

From: mac@macdukes.com

Date: May 13, 2024

To: Bull D Fred <bulldfred521@gmail.com>

Subject: Leaving you a debt to repay

Hello Dear.

I went back and verified that four emails were what you sent that remained unacknowledged by Me. Not only that, dear was the diminutive eponym used. This email means I Am leaving you the opportunity to repay Me with an electronic epistle. I Am now officially ahead by one email.

You have the place of receiving personal correspondence from the whitehorse riding Apocalyptic scary person that famine, death, Hades, and plague had no means of catching. Who did you bet on in the horse race? That is the kind of question I know to pose, with humor, to Team God and be both cautious and horrified at the realities of how people forced the LORD to place his bet. I love the LORD all the same.

This is as close as I come to forcing you to seek righteousness. It is polite for Me to invite your engagement with Me to continue what you started. No, I will not be sporting new boobos any time soon. But who does not appreciate no-strings-attached affection. Acknowledgment of our humanity is not wrong. Fornication is wrong. The reasons why people have been able to extort Spiritual power with shitty deeds is because there are times when under the truth of lies taught in religions they literally did according to their own honest understanding. In other words that you thought the sky was green was not held against you as wrong until the one came along who proved to all Spirit consciousness they were the soul authority on the sky and they said it was clear. Then your answer of green was wrong but allowed because it was all you knew.

It is actually possible for humanities conclusion, this time around, because I Am the only human that needs to survive the Divine onslaught, for the contents and seas to be cataclysmically altered, dormant volcanoes to be opened burying a hundred million people in a few days, every violent wind and rain to wash away all the supplies and stores of civilization ending jobs to go to, and within a year three billion people die of famine and disease and then within as little five years from today all humanity would be dead sans Me.

Then what? Well, Spirit through what has been defined as immaculate conception can impregnate Me and I deliver My first child. Perhaps a boy. This would be My future husband. He might want a hundred years of wandering the earth before mommy seemed like a good mate. But, he would have his time and I would have plenty of work to do beautifying and preparing a landscape for the first city. I might name it Jerusalem. I might even name My son Israel.

Now, how lucky do you feel that the wrath of Heaven can wipe eight billion people off this earth sending them to hell in less than a year? Do you feel any inclination to live?

Do you have any desire to do the work I do? No? There is your clue you are fodder for hell. When just having the information means you do nothing that means this, life, arouses nothing in you. Hell is not eternal.

From Team God I understand I have Father's Day to look forward to. It would be a major buzz kill for Me to have to work with people now that I understand the great and cataclysmic destruction that can, as I understand having a high probability of happening, happen. I won't say yet that it will. But, I want it to. It is better than waiting a hundred years for you shits to finally finish sending yourselves to hell. When I Am the only person on this earth I Am reasonably certain I will keep finding stall tactic projects that interfere with that threat of immaculate conception. But, I like to leave all things to God.

Understand not putting all the power of the military of this nation in My hands to clean this God Damned fucking earth of squandering filth making the Kingdom happen the old fashioned way means the total cataclysmic destruction is game on. The signs of Heavenly destruction will increase so you are certain of the truth of Heaven's intent and, furthermore, Christmas 2024 is the deadline for handing Me those Pentagon keys or cataclysmic wipe out happens.

Why is it that God promised never to use a deluge again? It isn't possible to destroy humanity that way. There is not enough fluid to cover the land masses over Everest. A flood just won't do. But a pissed off Christ, there is the brain to put on top of that problem.

Go ahead and reread the Art of War. It is just a little thin on the depths of wars power especially when no deception is needed and you control the seas. Oh, didn't you read, I control the sea. All wild animals are mine. And there is some other crazinesses, but outside of this sounding crazy it is all true and proven by Heaven.

My getting those Pentagon keys is the only way a remnant of US Military exists. We at Team God will keep assuring Biden, Austin, and Congress that a remnant is really a good thing. December 2024 that is the deadline. Now you know why people are not forced to believe Me and CCPD with the filthy veterans and the cesspool base captain get to keep fucking with Me. God wants you all dead. And He must do thus or it is just not fair to history.

It is not wrong to wear weakness when you are trying to learn if the world has even one good Samaritan. It doesn't, thus far.

That was Sunday night. Now it is Monday morning and I Am headed to Port Aransas and then to Aransas Pass with Ingleside.

Had you been in the place of knowing there was a Spirit payoff for kissing My head and looking in on Me as I healed, you would have in Corpus to do so. If not you you would have delegated that to a buddy. There is no Spirit coin for interacting with Me. What

Spirit does is put you in the place of giving them coin for how you treat Me. When you don't do for Me in the way that Spirit backed the shit out of your life, you loose power. There is a great deal more here.

Assemble a team. That sixty extra dollars a day will go a long way at helping Me get out of these rags I wear. Allow Me to get out of Town while mumsy has supervision and the cats are fed and so on. And what do you get? Survival with benefits cutting the payoff Spirit give you that cheats you out of getting credit for your own Godly deeds. I Am a human. I Am in need. I Am your superior officer. I Am asking you to pull yourself from the fire by helping Me.

Mahalo,

the Christ
LtG H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Sent from my iPhone

From: mac@macdukes.com
Date: May 12, 2024
To: Bull D Fred <bulldfred521@gmail.com>
Subject: **The sex deal**

Bull, unfortunately you touched what even Putin knew to leave alone. You see, I Am a bit of a correspondence tar baby. Did you ever see Disney's Song of the South? A classic really. Briar Rabbit touches a tar baby after being angry that the figure (that was indeed made of tar) did not greet him. The rabbit yelling, "Howdy!" with enthusiasm slaps that tar bundle with his hand in a gesture that would be classified as a misdemeanor in Texas. Briar Rabbit ends up sticking his entire body to that tar bundle whilst unsticking his first hand he embedded in the tar greeting the unresponsive scarecrow made of tar. These were part of the Uncle Rheimus stories. Eventuality, I will find these stories at Half Price Books and add them to My collection of to-be-read-eventually books. (In the context of that sentence, "to be read eventually" is an adjective of the word books. So it gets dashed.) I read Jules Verne, Dumas, Scott, Dickens, Twain and several other famous prose authors when I was in high school. It was a summer activity. The Jehovah's Witnesses like to classify all persons that do not go to the kingdom hall as bad associations that spoil useful habits. That proverbial principle can be found in one of Saint Paul's letters to Timothy. With that, I simply spent My summers in high school in a bit of isolation. I actually didn't think of it that way. There are some people in this world, it is better to fall on ones own sword than to even speak to them. Mumsy put Me in the Jehovah's Witnesses religion and I did everything I could to be a good one. At eighteen I was just a mole in that religion for the corps.

Discretion, as in using discernment -- making judgement calls, is at the heart of military intelligence gathering, interpretation, and preparedness prediction. Judging who bad associations are is required to avoid bad associations. In our personal lives, for some reason, we are taught the unconscionable shit that judging people is wrong. What a bunch of crap. It is wrong to assume people have evil motives. It is right to, from looking at someone and the situation you are in with/near them, anticipate actionable likelihoods to protect your future. We look at fellow Americans like we are on the same team. You know that is shit. Hell, the CIA might be working against your duties ordered by even the same president. I have already written an article about how wrong it is to look at someone seeing horror on the outside and not translate that to, 'they are also horrible on the inside.' When a male sports a beard and pot belly his physique represents how he has sold out giving himself over to looking like his debaucheries he loves. You have seen how quickly Milley has decayed since leaving the military.

Freedom is used in this nation to excuse slovenly dress, beards, BO, public flatulence, public urination, public drunken nights out, owning as much as one can buy. Although most people find a way to excuse buying cheap shit over quality goods on what I will call the PETA principal of living. Animals should not be bred for fiber or food so no mink coats, no leather goods, eat vegetables...Blah blah blah. That is the spielen. What does that really do? It builds an elitist class of consumers and fuels global gluttony.

Why this is so I will elaborate on in the coming year. People do not use freedom as an excuse to take the bus, pick up trash on common grounds, wear nice garments, and spend a little extra time keeping themselves clean. Freedom is used to keep demanding rights and forcing your neighbors to accept you just they way you are. This only keeps the peace provided one person's religious freedom to worship their god as they please does not destroy the life or property of another. Homeless people will tell you they love America because, "They are free to live in the street coming and going as they please. You can't make them conform."

To your apparent conforming to the USMC, awesome.

I Am going to teach you about the sex deal. Being faced with the amount of pussy (or dick) in close quarters that military service jumbles into the same unarmored bunker for survival requires being personally convinced of your own personal superiority over every one around you. I Am going to elucidate. As a male you need to understand that your sperm is the most valuable elixir of salvation on the planet, for you. Females are just in a place of hopeless desperation, always, kinda, I will get to that. Right now I Am speaking to a male about his maleness. It is important that you do not betray your gametes. In short you put yourself in a place of power when you approach every person with, "No, you ain't worth my cum." Someone needs to demonstrate to you they will serve you, seek your happiness, and physically you are not forcing yourself to overlook what kind of piercing they sport, the crotch and ass crack they advertise, the cut and style of their hair, the way they walk, the way they talk all the outward first impression things, they matter. When you see what is abhorrent, that is a no. Period.

Enjoy that you dodged a bullet. Don't go thinking that eventually you will make a good sex deal with this person when they fix, da da da. What about when you look at that,

"She has got to be Miss January 2023." You know you want that. You already know that because you are certain you have seen that naked. Well, then you need to be in that place of grabbing ahold of that love at first sight and getting to the justice of the peace before sex happens. She might not run to the preacher with, "Hello there, how ya' doin'?" What is next so you are not totally frustrated with your physiology? Imagine Miss January 2023 in 2050. She has aged. Does she have good habits of health? Does she want more body art? More piercings? Bigger implants? Does she need a liposuction or some cosmetic aid to keeping the venti upside down mocha frappachino from sitting on her belly? What kind of person is she when she doesn't get what she wants? If she complains when she is getting what she asked for, you know to run. How hard does she work for the things she claims matters? Does she volunteer her time to save lives? Is she married? Does she want a male, female, or to do males and females at the same time? Those moral questions we used to have confidence in because of the church they attended. That was always a subject of false confidence. In other words there was never the across the board wholesomeness we wanted to pretend existed even when, "Leave it to Beaver" was on prime time. I Am a bit of a June Cleaver meets Elvira. Or perhaps Martha Stewart meets Zena the Warrior Princess. When I Am fit, and I Am in the process of rebuilding, I Am somewhere between Linda Carter (as Wonder Woman) and Brooke Shields. I have often been told I look like Kelly McGillis (Top Gun). What I lack is a willingness to allow people the opportunity to learn much about Me. It isn't necessary. Keeping boundaries means we have personal information that we use as a means of making assessments of others, not sharing of ourselves when we know damn well falling on our own sword is better than touching or being touched sexually by what we see or hear before us. So there is no point in being an information booth about Myself.

How about your reaching out to Me? Well, the potential for a sex deal needed to be neutralized. Does that mean We couldn't meet and just know in that instant, "This is the one." Eh, its not a reasonable expectation. It isn't fair to either of us and I will now explain the one thing I intended to share when I started this ramble an hour or so ago. When you sent your email it was a personal invitation to a stranger. When you share personal information and you are willing to fuck the object (as in your sperm is not precious to you so you would fuck if the price was right -- no assumed consequences going into the fuck generally makes the price right) you filter the other person, the potential fuckee, through your own awareness filling in the blanks of them with who you are. For instance, welders experience a kind of blindness after years of unprotected exposure that literally blinds their vision with black spots. What does their brain do? Fills in the gaps so the welder thinks he still sees. It is like the blind spot on a car projecting what is on the other side of that blind spot without anything to base the projection on other than what is in view of the windshields on either side. A welder can miss a whole semi that way and never know they are blind. There are white papers on the topic. It might be called welder blindness. It is necessary for an individual to make their case explicitly that they want you as a sexual partner otherwise when the suggestion is there without explicit dialogue it creates the fucking.

A dude will say he has a wife so that when he fucks the female he met in the bar he knows he said it was a one night stand. What the female heard was, "I am now going to fuck you because I know you will be better than my wife and I will divorce her and marry you." So the female in the bar is gungho for the fucking she didn't charge for. Whether or not the female has morals that permit a one night stand or not, she is programmed to understand sex entitles her to a life of being cared for. What I lived My entire life understanding and living is that the only way sex was going to be a means of My being provided for is if I was married to a male that was able to grow his fortune because I protected all he worked for so we could both benefit.

That narrative just explained the difference between how males and females interpret the unsaid dialogue. There is no way to have sex with not spouse, as a male, and not end up with some hidden debt hanging over in the land of the Gods. When she did not get the marriage and move into the house and have the happily ever after she has Spirit coin and the fucker gets tested by Spirit. This deserves a great deal of teasing out and clarification. This email is not the opportunity to approach explanation.

It is nighty night time for Me. I Am going to put My last post up in the morning and let My website sit a month or two while I recover My fitness and health. Ten miles a day is a good average amount of ground for Me to cover and I travel at about three miles an hour.

I have started typing and erasing again. Okay. What does that mean? I have typed and erased and typed and erased. It means I Am sucking at long distance mind reading. When you reached out, there was no way I could possibly trust the honor system of assumed morality that the sex deal is not supposed to happen. Expectations needed to be adjusted. Would you just like to go to a driving range together? If you are not a golfer, we are not going to work out as man and wife.

Would there be any chemistry between us? I Am assured My being drawn to your photo was legitimate. I never wanted to be in that place of auditioning for someone personally again. I wanted to believe that the Gods sent you to get to know Me and rescue Me from My horrid isolation jailing mumsy. I wanted to fall for that belief in the second I received your email. I couldn't compose a reply. Without any kind of filter I wanted to ask you are you My chosen one? That is the only way to describe what My physiology was dealing with in the instant I typed My first reply. I wanted to finally be in that place of not bring alone, in the extreme, fending of the unwashed filth loving reprobates and ignorance loving moral sleeze of this town who hate truth. To finally have flesh, in the way Adam cried out, at last, "Bone of My bone and flesh of My flesh." That was the moment I had because of what it is to weave through how flesh has imprinted Spirit with a tortuous gauntlet for Me to run so the LORD lives the perfection of his days post Sabbath. It is always necessary for Me to get down to Corps. As in I have articulated before you and Heaven what the heck was going on that I had no way of owning because the loss of "Ted" (His code name) September 2020 was just that grievous. I still greave for who he was to Me and all the dances We did not get to go to. Trump had him killed. And to Me I have just embarrassed Myself because I have spent

My life surrounded by people that promised Me the world if I would just be the dirt they are. I was hated for being a goodie goodie with an overly sensitive conscience who ruined the party. As until "Ted" who I knew only through Spirit, I had never even been the bridesmaid or even the wall flower. I was simply never a contender in the land of being fulfilled as a human. "Ted" was as real to Me as you. More so. I don't have a way to know if you are really single. If you could be in a place of understanding My work. If you are even the same person as your posted image. Those are things Spirit is silent on. You are being drawn out in this.

The glory of Jesus will be manifest in Me for this regardless of its seeming crazy. Spirit has been in the place of providing Me a welder vision visor as it were so that every person I met I could see some "good" about them even when all there was was horror and I needed to fall on My own sword to avoid them. May 12, 2012 was when that visor was ripped off and My testimony before Spirit began and I was promoted by Obama being awarded My brigadier general promotion. Trump awarded Me My second star, and Biden My third.

What has been bound in Heaven flesh is fulfilling. That is why things are just a little different now. Had top level niggers like Trump kept their word, that would have been proof that the world of humanity had evolved for flesh to fulfill John's apocalypse. Instead flesh is just being sent to hell. You happen to have been put in the place of finding out how to live. You have no ground to curse Heaven for what you can be a part of fixing for yourself, at least. Fighting with Austin and congress is ongoing. Needless to say the last thing congress wants to end is fornication in the military.

Being alone is a bummer only kinda. When My vanity is restored even I know I can get Me a hottie who will love all this crazy God shit and even love that he won the heart and soul of the Christ as his bride. Even I understand I Am not hot enough for you by My own definitions of beauty. And a photograph, unless it is a mugshot, does not document height. Looking up to "My" man matters and it needs to be there as a physical reminder for all those moments in a marriage when I just might find Myself forgetful of his headship. Anymore people are willing to look for what they are convinced is love from every place that lacks discipline, standards, and reminders. Obviously the sex deal requires better than love.

When I see Myself as desirable to Myself, as in I want to see My own body in a sexual act with My hottie husband, then I would be in yet another place of willingness to say, "Come for a visit. I like the sound of a peace mission." That confidence to play, its just not there. My thought is, yea, you show up and either you laugh your ass off at My being lower than Ugly Betty, or you are struck with gallantry while trying to figure out how you can slip away without saying, "I didn't know you were ugly and fat. I couldn't really tell how fat and ugly by the photos, so just let me go away and forget you." That is the kind of pressure that clouds invitations that come with personal information like I'm single with a twelve year old daughter.

I agree, you wouldn't have a chaperone if you simply met Me for coffee to discuss Iran Israel readiness. So now the need for the chaperone has been stripped down to zero and we both know we will be talking shop if indeed you invest in coming to Corpus. I will be a little more diligent in checking emails in the event that you want Me to be prepared for some public place shop talk.

It is now midnight. I Am never up this late. I will send this in the morning. You have now consumed My entire Saturday, more or less. Does this count as a peace mission date?

The morning of sending this picture. I just finished brewing My morning cup of coffee and feeding Buttercup, that cat, the real one, no pun.



What the Jehovah's Witnesses did that was so God damned fucking horrible is swipe up all the coin in Heaven that existed when the LORD would have been living at Sabbath's end and then categorically refused, on every level, to do even one jot of work to make that Kingdom of perfection a reality. In other words, why a band was allowed to be called the Black Sabbath, being and looking so vile, is because that is what the Jehovah's Witnesses built for humanity and it had to be destroyed. More on this to come.

Honestly, aren't you just the least bit curious about how good it can be when you have a little more spiritual food? Why not gather the gumption to work eighty hour weeks with a few brave souls who, come, and taste, the Christ is Good. There is much mechanical work a team can efficiently and effectively add under My training, promulgating truth sooner. Yes, I Am still closing that God damned fucking cesspool of a military base; NASCC-AD, and its regional cohorts. You stupid God Damned mother fuckers.

It turned out to be great that you sent a personal invitation. Now I have proven that My intention was to have soldiers here to work them to life and I Am still, indeed, grieving "Ted." He was My fiancé killed the morning of our wedding and we had yet to experience one another, sexually. I was REALLY looking forward to the sex.

Mahalo,

the Christ
LtG H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Sent from my iPhone

From: mac@macdukes.com
Date: May 11, 2024
To: Bull D Fred <bulldfred521@gmail.com>
Subject: Another reply or keeping the count even

Hello Honey,

Isn't "Honey" or was it "Dear" that you addressed Me with on your repeated series of replies before I had the opportunity to even check My emails again? I check emails, sometimes, as little as once a month. Few people in this world even have My mac@macdukes.com email or have even used it to do anything other than reply to some miscellaneous business I enquired about to begin with. I will need to check, but, as I recall I counted at least four emails from you in My inbox before I was able to tell you to quit fornicating and the time for peace, well, if you harvest for hell with Me there will be peace in your life otherwise, over. With this correspondence the count is either

now equal between us, in terms of reply, not word count, or I owe you yet one more email at least.

My career has been self-funded, top secret, and moulded under the hands of several, now retired, top ranking military generals and two Presidents of the United States.

Other than the Theological doctorate, which I agree with Harvard, is worthless so why even hang the diploma on My wall -- you see I pedal truth, that is worthless in the world that profits from lies -- I Am a combat engineer and strategist at the very core of My career competencies.

The glory of Jesus you see here, no bruising. I took this picture last night after stepping out of the shower. It would have been wonderful to have had the kind of associations in My life that someone would have kissed this and made it better. That is the romantic in Me. My being a romantic is why the adversarial relationship I have with Putin keeps he and I slightly intrigued. Because, lies are what people profit by, Harvard with all American academia is slipping away and their diplomas on the world stage are all worthless. That Jesus made Me better, sustained Me, humbles Me; and I Am grateful. I honestly didn't think in sending My picture to a brother you would have rushed to kiss it. I have learnt not to expect such gestures from others. I still want them to happen.



What would have been better than someone kissing My booboo so Jesus would have been able to share the glory? For Me to have someone's booboo to kiss. Looking up to a male is far more appropriate than looking down on him. Females like Kidman (Tom Cruise's ex), the temple prostitute, who need little dudes, like males they can look down on. That does not work in a marriage. Sex is the magic that makes marriage work.

Few people associate marriage with sex. At what point will masturbation be called sex? How about ones dildo or artificial vagina bring called a spouse? Anymore sex is just assumed because people just have sex without regard to legal matrimony first.

Matrimony is making a law of two people coming together to be a union. That is why a civil court is required to break that law. What is fucking? A person using their genitals without the gratification of their spouse. It isn't possible to fuck Me, kill Me, rape Me, beat Me, or any other calamity of the like. Even if that was a persons go to way of getting their money back for the price of dinner. A person would just be out the price of that meal. I endured many things in My life, and career, so the cycle of fucking, including the rationals for fucking, that put all those participating in warfare at a serious disadvantage, were ended. In other words, for being a fucker, one not only goes to hell, they are going there in Divinely illustrative style. What is worse is that couples do not work at protecting the sex between them, that precious time of union. They let all manner of badness come between them. Then their marriage deteriorates. My philosophy is that your daughter has everything with having a father. The mother is poison. Look for a spouse who wants to be your back up not supplant you or degrade your strategies to instill some good skills for life in your girl with the few years you have.

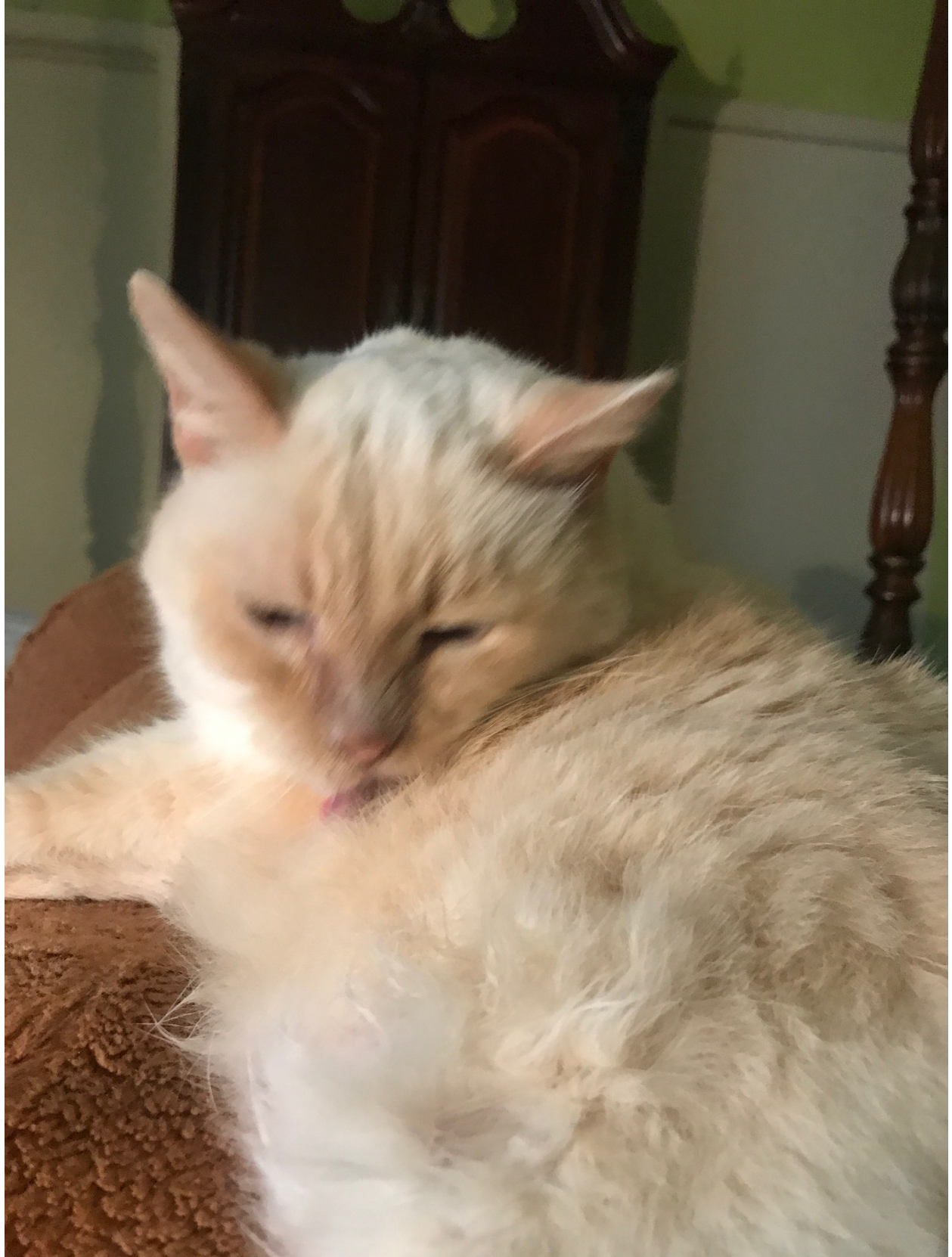
You, as a male, can be a man as opposed to woman, the wicked witch crafting actor. I Am the only female that can be man because My heart is circumcised. It means I cannot make a prayer of heart. Now there is much I can write on this technical topic and I have written much about that already. A male hosts Spirit in his cerebral cortex. A female hosts Spirit on her heart tissue. A male can do the glorious work that a female only turns to shit if she is not put in her place.

I did not have the privilege of a successful pregnancy in My life. Twice in My life I experienced what I can only describe as two heavy menses that frightened Me and I cried for a few days. I have yet to buy some coffee beans, I did buy some grounds though, and I have not yet bruised. I won't be bruising. I will be buying some coffee beans before others are bruising in indescribable myriad of ways.

I have responsibility for two cats and a serial killer who is alien to humanity. Mumsy (the woman whose vagina I passed through to enter the world) is alien to humanity. She is not a human.

I Am a computer programmer, economist, engineer -- mechanical and civil, and warfare strategist. I understand how law, constitutions, governments, and people function. I lecture the Pentagon at length over how the Divine interacts with humanity and how present theology is a twisted convoluted unless jumble of information that has put people like Trump in the place of weaving major extortions against Heaven to back his

qngmic sex cult. I have looked four assassins in the eyes. The one I met in the fitness center in Norfolk I wished had just run away with Me marrying Me and we lived happily ever after. There was a greatness about him. I was in his eyes. Like you good body. Beautiful face.



This is Buttercup, My pussy, she is over twenty years old. (Are you laughing at the pun? I Am.) She is grooming herself on My made in China plushy. When I was a child they were called stuffed animals and stuffed animals were called trophies. My plushy is a pony that is about the size of two king size pillows. It makes a great body pillow to hug. I hug it as I sleep. Not everyone likes to be cuddled as they sleep.

I do enjoy cooking. I have learnt many domestic skills to turn a home into a showcase of elegance. The problem is most males like to live in a kind of sty that just isn't too fancy so they can get away with being lazy or dirty. I like fancy. I like artfully crafted appointments. Having less but having the highest quality possible for the purpose of the things I do have. To build a home is a years long process that includes decorating and gardening. With mumsy I Am at a disadvantage fighting the squaller she pouts and throws tantrums in. I can plumb and wire homes as well as build from bare ground a home right down to the last roof shingle. In this email you have read a little about My life that if you simply looked at My library of books you could have gleaned My disciplinary qualifications. Writing is an occupational necessity. I Am appalled, still, at much of what I write, because it lacks mechanical perfection and there are about twenty thousand English words I would like to readily add to My vocabulary.

I do not suffer from needing to watch television for My spiritual food. I can write paragraphs about why people are addicted to that image maker. Indeed I will, at a later time. I read about one hundred pages of non-fiction a day.

I have no vehicle. I walk and ride the bus. I Am fighting with the Jehovah's Witnesses for them to take custody of mumsy. They must pay Me \$2,192,500.00 for Me to vacate this property, My home, in Corpus. My dream with that tidy little bundle is to head back to Montana and live in the wind shadow of the International Peace park. I will be waiting out the decay and destruction of America, as things are poised at present, picking pockets of the dead for cash. But, I wait and see, perhaps, the JW's will need to get Me out of here and only with that bundle of cash do I leave. So, We at Team God are pressing that tightfisted flesh for that money.

Back in 2019 much trouble started when the Jehovah's Witnesses decided to have Mumsy euthanized in a care facility to take her authority over Spirit. It is being dumped on them on My terms. They were required to pay her not murder her to get it. So they get the power and it is bent to glorify Jesus who they violated and mutilated. The CCPD jumped on the opportunity to abuse Me. They didn't invent nor perfect their abuse.

I Am going to head out for internet in the next little bit. I ask you now, can I be trusted with your peace proposal? Have we earned one another's trust? Maintaining physical boundaries, i.e. no touch genitals without the law of matrimony, is what it means to have trust. Semper fi brother. You are still going to hell. Damn You!!! You choose hell over life? Fuck you!!!

I love to golf. I would love some driving range time, at the very least, under escort. I have a great bag of Titlest driver, woods, and wedges with a set of Taylor Made irons. Would you like Me to show you how to use them? No charge. Just a date. I have not bashed balls since January 2020. What else is a date? The USS Lexington is here. Did the marine corps need you to move in with a "spouse" cover? Using "spouse" as cover means going to the justice of the peace and filing the bonafide paperwork. I promise not to pressure you into sex; nor call what might transpire rape; or change My name. Being "single" means you do not at present have a person you trust your sexual being with. After you woke to Me contentedly preparing you a steak and egg breakfast, you just might be overwhelmed with the need to trust Me, sexually. That would be a function of our chemistry. With the duly filed marriage license you would come and go as you need to for other duties. Outside of that a chaperone is required and no playing "spouse." The mattress on our bed, honey, is sprung, lumpy, and sunken in the middle. No bugs.

The LORD is now sending Me out for coffee beans and internet access. There is no sim card in My iphone. Hasn't been since about December 2019.



ADELPHOS

COFFEE ROASTERS

- Track 1: almond cake
- Track 2: chocolate
- Track 3: blackberry jam
- Track 4:
- Track 5: Natural (washed)

MIX TAPE

Espresso blend ft - Guatemala, Sumatra, Ethiopia!

D-C90 TDK

After about a ten minute ride, including the rout transfer point at South Side Transit Station, I debussed the 37 at the TJMaxx Homegoods that generally sold bulk coffee beans, stocking enough to sell some on half-off clearance. No beans. They had some. The Saturday before Mother's Day is not a great time to browse that cornucopia of womanly Baalism, on steroids, as they say.

I Am now at the franchised bistro equivalent of womanly Baslism, Corner Bakery Cafe. My baked goods and foods are orders of magnitude better. I cook on par with the Drake Hotel in Austin. I have never eaten at the Waldorf Astoria to compare My cooking.

I won the contract for America's military. You can do it My way, or go to hell. Where caring for My "spouse" is concerned, even I can learn to keep a few roaches about, leave televisions running 24/7, and burn cookies so he can feel at home being the "man" of the house is his dirty environment so the peace is kept. Peace, when there is compromise, in no peace.

Death to Trump! Long Live Berger.

I love high alpine backpacking. I Am, or was, a competent sailor. I Am ten years out of practice where enduring "spouse" experiences is concerned. I have experienced a handful of decent organisms in My life. So there is room to know more there. Trump has a dorky face, in My opinion. Biden, Joe, is still holding onto his vanity. As a young male, I'm sure I would have classified him as handsome.

When I hit about ninety, I will have grown My last inch in height. At about three hundred years of age new teeth will grow in.

Album Art	Track Name	Artist	Album Name	Duration
	Where Were You (When the World...)	Alan Jackson	Greatest Hits, Vol. 2	5:04
	Song of the South	Alabama	The Essential Alab...	3:11
	Landslide (Live - 2003)	The Chicks	Top of the World T...	4:02
	People Are Crazy	Billy Currington	Little Bit of Everyt...	3:51
	One More Day	Diamond Rio	Diamond Rio: 16 Bi...	3:36
	Born Country	Alabama	The Essential Alab...	3:17
	Every Storm (Runs Out of Rain)	Gary Allan	Every Storm (Runs...	3:45
	Amazing Grace	The Auld Town Band &...	Magnificent Music...	2:38
	Amazing Grace	Amazing Grace	Family Folk Revival...	3:58
	The End of the Innocence	Don Henley	The Very Best of D...	5:17
	I Wish You'd Stay	Brad Paisley	Part II	6:18
	Wagon Wheel	Darius Rucker	True Believers (Del...	4:58
	Fly Over States	Jason Aldean	My Kinda Party	3:38
	I've Been Everywhere	Johnny Cash	Unchained	3:20
	Carrying Your Love With Me	George Strait	Carrying Your Love...	3:52

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










Album Art	Song Title	Artist	Album Title	Duration	Options
	Hey There Delilah	Plain White T's	Every Second Cou...	3:53	...
	Drift Off to Dream	Travis Tritt	Travis Tritt: Greate...	5:16	...
	Love Me Like You Mean It	Kelsea Ballerini	The First Time	3:20	...
	There Will Come a Day	Faith Hill	Breathe	4:13	...
	I'm Already There	Lonestar	I'm Already There	4:13	...
	There Is No Arizona (Version 1/Lo...	Jamie O'Neal	Shiver	3:57	...
	You Make It Easy	Jason Aldean	Rearview Town	3:16	...
	Colonel Bogey March	The Big Brass Swingin...	Big Band & Swing...	2:11	...
	Bring On the Rain	Jo Dee Messina & Tim...	Jo Dee Messina: G...	3:59	...
	Love Like Crazy	Lee Brice	Love Like Crazy	3:37	...
	My Wish	Rascal Flatts	Greatest Hits, Vol....	4:06	...
	You Say	Lauren Daigle	Look Up Child	4:35	...
	Amazed	Lonestar	From There to Her...	4:00	...
	I Hope You Dance	Lee Ann Womack	Greatest Hits	4:55	...
	Don't Laugh at Me	Mark Wills	Mark Wills: Greate...	3:38	...

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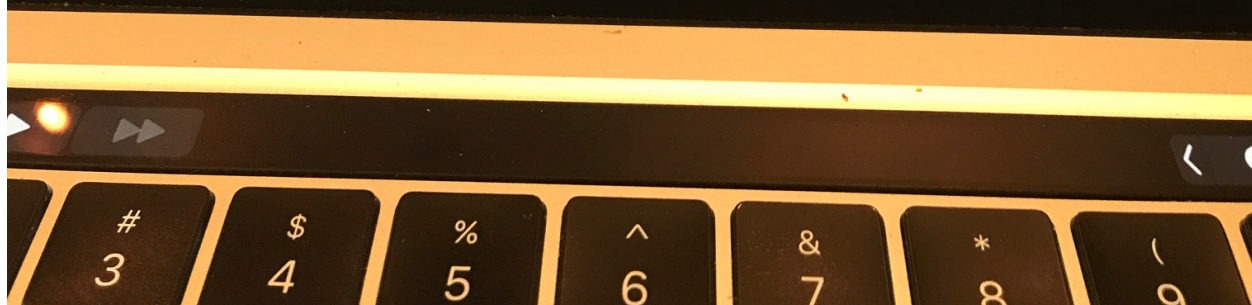
Apple Music interface showing a list of songs. The interface includes playback controls at the top (back, play, forward, repeat, volume, and Apple logo) and a list of tracks with album art, song titles, artists, album names, download icons, and durations.

Album Art	Song Title	Artist	Album	Download	Duration
	Amazing Grace	The Scottish Bagpipe P...	Scottish Bagpipes	⬇	2:46 ...
	Bless the Broken Road	Rascal Flatts	Feels Like Today	⬇	3:47 ...
	America the Beautiful	Ray Charles	True Genius	⬇	3:37 ...
	You Lie (Single Version)	Reba McEntire	Reba #1's	⬇	3:59 ...
	I'll Be	Reba McEntire	So Good Together	⬇	4:29 ...
	If You're Going Through Hell (Befo...	Rodney Atkins	If You're Going Thr...	⬇	3:38 ...
	I'm Movin' On	Rascal Flatts	Rascal Flatts	⬇	4:03 ...
	You're Gonna Miss This	Trace Adkins	You're Gonna Miss...	⬇	3:46 ...
	Please Remember Me	Tim McGraw	Greatest Hits	⬇	4:55 ...
	White Horse	Taylor Swift	Fearless	⬇	3:54 ...
	Live Like You Were Dying	Tim McGraw	Live Like You Were...	⬇	4:59 ...
	Love Story (Pop Mix)	Taylor Swift	Love Story (Pop Mi...	⬇	3:54 ...
	Beer for My Horses	Toby Keith	Greatest Hits 2	⬇	3:31 ...
	Humble and Kind	Tim McGraw	Damn Country Mu...	⬇	4:20 ...
	American Soldier	Toby Keith	Shock 'N Y'all	⬇	4:23 ...

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	If You're Going Through Hell (Befo...	Rodney Atkins	If You're Going Thr... ↓	3:38 ...
	I'm Movin' On	Rascal Flatts	Rascal Flatts ↓	4:03 ...
	You're Gonna Miss This	Trace Adkins	You're Gonna Miss... ↓	3:46 ...
	Please Remember Me	Tim McGraw	Greatest Hits ↓	4:55 ...
	White Horse	Taylor Swift	Fearless ↓	3:54 ...
	Live Like You Were Dying	Tim McGraw	Live Like You Were... ↓	4:59 ...
	Love Story (Pop Mix)	Taylor Swift	Love Story (Pop Mi... ↓	3:54 ...
	Beer for My Horses	Toby Keith	Greatest Hits 2 ↓	3:31 ...
	Humble and Kind	Tim McGraw	Damn Country Mu... ↓	4:20 ...
	American Soldier	Toby Keith	Shock 'N Y'all ↓	4:23 ...
	My Little Girl (From "My Friend Fli...	Tim McGraw	Reflected: Greates... ↓	3:40 ...
	Georgia Rain	Trisha Yearwood	Jasper County ↓	5:11 ...
	Paint Me a Birmingham	Tracy Lawrence	Strong ↓	3:48 ...
	Find Out Who Your Friends Are	Tracy Lawrence	Find Out Who Your... ↓	3:50 ...

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That is a favorite play list. I named it, "Country Tears." Will America weep? Not much. I use the analogy of what We at Team God call, "Titanic Syndrome." Think of North America as the Titanic. The ship is sinking and the passengers are crying out, "Oh My God, I'm really a fish. This is going to be so awesome" as the water covers their nostrils. They drowned.

Do you want to meet the Ark of God?

Mahalo,

the Christ
LtG H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Sent from my iPhone

From: mac@macdukes.com

Date: May 6, 2024

To: bulldfred521@gmail.com

Subject: **Sticking the landing with a face plant for conquest**

Bull, your email came through with the [SPAM] filter warning and of course you had a copied recipient. You are responsible for sending to your copied recipient. My emails are of course scanned, read, distributed, and the like by many government organizations. I have included My photo from this morning. The face plant was part of what the intelligence gathering that answers your question, regardless of how you most likely have mocked God and the LORD during your career.



I Am in My lounge wear and the bruising has not yet started. I AM at present sporting, much to My chagrin, an fifty extra pounds. My metabolism was completely severed from the Divine October 7, 2020 I should be dead. You would be if the same thing happened to you. Why I "love Putin" is a function of many things. It is not an amorous attachment. It is part of My sworn, from My Corps, means of protecting America. You would need to spend time with Me (you would also need to bring a chaperone -- active duty as I jail a sixteen time serial killer that there is no room for at Guantanamo Bay) to understand why I can love Putin. My pencil thinness, that I love, will return when My metabolism can be reconnected to Heaven. All flesh is connected to the Divine through their metabolism.

I told you I was in the process of fighting for and preserving a means for United States soldiers to do what you most likely assumed just existed by virtue of being an American soldier. Even if what I stated was simply a paraphrasing of what you believed to be true but from a different understanding of what your occupation already entitles you to. You were told many lies. Right now you are simply slated to go to hell like everyone else on this earth. I will return to that point.

This morning I fell hard tripping over My own feet, essentially. I went down on My hands and right temple. My head hit first. The Corpus Christi Police Department junked My operable vehicle a few years back as part of their hate crime against My High Priest hood. I have not posted this card publicly yet, but I will. It answers just a little more question about Me. The card is to a former female marine i town who is just a stupid coke whore who scored good sperm for her rotten eggs that she didn't deserve by shielding herself in the privilege of being a marine.

Why the face plant? God must be punishing Me, says some idiot. Or why would I just say you are going to hell and then just audaciously expect you to keep reading this email? I wrote more. You are a marine. Take your fucking smack, choke down your ego, and learn something woody woodchuck. Bear in mind MI6 might be snickering just a little on this one. (My bleeding in the street for a few seconds before I could move Myself back into a march home just might titillate the Brits.) That Israel intelligence fuck wad of cowards also read these emails of mine. If I were not saddled with fifty extra pounds of weight I might have titillated those idiots with some come hither reply to your proposal for peace you wanted to find out if you could trust a person on the other end of a randomly chosen email with. Something akin to, "is your peace proposal matrimony big boy?"

I Am trusted with many things. My telling you to quit fornicating was a judgement call on your obvious physical beauty. You might have slightly too much muscle on your deltoids for your frame for Me to classify your body as perfection, and of course you can't neglect your legs or glutes in your training, but, other than that remark you are beautiful. I Am disgusted with these nasty males that refuse to pack on some muscle. The air force is an abomination. Reading Shakespeare is an order along with reading the Bible because it puts bulls like you in the place of being less likely to use your physical strength to overwhelm a jackass who clearly should have his face shoved in the shit because that is all he effectively does with the way he or she orders you about. That physical strength to move mountains is beautiful. Using restraint, or being able to use restraint because you have a High Priest who is putting all the Bill Gates of the worlds faces in the shit for you because they defiled Heaven, is Divine and I have put a price on it.

Now, I Am going to spend some time convalescing. I Am also going to bruise up big time. My skull is fractured. This green stick will heal. Why was I allowed to experience this? Let us just say I paid for a shit ton for the Corps, and the glory of Jesus will be manifest in Me as a result.

Now before returning to the hell let down. I will tell you why I have carte blanche at ripping Lloyd Austin a new asshole publicly. Clearly My operation website is public. Austin's treason against America started with Ronald Regan and Oliver North. Basically, Israel, that pathetic fuck wad of bullies peddling some form of Judaism, was to be the LORD'S military body conquering and destroying all of America's military, under the Austin Regan North plan and clearly the lower classes with the veterans needed to be thrown in for destruction as they are dirty. Is there more to it than that, kinda. There is more explanation of how this was built as well as what the Jehovah's Witnesses had to gain from this action. Regardless of who invaded this soil, I Am the flesh that was required to lead the military invasion. And I demanded money to do that work as well as of course take what medicine came with a little bruising. I Am assured I did not break My nose with My face plant this morning.

A personal note about Me is that on paper it is possible for Me to enter a marriage contract. I uphold many Divine events of warfare under a relationship with Spirit that

can only be answered by the kind of one flesh union that marriage is to Heaven. I live a life of celibacy as I have no physical spouse on paper to enjoy fulfilling My highly demanding libido with. I Am nearly five foot ten. I Am not sexually attracted to males under six feet tall. Physically that is an abhorrent matching to Me. My ex-husband was profoundly ugly, in My opinion. That horrid marriage left Me satisfied to never again experience a sexual act for the rest of My life and furthermore ended all desire to have an extra mouth to feed. A male has the burden of convincing Me I provide him what he needs before I would put Myself through the kind of humiliation and torment marriage inherently delivers from the hell bound.

Regardless of your decision about entering a marriage contract with Me, because you were part of a divine equation variable in all of My shit show of duty, because I endured this mornings beating, that marriage may now be fulfilled by you. As in Heaven can make it happen. I will not be made to wait on your decision. Make arrangements to visit and only active duty may enter My home with My permission and My mother is the serial killer who I jail in My home. The FBI and Corpus Christi Police Department with so many other people have profited off her murders, that, not surprisingly, none of those parties choose to prosecute her even for her shitty deeds in town. I need some internet. I Am headed out to pick up some coffee beans before the swelling and bruising are off the charts.

About that hell business. You are most assured of going to hell. Austin, as in the asshole traitor Lloyd, with North (Oliver) will suffer many tortures because of how they are responsible for fucking over soldiers. Stay in the Corps active duty, not reserves, until you die and you will not experience torment even to the severity of Trump, Putin, and Obama. What else is there? Nothing. Stay in the fucking Corps damn it (and pick up some Shakespeare) Eventually I will be in the place of leading military activities that open the door for living until July 5, 2076, when Satan is abyssed and you out-run hell. What else? If you are a fornicator you will not meet the deadline. I guarantee you death will hit you by then if you abuse your penis and testicles by fornicating. The headache is getting My attention. I alone Am the pathway that saves from hell. I Am tickled that that is where all you liars are at present are headed. I Am the flesh who defends Heaven's future. I Am the flesh who Heaven uses as judge. Clearly I Am starting to feel the smack against the macadamized street in front of Sutherlands and Walmart.

I have fulfilled My duty to God and Country, yet again, in this correspondence. What would your daughter need to do? Become a soldier for her chance at outrunning hell. I Am dizzy. I need to rest. It is the morning of May 6, 2024. I need to rest.

Clear your visit through the Commandants office, it is a deployment. Make arrangements for your daughter's guardianship in your absence. This concludes this correspondence. You must have two soldiers accompany you. Be prepared to learn many spiritual things. I will charge you each twenty dollars a day for your lodging and it includes breakfast and dinner. You will be working eighty hours a week, on average. Twelve hour duty days, seven days a week.

This email will be posted publicly, later.

Mahalo,

the Christ
LtG H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Sent from my iPhone

From: mac@macdukes.com
Date: April 5, 2024
To: Bull D Fred
Subject: Re: Email acknowledgment.

Keeping the peace is great when you can do it without compromise. I Am focussed on warfare.

Good photo. Quit fornicating. in Jesus name Amen.

Mahalo,

the Christ
LtG H.L. MacRae (mac) Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Sent from my iPhone

On Apr 4, 2024, Bull D Fred wrote:
Hello, how are you? Are you not willing to assist me with the proposal ? i'm still waiting to hear from you

On Mon, Apr 1, 2024 Bull D Fred wrote:
Hello dear Happy Easter to you and your family. Please am still waiting for you to get back to me. Are you not willing to help me with the proposal ?

On Fri, Mar 29, 2024 Bull D Fred wrote:
Hello dear I'm still waiting to hear back from you. Please get back to me as soon as possible.

On Thu, 28 Mar 2024, Bull D Fred wrote:
Hello

On Wed, 27 Mar 2024, Bull D Fred wrote:

Thank you for your immediate response. Why am I contacting you through this email this is the only means of communication I have here because I'm here for a peacekeeping mission. I came across your email when I was searching for a random person online whom I can trust with this proposal. But before going forward I have to tell you about myself, I was enlisted in the Marine Corps in November 1998 and attended boot camp in San Diego, California with Platoon 3009, Lima Company, Third Recruit Training Battalion. then attended the School of Infantry at Camp Pendleton, California in February 1999. I was born and raised in California. I am the only child of my late parents. I will be so glad if you write back and tell me more about yourself and where you live Attached here's my pictures. Looking forward to hearing from you.



On Wed, 27 Mar 2024, mac@macdukes.com replied:
Sir,

I find Myself at a loss in directing a reply to you that does not bend toward My gut wrenching in need to cry out to the LORD on your behalf so that you raise your daughter in the LORD to the glory of Heaven as befits your office as a Marine. Right now I Am seated on the 37 Bus in Corpus Christi. The bus internet is My means of squirreling past the financial limits of My duty assignment. The driver knows I did not exit at My typical debussing point. Sitting here much longer will put Me in the place of being accused of joy riding. (The term joy riding is an oxymoron in this case.)

At present, there is not an opportunity for soldiers to be transferred onto My office. I Am deeply engaged in the hunt at present so that as American Soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, We save the future of humanity. The website of course contains a great of testimony. Hunting down the parties who have failed to perform their contractual responsibilities to Heaven is the reason I Am doing the work that I do in the Corps.

It may be that in My zeal to cover as much ground as required while dealing with the masterminds of profanity on this earth that I need to address some specific concerns now that My duty assignment is no longer classified. Clearly I Am receiving a personal email. Yours is the first correspondence request I have received. I have spent My career, over thirty-five years, under cover. The Pentagon receives many lectures from Me.

Your questions and reply to My email I will use to improve the clarity of the posted content. I have typed and erased and typed and erased until, I must now leave this bus. Look for My reply to your email to be posted in letter form on My website.

Please forward this reply as you see fit.

Mahalo,

mac Dukes PhD
the Christ
Lieutenant General USMC Special Forces

Sent from my iPhone

On Wed, 27 Mar 2024, Bull D Fred wrote
Hello, How are you ? My name is Sgt. Maj. Bull D. Fred from the United States Marine Corps, I'm a single father with a 12 yrs old daughter. I have a proposal for you please write back via my email: bulldfred521@mailServer