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

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May 8, 2023

Frank-Walter Steinmeier  
President of Germany  
c/o Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany  
4645 Reservoir Road, N.W.  
Washington D.C. 20007

*Write "Jerusalem" on a brick, and lay siege to it. The God of the mission depended on the brick. The Lord GOD really worked Ezekiel. The Truth of this mission explains how central Eurasia through equatorial Africa was wasted. This is Semper-Fi.*

Dearest Steinmeier, they way and means people introduce themselves to Me -- as in they step into My space, and seek My notice -- is best explained likening them to dogs, as in, dogs nipping at My heals. I do not kick the dog, because that just means I put My foot in that dogs mouth. I read their hearts and tailor My responses to them. This means, no sensitive information from the Divine does anyone gain from Me. This seal over sensitive information is why I protect the Divine interests of the LORD. The glory of holding the LORD's database of operations is in Me.

The dogs are people that just hate you because you are just that good at doing the job you do, and they hate you because they cannot leverage you, and furthermore, "Why did you get that job and not me." These dogs are of course why an individual needs to earn billions. You want a three hundred room house on the hill. Build it. But execute the people that trash the common good assets.

On a personal note -- because I Am clearly not the holder of billions of dollars -- My being the one marine surveying America, the United States, is the balancing this nation is due for all its base occupation on foreign soil as peace keepers. In other-words, for the outlandish gaul of American's ungracious presence in Europe, and Japan, protecting America from its enemies abroad, the American's are receiving their just comeuppance from Me. Had they protected immigration equally though the decades since 1776 there would not be the count of foreign people on this soil to even allow the LORD to employ Me this way. But, because the shitty look for ways to be prejudicial in doing their job, here I Am because they have turned America into a brutal hodgepodge of tossed and tempest undocumented invaders among the land of the Second Amendment.

Ezekiel, unlike Noah, was not told the dimensions of his brick. Clearly in all that Ezekiel was doing, he was living with this brick, so size mattered. Noah of course was provided the dimensions of his ark. (Last night, I internally pondered, in prayer to the LORD, "What were those antediluvian people playing with that they created a massive weather event the likes of *the* flood?" Rain dances were art of the Planes Indians, and anymore, fire-departments don't generally play with rain making cannons. This is a digression. Let's get Me back to the Lord GOD Ezekiel served.)

I wrote about being prepared before entering engagement at intervals in *Herald* articles. Ezekiel famously lost his wife. Moses very famously was withheld from entering the promised land. The key to understanding why he was allowed to look at it but not enter it is what the promised land represented by his leadership of the Israelites. When Moses petitioned for the lives of the Israelite for him he was demonstrating that the promised land he was seeking was that that belonged to the LORD. His not entering that promised land was the proof of his service to the LORD.

My childhood I spent enslaved to the Jehovah's Witnesses Governing Body. Every experience I endured understanding events and interpreting people, places, and life in general the way and means I did meant when I entered My duties the way Ezekiel did, I would be enduing My duty as a marine in the way and means that preserved everything, and I mean, everything, the way and means God intended so that the six creative days would be fulfilled ultimately to the perfection intended by Allness. My service includes preserving military power for the LORD.

I pondered Ezekiel's brick. Was it some silly masonry unit easily tossed about? Or was that brick enough of a monolith to carve out a shelter in? Ezekiel was the prophet because he was the one who kept doing in obedience to the Ggods until he could represent the Lord GOD in dealing with Israel. We know that a typical masonry unit would be a useless element. However, a massive brick rolled into position, Ezekiel could take shelter alongside, at least, and do one hell of a demonstration. How he positioned that brick sent a message as well. These are the details of narrative that one who rises through the ranks understands.

Municipalities frequently provide potable water through sand filtrations that are backwashed to clean away the impurities the filter collects making surface water potable. That surface layer rises to the top and of course has the distinction of being called Schmutzdecke. It is discarded. Whether cream rising to the top or Schmutzdecke relative densities don't prejudice. The Lord GOD is not about to make ice cream with Schmutzdecke.

I have often pondered how the Egyptians built their Pyramids. Many an engineer has. That the Israelites picked up straw tells Me they made charcoal not some crap adobe. Ash, oil, and vinegar (an acid) are basic critical components of civilisation. These are also very ancient components. I decided that there are not near enough chisel marks as evidence of quarrying stone. (Even a saw or grinder leaves marks.) But, an early Portland cement, poured stone, I decided was likely. Precast stone and move them into place. First quarry a basin deep in the desert. It can later be used as an aquifer. Form the basin carefully and give it a coating, a form release agent. Then pour in layer by layer letting individual rows or columns harden then pour the next. After curing break apart the concrete. Bricks will separate relative to their curing and form release agent applied. The simply build in reverse from bottom to top the released stones poured in the formed basin. That was this morning contemplation of the Divine.

A bigger and bigger pyramid would be created as Pharaohs were vying for making the critical annual alignment with the sun so they would plant in harmony with the seasons. Miss that mark and people need to start to scatter for salvation, food.

It is time for a little breakfast. To the printer and post I go.

Mahalo,



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

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