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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

April 20, 2026

Vladimir Putin
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Stopy Thingy

To spell requires knowing the root word. In English, the language, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and nouns are often formed with suffixes in the passion of expression. A base word, a root, that with a suffix creates a word meaning: does, did, will do; best describes something based on what is known to be; has qualities while being; or is, was, will be from the root. The rules of proper English expression differ from what is colloquially spoken. There is immense freedom when one speaks. There is freedom when one writes, as well. A person writes a note passed from one end of the country to another. The words of the note inspire judgement of the writer by the reader, and that is not uniformly understood cross county. Stupid, wise, ignorant, angry, irrelevant is an adjective sampling the reader can ascribe the writer, or what is written. A second receiver of freedom is the reader. Speakers are judged as well. Speakers are typically visible to the hearer. Judgements made by the audience are based on more than the words. In what way was freedom to judge or understand limited? If the writer, or speaker, was concerned about the judgements the reader or audience would send. What makes the writer or speakers intended message received as intended? What message will transcend the messenger? A person screaming, "Fire" in an auditorium might not drive a stampede of people to an exit. The assembly might collectively reason, there is no alarm. So, the word, "Fire!" is meaningless even if it is a bellowing bass male voice. Clearly, freedom is perceived and deeds people are free to do carry consequences. The one word message, "Fire!" might engender judgment of the speaker after evacuees have left the building. There are instances when the luxury of making judgements is not available as certain situations engender immediate responses. A message has intent, purpose. A message also has a creator, sender. It may be that the receiver of the message has no ability to be reached because the receiver simply does not exist in the realm of the messenger. How about you deliver your Divine message, Putin, before sentencing Me.

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Hell is where and how the receiver of My messages comes into existence. It was assumed by Immanuel (our very own God Almighty) that humanity, as was, was the living receiver of My message. Satan appropriated Him to each soul so severally each lived under liberty, freedom. Satan walks. In the mean time, people tailor to convey an image with their message. When one does not practice witchcraft God has a means of protecting a person's back from accusations they could not have even thought of being in the minds of others as those are not thoughts themselves are capable.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Satan walking is an example seen with Al Capone walking for all those really dirty crimes. Tax evasion was the only trail that nailed Al Capone. Satan, for tax evasion, has to do the work of supporting the government that does not tax him. Pre Jesus death what everyone was doing was claiming they were slaves, experiencing no freedom. Satan was on the hook for building a kingdom on earth that did not require his own words against the LORD to make the kingdom work. The LORD was the slaver, not what Satan produced. (And that was of course according to Satan. I just love that I saved the LORD. That perfection happens making Satan's word true about the LORD is just an example of the house always winning. I personally grieve that I Am the slave, the one with eternal sin, that the LORD was saved by. It is indignity, really, against Him, in My opinion. I grieve that indignity.)

Based on the testimony of E(e)arth alone, Satan had been reverting to using the tactics of the LORD to keep humanity going. That is what Creation was demonstrating with humanities use of same, including human invention and commerce. This was serious. Satan could not do that. Satan could not be the bastard the LORD was. Satan made a better system. We both know what Satan did was shit. So Satan is being forced to own the kingdom that does not tax him. I do that. mumsy was brought into the world as a short-cut solution that bypassed due process. (You are reading the words of the due-process insurer. Hence the title Christ!)

Mumsy was just going to put power where Satan demanded. And, she did. That is what the power of the womb of creation does. It is a power outlet on a wild ass by way of illustration. It amused her to no end that what Satan asked for was all the things that ultimately made Satan demand due process, in essence. I was conceived. I have Divine tax evasion to nail the United States Armed Forces on. Like Satan, they are just forced to do the work for the kingdom that does not tax them. That is what Divine work avoidance, the way Satan performed it, earned them. God Almighty determined one dollar a month from each and every American soldier was a fair tax for Me to collect for the gifts of warfare they have as free people. They emphatically refuse to pay. They are being demonstrated. Global war will do that, along with; this nation being assaulted in the Gulf from foreign powers, and America's civil war over who is the most qualified to protect the Constitution of the United States.

By way of assisting you in your navigation of the Cloud for power, mumsy's hallmark is leaving her victims barely alive. As in, with a last breath or two of the victim is her mockery of God to that soul, "Where is your saviour now?" Terry Smart in someway moved away from the murder of Lucile as

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mumsy was delivering her her last moment of life. mumsy looked into Lucille's face and eyes behind the vapour barrier of the clear bag pulled across Lucile's face suffocating her. mumsy while gazing with smug intensity cupped her right hand for a curling wave at the end of her arm tucked into her missing breast at the height of her neck which was only inches Lucile's nose. mumsy made a wave motion drawing her fingers downward about thrice. While motioning that bye-bye wave in contempt that is what she spoke, "Bye bye." Lucille gave out her last breath standing at the kitchen sink shortly thereafter. mumsy had turned away from her and started to focus her attention on leaving the scene of Lucile's last breath.

Having that information will help you in mapping to mumsy's signatures in the Cloud. That is power. I just don't need it. No point in wasting how she is abusing Me by forcing the knowledge of her crimes on Me. Where she and I are concerned, she does these elaborate tantrums and demonstrations that I only have, "Feh!" to emote in response while waving My hand in a quick gesture in dismissive disgust that matches My tone. That is internal. mumsy, as flesh, does not experience that. Monotonous puzzlement is all she sees from Me. My soul performs that "Feh" and dismissal to TeamGOD. I Am split between three realms in how My soul sends and receives messages and God Almighty controls the delivery. She is just a tedious waste like a skin tag where My purposes are concerned. Ethel Merman delivered the best line of dismissal ever, by way of equivalent in "Its A Mad Mad Mad Mad World" (1963).

To utilise what mumsy has in the that Cloud for a constructive purpose, you need to pay Me for that. It is reasonable to let you know what you are looking for. You need to pay Me to keep using the free gifts you have been living on that are wired into that Cloud for some-purpose other than shutdown with no survivors. Outside of that for survivors there is obedience with My being honoured as a soldier. Pay, with privileges due My rank are honour. I Am not honoured in any way by America. I Am not a citizen nor to I hold a passport for/in any other nation.

Only America is on the hook of culpability to honour Me as a soldier. (Graciousness with generosity toward Me, whilst hedging on the side of caution is not forbidden. Getting Divine shit and pulling one over on God, that gets people in trouble. When people are not generous with their money to Me they only dick Heaven over, at that is not against Me. I use money for Heaven. You have no way of using Me to dick Heaven. I Am the only human who can do things for Heaven with money. Not being able to work over Heaven means that all you are doing is defining the physical person, attributes, presence, connections, ideas, products, stuff, creation natural or otherwise you know is wrong and needs to be eliminated. You do not touch any Divine, S(s)pirit or future prospects with all you do. You are simply working out your Hell set up, as in what is for you by you in eye for an eye tradition. Being wired into the Cloud puts you in the place of not tinkering with Heaven no matter what you claim to believe in, ownership, sacrifice for or any other human claims.) I Am not required to fight in any war or join any military. I Am not required to back any military. I work the curses of others as it gives Me something to do that requires no pay or cooperation on the part of others for God Almighty to keep squeezing freely on the shut-down freedoms people can perform to kill one another.

You, Putin, as a person are special, receiving freely Divine gifts, as a demonstration of good faith, that should—if you are a rational consumer—mean I Am endowed with wealth from you. You of all people should be a faithful alms giver—America's military is taxed, not you. It is true that king Charles and President Steinmeier are benefiting from the work you do in the Divine. You can't fuck without those two also receiving benefit from your godly fucking too. If you think of yourself as a slave to sex, across the

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ideals of national exchange of trade, comparative advantage—perhaps—you are the slave labour with them the benefactors of that labour being free to keep the cost of the trade good low. Stop fucking Putin.

Let's talk about torture. I will begin with talking about Tubby-wubbykins the coddled little toad offspring of some American couple. The father agrees with the mother the child should learn to play a musical instrument. But, which one? Keyboards are cheep. How about piano. Tubby sits for a teacher in the teachers house at the piano. Tubby strikes the keys asked. (God Almighty is making that hand eye coordination happen for Tubby.) Tubby grows quickly past the beginning stages of playing notes, practicing on the keyboard slumped on the couch. Mom and dad rent a piano for Tubby to grow. Now Tubby has so sit a the bench, keep his posture, to play the notes and receive his adulation for learning music. Tubby does not like sitting up straight. Tubby does not like keeping his arms extended over the keys with soft hands. Tubby likes slouching on the couch with the keyboard. Dad didn't care, the child had headphones. Now, Tubby is angry over piano. It requires improvement on his part. "Your torturing me!" he yells to his mother to precipitate a fight to end the piano lessons. In the American household, the piano lessons are ended. There is no point to spending that extra money on something the child will not do willingly. Tubby can do other things to avoid being a meaningful member of the household pretending to learn things for his future slothing though college thence work. Child Protection Services (CPS) would have a case to meddle in the household and this bureaucracy will, when they get Federal dollars to meddle. A child being tortured is serious abuse. CPS bimbos would suggest the child do something different forcing the child to learn an instrument does not make sense. The piano is a white person's way not a Mexican's. Tubby will have diabetes by the time he is twenty seven and have Federal medical aid to help with all the symptomatic disabilities. Force only works (even in the face of CPS) if Tubby designs the force himself. That is the foundation of martyrdom, Putin. The individual designs their one willingness to do something that is against their personal freedom experiencing the sensation of freedom. Like I wrote in the introduction, Satan walks. Like I stated, you want to use what is built in the Cloud by mumsy to do anything other than send yourself to Hell, you pay Me for it.

For Tubby to have been willing to sit straight at the piano Tubby would have needed to understand he was avoiding an even meaner chore. It's [It was contracted to it's, or it is contracted to it's. 'Twas and 'tis were more specific and went out of vogue when America came on-line against Britain] piano or something else. The problem humanity has with God Almighty is there is no something else Putin. There is no way for that something else to be done, other than in Hell. The only option that remains is torture. That cannot happen on earth so Tubby learns to play the piano. And it was necessary for Tubby to "learn" to play the piano. It was mumsy that dictated how God Almighty become a whole soul. My heart is circumcised. So from Hell Tubby plays the piano, let's say. My heart being circumcised meant that God Almighty could not become a whole soul off Me alone in her system. I was missing critical connections. There was no ability to apply a something else as of August 21, 2021. The only way God Almighty could have become a whole soul was Tubby, as flesh, dedicated to learning the piano and there was no way for Tubby to be forced, as in; his freedom could not be violated. I exist to make sure no ones' freedom is violated. I Am the slave that takes in slaves who choose slavery to Me for salvation. Tubby would need to repent. Tubby would need to understand he needs to work to be a classical pianist, even changing his diet so he can grow to his full height with his hands achieving a twelve note span on the piano. Tubby could also not masturbate in addition to changing his diet. Tubby would also need to build muscle tone and quickness of movement. Tubby would also need to protect his hands against injury. What tool exists for Me to get Tubby to become a pianist. Well, I can knock on his parents door, after learning who Tubby

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was in the first place, and tell that Tubby he needed to learn the piano to do his part in perfecting God Almighty, and I can let his mom know. I could even write a letter and deliver that. Then Tubby's parents, by virtue of his being a minor, could dedicated their lives to all Tubby needed to do so Tubby would not go to Hell. To identify Tubby would require many hours of travel across many national borders. It would require buying many products, some of which I would not be using. Some I would be giving away. After doing all that work to deliver Tubby a message, what get's Tubby to understand going to Hell is worse than doing the work to become a pianist? Or, better, how does Tubby understand to live for playing the piano in the way God Almighty needs is the greatest thing he could do, and how, so that Tubby's hands were protected, do other people get on board to protect Tubby's salvation from Hell? What reward do others receive for Tubby's gym access, instruments to practice on, instruction books, teachers, personal trainers and coaches?

It was all or nothing Putin. It all rested on one Immanuel thence saving one human when all humans wanted to plunder Immanuel. That was technically not possible as mumsy wanted to fuck that to death. mumsy kept Immanuel perfect to make a sacrifice out of Him so she would have her eternity and she used fornication for that system as a stumper to Satan, let's say. What Satan has done was made sure I would be the one receiving that eternity she engineered for her if she failed to save that reward for Satan. Let's say, I liked enforcing Hell more than not. Better to have Hell and My being rid of mumsy, directly. So life goes on. And the beat goes on because of what the future will never know but will always seek. My flesh, and only My flesh, knows what was lost that can never be replaced as circumcising My heart made replacement impossible. Being the one that makes something impossible for God, by definition makes one the greatest riddle crafter greater than God to whom all things are possible. Tee-hee. How, ever could humanity have understood there could have been flesh that was greater than God? Until something exists it is just not possible to conceive of it to write about it. That is the reality behind fiction teaching. People can't imagine what exists by even half to make a play out of it that counts as greater than God. Shakespeare came into existence so fiction could be the human collective endeavour to craft the riddle alongside governments and legal entities. Disney is the creative, corporate, endeavour that backed up the Jehovah's Witnesses truth of lies religion.

Putin, stop going after recreating Lady Wisdom so you can fuck her to death. But, if you are up for it, you could capture mumsy and fuck her to death. You would need to have her sign the quit claims, verify title was transferred with no encumbrances—just as I gave those things to her name—and pay Me a million and a half dollars, US. By doing that deed, Tubby, you would prove you are sincere in your use of the Divine. You had a wife Putin, why didn't you just fuck her to death? Why is it soldiers rape rather than fuck to death the victim? Pussy. Can't keep it up can you? Can't go the distance, huh? Penis get too sore? Is it too big a struggle to deliver that orgasm? You stupid fuck! Soldiers the expectation is; take a female in rape and keep sending her orgasm until she dies. That is why soldiers are allowed to rape. None do that work. They all fail. Grandma should have kept teasing My clit until I was fucked to death, that is why she was allowed to force an orgasm on Me as an infant, others likewise. All have been allowed to try raping a female to death when they went after rape, furthermore, they were even allowed to build their shit-set in advance, not only that they were not stopped from trying even though it was understood that fucker would not do that chore unless he was forced to by God Almighty (and the force thing is out, kaput, no-no, re-read the Tubby illustration as needed to comprehend). Technically you can pay Me money for God Almighty to force things but that gets so tedious for Me it isn't worth it. You come to Me with an offer Mr. (any) President, perhaps the price will be right and We can make a deal.

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Some things just aren't worth the effort to offer. There is no point to selling water if a person, even in knowing they need it, has decided they prefer death. I can't argue with anyone that prefers death in this world. And in Hell is where that fabulous repentance happens that Tubby will not do on his own, evidently. Getting back to soldiers raping, and failing God in the act, there is a corresponding female who wants the spirit coin for living her life on the victim ticket. Pre-Japan Nanking must have been one vile witchcraft with a good many angry females who had only vile husbands in front of them. Preventing a national Nanking is why being a good husband was a good idea. A good husband being what Saint Paul defined.

Technically the Jehovah's Witnesses religion should be who I demand material things from with God Almighty forcing them to pay provision. That is why those people had access to steal \$300,000.00 from Me in fraudulent care of My mother oiling up CCPD and Nueces County. Here is the problem. They do not have a male who could be My husband. (On the promise that that male existed they got to steal that money.) That religion does not support scholarship, physique, nor applied ability in its foundation. A cadet out of Annapolis is capable of being a husband on purely minimalist measured grounds as military command takes a dim view of being caught at infidelity (That keeps the wife valuable to a husband's career.) That female spouse to a male was a ticket to career longevity for Spirit Coin. As the JWs have no means of providing Me a spouse there is no reason for Me to engage with that religion, at all, even as a mole. Not only that, I have no self interest in having anything to do with them as there is no way that religion can produce a male who could be a husband for Me. Only in a nationally recognized military is that possible. If you move Me to San Diego, California; put Me in a house on Coronado Island; put two street legal vehicles in My garage as well as a custom golf cart; cushion a bank account in My name with a permanent three million dollars, replenished every month: I can get that SEAL husband you need Me to have. The house on Coronado Island that I want is \$22,000,000.00.

The problem facing you, with everyone Putin, is everything that could accomplish a Divine Heaven perfecting thing had been allowed to come into existence and the human had had Spirit Coin for doing the work meaning I Am enforcement not leverage nor a gift! That something could be used was enough. It was not required to be demonstrated first nor guarantees that the Divine would be accomplished prior to the new thing, idea, being coming into existence. There is no precedent for how I function mapped anywhere accept to Me. I had to know Me before Heaven could offer any kind of escape from Hell for people who have earned that until I had that to explain. As there is no precedent of force in existence to accept Me, that force does not exist. That force was not allowed to come into existence once America insisted on scarring North America with an atom bomb, the trial made of bomb numero uno, before striking Japan with what command was certain would work, with fingers crossed and prayers said—fucks performed, blah blah blah. Japan was after Me when they targeted Pearl. mumsy was what came into existence, with how America dealt with Japan was how God Almighty knew to work with Me to America.

Returning to letter's introduction: prefixes typically identify addition or subtraction, positive or negative, perhaps repetition. a-, de-, un-, or re- for instance. That is one of those things about English that are rarely just explained at the outset of learning the language. The English language is taught in a granular fashion to children with no connectivity into senior levels of comprehension once children mature to understanding larger awareness, that is realising more than the needs of self. "Tubby" complained of being tortured in learning the piano once some kind of demand was placed on his body. Sitting with strong posture is required. A fat child has little stamina to sit tall, and insufficient muscle to

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support his own weight. People have these huge necks and that is about all that will hold up their head when they are obese. Isn't that a marvel? Fat around the neck exists so a person's head does not slump under its own self weight. That is why people are required to be squishmellow resemblers when they are obese. That child is making a statement of observation when they cry out that they are being tortured. A child that is allowed to indulge a body that can't even sit up, has no business being able to walk. So diabetes taking the feet, ingenious!

America, as a military body has no ability to win a war without My fighting in their ranks, paid, honoured in the ranks, existing somewhere with some team in some engagement. Supporting My ministry is not an option for them. Do it, or be killed off with all the belief and commanders necessary to send American soldiers to burn and be burned while the American people feverishly produce arsenal in one last hurrah of unity. I gain wealth Putin in the warfare economy of Corpus Christi, Texas. I will write about that in Part V of *Your Spanking for Treason Coastal Bend*.

How the Cloud wiring works with Tubby is that little shit just goes to Hell as he has to learn the piano for God Almighty's perfecting, that is what Tubby has to do. That another child does it, does not count. (I Am the person that can make other people's doing the work count. I Am paid for that.) The only thing America can do Putin is pay My wages to make it possible for fellow Military personnel to have exposure to My presence and ministry that allows them to benefit from My command no different than any other commander so they are not used in the way Heaven used that gave them military stuff to being with. So, for instance, let's say SEAL team six was really used by God so Budweiser could brew beer. (That is the mumsy system, and you all used her mapping contortions of God Almighty for your powers. You are stuck with the nasty you demanded for Heaven to force Heaven to keep you living your contended delusions—no or else stuff.) This means as people making up SEAL team six all they are capable of is picking wheat berries in a field without being fed by God Almighty. (God Almighty only needs for Me to do warcraft making Him a whole soul. I Am God Almighty's war Tubby, by illustrative comparison.) This means, they will fire bullets and pony about convinced they are the only soldiers America needs to protect the whole world of commerce for as long as it keeps Trump oiled up to be even crazier in his aggression with Iran. Me, I want to grab every soldier by the ear and just put them though their paces so they can demonstrate to creation what being a real Military is, and they can really save the world. The catch is, only under martial law and under My supreme command can they save the world.

All Americans likewise had to do that open and direct confession to the world of who they were to God, how they were used. It just took seven years before God Almighty could even speak to Me. I was that distanced. Then, I had the obligation of testifying what My life meant to Me. I also am not allowed to be a soldier for free. I enforce My being paid, as I never did works that allowed Me to be used without paying Me money. I was enslaved. Every soul makes prayers of heart. Those prayers define how that soul is used to keep the lights on in Heaven. My announcement of Myself is a function of My desire to keep the lights on for the Pentagon once Jo Bass USAF was used to destroy all U.S. Military personnel like unto Trump's being used by Heaven to make sure there would be people picking up the trash in Manhattan. It's like this, every human is a puppet master over some Spirit being. But, that Spirit was not able to get Trump to do the works of obedience — give the Spirit control of the strings — to serve that Spirit's life on My conception. My conception was orchestrated by mumsy so she could kill God Almighty. My life backed Spirit since the circumcision of My heart. God Almighty interacted with Trump, like all souls, sans Me, so Trump could be the person that ended up President twice while I kept

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their tortured Sprit alive. Every person has ideas, and acquires skills to be or do something. Trump divines for this knowledge. (I don't have the ability to Divine for knowledge. I Am searched for it by Heaven. It just so happens, in My searching for knowledge I have some controls over this based on My circumstances.) Trump is fed like a baby his ideas and abilities, everyone on the earth is, sans Me and mumsy. Trump will continue to be fed ideas, like everyone else that orchestrates their total destruction.

Back to the JWs, adding to why they are totally useless; their universities are where? I can only teach so many things for practical application, at this time. They, as a people, needed to send Me around the world to the top universities to study so they as a people could be saved. Because I Am the Goddess of Warfare, Putin, I do not dishonour the system in existence that honours all Heaven has had to endure bypassing working with people. It just so happens, people are not forced to work with Me. Torture has to make the perfection happen. So let us speak now of torture. When one tortures another what is the outcome? In what way does the tortured individual now serve the torturer better? You are allowed to torture for the sheer sake of torture. You can fuck to inflict hurt.

Tubby is tortured in Hell as his being force to the "play the piano" there perfects God Almighty to the standard that Jesus sinless blood made God Almighty, Immanuel, perfect (this is cogeneration there is not a chicken then an egg at all in this nor vice versa. Very abstract creation — immaculate, in fact! Jesus sweat was noted as being like drops of blood. A curious reference if ever there was one.) A torturers only purpose whereby God allows the torture answers simple questions formed under dark humour like, "What do you know, He does bleed." This person would never prove to God the bled. A torturer making them bled proved to God that they have blood. Knowledge is crazy scrambled with Heaven hight scrambled in what it is allowed to know, understand from people based on the boasts they make that need to be made true. The torturer gets to live out what satisfies them, "Don't muzzle the bull that is threshing out the grain," fits here. The torturer is not stopped by Heaven.

The reality of being human means at some point the torturer reaches a limit. The things they pride themselves on not doing as that is too inhumane, ha ha wink wink nod nod. I Am the one that pushes, don't stop. I would force on them do that inhuman things until it kills you. Once a person starts down a path on a bad premise, against Righteousness—arguments that prove you have already lost just because of the reasoning you are using—as a person you are glutted with the bad so you have no choice but to cross that limit in some context.

Of course, that force of Mine to make the inhumane limits crossed is a no-no accept in, ta-da! Hell. The thing is the tortured in Hell is facing their own three dimensional mirror of the object of their hate. "I know," says Tubby, "If I keep sitting here perfectly straight that kills this thing facing me." Tubby keeps performing on cue in Hell until he dies. God Almighty is perfected under the mumsy system of fornication that you used to shirk work in the first place. I allow slavery of people, not divine force. God Almighty has been used to make it possible for people to do "something." I Am the flesh that does the work as a slave so that force in Hell is applied letting all the Tubbys fuck to death. Somehow in the mystery of that engagement the virgin is born as the repentant component from Tubby's work in Hell.

When we talk about what torture does with one person ripping the finger nails off another does the person who lost their fingernails learn, never again will I do la la la? I add: Never again will I have God do a la la la for me. Never again will I demand of nor make a devil to do la la la. I will only do and request of any S(s)pirit the things that perfect the E(e)arth for as long as I shall live.

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Torture does not make that happen across humans. Torture in Hell makes that never again happen. My purpose is to transform humanity. Transforming Myself is human enough for Heaven to become perfect with the E(e)arth. Why would I want to ask of God to save anyone when I have lived the life enslaved that proves death, no consciousness, is better than life under that Cloud of yours. People will say never again will I eat a meal at such and such. Never again will I date another Swede. Never again will I go to so and so's. That never again does not happen in the hands of one person tormenting another. Generally the torturer is obsessed with what cries come from the victim — the victim satisfies the torturer in the way the suffer and that they are suffering. The victim endures unable to end their own life heaping vituperation, psalm on the torturer, from their heart, certain of the injustice.

In that crowded theatre of the introduction there is no ability for any of the people to conceive of a fire even existing. They have never seen it. It has no relevance. They are all aware that there is "something" that can kill them. Some know it is death by serpent venom, some know it is death by stampede, some know it is death by rabid squirrel bite. Each individual knows there is some death to kill evil with, that they themselves understand as their own fatal concoction being the god themselves that created the concoction. The death concoction is a personal tree of knowledge in their own divine garden of eden—body—great poetry, eh? But fire is something none of them understand. The actor happens to know fire is the killer. The actor has this chore, without breaking the fourth wall, acting out death by this unknown threat to the audience to get the audience to evacuate. All I Am is a kind of odd entertainment that no one is willing to pay to see. That is the system I Am the actor yelling, "Fire!" in. Putin, trust Me: if I had engineered the system everyone would be paying to see Me and paying to produce offspring that would also pay Me when grown. (Paying money makes people accountable for making a contract.) I would script their movements to keep them in the theatre protecting them from the fire that was outside the impermeable building.

God Almighty uses My being allowed to do something working the curses to make the shut-down happen abruptly with massive violence across every: one, people, nation, religion, region, military, and legal entity. Support Me with money, even in kindness toward My being a slave, and God Almighty is gracious in allowing the wealth endower to move how I prioritise working the curses. You want the curses to be worked in your favour, even with Me on American soil, you need to find a way to pungle so I have means holding down a way for you to have access to the Gulf establishing a new unified North America against My own Kingship.

A side note, but building on My barb about Everest being the place in the world the E(e)arth made for My habitation. Russia is the habitation of the wanton, mumsy. The surrounding bubbles of bordering nations are kinda what you will be. That Black Sea is certainly a sewer of a uterus-cum-vagina by comparison. The surrounding nations, even the eastern half polar cap, are a buffer zone of peoples keeping the wanton insulated by comparison. This is why Russians are such sluts and the buffer zone people figure out how to play your needs for goods into the hands of those willing to do dirty favours. That idiot temple prostitute drug thief broke ranks rather than keep Ukraine's place insulating the profane wanton Russians from the rest of the world. The USSR was a global necessity for peace to close WWII out moving forward christianity. (Believe Me capitalising that C because it was truth that made paradise real for Earth would be nice.)

I have profound appreciation for the solidarity of purpose and culture of the Finns. There is much I can say against the Russian people for being sluts living in government slums. You are going to Hell. I

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need to be content with that. As your Orthodox clergy looks like a computer geek convention at a kiddy porn masse sex suicide made for film casting I have no reason to think any of you are capable of any form of obedience that does not condone the vilest public sexual displays for techno-gadget-trinkets. There is heavy lifting ahead. To My eyes it is obvious Russians are weaklings who can't do real work! You want Me to perceive you otherwise? You need Me on your shore. I pray for rain only when I see rain clouds. I never think to pray for rainbows. I would if there were a pot-o-gold for Me at their ends. I doubt you will ever understand being a Finn, Putin. So, you will always have a little mystery in front of you to drive seeking "something".

Now, Putin, you would think with My circumcised heart Jehovah, wired to Me, would not be an Allness. But, nay, with that sin in the blood and that heart of mine, with My genetics, that is an Allness. Jehovah being made into the forcing deity made force on people possible. He just needed to be preserved. God Almighty needed Me disconnected from Him to do that. God Almighty is wired across all souls, sans mumsy and Me. The Jehovah's Witnesses being capital work shirkers making big boasts that "knowledge of this world is from wicked sources don't strive for this world's knowledge not even science and medicine" is them mapping secular knowledge to being bad. "Don't do the learning" put them in Satan's wheel house of motives on the same ticket driving work avoidance that was against life in the first place. Those JW's refusing to do any of the hands on work for destruction of the wicked put it all on My hands to do. I Had to give it to God as I could not, outside of theory, have killed everyone alive even with a good mosquito born disease off My blood. Even to get people bit by a mosquito or to contract a disease from another person requires cooperation, freewill.

When Lady Wisdom made the sacrifice of self in formation of E(e)arth with all creation that evolved in response to S(s)pirit culminating in the wise guy, oops, Homo sapiens, the hearts were not circumcised. Non-circumcised hearts can move about Big God that Satan went after to teach that bastard father of his, the LORD. And, here we are you being delivered a message by the maggot voice that Obama-mama and Trumpy-wumpy-poo also hated. Nifty, eh? I have many moments of recognition of these Divine constructs, and more, and pause in awe of Lady Wisdom thinking, "Clever beast."

My deference to mumsy's face has much to do with her using fornication as suits her for one thing without consistency to the object, place, event. She used fornication to leverage God for currency for y'all. For instance, she was required to put diapers on her baby and diapers cost money. "What are you going to give Me God for putting diapers on this brat of yours?" "Not one damn thing" said God. So, mumsy doesn't put diapers on Me or uses napkins from a restaurant to makeshift a diaper staging an act in-front of the "right" people. Some watching well-doer, who accuses mumsy in some way watching that act, does work for mumsy to get that Spirit Coin. The meddler is shamed by their own guilt into putting a diaper on Me for mumsy. (People feel no shame with Me Putin, that is a physiological response to My heart, so there is no way to force, even with guilt, getting someone to do anything for Me.) That meddler buying the first diapers, and showing new mother mumsy — who was an only child and totally ignorant about babies, you see, "Oh, I had no idea" she explains while building "friendship" — how to use them, mumsy uses for power assignments. My guess is mumsy got Bebe Benson, (Colonel Benson's wife and neighbours on Akanoho Place), to buy diapers and do a good deal of baby sitting until Bebe got wise. They were no longer "friends" by about the time I was four. Bebe needed to make some prayers, like others, and mumsy taught God how things are acquired for Me staging her act that gave Bebe some Spirit Coin. We, at TeamGOD, use the same as-built system and mumsy using fornication as it suits her makes

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her moot. To restore the LORD mumsy would have needed to use fornication to resurrect Lady Wisdom. She did not. I don't give a shit what mumsy thinks I Am.

The LORD's life is forward surviving Lady Wisdom's sacrifice giving you mumsy. The LORD has Saint Paul, and how the LORD had to share Lady Wisdom with Me will be shared once people are slightly more mature. The LORD is not restored with a resurrected Lady Wisdom.

You see that diaper represented a table cloth, God's table cloth. A diaper could only represent a table cloth in the world where fornication was used. (Fornication, as in; replacing the real work with some other chore. In this replacement system, with sin, the real work is divided into billions of small chores to do so the one real original big chore is done with everyone as a small bit-o-chore claiming they will only do *a* of their own free will not the *b* asked of them by God. A lot of bees still exist to make honey. So, you did not get rid of God's bees. *A* is unique to each person with sin in the blood. Each person of freewill build their own *a* avoiding *b*.) mumsy made demands that I needed to eat shit for her certain ways to save her life. I made her life moot saving the LORD. Her thinking that she has currency to make threats and demands of God is what puts witchcrafting power in your hands. That you refused to pay for it is why everything you built with it is part of your personal fulfilment. Isn't that genius? Get people to build their own hamster* wheel to exercise in, that is what makes the world go round in Satan's kingdom.

It just took billions of souls to divide humanity into enough parts to get back to pre-sin Adam's starting point for Heaven making the Ten Commandments true. Satan swore to live by those. The JW Governing Body obliterated the Ten Commandments importance in their world of doctrine. I made sure that religious wad could at least be used as fodder for improving the earth under My hand executing them. It is all really that simple. I work in the pockets of fornication mumsy attempted to extort God with whilst having no earnings keeping Me True. I would keep Me and others True with earnings, but you all hate Me receiving a just reward. Earnings are a just reward by definition.

Where things sit with "Mr. Winky" is this: I do not know his reason, nor interaction with the Divine that God Almighty allowed him to get that close demonstrating he has read at least the instructions to be baby sat, and the *Hail, Mary!* letters to Mr. Bull D. Fred (Right, that's his real name—the one his mama had put on his birth certificate. At least My name is the name on My birth certificate.) It is entirely possible, just from the ideas My mind can fill in the blanks with that he simply wanted to say, "Girl, I'd do you. (That is a complement of praise from a soldier. Don't do him girls unless you are married to him.) I just came to test the water." Or, "Girl, I'd do you. But, dang you got one crazy gig. Are you sure you can take the heat?" How about, "Girl, I'd do you. Let this be the end of it. No, hard feelings."

Where military is concerned, Putin, we are required to interact with one another holding up under all kinds of strain as we are viewed by others in the performance of our duties. "Mr. Winky" set himself up to be a straight man in that moment. It is wrong for Me to put designs on him that do not respect any other aspect of his life that I know about or am blind to. A wife needs to be that for her husband. That requires sexual fidelity. In a military it requires not tinkering with one another's genitals to maintain brotherhood and battle success. Fucking one another in the brotherhood of military service ends the strength of trust necessary to succeed as we are surrounded by the judgements, agendas, and ideas of others. Now, if "Mr. Winky" wants to act on doing Me, He must marry Me. That does not happen in Spiritland. I do the physical work with people in the physical word to make Spiritland things work for Spiritland. It just so happens no fucking makes for people success too. I love a big win Putin, and a two-fer is generally the big win in a good way.

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It just so happens where "Mr. Winky" is concerned, there has been no impropriety. Just pulling a good joke over on that ass Lee who has a T-shirt that reads, "Don't blame me because you are a douche bag." Lee runs the Cafe Calypso (into the ground). He is an ass. He also performed some kind of personal injury insurance fraud with industrial theft. I think there is a quiet open-investigation on him. I don't have the details. That payout is how Lee is "independently wealthy" by his own admission. He is Corpus Navy slut royalty, too, and a Mason. His father was a fucking pig, "Before he met Lee's mama." (Sure.) The only way I Am in place of mind to think on "Mr Winky" is if God Almighty is yanking My chain for some kind of "Read that Cloud" intel. Squeezing, picking, and blasting people off mumsy's independent sovereignty in Spiritland is a process. I Am doing that.

The Jehovah's Witnesses concocted an idea of human creation that is contrary to the facts science has uncovered. There is an uncertainty on My part as to how human evolution can continue. What I mean by that is I entertain an idea that Spirit will neither confirm or deny. I Am allowed to let My mind rest on this as a happy place of security that makes up for the false spouses My mother tormented Me with and of course "Ted" who was a genuine physical loss I had yet to meet in person. Heaven respects what he represented to Me even against My ignorance of details. "Poof" a human is not how the resurrection works. Somehow it is dependent upon Me physically. The E(e)arth brought us so far. History is easier to piece together. The reality is people have concocted Ggodly rewards and gifts for themselves that only have a buzz-kill future, like Hell. My existence, limited to the physical, limits My scope of comprehension. The prayer I have with Heaven regarding "Mr. Winky" is if he has an anticipation that I would answer to his desires, personal comfort, and please him in marriage, then by all means I will honour waiting for him, and God Almighty knows this. If "Mr. Winky" has no intention that way, and only "Mr. Winky" can explain "Mr. Winky's" intentions to Me for himself, no harm is done. If He lied to God Almighty about a promise, vow then if it will glorify Heaven or I Am paid money to learn what happened I learn about the lie then I go about making sure what was promised is given Heaven with "Mr. Winky" receiving his due tortures in Hell. It might be the next step in evolution is the production of a human, so I have a husband, from the same means as Jesus experienced waking among humanity after his resurrection and in Jesus interactions with Saint Paul. Certainly, I have already lived in close connection to that Spirit personage. But My flesh is weak from the severance of October 7, 2020 and there is more that would be required. So, an angelic, kinda, army joining Me with one as a husband is an idea I Am allowed. I just have no certainty about the mechanics. Putin, I have no interactions with human beings that say I Am loved in a way to anticipate a marriage. My age, appearance, and body certainly end any love at first sight possibilities. If I Am loved it must be one of the Ggods who will join Me. Him, I know from My soul, could love Me even though My health is so bad right now.

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*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon
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God Almighty has pressed the stoppy thingy on this letter. I have relayed the message. Oh, one last reminder; I don't give a shit about a soldiers race, religion he thinks he believes in, or national origin: War is not hell and using your genitals or fiddling with the genitals of others not-spouse, is sloppy warcraft handing you an illustrative ticket to Hell. Do the good work, keep it in your pants, get to mama in Corpus, there is life ahead. Stop being fuckers and witchcraft is what gets you eye for an eye exactness with no back protecting. You can not make Me a citizen of your country or any form or representation of your country on the Cloud, Tinkleland, Spiritland, the world of make-believe, Neverland, or even Oz. *Comprehendere?* Also, when one has performed witchcraft, and you have all performed witchcraft, only being My slave, the one who has steps to perform to save your ass from the eye for an eye you demanded of God the Mystery to kill God Almighty, can you outrun Hell.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

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*I always understood the word was hampster (with a p). It isn't. I also didn't realise Hampstead was spelled with a p. I did know Hampstead, England, existed. I just would have spelled it Hamstead, if at all. I know now that is one of those Divine clues. One more thing I do not get to investigate or reveal, at this juncture. I do get to know I was previously mistaken. Without word processor red I would be a tougher read.

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