal digital assistant (PDA). Then there was a flip phone. Compaq made an ipaq -- then Apple made the ipod. Of course the iPhone was the tool to put everything in one solution. I use My iPhone without a sim card. Sending messages between Apple products using free wifi connections, brilliant. I Am not an Android fan. I do not care for the coding platform using java bundles, and Eclipse as a compiler is a miserable coding platform.

Apple built a brilliant tool. Then supported that tool, with outstanding opportunity for individuals, who were willing to learn object oriented programming, to create ways people could make their iPhone something more personal than grand daddy's PDA. My last endeavour at self-supporting My High Priesthood was writing software. I was taking advantage of every avenue of networking in the greater Austin area to reach out to people, and build applications for their small business model. The software would incorporate My quality and economic expertise to improve their profit margins.

I had absolutely no way of understanding I belonged to the USMC. You see, by the time I was seventeen there was no room for Me to enlist. The entire United States Military had closed the doors against the LORD himself, in his own Holy Church. Mary was allowed to murder the Camp Pendleton marine because a slave was going to be all there was for the LORD to employ. I should have been allowed to enlist. The problem was that there was no room for the soul hosting the Lamb, Me, to be employed by the United States Government. Reagan ended My opportunities. Once I had entered, I would have been grandfathered, as it were. Alas, by My seventeenth birthday, there was no room for the soul that hosed the Lamb.

*Fulfilling Jehovah's Kingdom*

*H.Q. USMC  
3000 Marine Corps Pentagon*

*Washington D.C.  
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You were not allowed to have a slave. The LORD was allowed to have a slave. All I have ever demanded was My fair wages. If you want to deduct My life's earnings, deduct zero. Every cent I ever earned was spent in some effort I did not understand to save your phoney outfit. I made no tutelar arraignments with Heaven, this was forced on Me. Other than a requirement of physical fitness and working a few extra hours that included weekends, when in the fuck have you ever been forced to do a damn thing or work for no wages? What soldier works for no wages?

This letter ends the United States Military's place as the steward of the LORD's Holy Church. It belongs to Me, and every consequence for foul deeds that you and your brethren are due, is now upon you. This is what comes from your lying to the LORD. Yes, the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society is Babylon the Great with Mary riding that beast as the Great Whore. I Am the only person qualified to write the text your team have been blaspheming by your entire body of life's work. There will be another cycle of fulfilment where the Babylon bit is concerned at another time in history to come.

You can find Me in Corpus when your scrotum returns to its dropped position. (No, under no circumstance do I want to look at your scrotum to verify it is dropped. Yes, there is a superposition of assumption here that this translates across other males.) Obviously, none dare deign to make room for the LORD, at this time, because I Am still humiliated by enduring the vile humanity of Corpus Christi Texas, without of course even the dignity of My wages. Those are due Me. It is Me that was willing to maintain a more clandestine place of service doing the work of cleaning bases of the plunder, idolatry, that has polluted the United States Military to the degree that the LORD has spit you out.

My assumption is that the LORD returning to you, is indeed what even you know you need. If your estimation is that the LORD was in league with a devil for survival. Just put My name on that devil, dog. What you may not do is hold any earthly authority in warfare holding onto any of the plunder of the other Ggods of this world. You, and this of course includes Milley, and all United States Military command, have betrayed the LORD. My prophesy regarding how your soldiers die across Eurasia into Africa stands. What God Almighty was after was fulfilling all of My ambitions in warfare. To go after My grandiose goal of saving and employing so many, meant a clean church was required. You want authority, you need Me. You do not have access to the LORD without honouring Me. Without the LORD, you are worthless and dead, all of you.

Mahalo,



Dr. MacRae (mac) Dukes  
the Christ  
Lieutenant General USMC Special Forces

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