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Field Office of Senior Joint Chief Divine Communication the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

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

Talking Turkey, "Gobble Gobble"

n egg producer gets for himself a new cock to run among the hens. The hen yard is all a flutter over the new arrival. The old timer realises he will be chicken dinner before long so he befriends the youngster leading him through the yard. Finally the old cock sees his grand opportunity when the farmer is near the pen. "I say ol' bean, do me a solid, and give me a good chase through the yard like you have just put me down." The eager youngster stirs up dust with his feathers, scratches, and crows, then takes ofter the old timer. "Boom!" The youngster drops from buck shot. "Agnes" cries out the farmer. "I don't believe it! That's the third homosexual cock in a month." The farmer still got chicken dinner. Saint Peter announced to Me this evening you wanted to talk turkey. So, I said, "Gobble gobble gobble," like a turkeycock. Then I sat at My computer to produce another fire stoking effort. Explaining what America's military lost through avarice and brute torment to extort Spirit is the topic of this letter. A boring introduction to be sure that at least needed some barn yard humour.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

That is My concept of a good joke. It was told Me years ago and I morn, now, rather than remember fondly the person that told the joke. It is the reality of how people used the forgiveness granted them for failing to do morally then using that forgiveness to force their Spirit to burn in Hell for them.

The mini-me I wrote of is of course a take off on the popularity of *Austin Powers*. I knew of the movie's existence. I never saw the film. Clips of it in advertising; yes. The film; no. It was simply a fraternity style spoof of Ian Fleming's James Bond. Fornication is not funny.

Putin, it is very true a Russian team of soldiers can simply hijack Me and have conquering military power as they vanquish whatever plunder anywhere in North America they choose. They won't be capable of plundering Me. As Ark of God, Ziczac, it is the phenomenal power that just exists by virtue of My being protected through soldiers' faith in ministering over Me. Regardless of Heaven materialising Angels who slit the throats of pimps and drug dealers in the night to bring Me cash or Russian soldiers boldly plundering North America's sleaze the blessing is just there.

Christmas 2025 is humanities last day to implement such a scheme using Russia. America is paying for keeping Me as a slave and exploiting My flesh. No one needed to put a gun to My head to force Me into combat Putin. That is just the way those fuckers decided to do it. I often grieve for how History will never know how grand everything could have turned out had I just been asked hat in hand instead.

Mahalo,

the Christ

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