



**Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication**

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Sucker Punched, Loving the Shiner *is the 'aha iki of Allness the court jester, "Samuel" of Biblical fame, that king Saul sought receiving the scolding, "Is there no prophet in Israel." I Am the only being qualified to write that scroll.* Let the Sea Make a Noise... *is the work Walter A. McDougall interrupts his narrative of the North Pacific invoking "Samuel" completing his prose with 'aha iki fantasy interruptions.* I look for McDougall's Heaven and Earth his political history of the space race now and again. At Central Kitchen this morning I chased away scurvy with a slice of lemon meringue pie, and, now, a little forties swing plays. Time to hit the dance floor. A waltz or two step and I'm two left feet directing Me to tumble in embarrassment. But a little swing and I bust a move.

Dearest Bradley, I slowed some from secular reading yesterday. Yesterday afternoon I could not bring Myself to pick up *Perils of Peace* by Fleming. Reading the evidence of the crimes against Heaven is at times overwhelming. "My God what have they done" is a frequent moment as I lay a book down in quiet-distress that I Am looking at tidal shores of Normandy, the day after D-Day, with what knowledge I cognitively register from My soul. The evidence of Heaven's interaction with humanity is in every major player. That a historian mocks Heaven for doing nothing, is the horror. I see where God and Ggods were indeed doing. I see Heaven's Hand and fulfilments to come.

Yesterday afternoon I protested picking up Fleming. The evening before, after setting *Perils of Peace* down on My bedside drawer chest before sleep, the depth of Washington, Franklin, and Morris interactions with the Continental congress' impotence, and king George III's parliamentary conflicts, are all the stage setting motions that prove what Satan was building with Protestantism. I physically register Heaven's emotions and I couldn't take looking at more evidence of humanities carnage against Heaven. Yesterday, in lieu of Fleming, I experienced sanguine moments of recovery as My soul was searched by Heaven, I lay still for zip-a-dee-doo-dah cuddled quietly around My made in China pony plush from Tractor Supply.

Zip-a-dee-doo-dah is what I call Celestial Energy coursing through my tissue. When Truth is revealed through Me then My body receives recovery from age, imperfection, and the consequences of sin in My blood. Since October 7, 2020 -- that date is from memory-- My cells were shut off from God. So rather than the fiery rollercoaster of sensation formerly felt, that meant My prayers performed miracles because My body is Life's powerhouse, I presently only receive a drip of Energy by comparison.

Shutting Me down, cutting off My metabolism from the Breath of God, is why I got so fucking fat. No flesh has ever experienced severance from the Divine while living with the Breath of God in them. What does that make Me? The most powerful flesh ever to walk the earth. When will My body be connected again? God knows. This is a matter of when, not if. But, to date, that breaker switching has not happened. I cannot pray over you without a massive amount of easily converted calories, and you have not done one thing to assist Me physically fucker. To pray, writing this letter required a piece of pie, means spending money on food and then holding onto fat because fat I do not covert at the rate I should be able to -- you goddamned arrogant bastard! In other words it takes Me days to deliver a prayer that otherwise My body and mind could deliver in minutes. You want prayer? Where is your fucking escort tending to Me here in Corpus? Read on because Brown Jr. fucked you good. Senior Joint Chief is a good niche for him.

Last night I awoke from two vivid dreams and the LORD made clear to Me He was doing some big broadcasting. The second dream concluded with Me crying out, and, soon after, I was roused for My morning walk. I enjoyed making the full walk this morning to Central Kitchen at Water and Lomax in downtown Corpus proper. I walked about six miles, according to My phone -- with no sim card. When I cried out from My second dream, the one that woke Me, I was saying to God in My dream while holding back physical convulsions of relief, "I can finally earn a living." Dream imagery is not vivid, yet. That is part of the metabolic shut down. Previously I could completely recall dreams and write the narratives. A few are recorded in *Herald* articles. Putin experienced one of them with Me.

Returning to present business, what happens when Brown Jr. takes his place after Congressional confirmation? He is awarded a raise, presumably. Me? I Am still Pentagon High Priest. Might I be a prisoner of war in Putin's camp? We will know by July 1st. This is My way of saying, no one or, even, any get to defeat Me. (And that sentence was closed with a period.)

General Milley understands I will convert My office into a private quarters for him to resume his work in the Church under My umbrella. The Beach Boy's "See you in September" was this mornings sea shanty. I agree that Brown Jr. is a very pretty soldier. He certainly wears his breast of ribbons -- the ephod apron would look a little too theatrical -- beautifully, and how could Obama possibly hate a black man becoming king? Martial law would be as beautiful under Brown Jr. as I could presently hope. It is unlikely that it will be implemented under him.

What previous *Herald* articles made clear is I was required to make sure a king could be established over North America. That is what Obama went after to rise to power. He forced Heaven's hand to make a king over North America happen and to become that king. King George III was not about to do the deeds necessary to be that king. Too much had been defiled in Heaven by even king James' reign. In other words, the people of Israel did the divining to take the king slot being held for when the LORD had a people in North America. Holy restoration needed to be accomplished to drive forward what Israel did to get Jesus. (Jesus took care of ending up on the cross.)

Obama was the flesh that was poised to do the restoring so North America could have a king, and, instead, decided to drive Spirit to murder Me because I was the competition for kingship. When I made Obama's earthly kingship happen that made My Heavenly Kingship happen. I Am not about to send a fish to swallow that fucker and make him the people's king. He can take power as king the same way I do, warfare. What I will become is King over the Earth, in time. I certainly have qualification to become King of North America. I Am not running from that. I simply have other fish to fry. What did Obama prove? He was not the Christ. He was and is still allowed to go after being king.

I made it possible for all these ungodly fuckers like Obama, Trump, Biden, Clinton et.al. from all the shit these fornicating bastards have done to claim their Heavenly prizes under their own hands. That Obama would rather be a god than a God is on him; not Heaven! He, like others, simply bet against their own God in the ambition of extorting what belonged to Spirit. In other words as long as he was swallowed by a fish in some miracle of heavenly proportions to arrive on the shore of North America announcing "Here am I to save you" and immediately all the people swoon and say, "Oh yes mas'a, you the one to save me here is everything that I own. Here is my daughter, isn't she pretty your wife can have her too." Then of course Obama would have said to Heaven, "It is done. I have all I have served you for." What is the problem? Obama hated even the miracles that were given him, and even had he been given every treasure, it would not have satisfied him. Even the gods of old were satisfied with the villager's virgin when sacrificed to the volcano to quiet its rumbling. Nothing would satisfy Obama. No-one had enough to give him. Heaven's miracles were too measly. I shall pause on this reel and return to secular history.

When England's monarch did the final fuck you God over the rebellious United States, that was the end of kingship efforts over North America. France and Spain did not found the landscape from the commercial religio-ba-al-ness of the king James Bible as the corporate regulator driving the self willed productivity of the God fearing populous. For the moment I will return to discussing other things. I shall include more on religio-ba-al-ness another time. There was no way any king could take possession of this land throughout history. Nor, raise up and become a king before Obama made promises and then I did the work he refused to do.

The representative body of this nation, senators and congressmen, are all in one bucket with Peter Zanoni as their run away high priest. He with Nancy Pelosi are why the United States Congress in its legislative mass of people have no power against Me. This is another way of saying, "Go ahead, keep fucking with Me." That so many desperately need to keep fucking with the High Priest Marine Lieutenant General is simply an estimate to how many crayons people assume I eat in stupidity, like all marines. Obviously the air force are the smart ones -- Ha Ha.

At some point I articulated to Pentagon surveillance last night that I would explain the mysteries wrapped around the marine mumsy brutally murdered. She was born in forty three, graduated high school and was surfing while attending classes at Long Beach State College -- probably to keep living at home -- by nineteen sixty-one. My guess is the murder happened in sixty-two. Mary with her twin (the one she ate in the womb) is nephalem. Satan possessed her father's soul materialised while he coupled with his wife Lucille knowing her egg with his sperm. Who would believe that sentence was not an epic work of fiction fit for Rowling's word processor? Digging into history C.S. Lewis could also have written same, kinda.

Mumsy, had help. (mumsy also hated wisdom and demanded power as her share -- that is how she held the womb of creation place I wrote about in *Herald* articles.) Three Mexican males, probably restaurant or night club dishwashers or busboys from some Huntington Beach dive, accompanied her on this surfing safari. She drove the old Ford (I think a fifty four) it was her father's old station waggon. It had room for surfboards and passengers. She established herself as the marine's love connection in the fashion of the Song of Solomon's poetry. The connection was formed by the LORD. Putin and the president of Germany are the two whelps formed off that union. I inherited their care. That is the significance of the two bloody tampons she put in the marine's mouth. She forced ejaculation from him twice as he was near dead on the bluff partially concealed by stones and shrubbery. She finished burying him under rocks after cramming in the second bloody tampon.

It did take the three Mexicans with her to beat him near to death and then he woke conscious of having been buried alive. Some of these events I know of because of her surfing safari stories she told, as in, the details she shared about her youth while she was instructing Me, her daughter, in her "wisdom." Some is, of course, from Spirit no different than My learning of mumsy's conception and murdering her mother. It isn't likely that he, the marine, could hear the surf pounding when he woke. The bluff is high in that north end. I do not know if she kept his tags. It is likely though. All knowledge is released to Me because I work for it, and, further, I respect it. Respect means not bearing false witness. Oprah Winfrey, Al Sharpton, Barack Obama, Donald Trump, et. al. have born false witness. This is why they have death sentences. Blasphemy against Heaven means death.

Other things could be written providing additional detail about the courtship and promises that took place in advance of mumsy meeting the marine on the bluff. He was where he shouldn't have been -- or at least managed to end up there alone after sending others back. Evidently, adding more detail to this correspondence is not going to be done. His seed of course bound Heaven in similar fashion as the seed preserved under Law during the LORD fucking event that meant Lady Wisdom, with all that fabulous power to produce Spirit -- sacrificed her life to form humanity. What I will say, in lieu of more on the marine, is, "God is not one to be mocked." What I will add, is God does not suffer fools nor play the fool. What God does do is understand when only a fool can be sent. I have sense of humour enough to be the fool that replaces the marine.

My love to you and all of special forces. If only that were enough. I walked this morning with the idea that by July I might be venturing to Virginia. I shall walk off that lemon meringue scurvy deterrent now as I head to Office Depot and the post. The Corpus Christi Police Department of course plundered My truck as part of their hate crime, so, I walk. No, I still do not have money enough -- in hand -- to replace My worn down shoes. I might take time this coming week to write Steinmeier a little more about the Creative Duad, and the significant outline of events demonstrated on earth, recorded by Moses and the prophets, then lived by Jesus -- fulfilled in part by Saint Paul thence Myself -- and include more on mumsy's drama with Satan. This Divine knowledge will assist Germany in destroying the Jehovah's Witnesses.

The only thing that will help you and the United States Military is handing Me the NASCC base complex for the Gideon Unit formation. I was content tucking in at MCRD. God Almighty however was infuriated at that measly assignment after all His and My sacrifice to this nation. (Brown, you stupid mother fucker. What did you DO?)

Mahalo,



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

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