



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

March 1, 2025

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

A Clue. So?

With My verbose nature, as evidenced with all this correspondence, it has to be a tantalising wonder to witness Me in an environment where I Am stripped down to three words accompanied by vocal and facial punctuation: yes, no, toilet? God Almighty knows I Am game for adventures. Some of My adventures would surely test Spirit if, indeed, I were allowed adventures beyond the fuck-hole, Corpus Christi, Texas. God Almighty has been feeding top Pentagon personnel the diet, "I will get you Heaven." Then, when I became obvious, "She will get you Heaven." When My ministry began they had already lost their Holy alliance, Angelic Soldiers. After explaining God's use of, "Make Me" and illustrating Divinechutzpah with One Maggot Takes All Iwo as an illustration of people's former power forming Allness merging those concepts explains My apparent impasse with Pentagon command. If the title of this letter were read into a transcriber, would the punctuation be understood? Would a transcriber understand; name of a Blake Edwards Pink Panther featured character, or that dialogue might have occurred between two people? I Am the Allness mapper and fixer of Heaven. Jesus was not allowed to be that individual. Jesus was used to form Heaven based on humans being the gods. This is why Jesus had the miraculous powers over flesh making science envious. Humans were in the place of potentially making the perfection happen. They needed to keep their word. Pay what was due.

Defending the LORD in Warfare

march-1-2025-letter-Putin
clue-so.php
Page 1 of 3

Pentagon Field Office of
Senior Joint Chief

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

March 1, 2025

President of Russia Vladimir Putin:

"Little Devil" you know I love you. But, outside of My in-your-face claims and public ministry there is no proof of who I Am unless you want to come to Me to broker some kind of proof. I do not wear fringe. I Am not against fringe. It is practical Western fashion when you want to shoo flies as you move. I Am not surrounded by crowds of people. So there would be little opportunity for you to crawl through to touch My hem fringe unnoticed. I have a light blue denim Western jacket with black, faux leather, fringe across the bodice and shoulders. Even I would notice you touching My fringe that dangled in front of My bust. What a human being needs to do so that I ask for them to receive healing is ingratiate themselves to Me by being damn good slaves opening up their million dollar bank accounts to Me. Other than that, Spirit heals people that interact with Me based on how they can draw out in what way that person was a liar and use interactions with Me, in person, to make it even more difficult and expensive to obtain miracles from Me. By closing down freedoms it puts controls on the system so that only by good works do people receive anything. This means no one could even be My slave to hand Me their millions unless the works they did were good ones. As a human I can say: if God can get your envoy here it is for Me to interact with them, respond, so as to receive your gifts and give gifts. (I Am a softy.) I neither need tampons nor maxi-pads, but My being chronically, "On the rag" We at TeamGOD have a sense of humour about the accusation.

I grasp that from the perspective of others, and this took years to learn, I Am supposed to be losing, be lesser, in whatever way a person decides to perceive Me as lesser, so they can walk away from our encounter certain they are the bigger, better, stronger, happier, smarter, prettier person. In the way the movie *Seabiscuit* portrays its namesake thoroughbred; I Am the horse, that in the perspective of others racing with Me, is supposed to be giving up the race at that critical moment to boost the confidence of the other horse so it can become a better racer. That is people's expectation when in My presence. I Am supposed to end up lesser than them in our dialogue or interaction. I end up making them the same as Me in the way I treat them with politeness, and it upsets their own Spiritual understanding of themselves.

A person may be convinced they are the prettiest girl in the class. She actually believes that about herself, in spite of that hairy red mole on her nose. She has a spiritual certainty of her beauty. (This very often is how people, females, go about doing nothing with themselves to enhance their features or femininity, or end up obese. It is also how a Jim Jones -- of Jonestown Guyana fame gets pussy and her money.) They use the Spiritual gift of being convinced of their own beauty to be plain -- if not ugly -- forcing others to overlook the obvious blight, that might even make one person pity another. ("Oh, you poor thing your parents could not afford braces." Pity.) When they do not get treated like the pretty people they use it to cast down Spiritual curses on others. This prettiness is in the Spiritual sense, as in her body knows that about herself. When I move into her path that knowledge is short circuited. This knowledge of a Spiritual gift translates to Biblical king Solomon and his being gifted with wisdom. If I walked into Solomon's court, Solomon would not have that Spiritual certainty of being wise. Getting back to miss pretty, she would no longer have that belief -- all that self love awareness that the opinions of others does not matter -- then she talks to Me, and she has this grandiose expectation of Me that I Am going to tell her, she is so pretty. (Everyone on the earth has received an Immanuel gift, that the gift of wisdom Solomon was granted, exemplifies. As God Almighty's genetics this person is facing the individual in the flesh that gave the gift when they face Me.) Furthermore, her expectation is: I Am going to add to her more Spiritual Coin. Well, without that wart on her nose God Almighty could tell Me,

Defending the LORD in Warfare

march-1-2025-letter-Putin

clue-so.php

Page 2 of 3

*Pentagon Field Office of
Senior Joint Chief*

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

easily, she thought of herself as pretty. It can take months for God Almighty to get through to Me that the girl with the harry red wart thought herself pretty. He can tell me she needs pity. Because, I think someone who looks like that needs pity. Overlooking the flaw so I can work with them without embarrassing them over how they are ugly, stupid, mean, arrogant and so on is just how I function. Typically a person would just bring up the wart on their own, in sheer frustration that I was not giving them that Spirit Coin. Then, God has them in His sights; as they say. When Heaven puts Me in a place of belief, I do the work that makes the belief true in My estimation. So, I demand no wart, no unsightly hair, no acne, no skin discolourations, no bags, no wrinkles. That I Am not in the place of being able to make Heaven's Word, beliefs true for Me in My case has the world on shut-down. Heaven is angry at everyone because everyone went out of their way to make sure I could not provide.

Putin, I will sell you some Spirit Coin. I will sell you a bucket. You will make Me a Russian citizen and provide Me a stipend with full travel privileges of a Russian diplomat. I will be provided housing in Saint Petersburg, Russia (for the idiot American reading this that thinks I would want to live in Florida). You have from now till Christmas 2025 to enjoy your bucket Putin. But, by Christmas night 2025, if I do not have in hand My Russian citizenship and privileges at the stroke of midnight, your bucket is emptied. Clearly, on your paying Me for this Spirit Coin I Am no longer serving in the USMC and I Am no longer a United States citizen. You fail to pay for this war chest of Spirit Coin, it reverts to Me.

"Little Devil" you know I love you. I can give you no greater miracle from afar that what is in this letter. If you fill the bucket with serpents and scorpions I would still benefit from its contents. May the LORD be with you Putin. I would so love to change My venue. mumsy has some construction project going in her room. Most mornings in a kind of Wylee Coyote (think *Loony Tunes*) frenzy she is sawing away on some poor piece of wood. From the way it sounds when it drops to the the floor it is a dowel or thinnish moulding (trim) member she keeps cutting and re-cutting to length. What she is hammering, God knows.

I will write more expanding on the opening paragraph in My part iv of the Coastal Bend treason article. Heaven really just wanted Me to make this bucket of yours official. It is noon. I shall put this in the letter box.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

Distribution Recipients Public

Defending the LORD in Warfare

march-1-2025-letter-Putin
clue-so.php
Page 3 of 3