



Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication

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I looked up from reading McDougall's Walter Mitty invocation of Hawaii's modern history reformers with "Samuelesque" intonations that even Benjaminite king Saul's medium knew to shudder over, observing a male with an award winning Alaska pumpkin of a belly, grin toward an arriving even bigger chap with a smile toward the new arrival that said, "Last night, remember, I still love your penis."

Dearest Bradley, I have begun reading *Let the Sea Make A Noise*. While I move about this week attending to My other duties I will fill My evenings, and odd times, with this stumbling-block sized delight in scholarship. The Bible is indeed a quicker read because I have read it so many times from cover to cover. So in answer to some ass-hole's insistence, not yours, the Bible I have not been allowed to look at in over a year, other than, in one letter a few weeks back, verify some place name spellings.

We at Team God, as you know, have a sense of humour. I Am seated in Central Kitchen this morning. Yesterday the key lime pie, today cheesecake. Have you observed that Cheesecake Factory makes up for the grainy almost curdled texture of their cheesecakes with splitting them into adulterated layers complicated with every kind of jelly and preserve that Smucker's does a better job of producing with its Natural's label? The ladies at Central Kitchen literally produce a perfect key lime pie and a cheesecake. My graham cracker crust is just as good. So is My whipped cream. But the filling of both is equally perfect in its palatal satisfaction. The only problem, the portion is for two. When you venture to Corpus, be sure and bring a companion so that the cheesecake does not back up in you. If you attended a *Guy's and Doll's* performance, no doubt Broadway did not edit out the importance of the Mindy's cheesecake or strudel contest. Then of course Sky still managed to get cider in his ear, and Nathan lost a G over polkadots. What has saved Me is that I hold My liqueur, unlike the Mission Doll of Broadway fiction who relied on the implication that Sky did not penetrate the virgin after liqueuring her up in Cuba. There was never shivery in My life.

McDougall, the historian of somnial revelations, spends a great deal of verbiage setting up mockery against Heaven, like others, in his narratives. This would be the, "God ain't done nothing, and you know it zealots." "But, okay, if religion makes you pay your taxes and do the "nigger" jobs, we put up with you" say the deists. If McDougall managed to serve in Vietnam without fucking even a native, he is entitled respect. We will let the fuck yourself safety of masturbation be for now. But I Am, now, talking about genitals in contact with another or playing with the genitals of another, not spouse.

Now a soldier in the place of being abused by one of rank, does indeed have a measure, small, but a measure of protection. How much of a slave was this person that decided they needed to placate senior soldier(s) with sexual gratification? Claims related to sex get tested. (This is part of the sin in the blood bit.) In other words, when your career is over in court God says, "Well fucker you had a spouse, and knew adultery was wrong, so you are facing just comeuppance, because people build their case for being victims to game the system. You wouldn't be here had you kept it in you pants in the first place."

Korea certainly took a raw deal having its daughters taken as prostitutes for Japanese soldiers in two world wars. Of course North Korea is holding onto the truth that American politicians lie about who they decide they want power to fall-to. Roosevelt did a number on the Pacific betraying Korea in nineteen-hundred. Me, I look upon Kim's daughter and simply want for her protection in Heaven as she rises to power in his wake. If Kim's daughter is, or has been, violated sexually, We at Team God are going after her violator(s)!

I unloaded both barrels of drama against Pentagon surveillance last night before tucking in with the City of Washington's biography. (I should have that finished this evening. Then *Let the Sea Make a Noise* will be the only publication I will entertain Myself with before repose.) I made it clear whilst unloading; I Am wasted in this Fuck Hole, America. I can enjoy being carried on the shoulders of brothers in warfare in Russia, and Germany.

"Old School" greedily watched Me starving to death. There was a time when you fuckers were rolling past in carts, heading between bases -- probably a twosome for golf -- and the freak was quietly dressing, folding up her one blanket, after not getting the memo that she died in the night. By January asshole I was walking dead. Even anorexics, skin and bone, are still eating something. My body could not grow hair, produce a stink of even a sunburn, and I had no ability to register pain. My hair started shedding out of My scalp akin to a chemo patient, and My rotator cuff was visible in My armpit by April's end. My French braid and ball cap assortment hid the reality of My balding head. By mid April 2020 atrophy in My legs left Me incapable of working the clutch on My truck. I couldn't drive, so I started walking off the "Island" to "build" muscle. Can you walk forty miles under these conditions?

Whilst sojourning each day for muscle, I asked, the City of Chula Vista police, the San Diego County sheriff, and the deacon -- and boy did he have the demon gaze of obsession and cult frenzy in his eyes -- of Saint Paul's near the San Diego city bus and transit station for help with getting back to Corpus. That of course was in April. By mid May I had done the deeds necessary to prove the United States Military's zeal in murdering Me, and I then did the High Priest against high priest battles to return to Corpus Christi, Texas. The testing I experienced is Heavenly legend, now. I scrapped dead skin off My body with My nails to give myself the equivalent of a shower. Sweating provided the moisture for the skin to slough. I used salt to brush My teeth. The salt packets I squirreled away off of condiment bars with sugar packets. The sugar packets were food.

Where the fuck were you, Andros? And, your saviour still does not make a meal of General Milley. Running from the battle is a sin. It means you are calling your god a pussy -- in the derogatory sense of coward. The real word here is of course pusill. General Milley, was of course looking to crucify the LORD [That had kinda already been done -- perfected even.] vilifying Him for being a God of War. Evidently General Milley did not get the memo from Pharaoh that battling the LORD had calamitous consequences. Congress -- the American body of ass-holes -- already stacked the deck insisting that the LORD's Church be destroyed.

Fucker, I didn't put this in My sex semaphore list, We will call this a necessary addenda, because you fucker need to understand, My pussy is not for the likes of you! Any male that has defiled himself lodging his penis in an anus, male or female, may not experience congress with Me. You want that marriage on paper asshole? You need to provide for Me. Can you? Make polygamy legal in America and low and behold, there would be a few queuing up for Me. Males can marry multiple females and females can marry multiple males likewise. Slaves? It's all good. Blacks may own white or black slaves and whites likewise. The crime is not having slaves. The crime is who is made the slave. Then refusal to train up your competition with your slave and manumitting same is the bigger sin. Notice, We have introduced order of magnitude again. Make a slave of a black person in your white bread land? Then you are training up one to be freed after six years of bondage with the skills and a gift of money that means they gain their toe hold. Then of course, discriminate and when the black has a better product than you, this includes his daughter, hands off fucker. Discrimination in one place, fine. The other is allowed to also use discretion with the laws blessing. That is not how it works though, is it?

That a male, soldier, may have been abused, raped, before we met, in this world is almost a given. But demanding sodomy against another for self pleasure? We are in the same realm as those that would join with beast when a male goes after sodomy. So for clarity a male that sexually entertained a beast under something other than the threat of death by onlookers is also a no on My sex semaphore list. I have lived being gang rapped, and abused with My uncle Cecil McRae's dog and uncle under mumsy and grandma's threats. I awoke in the night screaming in My uncle's home about things eating, burning like bar soap, My vagina. (This is a similar feeling to getting bar soap in the eyes.) That was back in the days that My mother demanded I sleep with her by every kind of insistence that was somehow what I wanted or needed. I was in first grade. The gang rape happened on the Sunset Beach Elementary school sand under the jungle gym, kindergarten's opening week. My mother's father and the family dog died in that same year that included the dog days of first grade's summer with Uncle Cecil. I have also been resurrected from death many times. So, I have re-lived the death penalty for bestial abuse performed against Me. What part of resurrection did not give you faith that Heaven preserves alive? We at Team God already understand how much you hate Heaven's judgement on who was resurrected. Does God take away a heart surgeons power to resurrect?

The barb about polygamy is reference to the oddity of king David's wife, Saul's daughter, being handed a second husband. Flesh goes about looking to holy-up what heaven does not stop. "Certainly," saith Thomas J. Henry the fucker, "God did not understand the right way to enforce or write law." "Really? Asshole" (this is capitalised because Henry is an important asshole, not a Man) saith mac, "and what in your law establishes the truth of any matter; especially, in court?" "Are you reasonably doubting now, Thomas?"

Andros, I would continue, but I Am being spirited away from these keys. It is time to post, print, and send under stamp. There is more to share about Masons, blood, and such. But, My gut, perhaps bladder only, need evacuating. And We save some revelations about the battles between Federalists, Republicans, Monarchs, and Corporations that claimed North America in the Name of the LORD under the King James Bible, Holy unto God, for future correspondence tied to high priest battles, the importance of covenants, and even the devil for another day. You do not get a fucking choice. I Am here to take All of North America! Thou will all be Christian's one day. Raising an Army from Russia or Germany, is just bonus for your refusal.

As if, I do not have backup!

Mahalo,



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