



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

February 21, 2025

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

"May the Force be with You...Always" -- Obiwan Kenobi

Like most artists and inventors, Putin, I Am twenty years ahead of My time. When I came in from My walk yesterday morning I explained that Zelenskyy tried extorting Trump crying about, 'Ukraine is doing this righteous work of fending off from all the West Russia's corrupt influence and existence over commerce. We are your martyrs. You owe us for protecting American values in Europe.' What a stupid idiot Zelenskyy is. One of the news headlines finally downgraded Zelenskyy's importance by featuring him as the 'comedian turned president.' Yes, Zelenskyy's days are numbered when even the press is making it very clear he is just a joker.

Putin, what you are asking for from the Divine is not opening up to Me like the Elon Musk dialogue with God Almighty. My guess is mumsy, Musk, and Trump are connected though fucking -- they have a common fuckee. (I do not know if this was a male or female person. If someone has fornicated with mumsy, or Trump, because those two both fucked Me -- mumsy sodomised Me as an infant and the State of Hawaii managed to put her into Kaiser's health shit as a some kind of effort at lessening the abuse I received, but she always had some funny way of being innocent of malice coming across as so naïve and gullible. She was a victim of some other person's ideas on child care or trusting Me with a baby sitter, wink wink. mumsy was present for My hula dance session with Trump, I have a creepy recollection of watching the penetration between those two. If I could vomit writing those words alone with the physical recollection would make Me do it.) So the Musk dialogue I could write because of the links across the Divine fornication creates.

What you are demanding from the Divine you need to get from mumsy. (Spirit wants Me to tell you you can pay for this. But, I would need to be Russia's POW to begin with. I can't do this from America. I would need to be in Israel.)

Defending the LORD in Warfare

*february-21-2025-letter-Putin-may
the-force-be-with-you
Page 1 of 6*

*Pentagon Field Office of
Senior Joint Chief*

*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon
Washington D.C. 20318-9999*

What you read in My letters is the product of My being the Sambo that will just capitulate because to put the irrelevance of My life in the most irreverent terms; what in the fuck else am I going to do with My time. Regardless of you pulling the apron strings attached to mumsy's Heaven construct, or the LORD; I have been prostituted by her so fucking much in My life, that I just go through the exercise of providing information as I do not have a leg to stand on to refuse the messy interactions with Heaven, through My soul, to stop yet one more effort even though explaining more of the same things does not come with appreciation. Heaven has no way a manoeuvring Me into anything clean, kindly, wholesome, or beautiful. If Heaven puts Me in a rose garden it is because there is some fucker -- that I would avoid on principle -- that Heaven learns, "Will this fucker do what he said he would?" because of the fuckers interaction with Me. (The answer is always no by the way.) I Am welcome to petition people to improve My circumstances so I can go to a rose garden but it can only be on the Christ ticket. So I Am always in the shit because, My Divine presence, is hated by all flesh by default. Physically I uphold My Divine presence, I always have. I never forsook Spirit Putin, ever. God can't give Me better than people will.

Being the Christ I Am protected from being killed. God does as suits His purpose to demonstrate to people how He keeps me alive. Some people I understand are in a place of being forced to leave Me alone. Forced to stand down and so on. But people don't talk to Me about their experiences that are on the twilight zone side. People typically bull shit Me with petty small talk. Some of that could be their memory. It is quite possible that you could send a delegate and God would make sure they got lost at the airport. I do have this fantasy. I Am escorted to Cuba by an elite team of hotties from Kaliningrad then am tucked into a submarine for a trip to the Baltic. I have ideas like that hugging My plushy as I fall asleep as a kind of wishful thinking that, someday, I just won't be so alone. In the mean time, waiting, is unpleasant mixed with a flourish of false hopes that keep Me cheerful that I just won't be the odd thing anymore. Oh, that reminds Me. Come this Christmas the firmament souls are resurrected to Heaven proper, the big H, and we have more marriages uniting even Molotov with his Spirit mate. I know, it's a kinda three way. The LORD is united with Ted. Saint Paul and Saint Peter have unions to look forward to too. The fleshly resurrection, as in Me welcoming back the dead, We are actually still grinding out the details. It is possible for Me to be the sole person on the earth for thousands of years, I kid you not. Just because I have worked to make a way for a soldier to never see Hell, does not mean there is one willing to accept My Christness and that is the key requirement. Logically, when German soldiers are here witnessing American's total breakdown and betrayal of every warfare agreement and alliance implied and written, I will be in a place of demonstrating My person, abilities, and -- while I would not even consider walking on water -- a female marching through the flames and decapitating a bunch of dumb struck federales is going to garner attention. I upheld fidelity in marriage Putin. My odyssey in believing that I would be married to Ted means there is no way some yucky shit, ignorance loving American or Mexican sleaze can be My spouse. I get a hottie who knows I'm the Christ Putin! The male that marries Me should have one thousand years to live, on this earth. Then there is something special in Heaven after being resurrected to the firmament to make fixes. Between the two of us (yeah, I know how dumb that read, but people do not read what I write the same) there are collectives of formed -- kind of jumbled -- genetics in the firmament that are the beings, human, that represent the legal entities that came into existence off human endeavour. One is the deity the Corpus brain trust built. These collectives are directing peoples destruction. Perhaps one will be materialised to earth to be My spouse. God Almighty quickly said, "That won't happen." But He had Me write out the idea completing the thought. He says no to some ideas. I tire of being alone. It looks vulnerable, desperate, and talking to Spirit, or yelling at the

Defending the LORD in Warfare

*february-21-2025-letter-Putin-may
the-force-be-with-you
Page 2 of 6*

arrogant paid assholes on surveillance is all I do unless I Am dealing with some tedious asshole in this town face to face. Oh, when the people die the collectives get to go to their rest. The collectives were never supposed to come into existence in the first place. It was done to allow for mumsy's mutilating Spirit. Putin, guess what? In writing this letter we have just breached the core issue as to why humanity is totally slated for wipe out. To clean the messed up hodgepodge genetics (collectives) the firmament is chockablock with. There are eight billion people on this planet. Even after four billion are wiped out, there will still be "time" for Me to think of a solution, and keep My eyes open for that hottie all the same. Any people that are saved are saved as slaves to Me and I need to be sure the deeds, sacrifices, and other Hebrew sounding freaky stuff is done to minister over those collectives that exist. This is a topic that does weave into other things I have explained. It puts some pieces together for Me, writing this. If you want to be paid for your time reading this, ask for it, go ahead and try. I could have put this in a diary. But We at TeamGOD maximise. You must be in for some classic torture. It is now very late. I have read through the paragraphs that follow. This very long rambling paragraph I added last. It is night night for Me. You do not deserve this information Putin. I Am going to hug My plushy wishing the breath of eight billion humans would be taken away from them tonight. I hate that you get so much money and luxury for being such a mega prick, while I Am in squaller for making saving even your rich silk clothed sorry ass possible. I wish I could reach out with My hands from here and choke Hegseth to death. Perhaps I would dream better thinking on that fantasy trip to the Baltic while hugging My plushy. I shall leave what thoughts grant Me good sleep to God to steer.

I have been used in the Divine by mumsy for every vile purpose and she sealed it with prostitution, sex. Once you become a vessel deemed worthy of only being a chamber pot, how do you become used for a glorious purpose? If you are made of plastic, glass, or metal you might make it to a recycling facility. Otherwise you are forever a chamber pot because there is no way a plastic bucket ever looks any better, or is any cleaner than when it came off the assembly line. When I was about seventeen I screamed in a rare emotional fit of desperation that I hated that the elders of the Jehovah's Witnesses Big Bear Lake, California, Congregation had decided I was a chamber pot. mumsy was jeering Me over something. I broke down to her about how badly I was treated by the elders and congregation. I mean it. That was My only analogy for how those people treated Me, a chamber pot.

I didn't understand why I was always what Jehovah seemed to hate. I kid you not, hate. I remembered being gang rapped under the jungle gym in the sand at the Sunset Beach Elementary School, Hawaii, playground. I figured that I was so young and, to My knowledge, I did not allow My vagina to be meddled with after that event, and I was rapped with sticks, debris from fallen tree branches. So, I was forgiven right? So to Me, it wasn't a real penis to vagina intercourse. Where was the forgiveness? Why didn't I have a clean slate for all My good works? So why did the Jehovah's Witnesses treat Me like a whore? Even worse. There were whores that were forgiven.

One a promiscuous girl from Big Bear High School, a year older than Myself, the reigning pioneer of the congregation, Kathy Scott, bent over backwards to study with bringing her, the whore, to baptism and getting her an off the hill -- getting out of small town Big Bear was making it -- brother. He had an apartment off the 55 Hwy at the back side of Newport Beach, CA. He took care of koi. He fed and tended the koi ponds of the So Cal set that kept expensive fish. He married that reformed, newly baptised, whore. I spent My life in that church wondering why people's prayers, keeping Me enslaved to My mother, were so fucking powerful. Why couldn't I with all My efforts at keeping My vagina to

Defending the LORD in Warfare

*february-21-2025-letter-Putin-may
the-force-be-with-you
Page 3 of 6*

Myself and not having sexual relationships put Me in the place of scoring a "good" life as I understood a good life that meant you were Jehovah's loved person. I wanted to pioneer, and find a brother to support Me as his wife so I wasn't living the shame of being the unloved odd thing. As a female, that is what I knew I needed to do. I was shut out of that religion. The only language I had to explain how the congregation treated Me was that I was their chamber pot. I don't know what questions that answers for you, but mumsy came into the world with all the authority of Heaven. What she did was give it away.

Now, I don't mean give it away like a charity bin. She waited until someone had concocted the next set of commercial schemes to make big bucks, but to make those big bucks Heaven needed to be mutilated in some way. Mumsy was thrilled to corkscrew some poor Spirit slave from point Q to Zed looping over A and N. This was a cause she could rally behind. She gave away Spiritual power to people whilst Heaven was forced into torment to back that commercial endeavour. (Government endeavours are likewise.) Everything people do that puts them in the place of being empowered to earn money, mumsy used to plunder the beings of Heaven. When I came into the world her raping Me bound things on the sex ticket making amazon.com, Tesla, and other companies a possibility. Besos had some Jewish children to use as slaves while building amazon.com. Those children were tormented and sexually abused, but suffering less than what Heaven was suffering being sacrificed to back Besos to begin with.

The Divine, Spirit, Ggod, God, the LORD do not stop peoples bad deeds against one another. Part of the problem is that there was something that Allness needed Besos to build in making amazon.com a reality. God Almighty, when first as Immanuel then as moi, was in the place of moderating the development of Allness, to be Allness. Mega God constructs have shifted since the LORD came into existence. So, some people suffered because Besos was a sicko. He neither invented nor perfected being a sicko. By the time I was seven years old mumsy stopped drugging Me and using Me in her prostitution games. Because there is no eye for an eye equivalent between flesh and Spirit, people are being put in the place of killing one another and that is what I Am orchestrating. I made salvation for people, flesh, possible so you can go to Hell and do the perfecting with Heaven exonerated from meddling in how Zelenskyy gets his eye for an eye from someone and others likewise. God, Spirit, ain't doing it. God is not taking any of you. You are literally being empowered as your own godness toward one another as none of you are worth saving. I also had no means of proving to Heaven there were any people worthy to be saved. I tried. I have of course written about that again and again. What I did for the Allness was provide the deeds that God Almighty needed to provide Satan, lady love -- for him, in Heaven. That was the value ad of what Trump and Obama did in their defeating the devil -- maggot.

To get something from mumsy, Putin, is no easy task. I do not know if you have a means to connect with her at all. You can try speaking to her directly, face to face. How you get her to talk with you about Spiritual things...I would need time Putin to come up with a script for you to enter dialogue with her. As the LORD's genetics, you could. This is a little like you being Saul and seeing the Endor witch. Only mumsy is the real McCoy on this one. So the witch would not freak out and need assistance. You, however, might not survive the meeting trying to work with her across and into her Spiritual authority. She communicates with Me though gestures and deeds that are intended to be a constant reminder of My being nothing more than a chamber pot and I simply need to learn My place. She will dispose of Me anytime that suits her. That is her perspective. She is flippant and disrespectful. And I, to her, am disposable.

Defending the LORD in Warfare

I can take a moment to explain to you something that I shared with Pentagon Surveillance about three hours ago. It is now 16:00. Spirit did rile Me up considerably a couple hours ago so I would shout at them while mumsy was out on her tricycle staging her next shitty-shitty. Shity-shitty is what We at TeamGOD call mumsy's schemes and deeds. I keep upping the pot with her. I would like it if she spent a year in jail. It would be a nice break for Me, and it would keep her safe when the immediate changes of civil war take hold. She would not be spending money in jail. She would be manipulating her inmates into serving her. The guards would be working harder as she quietly let them know about little insecurities and things they have absentmindedly missed doing. She would make herself an invaluable helper and hall monitor.

I do not like My inheritance feeding her; covering her utilities; providing her with a few dollars to squander broadcasting her shit in the community; nor providing her housing and income. I can camp here at home, no utilities, quite comfortably and I have weeks worth of survival fat and tissue on Me to burn. War is an environment that provides Me revenue and material goods.

I shouted today about the difference between Me and others engaged in warfare using Hitler as an example. When Hitler rose to power, nations surrounding Germany, used Hitler as their excuse to extinguish Germans, demonising them. Part III of *Three Days at the Brink* by Baier relates dialogue between Churchill, FDR, and Stalin that illustrates this prejudice.

My approach is different. I Am simply after Hitler. I explained to surveillance that I wouldn't waste My time going after a German soldier. When Hitler went for coffee I would bomb the coffee house. I would slaughter the people that served him his dinner. I would go after every place he visited was known to visit, was known to sleep, was known to buy cars form and so on. If Hitler liked Fords I would destroy every Ford facility and their executives. I would make Hitler the most costly thing ever so the people stoped seeking Hitler for their needs and deposed him or assassinated him if I didn't do him in first. Then I might start going after the whole world. Perhaps. I don't know. That is a little ambitious and outside the scope of the illustration.

mumsy is Hitler by shallow comparison. Hitler was far more righteous; like Besos, What I Am doing is making sure that everything related to what serves Her is destroyed. My purpose later will change. As people are dying in large numbers and Germany is here in Corpus I will manoeuvre their warfare because I have authority over warcraft. I do not give that away. No, I do not have any expectation of even one United States soldier making it though the next decade or two. I do not expect to have any interaction with anyone at the Pentagon. What I expect is to wait out this lull with reading, fasting, exercise, and diligence in prayer and scholarship doing My Sambo shit. What I do even as Sambo is save every Heavenly scrap of scripture in existence that has empowered life so life can continue and mumsy is put in her place of sucking Satan's dick eternally. And that was kinda a metaphor. You will be in that place of making sure that frozen-ish porno is serving the purpose of keeping Me ageless. Does that include many other things? Yes of course it does. But I Am pissed off. Other things I have written explain the same thing.

I don't think you need to worry about embarrassing yourself in a sexual frenzy as Satan is fulfilling his birthright with mumsy and the formation of lady wisdom that is filled in by My existence replacing "resurrecting" as it were, a Lady Wisdom who will do for Satan as the LORD's Lady Wisdom did for Him. This, however, is not the same being. Lady Wisdom, as was, is not. It is from My soul in My work across Heaven that Satan receives his birthright. What Satan wanted is not an issue. What mumsy

Defending the LORD in Warfare

February 21, 2025

wanted is not an issue. Their desires were made irrelevant when I was conceived. They are receiving the wage, reward, existence that perfects Heaven because I backed the LORD's poker hand. I think it will be a fine existence for them when this is all over. But, because of the accusation that Satan and mumsy made against the LORD we are in this place of all this fucking misery, torture, and rape. In My opinion the LORD lost the greatest being that ever came into existence, second only to Him of course. Protecting her love of Him, that profound fidelity of Creative purpose is what I Am jealous for. Her existence is My red line.

I did not realise until My reading today that someone else in history lived under the same promise of so much nothing as I do. Russian command during WWII knew receiving as little as a band-aid from America, even off of Lend-Lease, meant nagging them about all the big things they kept boasting they would provide so Stalin would keep throwing Russian bodies at Germany. Molotov knew they wouldn't get the big ticket promises. But, nagging for the big stuff got them little bits and pieces of assistance.

What Am I supposed to do Putin? I fell in love with what American soldiers were capable of being. Yes, they are revolting shit, now obviously loving ignorance, laziness, and excuses. But in '88 there was hope - especially in the navy. But, I have a normative perspective. I see what they can be based on the gifts of Heaven they were given and are still benefiting from.

So, naturally, I am easily teased by Spirit to believe I have some sad-sack flame of hope that I will join MCRD and the navy expeditionary base on Coronado in a quiet teaching role rather than continue in the shit eating role My life is here in Corpus. Perhaps Molotov's reality check will buck Me up from getting carried away with hope.

When NAS-CCAD is bombed and the Port of Corpus Christi is bombed, I will feel better. Until then I Am just angry at God that nothing is happening that needs to so this fuck-hole is shut down for all its corruption against the Constitution of the United States. In leaving all things to God, as I do, My leaving here to be a part of a team is not likely. God is not going to allow these fuckers to have My gifts without them doing all the Christian warfare work.

Russia has easier opportunity to benefit because America has been a bunch of stinkers. Molotov understands. I uphold Heaven, and I have the contract of ownership over this nation's soldiers regardless of where I Am. Three million dollars cash is My price tag to leaving Dody Street as anything other than a POW. Even as a POW My few personal belongings go with Me.

Mahalo,

the Christ



General H. L. MacRae "mac" Dukes PhD
USMC Special Forces
Pentagon High Priest

Distribution Recipients Public

Defending the LORD in Warfare

*february-21-2025-letter-Putin-may
the-force-be-with-you
Page 6 of 6*

*Pentagon Field Office of
Senior Joint Chief*

*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon
Washington D.C. 20318-9999*