



Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication

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The Godly satire of Thorogood, "On the day I was born...I was bad to the bone. B-b-b-b-bha bad." The irony of My life.

Dearest Bradley, I do not know, nor, have I even experienced admiration in any literal or figurative way from a human being. What My body experiences is what others claim to experience that they simply lie about. The lie gets them a drug from the mental health care practitioner. How I experience the Divine, the LORD, makes Me His Ark.

Evidently this letter needs to explain further the topic I loath discussing, what venom will be projected, I can scarce imagine. If it were possible for Me to rip though your tissues, mutilating you causing terror to an observing crowd and you, I would like this letter to convey the physical horror I would rather share than discuss My "love" life. Your time does indeed have value to the navy. So, rather than send you on the errand of having to endure sifting through *Herald* articles -- that are a rough draft in terms of composition, not content -- I will develop a nutshell review of what My masturbatory torture from Spirit has been.

What I have endured is why the legendary gang rapes in the Philippines were allowed. As in, God did not force the soldier to stop. The frenzy of behaviour just overtook them. They were doing in response to the drive of their own god construct -- what the individuals mind processes from their genetics and conscience -- fit for war. A rape participating solder might even have been promoted, and then fought with Pershing in Europe. Obviously a reward, *n'est ce pas?* No one is ever to leave the Church. You serve until you die. Do not sharks participate in nature's feeding frenzies? What is the falsity of porn? Gang rape is done in an orderly, scripted fashion, and the object survives.

I ask of the LORD, "Do I need to continue to explain My personal experiences and perspective, now that the pressing question has been answered?" "Yes you do" is the assurance.

Have I been in the presence of a person, even persons, that odds are, did indeed fulfil My sex semaphore list? Of course, I spent six consecutive months starving to death on Coronado, even when the USS Lincoln came to port. It was that winter in San Diego. Then of course I was in Virginia when the sixty-nine returned after her bobbing about in the ocean doing every errand possible to out run the pandemic. I love you for the effort to be so valiant preserving the Church.

The stellar truth of Ggodliness, Allness, is that gametes -- sperm and egg -- have consciousness. In you, even at your maturity, you posses the gametes that would bring Ted's flesh into being again. Does that mean that you would be his father, again? No. That does not serve the needs of Spirit, at this time fulfilling God Almighty's Eighth Day. It simply means you are a vessel, and your stewardship over Ted is why I was required to seek you out while being the fool My commandant needed Me to be.

The mariner "Old School" is/was also a vessel for Ted. How a human construct works is a trinity. Then, there are the complicating layers of a persons heart and price of giving away one's power in fornication. Healing the complications are why My command puts power back in your court. What was squandered is squandered. But, the union built from My hosting the Lamb is how you get your power back to lead the Holy Church under My stewardship. Time in My company builds up your Spiritual awareness.

Returning to the Holy Trinity. The soul of a person has three components. The genetics -- dust -- the awareness from the eternal, Spirit, and the Breath of God. The Breath of God is the individuals discrete awareness of coming into existence at a specific point in time. Yes, that is fertilisation of the egg. But one Sperm was clearly on the hunt. Perhaps two. That would be the fraternal twin. Jacob and Esau were fraternal twins. Genetics maps to a discrete particle, as it were, of Allness, this discrete particle maps to a discrete Spirit Consciousness. From this trinity unique manifestations of what genetics would do under the influence of different Spirit has been what has played out for humanity's existence. This means your God Given consciousness, that as a male is in your cerebral cortex, does not map to your genetics -- dust. It is in your blood that your own god construct lives in your flesh. This is why Paul spoke of flesh being at war with itself. The godly place of blood is the same for males and females.

What is not the same for males and females is where the God Given consciousness dwells in the body. With females it is the heart that hosts the God Construct. Evidently, it is in the way the muscle fibres connect and communicate with hormonal responses. My heart is circumcised. So it is not possible for Me to be influenced by Allness -- who is indeed My mapping that matches My genetics. This biological difference is why the covenant of circumcision protected the female the male looked at and wanted to preserve alive. As in, protect her from her own sick propensities to dominate with witchcraft forcing Heaven to be her eyes in the back of her head, among other things. Having the charge of a males progeny (because at one time he wanted those) a female just might need help from the divine to care for children when she can't possibly watch them every second.

Why in the Mosaic Law was a male allowed to seize on a female and take her as wife, as in clearly fornication, perhaps rape, created a marriage union? There was no being to perform the union of, witness, the creative Duad. Their union could not be invalidated by removing from flesh the same rights of Law that matrimony binds in Heaven. The rights of offspring needed to be preserved by Heaven. Otherwise when the First Born's genetics came up, just imagine, how the First Born's estate would have been plundered had he been a bastard.

Now in these last paragraphs, much as been explained that is certainly topical introductions or summary capsulation that various details I have already written at length about fit into. There is a need to avoid repeating Myself. This pedagogy needs to be captivating, fresh, to those that might have missed previous detail. I have no doubt the summary provides you a great deal of understanding.

The gametes are not a part of the trinity. Gametes are bonus. Gametes influence. Gametes are why a female has such strong gut instincts. Her heart is what proves whether listening to her gut brings about a productive or destructive result. We already know, everything humanity has been doing has begat wickedness. Or I would not exist. Now, Righteousness can come into existence. So we have two buckets to dump the deeds of humanity into; productive, or destructive results. It is an easy step to see that where one person destroyed, another -- productive -- should/can come along and at very little expense turn around a squandered landscape, even on a modest budget.

You have now read enough of My correspondence to realise that was, indeed, a set up. I awoke last night to some personal understandings. You want to learn more about My love life than what is in this letter, you need to face Me. Some information is simply internal to the United States Army, Navy, Marines, and Air force. You are certainly qualified to benefit from My stewardship. Tit-wad needs to be dishonourably discharged. What the Pentagon refuses to do, We at Team God cleanse the Holy Church of. To many people in the Corpus Christi community I have said; the armed forces are indeed going to be taking a black eye for their share in drug and human trafficking. The way this nation does business is being changed because the military does not get to continue the same old same old politics on the world stage. Tit-wad needs to go to the front lines. How does tit-wad end up on the front lines under Washington's present politics? The males are at the bottom of the ocean or laying dead in the killing fields first, and all that is left is pussy.

A male does not use fornication to advance his career. His fornication is used against him by the seducing tit-wad so she can leverage herself through the ranks of an institution she should have never been allowed to be more than a private in. (Before the females can learn to be Men, like Me, I first need to minister to the males.) Then what happened after enough tit-wads rose through the ranks? Soldiers were emasculated and devalued just for being male. A male is NEVER to be treated like a woman.

As far as the females were concerned, there was nothing God could teach them. Then of course I stared in the face of the bitch that held Ted in her gametes, eggs. She disgraces her fatigues and even the Pentagon building for her crossing its threshold. She met Me in Arlington August 25 -- or so -- 2020, in the morning. Blonde, bobbed hair neatly quaffed to just below her ears and almost a fine figure. Fifty-ish, perhaps. But most likely in her forties. Woe to you if you fucked that. Many of course had.

Let us get back to our Love Story, before I return to explaining the set hook in the Corpus Christi Community. You see, a business owner needed help with solving a problem, I of course set My hand to doing good when I can for others, and increasing tourism and Corpus Christi's prominence as a draw for visitors needed to be addressed. We can call that My side hustle of last week. While on the place of odd bits of information, a homosexual is actually a human that simply is a sex hound incapable of monogamy. A wanton is a homosexual. These are womanisers, paedophiles, and serial fornicators that suck dick, fuck annus, and have no ability to unite under law even when the law allows marriage to a minor or a same sex individual. (If they have a marriage, it is just for social acceptance -- that is Trump.) The present definitions in English do not have a word that means Mark Gurgevich, Donald Trump, Terry Smart, or does your name belong here? Then the question becomes, do you want it to be here if it is? A heterosexual is one who can endure monogamy without adultery, and be married under law.

It is obvious now why so many needed to balk at those that realised they wanted same sex but had no means to be included in churches. Males who lay with males would most likely lay with a beast too. This last barb is of course a reference to what Paul put to words in what is attributed to our modern

calendar as first century. Females have opted to look unadorned and be ugly in their filth to the point that it is possible that without a porno a male might never see a female that aroused him. Then of course was he aroused by the opposing male's penis or the beauty he was allowed to perceive in her form, dress, and make-up is the question he may never have an answer to because he saw porn so young.

Ted was in My gametes as well. Ted, as I have written about him, is the genetics of the Camp Pendleton Marine Mary -- mumsy -- murdered. He of course held seed in his testicles. She of course, twice, harvested his seed for corruption as he was near death. He also hosted Spirit in his cerebral cortex. The genetics of Spirit the murdered marine hosted I looked upon when I observed "Timmy" at the Orange Avenue Starbucks on Coronado about January of 2020. "Timmy" is an outstandingly beautiful male who definitely personifies the perfection Michelangelo strove to create in his sculptures. "Timmy" was most likely twenty-three, or so. "Timmy's" Spirit Consciousness maps to the genetics of "Navy Dress." "Navy Dress" Spirit Consciousness genetics mapped to "Navy Nurse" who I golfed with in May of 2019 before venturing to Virginia through Maryland seeing the East Coast for the first time in June 2019. "Navy Nurse" Spirit Consciousness genetics maps to the Seal I gave an obscure random key stroke character name when I wrote General Berger a few months back.

The LORD may unite Me with any person He choses. I Am His Slave. Do I have a mental picture of a very beautiful male that I understand fits into a bride to the Lamb construct? Yes. That mental awareness of appearance is not vision. I do not receive an answer to My question when I seek to map the appearance of the person to the individual I have experienced in vision with l-o-v-e-LINK. I perceive mentally the appearance of Ted. The soldier that died September 2020 in duty held Ted in his gametes. I had no way of thinking there was more than one Ted. I also proved I would not be associated with an individual's "afterlife."

A hypothetical, suppose "Old School" -- clearly a soldier of rank who has tinkered with My Spirit presence Tinker Bell -- had the idea, "What if this is a real, marriageable, person and he was a widower or divorced?" [General Milley, with others in command knew I was an individual in service to the nation, as a slave as they tipped the pixy. That was what Milley created a living humans Spirit presence, he defined the system. That is the privilege of military command. Define the position that accomplishes the objective. I was simply the dumb fuck that figured out each day how to survive My assignment and live to fight another day. Neither He -- Milley -- nor the LORD is at fault for My existence, *capiche?* You need to be thankful to both.] "Old School" would have definitely been able to engineer marriage to Me, the human. (That does not mean after gaining the prize Heaven would give him he, "Old School", would keep his word to Spirit that "won" him Me to be his wife.) Other problems are academic and My being cut-off from certainty of who I know in vision is part of the proving process. Me being married had already been engineered, as it were by flesh, powered by Spirit when I was still in diapers, an infant. The LORD will put His slave where it suits Him. Right now our limit in where to put Me is money.

Whom ever is a part of My l-o-v-e-LINK vision experience, if he is already married, under law -- and I suspect "Old School" is (I would never assume a male over thirty that I presumed handsome, was single) -- I have simply been in the place through the divine as a second wife to teach Me many things. It may be I was the only person in the l-o-v-e-LINK connection to anticipate being married. But, it still is a union in the LORD because of the eternal nature of My flesh. This union suited Heaven's needs driving forward what others before Me corrupted and he, perhaps "Old School", decided to capitalise on getting some

"free" pussy by an extraordinarily potent masturbation with elongated orgasm. For all I know, on his end, I was a dog or sheep he perceived masturbating with.

On a grown male (over thirty) I would not even look for the ring. I would just assume he was married and be guarded in My conduct. If I saw a ring there would be no chance I would consider the ring a prop for his protection against scammers. I would respect the symbol for all its divine monogamous meaning preserving marriage. Under thirty, I would be guarded in My conduct because to Me My age takes away his future. Certainly his mama wanted grand children, blah blah blah. Fitting old, grown, people together means difficulties in blending families. A young person is living up to family expectation a grown person is being jerked around by them.

For some time now, I have been comforted by the assurance from the LORD, that under no circumstance would I be greeted by a person I was expected to marry here in Corpus Christi, fuck hole, Texas. I will have left the fuck hole behind when I Am face to face with the human that anticipates or will with great appreciation to Heaven take My hand under Cesar's law (as they say) in marriage. The individual who fits the predestined agreement to marry Me would be gleeful in receiving My hand. Whether or not the LORD would allow the individual who cognitively mastermind in the Divine marriage to Me, who is the other half of My l-o-v-e-LINK experience -- I can't say. The LORD certainly considers marrying Me to genetics that hosts Spirit that is in some way part of this divine arrangement and in some way through history did in anticipation of fulfilment. My confusion was allowed and My ire was endured because l-o-v-e-LINK needed to be built. Let's say, Hitler mocked l-o-v-e-LINK. (Saying all he did was mock is being polite.) That got that fucker in big trouble. The mockery from Germany started with the Kaiser. Hitler did indeed perfect his mockery of l-o-v-e-LINK.

The not-meet-My-spouse-in-Corpus assurance means, in My travels in this town I can look at all these vile, desperate, slovenly, week-minded, has-beens and be so satisfied that never would I be turning a corner with a question in My mind that someone here the LORD would force Me to marry. For the record, there was one agreeable looking young male almost a year ago I observed in the JoAnn craft that rivalled "Old School." Young, blonde, with similar build and bearing Why he was in a store that makes testicles shrink, I do not know. But the LORD reminded Me of "Timmy" that morning. The importance of the Camp Pendleton Marine, his Spirit, his unique awareness, his gametes, and what Mary did against Heaven, I Am unraveling. Under the belief that "Timmy" lived with expectation of our union, I certainly was not going to look at another. That is being faithful.

In My estimation, "Old School" can handle a Spirit battle engagement that We as two old warriors could go years without ever looking at one another again and be faithful. So, in My rational thought, I can piece together the idea that he is most likely the participant in My l-o-v-e-LINK vision. He does not resemble enough the person I call "Ted." While I have no present confidence at being able to get to Kaliningrad, if I were there, I would indeed see "Ted." There is a Russian solder that looks just like who I have mental perception of. I do not know if I know him in vision. It is not a rational thought, of My own invention, to hold onto the idea that someone I did not meet, even briefly, is not My l-o-v-e-LINK spouse. For someone in Russia to be lead to the idea that they are going to marry the Pentagon High Priest and live faithfully in expectation of her ass being put in front of him and further her satisfy his passions, that, that, comes across as crazy! But that "Old School" might have just gone after being an asshole when we met each other, and then been hoisted on his own petard, that has the ring of God doing something about the shitty being shitty. Which indeed We at Team God are all about in God Almighty's Eight Day. Then

of course there is the hopeless romantic in Me that wants to think perhaps "Timmy" had just that great a future ahead and the LORD wanted to put Me in his path so We could be husband and wife and one look was all ether of us needed to launch our future. I could not have made Myself any clearer even if I were a parasite in the well water.

There are things about Myself that I would think a heterosexual male would appreciate and in turn give Me reason to also look forward to in marriage. (If indeed, marriage is anything to look forward to for a female.) As I Am not a virgin, non-virgins need to be prepared to be just this blunt when seeking a spouse, as in here is your personal ad. If you do not want to know these things about a person, do not flirt with them. "Old School" clearly flirted! So here is his, potentially, too much information about Me.

"I Am a passionate indulger in sexual relations. Vaginal and oral -- although I dislike oral congress performed on Me. I will allow some oral play on Me if and only if every amount of hair has been stripped away from My genital region leaving it completely bare. I also like to watch the play and find a way to reciprocate the pleasure. I dislike being driven to orgasm without penetration. My vagina throbs and My wetness puts to shame a KY gel tube and I Am tight. I enjoy the muscular contractions I push against the rings of My vagina. I only allow vaginal or oral penetration. And unless there is some physical limitation, posture that causes discomfort, there are multiple ways to position the body to merge vagina with penis enjoying mutual pelvic vigour. My anus may not be touched with anything during intercourse. I do not want to be reminded that an anus exists on either of us during intercourse."

Now, there is not another female on this planet who is going to dish it to you straight regarding sex. My boundaries are not those of others. The personal ads of other non-virgins would be different. The woman is the one who regards sex as gross. This opens up the need for the Man to protect what is beautiful to him, perhaps even encouraging her/him liking their sexual relations in marriage.

I have yet to experience a human who wanted or liked sexual relations with Me. I expect marriage to satisfy Me and My spouse equally sexually. Anything else We satisfy is bonus. This lends us to what builds the union that makes sex more enjoyable. Does it work well if two people like to watch the same TV shows? eat the same junk food? play the same video games? vote for the same politicians? What makes for the attraction that makes sexual fulfilment happen is a combination of physical stimulus and presumably some emotional, psychological, and spiritual things souls are seeking. Worship, sex, that is what I marry to fulfil. Otherwise I Am better-off alone. The marriage union must fulfil My vanity, My femininity, My jealousy, and satisfy My need to do as much for My spouse. We must be hot for each other, even in our own estimation of self, and greedy for each others body in sex. A woman thinks what I have said is disgusting, because it is about sexual satisfaction. A woman hates even sex with her spouse. But, she will fuck to get the spouse tied to her financially and to get the job she wants.

The other assurance I have been given that I do not need to fear the humiliation of being forced into marriage now, as in even if I left fuck-hole Texas today, is that My vanity will be restored BEFORE I Am united under law with My spouse. Right now, that means cosmetic procedures, dropping thirty more pounds, and having My personal revenue stream established.

I would never be put in the place of marriage on one pay check, his. My vanity being restored is by My definition of perfection not what he claims his is. I will not have one wrinkle on My face. My hands will not be crinkly from neglect of My skin. I will not have a cottage-cheesy ass, thighs, or gut. I will be the perfection I know I can be. I will not have loose skin under My chin. I will also be perfectly waxed

to My satisfaction because crotch hair is gross. Now, what is My problem? I Am the True Prophet. This means if the LORD forced Me to marry "Old School" tomorrow all I would know for certain is that My vanity would be restored, eventually, and "Old School" would be humiliating Me until it was restored because that is how mortified I Am by My own appearance and poverty. That Spirit put you in the coveted place of prophecy and then you abused them, means by definition, you earned death. That is the significance of "You will not die" spoken in the Garden of Eden, to flesh.

There are several the LORD could under Righteousness unite Me with that satisfy My sex semaphore list, and no human has made the effort, even to ask Me My name in this sojourning between bases in this nation, no flesh do I have an acquaintance with that assures Me of even friendship. "Navy Nurse's" name I was forced to forget by the sixteenth hole. I could not read, "Old School's" name on his fatigues and "Timmy" wore a vest concealing his name. "Navy Dress" was in military dress and wore a wedding band. The Seal was at a distance. What I will say is his voice is very familiar. I did catch a few syllables as I passed.

So if you, Andros, have been doing some matchmaking for pixy power, that as far as you are concerned, I Am screwing you out of your free power supply, perhaps you had better check your assumptions and promises you made to Sprit in how you obtained Rear Admiral'ship. Oh, I enjoy having My breasts teased and no, I would not allow a doctor to touch those. God was prodding Me to take a selfee of My tits so you could verify they were perfect -- even the nipples. I thought of sending a shot of My ass to Steinmeier so he had something to kiss. Those are My Ha Ha moments in response to the divining of others. It is how We at Team God stop ongoing witchcraft. Oh, some stuff from My whelps gets to Me. But, My physical deeds the Lamb is binding prayers of heart over are dealing with mumsy. The rest of the world is just stuck in fulfilment mode. But, keep watching the news because plenty are embarrassing themselves thinking they are doing something to fuck Heaven. They have been locked out.

I fulfil My office as High Priest, but I Am not the United States Military's property. I Am the LORD's property. The LORD has been violated, in the extreme by this nation. Spirit, Heaven, collectively decided I would be their Messenger. The messaging process is little different, in practice, of God to Abraham learning of Sodom and Gomorrah's pending destruction. Only a kinda, reverse. I Am the one taking all the shit flesh as condemned Heaven, based on promises made, with and I Am the flesh sending the likes of Trump's perversions to Heaven. (For Congress fucking Me over, no pay, this Land is being destroyed.) That Obama, Trump, Winfrey, Sharpton, Clinton and a host of others built up destructive events as treasure in Heaven to destroy, is just proof of how the wickedness playbook does its dirty work. Heaven takes the fuck you message from Trump through Me and serves that fucker eye for an eye justice. Biden et.al, likewise. I Am a living telegraph, telephone, two way radio transmitter receiver...blah, blah, blah. My job telling a fucker like Trump, you are now getting fucked, of course comes with no pay. It is your High Priest's side hustle. You fuckers have been drug mules for no pay. You have squandered chattels and been unjustly imprisoned so presidents could shake hands. Why would I be treated any different?

Now there was going to be a need for a saviour for the LORD's Church as a result of all the wicked deeds done by His soldiers. This saviour was going to need to understand what happened in Heaven when the first christ, the feminine female counterpart to male masculine of the creative Duad, leapt into the digestive unholy mess of the Great City saving God Almighty (Adam) from the Lamb's digesting army of vipers/worms/bacteria/pathogens the things that make food, "Sh-eh-eh-eh-it!" The soldiers of the United States Military did many foul deeds. None originated, as in invented, the foul deeds. Consider,

Ham (Noah's son) the Benjaminites in Gibeah, and Lot's infamous fag neighbours who at least knew to leave Lot's daughters alone. Lot of course needed to be a widower and plenty drunk -- like Noah had been with Ham-- to have congress with his daughters. The interesting thing with the example of Lot is how the Christians attack the homosexual nature of the event's demanders. So, if the crowd were normal would Lot's daughters have been the satisfaction they were appeased by? That question is a rhetorical device for the wise. The foolish still can't believe I wrote about My vagina.

Temple prostitutes have watered down the deeds that seem so naughty to make them legal and profitable. I Am your Saviour. But, clearly, you can keep rejecting Me and face death. I Am not forced to save you. I Am forced to end up married. What does that do in America? It means two soldiers names are on the same fucking forms. What does My being forced to marriage mean if he is a Russian? Russia has Heavenly power. My power is from Me. It cannot be married away and My power is supreme.

All those decades of this nation's foul fighting were simply the deeds of godly proportion of soldiers doing in unholy warfare that were events the First Born required performed for Mary to be born. She used the foul deeds to destroy Heaven. I was forced to live the deeds necessary to save God Almighty. The Lamb's bride, as it were, is a Borg construct. 'Her' construct saves those Spirit who did in obedience to the Lamb to destroy the first christ. The Darkness of Allness could not be destroyed any more than His unapproachable Light for life to exist. This means that some components of Allness are equivalently described as rock, inert, building material. Like a Heavenly City, call it Jerusalem Above. With the inert, there is the inertness and opposing Energy of Light. What could not happen? No part of conciseness could be trapped in either. But putting a body in concrete, before dumping the body in a river, is just "family men" illustrating it will destroy life to drowned them to death after sinking them in concert with cement.

Returning to the challenges of the Corpus Christi Community. This city, and indeed Nueces County is going to be the commercial hub for every form of commercial worship dedicated by the gods of this world. Every form of spiritual expression, every form of religion, every possible deed of mediums and seers will congregate selling wares and commercial services for the world at large like Las Vegas has gambling. The towns churches will be hustling with visitors all expecting the Corpus minister to be the highest example of his ministry, or he will be replaced. Restaurants that feature the foods of a nation will feature the highest most prized examples of excellence in true to nation cuisine befitting the gods of the featured nation, or the proprietor will be slaughtered in civil war. Poisoning people with food is criminal. (JB's German Restaurant is criminal, like others in town -- the Mexican fuck holes...I have written about.) No one takes preachers too seriously. They just need to give a damn good doctrinal performance, so a preacher would just be homeless and his church converted without a good replacement representing his religion. Those selling consumables like candles will vie for the most glorious aromas pleasing to the gods and so on.

Corpus will be the stronghold of every commercial means to capitalise on spiritual inspired commodities, devotional items, and the unique artistry of potions, wares, foods, adornments, and intellectual goods that promote every form of religion under every sun. Corpus is now the global mecca for Spiritual goods produced at the hands of flesh. There will be no room in this town for a McDonalds, a Starbucks, or a Whataburger. Corpus has been discovered and the blood Governor Greg Abbott demanded be paid for the commercial success of Corpus Christi, Spirit will accomplish. Barbara Canales should not have stolen federal dollars.

Mahalo,



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

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