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

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May 9, 2023

Vladimir Putin  
Russian President  
c/o Russian Consulate  
1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300  
Houston, Texas 77027

**W**hen the LORD hands you your enemies, make them prove their case. Otherwise, the LORD glows hot with anger.

President Putin, endure the loquaciousness of this letter, I beg you. It is a no brainer that between you and mumsy, I want you to prevail. Never once has she performed a deed to achieve a fine result. I Am result oriented. I want the world filled with what is fine. I believe I should walk through My garden without needing Deet. Every creation has its place. It is man's place to learn from the Divine the proper place setting of creation: so that what? Regardless of serving Me or Satan, the world is filled with what is fine. Either edge of the sword will kill you. There is no place among flesh for mumsy. "Don't say anything if you can't say something nice is only part of the adage. Speak the the blunt judgement and correction when Heaven can back you, or you have just thrown a brick at your own glass house" will also be explained.

Let us first talk about that idiot fucker Navalny, who I agree is not much different than Trump or Musk. The problem is, he is not a butt fucking coward of an American, so I give him the benefit of the doubt that he is a better person than either Trump or Musk even if he was in America. Send him to the battle with the other prisoners. Let him prove what a great leader he is. As far as I Am concerned, your prisons should be empty. "You break the law, face the fire." Further, "Prove, asshole, you indeed are the second coming, and survive the battle." What precedent was set during Pershing's campaign in world war one? A few weeks of boot camp, then to the front lines...do it. You win enough battles, you get land grants. America made so many illegal and fraudulent land transactions, they ended their legality of all real-estate transactions, already. But I can give you more reasons why America's real-estate laws were voidable in the first place. It is just that private property was held in good faith, as well, until you guessed it, everyone proved they wouldn't obey God unless it was only to destroy the Christ! Of course you break the law again, you get executed. The awarded land grant escheats to the government on crime comital -- don't make a homeless "veteran." Execute first.

America's fraudulent land deals are why someone had to create the means for the structures on the land to be saved from Heaven's wrath. Trump was the one who built the scheme. Many were in the place of protecting his scheme, they all betrayed him. I do not know who, and what act of betrayal, meant Trump's own deeds were used so the protections could be tested in the first place. But, Trump was the one who impaled himself. It is the way it works. Betray your own house, king, and that is the end of your empire. You yourself, king, created your own testing protocol to be used against you when you fucked yourself.

In the Divine, courage is; let even your enemies prove their case under the same rules for all. I know I got your attention with that orgasm bit. On your level of leadership, you understand the depth of Trump's type of perversion while the shit people are just complaining I Am dirty. The question becomes after Navalny's cowardice was demonstrated, would he sleep in the White House or Windsor Palace? How about that dumb fuck journalist doing war correspondence as a soldier? The same treatment for all, or the foundation for Socialism too has no place.

The gutter pickle on Dody street was bigger than Gurgevich's dick. Of course in close quarters with an asshole that is smart enough to find his ass with both hands he was going to figure out how to make his courtship obvious. So, near to his departure day, he walked in from some morning outing, put on his house Jersey cloth sleek red shorts from Walmart, and with full erection decided to seat himself on My couch in view of Me.

The dialogue with one or both of his "baby brother's" kids went like so... "What does uncle Mark have? Your daddy hasn't shown you this yet." In a tone and expression that opines daddy, is of course, withholding something good from them. I endured that fuck, though his courtship -- every effort to convey his intent he was allowed to deliver, Heaven was forced to make that way for him -- so I could explain to that fornicating "baby brother," who the navy is well rid of, what Mark did. No, I don't expect a thank you. That "Thank you" becomes treasure that Heaven bestows, because humans just need to hate; the Christ.

How long Mark was able to entertain his nieces playing with his penis with their tiny perfectly formed hands that made "it" look so big, and whether or not they tasted his sperm, I do not know for certain. It was his intent to experience orgasm at their hands. I just explained the deed he did in obedience to God, so he would be doing his part in killing the Christ.

This actually brings us to a good moment to apply depth to My adage of the previous correspondence. The Divine has to clear the way in the land where witchcraft has forced everyone into some form of slavery to sin. Friday, May 5, I walked to the postoffice on Everhart -- a little behind the neighbourhood Walmart centre. At the real-estate office corner strip mall, children with their parents were trying to sell lemonade to the passing traffic. Homemade signs, frantic exuberance with bedraggled adults, cloistered in the lot corner around their wagon train of parked cars, walking about waving to get drivers to pull in for the "free" lemonade. They were fund raising.

Now, my grandma taught me, that is where you pick up strep infections. Occasions like that, and roach coaches. Roach coaches is the colloquial American vernacular for a lunch or catering truck. I also did not get ice cream from the ice cream "man" who drove by growing up for the same reason. Like every child, I wondered why the "city" did not have more ice cream trucks on hot days. As if, yes, they were a government provision. Children learn what is free enterprise versus a government service, I think about age nine. It is when the mind is making room for understanding beyond what a family provides.

I was not about to taste their lemonade, and I certainly was not making a donation. I walked past observing the crowd, staying on the sidewalk. I refused a youngster's lemonade invitation who's dress did catch My attention. His jeans were oddly seamed in bunched rolls to form cording crosswise his thigh with raggedy white fibre tears, and obviously stretch denim. Then, the invitation was not over.

A teenage girl with a modest enough form, but at her years, it needed concealment. She wore a skin tight pair of short shorts that split her cleavage both front and back and an even more stretched crop tee shirt warped across her fully developed bosom not long enough to conceal her midriff. I doubt she was older than thirteen. She ran up against Me. And from the grassy knoll abreast of the sidewalk on high ground, putting her at eye level, off My left shoulder mockingly offered Me lemonade. She was clearly trying to show that young male how "selling lemonade" was done.

I told her mater of factly, "You need to put some clothes on. You are positively indecent." A year ago I would have needed to be Tour Guide Barbie with that nymphet. Because I too, would have been required to be indecent in public under My Divine Office had I corrected her. As Tour Guide Barbie, of course, I would have approved with the silence of consent, ignoring commenting on, her indecency.

However, I have accomplished many things. Had I not confronted that trash in the way and means I did, Heaven would have brought retribution against Me. The reason why it appears that I get to preserve My own skin, I now reveal. That shit got her condemnation no different than the Rotary fucks of America. Heaven raises its collective finger, and I Am preserved, and exalted because I deliver the Divine Message. This means, no, the human can't sue Me, kill Me, rape Me... whatever evil there is to do against Me they can't. (The same rules apply with My engagement with Markle, Zanoni, Biden, Trump, the waitress at Denny's -- you get the idea.) This does mean, if I didn't condemn that trash, someone, because of My silence of the matter could have done against her and blamed Heaven. Now, the matter falls to flesh to bear the responsibility when she is rapped, or trafficked under Markle's high priesthood. Zanoni just makes sure she has a little heroin to drowned the memory.

Of course, because of that omnipresent heart mumsy fosters across souls, condemning the trash freed Heaven from more than responsibility over just that indecent child selling lemonade. This warfare is why mumsy lasting a little longer as an adversary serves the greater good. And yes, Afghanistan is gunning for Zanoni. Nukes destroying Corpus Christi was never for Me to stop. To stop nukes burning this fuck-hole Zanoni needed to pay Me tribute. He decided he could beat Me in Spiritual Warfare. Now you know My definition of courage. Of course I never cheated My "lover" their orgasm.

Again, My freeing Heaven from the attack stated is one more reason why I Am the King of Heaven and the soul binding Heaven under contract. I protect Heaven's house. That of course would be Heaven's House of the Hill, Mountain. That dialogue I deliver is what it means to be given the words of the Divine. But, it is okay to paraphrase a verse or two of Holy Scripture, and think, you have been handed the words of the Divine to share at the proper time. I won't sue.

Returning to My introduction remarks about man's place, moving all creation into its proper place is why man is the creation that Allness became. The LORD is the Deity that flesh serves build the place in creation, prove in the physical world, the result. Satan is the one who will give you all the excuses you need wiggling about in grey area to produce the righteous result. Satan is the one convincing Spirit to back how you want to power your result. You see Me, you betrayed your negotiation with Satan. Me, I will just kill you and let God sort out the genetics for the next round because you are filthy. This is why I LOVE War. The discipline it takes to win produces the finest formed humans because, of course, they want to live, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Again, Putin, I love you. The extra room in My home, is to provide for you. The lock on My door is to keep Mary out. She does test it in the night. Given the Trump example, now you know why you too, have not been betrayed. It is because I preserve a room for you. But, you however have angered the LORD. Clearly He has reason to love you or He wouldn't trouble Me to save you. I Am certain you want to save your domiciles. I Am still killing roaches in Mine, and a family a possums is nesting in My attic. Mary's latest litany of lies -- and the CCPD is loving these too -- is that I Am forcing her to be My lesbian lover. We both know, I love Dick. We also know, I Am faithful.

Mahalo,



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