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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

November 21, 2024

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

In the Delivery

The essay written by the Russian English 101 classmate at Cal State Fullerton Fall 1990 lacked voice. In short, it was sterile writing. The essay was devoid of detail related to his sensation, feeling, and personal characteristic expressions that have a colloquial component. Elements of voice like using diddly-squat in place of the words nothing or small require an individual expose themselves. The topic of the paper essentially made flashers, or game day streakers, of all the writers had they demonstrated depth of voice.

Putin, I Am struggling against Heaven to produce this letter. It is too early for Merry Christmas wishes. and I had no notion of Russians celebrating Thanksgiving, which this year is the 28th. American's pull out the stops on shopping the 29th by putting retail in the black. (As opposed to borrowed funds -- in the red.) What did you ask for Putin? God Almighty is really pissed, at you. Now, as far as I Am concerned, that question was a rhetorical device. I have no intention of learning that answer from anyone but you. And that would be only if you , the human, ventured explaining yourself in your own words without psychic exploitation.

Today, and most likely since writing My May 27, 2024, love letter to you on the heels of the Fred D'Bull letter stream, after walking through the wall-to-wall blue-kevlar-binned isles of commercial debris as only a Goodwill Clearance Store can fill brick-and-mortar, I plucked from one bin a homeless book looking for a reader. *Texas Write Source -- Writing Grammar* is a grade four resource for teaching English in Texas schools. It is also no longer dumpster fodder. It made it to My library this afternoon. I paid \$1.07 for this text. The shallow oarless dinghy resembling bins stood too tall for pig provender, but, all the same, the presentation wasn't wasted on Me. The text cover was immediately familiar amidst the hodgepodge. I let the book open in My hands. Before My eyes an explanation of using a comma to write a compound sentence using a coordinating conjunction, like joining train cars together sentence, comma, coordinating conjunction, sentence captivated My attention without My thumbing a page. I wanted to dismiss what I was looking at. I was directed by Spirit to take the book while Spirit registered My willingness to dismiss the information as incorrect because the State of Texas was the sponsor of the knowledge. How would Texas know what made a sentence a correct sentence, went My dismissive remark. Heaven assured Me to take the text.

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The page clarified the very lesson an English PhD scarred into My memory. I would venture, based on all My classroom experiences, that English teaching females come from the same mould of hate. Math teachers were the level headed, generally, polite ones that acted like they liked going to work. Perhaps that was only a sign of insanity -- females teaching math against the hoi polloi of females teaching English. English is, somehow, okey-dokey, like nursing. It is, of course, common knowledge for evolved man to understand females are the language sophisticates. This propensity for language choice, over action --- your know, fists and sex -- to fix and settle things is even supported by scientific study as female mastery over the language centre of the brain. Putin, that is a topic for Me to tear into at a later time. Understand, pussy teaching language is bad. Pussy as teachers is bad. Women should not be teachers in the congregation. Heaven says, aye. People see how a church is a congregation and women in the pulpit was a no-no until Protestantism. (The Jehovah's Witnesses fixed that wrong thing though, ha-ha.) People failed to see how teaching all the skills to build an even bigger more unified Ba'al was just as much a church as the place with a steeple and Bible filled pews. God Almighty was in the place of exposing males as women even to other males. He even taught lessons on exploitation of the genitals and what that does to the population over time.

Getting back to My topic, introduced with a text harvested from the Goodwill, at Montana State, I sat through two weeks of an abruptly ended composition class. The instructor demanded I leave the class and drop-out during her lecture, I obliged. Before presenting her the demanded drop out slip, I sat through her scolding explanation of a comma splice. Which, I think, but am in no way certain, means using the comma without the appropriate linking word. Her tone, gestures and timing of what she wrote on the board literally left Me crippled. The comma splice was wrong. I understood that from her tone. But, I failed to hold onto the key information of using the coordinating conjunction makes it right. Failing to use the conjunction is a splice, evidently. Then, of course, there is the use of a dependent clause before an independent clause which only has a comma separating the two. One would pass as a sentence. While, the other stands as a fragment. When dependant follows independent there is no comma. This book was last the property of Erik Rodriguez. It is a non-consumable text.

Consumables are the textural workbooks that students tear-out sheets of after writing their coaxed answers to assignments on them. I came by a State of Texas grade seven writing and grammar consumable two years back. I will use the two books along with a few other resources to develop the writing resource component of My office. Grade four in Hawaii I spent in an Ezra'esque endeavour writing Hawaiian copy from the blackboard. The topics were cultural descriptions of the way educators decided children needed to understand the harmony and ecological brilliance of the Hawaiian people. These of course were people deprived of their dignity of living due to English thence American settlers. This non consumable text comes with a declaration that students must not write on any page. The text is the property of the student with a stipulation of allowable uses built-in.

This textbook is clean. It is devoid of pencil marks and even has a rarely opened quality about it. The text was published in 2012. Five students wrote their name in the "issued to" placard of the cover. The school year spanning 2016 to 2017 was the school year before Erik Rodriguez assumed ownership. One can assume, nine year olds would not have the kind of authority to make sure they returned an issued text if in their home guardians did not provide a place for children to care for their books or do school-work. Once an individual grows into a teen, wielding influence over personal space in a shared environment becomes easier.

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Walking the isles among all the items strewn in bins strained My person. I can only liken the strain to the stores hosting a neglected triage of morgue destined beings. The discarded garments are bundled in wads with bedding, and the majority of the shoes with books and household items strangled one another between raking in separate from clothing bins. The shoppers have a salivating-to-eat-the-dying hunger oozing from them. Mexicans, in general, are this way about things, stuff. They are proud of having contempt for the things, stuff, other people claim to value. And getting cheap used stuff is proof of how right they are for liking the cheap crap to begin with. White people are stupid for being owned by their stuff. They are stupid for having quality stuff. They are even stupider for working longer hours, earning money, rather than spend time throwing back a few brewskis and doing nothing in the act of avoiding available money. It was unpleasant in that clearance store like most experiences in Corpus. I have little recollection of being issued any text book in school until I entered grade seven, Leland Stanford Junior High, Long Beach, California. I was introduced to text-book ownership then. Seven periods of distinct study each with their own issued books or self provided equipment. I turned twelve that fall. It was 1982. California news specials were still running memorial exposes on the Mount Saint Helens explosion of 1980 as if it was fresh news. (That was the summer of My first menses. I was eleven -- not ten. I must of had some event at ten that slipped past My memory as distinctly different because Spirit is still in the place of not allowing Me to reject the idea out of hand that My first menses was when I was ten. So, there is more sorting out to do there. Even while writing that sentence I wanted to be spared the sorting out. No sparing. I endure.)

I understand I need to make you an offer involving mumsy, in some way. Okey-dokey. I shall head into the kitchen. I have a dinner-time beef-roast slow cooking in the oven. I shall return and type out what presents itself as God Almighty and the LORD work through My flesh making Me cognitively aware of what to write.

After a few minutes repast at the kitchen sink, adjacent to the four burner range oven appliance, I still have nothing. What d'ya know genuine writers block. [I have just written the letter and revisited it with an edit read. No offer to make with regard to mumsy. I think the LORD will broker something, but you will need to take custody of her physically and pay Me a custodial stipend of \$2,800.00 a month. Like the the Pentagon offer, I stay here in Corpus. I pushed past writers block with this rambling anecdote after a four minute delay.] About three days after the roll-over wreck that My murdering ex-husband failed to kill Me in he attempted to start some kind of argument with Me that went nowhere. This was the Monday, or so, after the Saturday dawn tumble into the weeds of the divided Eisenhower miracle numbered 15. I-15, indeed, sounds like a bingo call. My response to his pimping Me for big money, or a big money commitment, a day or two before he took the bus to San Diego -- and, no, I can't recall specific enough his part of the conversation -- was, "Mom and I are tapped out." He got no fight, Just that remark. What was left in the garage was a '72 super-beetle. I loved that little car. It was mine. The divorce is a matter of court record; Gallatin County, Montana, September 2012. I sent him to San Diego for two weeks to find a job and establish some simple housing arrangement within a week of the wreck he captained. Sending him ahead to San Diego was the agreed decision. I was going to join him. I sold everything in preparation for the move, and I was enrolled to begin an SDSU graduate program in August 2012. I think what he was asking Me for was some cash for his bus trip. (I lasted a year in graduate school when having no residence became a big problem. Even Motel 6 eats student loan money. I still had a cat and a dog. Euthanising them was not an option.) I drove him to the Greyhound Station in Bozeman. His mother sent him something, a Western Union. He hung out in California, like the bum he

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was, for the paid two weeks of hospitality from My American Express points. Back in those days, I enjoyed having and being a responsible keeper of My American Express gold card. Yep, I was proud of that status symbol. I protected it.

His money ran out. He still had done nothing even to get a job a convenience store near to a by-the-week hotel he found, that was plenty cheap. His mother decided to cut him off offering him a train trip to Eugene Oregon instead of paying for his by-the-week lifestyle. He could keep using the internet to find work at her place. After months of moping he was awarded a job at Walmart. Then he fulfilled his dream of graduate school earning a masters in securities as a duck (the famous Donald U of O mascot) once he had residency and a few years of pushing carts at Walmart where he was not able to earn a promotion, even with his economics degree from Montana State University. At least he used his degree to get into graduate school once his bankruptcy cooled a year or two on his credit record.

Some time in, I think, late July of 2012, after Terry received his divorce papers, mumsy bought a 2007 Ram 4x4 Cummins. That Ram is the vehicle the Corpus Christi Police Department junked. I loved that truck as if it were mine, and as if I were to put one million miles on the motor. That Mexican assembly plant is a disaster. NAFTA did not institute, nor constitute, the unification of North America. That was crap not a fulfilment to Heaven. Like a draft dodger was going to fulfil My Kingdom!

No, Russia in no way has authority over My Kingly place in Heaven. I have that. I Am sole owner. You want Russia to be the executor of My Kingly place in Heaven? Russia provides for Me. You receive of that in direct parallel to how Russia, as a government -- people are a mixed bag, we are talking seal of the nation -- what the Kremlin budgets the Kremlin receives. I put a prime price tag of \$350,000,000.00 net to Me, after taxes, and of course being honoured with retiring from the U.S. Military and having My full pension for Me to take down macdukes.com. Of course Musk can pick up the price tag. Truth be told, Putin, these guys are all drunk with the idea in their core they are the Christ. What they are doing is a result of this identity fraud they feel in their body like I felt the Goodwill Clearance Store today. North Americans are all in that place of motility. They all are acting on what it is for their souls to respond to being the Christ themselves because the Christ is in the world, as the Christ to Heaven. Every person in North America is doing, and has been doing since July 1, 2019, their own version of My ministry. Because I back Heaven with My flesh, I ultimately get the whole world. That is part of the importance of the August 21, 2021, date and all My efforts to get people to pungle.

Putin, I opened up a one year gap where commerce is concerned because of an arrangement with king Charles. King Charles can purchase, for English citizens the gaoler post in Hell. We will make one for them. There does not need to be one. But, it is a no-brainer that being the jailer is better than being the jailed. This commerce provision of adversing on macdukes.com is open for a year. No, I do not expect a company to advertise. I Am putting forth the physical work, honouring, with the physical what Spirit have been promised and not received. I never did any of the deeds that put Me in the place of being able to get a gun and go the the president of Johnson and Johnson and threaten him with taking his life if he did not advertise his company on My domain. What did Jesus say, you must bind up the strong man before you can steal the belongings out of his house. I never did any of the deeds that meant I had mafia abilities.

Putin, you can well imagine that once Christmas has come and gone I might have an offer to make you. You see, I have not given up on that hope of being able to house you as My slave. I Am not betraying you Putin. You want to buy from Me My authority to save you from Hell keeping you as My

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slave? You can pay for that. If your natural life extends to the end of your presidency, by that time, this gulf coast just might not seem so bad. What happens at matrimony Christmas is your consciousness, as your memories and events of your life -- your voice -- have been stored up in Heaven are bundled onto the LORD. Every non North American is likewise to their Spirit (and you already know that the Spirit represented by ones genetics is not necessarily ones own God and, further, is not ones Spirit consciousness. The LORD will be wearing you. You host Satan until you die. What you are after Christmas is cut off from the LORD's wearing you. Heaven is influenced to move about with the LORD wearing you, not you contaminated by the LORD. Then the sum of all of you, as you know you, goes to Hell. What the LORD wears He perfects. Abraham -- first recorded penis clipper -- and Noah -- first recorded floating zoo keeper, that was a crap game -- were the last persons with the LORD's genetics. You, as a person, your thoughts and ideas are shifted about to fulfil the grand scheme of population shut down. That is what makes gods into Gods. As in, let God be found true though every man is a liar. Heaven will be in the place of acting based on their new personalities. So, for the LORD, He can be a prick to everyone. You will not be in a place of strength because of what your genetics are to Heaven.

As people, we experience thought from interaction with the Divine. Memory is stimulated and we know what we know from our individual interactions with the Divine. Then between our flesh and our conscience, we do based on knowing what we know. Some people, it is true, they never delve deeply or seek the path of scholarship and authority. They just want some minimal existence. The minimalists did not do themselves any favours by calling the master wicked and burying their talent in the sand. Technically, you did damn good at Divining your way to the top. Kudos. Where I come into conflict with socialism is allowing a place for people to be mediocre in their use of time, development of talent, or pursuing earnings. Putin, people that do not pursue the greatness of being all that the gods of mythology are recored accomplishing there is no room for. I Am the sub-standard base-line expectation of a human, according to Heaven. Saint Paul holds that place likewise.

Regardless of My remaining in Corpus, the bases in the region shut down. That is true. God Almighty is dipping into My Heavenly declaration pot of Kingly authority to make the destruction of the region happen. You have until Christmas Putin. Then I trust that the Bitch I know I can trust as far as I can throw will be a fine executor of roiling up whom will do the work of destruction, as pleases My pocket-book, for the purpose of putting the whole world into My hands, eventually. God's a good dog. As you can well imagine, I will be heading to the Middle East from here. There won't be much America when that happens. There will be a mess in the desert that I can then unify. I see no point to messing with Egypt (meaning all of Africa) Myself. I leave you with this Putin, God is not slow respecting his promise as some people consider slowness. But, desires every person receive repentance. Repentance happens in Hell. That is the point of the Rich Man and Lazarus.

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Putin, I will say it again, when the LORD hands you your enemies you do not shrink back your hand from destroying them. You thank him and start destroying. What I needed to understand was My job, place in commerce, was to dominate all markets, every market, in all places every place across the sea of humanity. Christ to Heaven, made of flesh, the big fulfiller of Allness, from Spirit -- greater than flesh -- brings the flesh to heal. I Am master over the dog, sin.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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USMC Special Forces
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