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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

April 7, 2026

Vladimir Putin
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America First

The earth is flat. Seafarers of Europe to Africa, the Atlantic pleyer that braved beyond the pillars of Hercules, ventured before Mercator's projection. The earth is flat is true. Obviously, I Am not a Flat Earther who believes the moon walk of Armstrong was faked: a performance produced on a Hollywood backlot whilst being broadcast as a real event showing people on the moon while somewhere in the world someone could see that moon, unless there was a shadow across it that night. The cartography of the flat earth days has the curiosity of maintaining a Pangea-ish landscape with a big surrounding ocean. If one were an ant would the earth be flat? Would an ant ever perceive a horizon? Does an ant even perceive distance with their vision? Flies have a strange perspective. Flies do not define God. Neither, does an ant, but we are to go the the ant to become wise. Human vision perceives a horizon. We perceive distance that stretches out defining a sky meets land or sea line, the horizon. Everywhere we travel that perception of horizon is just there. We can reach our hand out in front of us as if we are touching that horizon. We know we are only touching air not the line that is magically perceived beyond our reach whence sky toucheth sea. A Horizon is built into our physical world by the way our eyes perceive distance. Our perception as we move about, without city towers or the contours of mountains and valleys, is that the earth always presents to us flatness. On Everest it is possible, if clear, to observe the slightest perception of curvature on the horizon. You also begin to perceive the blackness of space even at noon day. A fish-eye lens famously distorts distance with curvature and magnifies near objects. We perceive flatness stretching out miles beyond our present place. The statement the earth is flat is true when one trusts what they see. John Haywood's Ocean explains, that worry of falling off the edge of the earth was not an issue as there was an understanding of sphericity. When America stood in the way of Asia's luxury good riches, it was plundered for riches. Settlement was plundering labor's concession.

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Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

I miss sunsets on the West Coast. I miss the beach on the North Shore of Oahu watching the sun rise over the ocean in the east, thence watching the sun set over same in the west. Watching the sunrise on the Gulf is the spectacular natural niceness there is in Corpus. If there were ocean sunsets to see, or firework displays Mission Bay (Sea World) is famous, I would venture out in the evening. Sunrise, by no help of the planning or management of this area by people, is what there is for Me to enjoy. Like the Atlantic seaboard is a morning person region, Nueces is. The Earth never intended that righteous people would be night life people on a sunrise coast. Easterners need to be morning people to demonstrate they seek righteousness. Westerners, and land locked persons, don't have that restriction. The Gulf, like the Black Sea is a mixed bag. Natural balance requires human adoration of the sun and moon. For not honouring the nature of things, even sunrise sunset, the populous has no redeeming value. If people had redeeming value it would be easier to collect the redemption, deposit, paid on plastic bottles, even in California. Back in the day, Coca-Cola bottles were recycled and you received pennies back on the redemption of the bottle. Today, people are charged extra but nowhere can you go to return your bottle for even a portion of that fee. From redeeming bottles to no pennies is a closed loop illustrating humans are headed to Hell. Spirit were awarded the redeemer. I chose redeeming Spirit as there was just no working with people. Just sit with that.

The statement that the earth is a sphere is also true. You cannot trust your eyes for that statement to be true. The perception of curvature is not delivered by the eyes. There must be reason, thinking, cognition beyond what the eye perceives so that a conclusion the eye teaches is wrong for a belief that the earth is flat to be fake: a false claim. How you reason against, or with, your eyes is what set you up for your next divine engagement. Just treat observation bundles the same is the key. Be faithful to a scientific method for instance. Once a person is taken into intimacy (genital tinkering or blood sharing) how you chose one dirt-bag over another is big criteria for judging you by you with the Great Balancer God dishing you your own poison meant for the other guy.

I never thought to put poison in someone, Putin. But, by mumsy's definitions food that I cooked were as good as poison because I did not serve the antidote food. She would eat bananas on a piece of bread with mayo. Attempting to demonstrate with obvious satisfaction, like selling a recipe on an informercial, how I was missing out on appreciating a great banquet from her with that desperate concoction. As a teenager, near legal age, in frustration at her not making a nice presentation for a sale, or meal, like she was capable of, "You serve filet mignon on a cocktail napkin." With mums: hearing minion was gold over spelling mignon using a lectern and black-board. She has strong rules she wields in contempt against Great God (the balancer). "Oh, does She think She is teaching me something?" Snicker snicker, "little shit" she adds to Great God. Look how you are really nothing Great God from your useless little emissary. Is She saving you?" More snicker snicker. There were many times as a child, I simply sat at the counter of the kitchen watching her eat. She did not feed us both, and I knew to to ask her for food or tell her I was hungry. If she had something special to grind up in what she cooked she made a dinner. Her banana slices on bread with mayo was so vile as far as I was and am still concerned, I have no regrets that I did not partake.

Palate is tweaked by the divine. Some, tweaking, is by birth. Some, tweaking, is you get sick and everything has a bitter flavour. Some, tweaking, is you can eat shit knowing "somehow" this is a gift to or against the devil: and wowza! aren't you doing something stupendous, eh? Once you do those shit

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eating things, for any willed reason, you get to be a big part of divine purpose. You as a person are a living sacrifice for that deed. I had and have no way of connecting to doing for people from God. I can only connect to doing for S(s)pirit from S(s)pirit based on how rules were built for S(s)pirit. I do for the person's Spirit, E(e)arth, Satan, mumsy, God Almighty, the LORD. All are ghosts. I do and understand based on life one does not see navigating around what I see. My heart being circumcised ended My bodies ability to be a sacrifice of prayer—forcing My will on Spirit. I technically do not have will. Once My heart was circumcised everyone was allowed the shot at being the Christ redeemer for S(s)pirit in lieu of Me. I worked for it by the same tests, exploits, efforts as everyone else. Had My heart not been circumcised I would have been forcing humans into slavery running a world wide ant colony. I would have used that perception of freedom people have to get God Almighty to get the homeless dude to perceive bill collecting as the greatest freedom in the world akin to begging or fund raising on intersections and street corners. I have written about My physiology at length already. I simply insert yada yada yada when I Am grinding over old territory or things that have many obvious examples.

Since being sick can naturally put you in a place of eating green beans and they taste bitter like shit, or a soap bar, this is fair game for the Divine to use. Getting back to banana sandwiches. There are many things that, looking back now, mumsy had opened some opportunity for Me to make something just for her and I was doing My eye for an eye with her. "Are you forcing Me to eat these bananas the way I forced you to suck Dick Dinan's dick?" could have very well been her self talk to Great God while I was watching. Clearly, I was clueless about all this force that existed. The problem is, where the banana and mayo sandwiches were concerned, that culinary exploration of hers was simply what I perceived as desperation. She has no way of getting eye for an eye from Me as she has cockamamy deluded and useless E(e)arth destroying poverty inducing criteria. So she gets all of you, and you are special Putin. We typically had mayo in the fridge, and the electricity utility was paid. Bananas she grew on the property, and she bought bread rather consistently. She tried to sell to Me the banana open faced sandwich as a great meal, and I wasn't having any part of it. Not only that, the only way to dish her the same thing as her forcing Dinan on Me I could have only repaid with eternal torturing of her. I preserved Hell as an eternal system for perfection. People are temporary in Hell like Earth is a temporary hell for S(s)pirit.

Only one piece of bread was wrong. That is half a sandwich. Somehow, God was supposed to get Me to make a mayo on white bread with banana sandwich plate that would stop or start something. Where she is concerned, God can get Me to do things. The problem is, a meal like that was not the food served during the height of celebration. A painting sold. There were a few extra dollars to buy meat, and a steak was the meal of the week one night. I would never make her a meal, or anyone a meal, that was a reminder of poverty or desperation. Had she opened her mouth and said, "I want you to make me a banana and mayo sandwich open faced on white bread, I just have a craving" what she received would be a function of what sorted through Heaven's filters and controls My soul delivers. I deal with her in twinkle land. She does physical things, as do I, and all that she experiences is a function of My working the divine. I had, and still have, no means of appreciating the way she engineered home or domesticity. If she wanted Me to appreciate something she built: she needed to be sure there were no limits imposed on My being able to earn a living regardless of the witchcraft avenues she built. She is a living, breathing object lesson and free knowledge resource who turns out to be rather expensive to Me, personally. I endured more shit off her because I did according to how I judged situations that saves the eternity of Hell. I did not perceive her as a divinely special person with any kind of superior connection to the

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Divine. She inspired My pity. So, I walked around on eggshells around her. I knew she was fragile, needy, and incapable of earning the riches her talent, energy, and health should have permitted. Mumsy was a poor soul to Me; a square peg that didn't even have a round hole to be tried against. She lived her life mocking how I did not fit anywhere and had no place in the world. Everest peak is the object lesson home crafted for My soul on this earth. E(e)arth provided. People prevented and stole My natural home. mumsy did not restore it prior to My eighteenth birthday. So, slavery continued. My mind was completely blind to what My soul experienced until, at ministry outset, I had battled for a divine connection to My own Spirit Consciousness, God Almighty. We were alienated from one another with that heart circumcision.

The problem facing you and others, as I understand it, is that I was never allowed to work for the good things, ever. My life was injustice by your own system that put you in a place of mucho success. Because I did not compromise, you continued to succeed when your heart should have stopped. The same for Obama, Trump, king Charles, and Steinmeier. My motive for enduring in the way that protected you is what mumsy has as a currency. I endured miseries the Divine dished to Me preventing your heart stopping. Was it because of some accused "secret love affair" that satisfied mumsy's justification to force God to dish Me trashy, cheep, mean, grudging, bad fucking, ugly lovers or was My soul after setting up the destruction of humanity that I wanted you to have long on this earth to be really shitty? Without the witchcraft that you chose to build wealth there would have been nothing for mumsy to force ugly things on Me from God. There was no way I was going to give up earning money, nor tolerate barter on promises of what is to be delivered. I Am a mean deal negotiator. Trade over perfect knowledge exchange is possible. But those contracts are meaner than money to negotiate.

This letter is running into an odd elaboration that I had no intention of explaining, so I must be addressing a nerve center for you. Perhaps, previously, I laid down one of those this-is-a-fact-to-Me-blatant-truth-that-should-not-need-any-form-of-explanation-period things. If I have a used car and another person has a used truck and the Kelly *Blue Book* says the value is the same why don't we just exchange used for used? Why is there a market for someone to broker used cars? In America, Putin, people like the cleansing of a middle man for a good many transactions, like homes. In Russia people will make a car exchange without the middle man preferring the currency of doing favours for one another as worth more than the money. And, it sure can be when a person understands what they received was worth so much more based on need or esoteric intangible criteria. Where do I as a person fall in this for barter?

I look at who owns that truck I might trade My car for. Are they dirt bags? Yes, from dust you are to dust you return. All people are dirt bigs. Do they have tattoos? I don't know, their clothes cover the art. Check. I Am not forced to look at the tramp stamps, God abusing porn—its not tribal, its God abusing porn. (Aboriginal art has arguable value. Tribal body art is just not necessary in the Ba'al world.) Do they live in a home or apartment? I look at the person to decide if I want what they used after confirming agreement of *Blue Book* equality. Those are My criteria. I did not get to use My criteria in My life! Let's say the trade was made. I traded a working vehicle that gave them another hundred thousand miles with only routine maintenance. They dumped on Me a truck that dropped its transmission while I was traveling at night in the fall My first week of ownership. Then what? Did I assume these people wanted to hurt Me with the deal? I wouldn't have made the purchase if I thought that. God knows this about Me. There is no way for Me to accept a deal where I Am putting Myself in direct risk. Jumping off a cliff

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screaming for the Angels to save them is what passive aggressive is about. "Oh, I am going to trade or buy from you, but God is going to teach you a lesson," is how people deal with Me or make imbalanced deals. Cash needs to come with that lesson Putin. You have nothing to trade with Me. No one does. It just so happens that every criteria I follow that says. "This will not hurt Me" is the very thing there is to hurt Me where the Divine is concerned, and, further, hurt Me in the way mumsy orchestrated the discovery of knowledge through accusation that created E(e)arth in the first place. I Am saved. As in every transaction I Am deliberately accepting deals because I perceive innocence, sincerity, need on the part of the other party based on all I don't know that Great God (the balancer) does.

Let's get back to food. Mayo has always been a pricy condiment, an extra. Rather than buy mayo and a loaf of bread, with bananas plentiful—a tree in the yard—I will keep eggs, flour, baking powder, corn oil (its cheep), and brown sugar in lieu of mayo. I will make banana bread. I will also just eat bananas by themselves. What is more I eat beans cooked from a dried state (after soaking) rather than even keeping all the other ingredients where money is an issue. mumsy made a peculiar luxury out of mayonnaise that was supposed to make every food with it some kind of gift to God. I won't even use mayo as a substitute for oil in a cake recipe, though some do. My relationship with mayo is it only serves a distinct means of eating like a salad dressing or dipping sauce. I Am real funny about mayo. Only Hellmann's (Best Foods) will I buy. I also avoid sandwich shops, or ordering sandwiches in restaurants, to avoid eating a non Best Foods mayo. I hate Miracle Whip. God hasn't figured out how to get Me to buy a Duke's mayo, or the Great Value mayo, or the HEB; let alone try the avocado or olive oil mayos even made by Hellmann's—disgusting. If I were at a French bistro in Paris I just might like the house mayo they put on sandwiches. Mayo being a French condiment. Something called salad cream does not appeal to Me. Putin, if I told you I had all kinds of funny food rules that would be an understatement. I could fill another three paragraphs on My persnickety mayo tolerance. Where sauces and condiments are concerned and whether foods are consumed hot/cold or only in a sandwich would I eat something, or only as a soup: mayo is only one example of My persnicketyness. I Am fussy about presentation, texture, flavour balance, and there are some things I will not even lick off My fingers or taste even with a spoon. Cake batter I will lick off My fingers and dip a spoon into the batter for a second taste. It is the only way I will knowingly eat an uncooked egg. Mayo, I will wash My hands. Sour cream I will not even eat off the spoon. Same with Mayo. Peanut butter, however, I will eat off the spoon.

It is quite possible that I could be cooking in the kitchen and My husband (clearly hypothetical) doctors his baked potato offering Me to lick the sour cream off the spoon. Right, like that's going to happen. What does he do when I recoil knowing My reaction is the same as if I were being served eating diarrhoea off that spoon. He interprets My reaction from his soul. To him what I did was tell him he was asking Me to take bad from his hand. I treated what an observer would see as a playful gesture like it was something vile. That reaction from Me Putin means nothing to Heaven. My body bound nothing. My body made no prayer. But hubby perceives I just gave up big shit for him to use. Where is my da-da-da God for Her la-la-la. Heaven got no la-la-la off Me. So, he gets no da-da-da from Heaven. My circumcised heart ended God being able to experience anything because I do, live, go, strive, be, exist. In response to Me, you can be shittier than you have ever dreamed torturing and fucking and S(s)pirit experience nothing. The human torturer is their own limiter. There is no avenue of torture a human can perform, and I will not back a meaner torture for the torturer to perform. Rape is flimsy you can do so much more to abuse your penis, fucker. It is substitutions, fornication—the divine whopper—that make this enforceable.

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Return to My la-la-la example: The human has to get that da-da-da or proof of what that da-da-da was to Me off Me. And he can. Just open his damned mouth and say, "I expect da-da-da for your reaction." Says My husband. (This is open and direct dialogue, by the way.) I might ask, "What did da-da-da mean to you?" If not I might go straight to delivery. "Oh, well I had better drop to My knees if you are going to just stand there for it." A pause. He needed fellatio for My da-da-da. All I cared about is two things in this scenario. One, I did not have to eat that sour cream off the spoon. Second, I can give My husband his da-da-da. Other people there is no way to give them da-da-da unless I can get them to stand before a judge who sends them to prison for that fucking that I made happen for God. Stop demanding from God the nasty things and I can do better for you, Putin. Putin, be content with money from God. I Am. Be content when people put their trash in the trash can. I Am. Be content when people piss and shit and fuck using a toilet and/or in private. I Am. I did the work to make sure that God could be held accountable for these good things and more! I accept the good and bad to make sure Spirit can receive the credit, or blame, for the good result from humans.

Obviously, there needs to be some Great Spirit that is taking the hits so a person who is making demands that God get Me to deliver the da-da-da because there is no way anyone is going to say for themselves, "You, mac, must give me la-la-la because of the da-da-da you did mac!" Right, I wrote about such a Divine operand, thing. But that being is being saved. There is no way I Am giving you fuckers one Spirit anything directed by Spirit! I cut you fuckers off from God. You want from God you get Me do do the work you are demanding of God contracting with Me. God does through My hand. King Charles, Steinmeier, and or you Putin may broker for this, and executing the JWs or dumping them on an island (that is a free-bee that does not require Me) frees up the hit taker. I see how My life benefits from people being exterminated. Since I have a benefit from God letting people exterminate themselves there is nothing for Me to ask for from God to get something from people for Me. All I need to do is wait this out.

I have no way of arguing to God, "I as a person benefit because so-and-so inhabits this earth with Me." I would need to be receiving money to make any kind of argument that My life is benefited by people. Why money? Because I can buy the things that are a reward for working for Spirit. I can go to a favourite spa. Take in a round of golf. Live in a non fuck-hole town. Take a drive to shop at a nice plaza. The options Heaven has open for Me to deliver a larger banquet of knowledge open up with My being able to reward Myself. You can fuck a pig in Moscow's grand square under the shadow of a dome, and while there will be reporters that just say, "We knew it!" that deed does not do anything for Me. God will not drop even My pay from the Pentagon in My lap for you doing that. But, if you were to fuck that farm animal in Red Square there might be world peace. A logical response to that is; "If that's the price the world isn't getting peace." How many people insisted that was the price to be paid when making prayers, I know not. God is not going to make that demand of you for two reasons. One, no one honoured their word to Spirit. (This is why they are going to Hell; they engineered solutions that God has no ability to provide. God can only back truth.) I Am not going to make that demand either. The world getting peace for you fucking a pig in Red Square has nothing to do with accomplishing peace, as far as I Am concerned. Enslaving lazy, idyl, ignorant, arrogant, incompetent douche-bags in labour camps cleans up the earth and gives solders an occupation too. Why not convert all Ukraine to a labour camp? I Am not enforcing the crazy shit; you publicly fucking a pig in one of Russia's few nice places has no representation for Me to back God's doing that with you. The deeds people have concocted have no

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creation supporting corollary, either and that is the second reason. If your penis could solve problems, I would not be writing this letter.

Let's say that Mr. Winky as he sat at Cafe Calypso, last June, said to God, "If she wants her Pentagon pay, she can just drop in my lap." Had he kept his word to Spirit then My being dropped in his lap would have freed My pay. God would have ground that forward. Let's say God dropped Me right into his lap. Then he might have argued with God, "For that? She tripped over her own two feet. She didn't beg to give me a lap dance." You can easily observe how an argument escalates over what counts as fulfillment. (There was no way Mr. Winky was going to push Congress, the President, or the SOW so I Am paid.) Accept God's miracles for him to do miracles for you is the eye for an eye corollary. In delusion land Mr. Winky might think he can just wave his pinky and wink-wink "somehow" ether My demand for pay is satisfied or I get some other thing from God that ends the issue. (That is the mumsy system that made you a money executor.) This comes under Jesus' heading of who gives his child a serpent when he asks for a fish? or a stone when he wants bread? All of you were forcing serpents on S(s)pirit for fishes, and the fisheries are dried up. Duh. The earth held up eye for an eye.

I lived My life demonstrating I was after one-to-one physical from God. I didn't make S(s)pirit, or non-sequiter invented, demands of God, ever. I had no way of handing God a serpent even if He needed Me to so I could catch a fish. Not only that I had no way of seeing a human as a God to give a human a serpent for a fish.) With Mr. Winky, in My world that I ended up in his lap was binding regardless of how I got there. Since ministry outset, God would have only put Me in his lap so I received My pay. My soul only works with the Word of S(s)pirit as truth. So people must be doing the work for receiving from Me. The receiving party, very quickly, has all kinds of ways to compare their Divine expectations against the reality in front of them. 'What was received when God gives a miracle did not count.' (The miracle you refused was twinkle land currency you used for witchcraft. When God acts, it counts. And that was a period.) Arguments with God over human deeds and expectations run the gamut. What I did was prove for seven years that I lived truth, keeping the word of God Almighty over Me true to Spirit's understanding of human souls. Then I launched My ministry. Using it to collect is bonus! Had Mr. Winky, like everyone else, not lied to Spirit I would have been dropped in his lap. As God has no way of just getting Me to ask Mr. Winky, "Do you want to see My pussy?" as a conversation opener, unless I were in the veterinarians office with My cat; how, other than tripping, could I end up in his lap was Spirit's dilemma. I had to be moved around a great deal for things that still have no meaningful reason to Me that accomplished anything I wanted. Slavery! A life of slavery. No double coincidence of wants. I Am owed money, pay asshole! God upholds My life in how fulfillment from Me can happen. Does Mr. Winky grab Me? Laying hands on Me ain't easy. How I ended up in Mr. Winky's lap, based on expectations, would have preceded a Divine argument. How was Mr. Winky going to get Me My pay? God put Me in his lap with a fumble on My part. "No, it does not count," he says "You did not send her into the air twirling her around, make her sprout the wings of an angel, and then place her delicately in My lap." He tells God why My tripping, fumble did not count. God was supposed to do some against the truth of creation shit to prove He made something happen. I spent My life being humiliated with these trips giving people all kinds of opportunity to do as they told God they would. It was all God had to glean knowledge off mumsy's controls.

There is more to draw from the earth is flat understanding. I have now concluded the unexpected tangent that started with mayo. This day one written paragraph ultimately sandwiched much. Plying the

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Atlantic by the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and *Santa Maria* was over commercial markets to Asia cutting out the sand nigger—middlemen. (Get over yourselves. Even the Iranians know I love them equal to Iraqis. It pisses them off not God. My form of love happens to be enslave flesh to make perfection of Heaven and E(e)arth. I lived My life so you had to beg Me with contracts and money to take you as slaves. It just so happens there are other commercial opportunities. Bite Me niggers! The way God has loved Me, enslaving Me, I uphold as the way to handle flesh.)

Where the Catholic Church ran afoul of Greater God (the balancer) maintaining their Western singularity was sanctifying trade between Portugal and Spain. The Church got dished their own poison. They earned a Western competitor. The Church should have maintained something like; spice belongs to us as spice is a gift from earth people can grow rather than sanctify licence franchises to pacify. The Church ruling giving Portugal a toe-hold was what opened the place for Greater God (the balancer) to give Satan, God of the world, his Luther. Portugal gained a value add commercial opportunity in Africa from failing to convert those human souls to Catholicism. Then it just became a matter of who would force loading bodies onto ships verses who could avoid being loaded. Not everyone would take a bullet and die. Some understood to live was better, even as a slave in a foreign land.

The Church taught Greater God (the balancer) the solution of justice to free-up what Satan needed for humanities forward progress in how the Church dealt with Spain and Portugal's dispute. Split the baby was the solution. Make two houses. Divide the kingdom. Spain received a slice of the world, Portugal its slice. Fission, splice, cut, tear, shear you go your way I will go mine was ultimately all Abram and Lot could manage as well. (From Abram there was Ismael and Isaac through Sarai as wife—permission with the gift of Hagar counts.) The object lesson from the magic of E(e)arth is biological cells replicate. When a new human is maturing in the womb DNA is duplicated the cells divide, and then they grow from the DNA of that cell. The super magic is the partitioning that goes on so some cells are heart whilst others are lung and so on. Human populations increased according to the division the Church stipulated. For more population to hit the planet, more religious freedom was needed. The growth of a human comes from all these tiny cells going through replications PMAT. Prophase, metaphase, anaphase, and telophase as I recall.

I Am not going to elaborate on Greater God (the balancer). I dug up those words to make it clear that there was more than just Satan as God of the world as a divine actor. The Earth is a Divine actor. Satan is a Divine actor. Humans built their own mega divine actor under Satan's original, "You will not die" edict from some kind of space pixy-dust floating in the atmosphere that got dumped on the soil during the Biblical flood and somehow ended up in Heaven's hands simultaneously—a split kingdom—each requiring equality to one another. After Jesus ministry humanity stoped explaining Heaven with mythical beast or human-proportion-inexplicable beings fraught with personality quirks and actions over jealousies and what have you that included much fucking and killing. By about one thousand AD, outside of Africa and indigenous regions (non-commercial regions), human sacrifice died off. Pagan goodies ended up powering the lust of stuff—essentially, and the human sacrifice was the life of the human that lived the Christian way. It took the Spaniards to end the practice of human sacrifice on North America. Think of fucking as not muzzling the bull when the soldier is threshing out the grain. More human souls hit the planet with soldier fucking mixing races more than tourism. The redundancy of human explanation between Greek, Roman, Norse, Egyptian, and shear astrological wonder with paganism explaining Ggods was a demonstration of there is nothing new under the sun across generations of people. Language is

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translatable for this very reason. My Ba'al page, that My life paid for regardless of your patronage, will explain much of this.

What I will step back and explain is what Americans accept as legitimate governments. America's military really only has being the "good guy" for shitty people since the JWs fully fucked them over by Eisenhower's day. This is why they deal drugs and prostitution to gain access, not honest bombing. Clearly, the "good guy" they help is not the actor that will keep a nation's people cleaner, healthier, or smarter forgoing abject liberty. When a nation has any sort of peace or unity under authority that looks like human threat of enforcement America supports the abject liberty promiser under some kind of, "This person believes what we believe. I can feel it in our heart. We will back these rebels of authority. The rebels fighting against the oppressor. We will give them the freedom we have. We can liberate these oppressed people." So, a fly in the face of all that is Holy to the Slav people drug stealing, fornicating, temple prostitute Zelenskyy is who America backs to show Russians they are just cowards for allowing an authoritative government over them. Americans love the wanton. I demand the wanton make good to live as flesh.

What is more, worse: Americans hate the dedication to quality commercial goods of the German work force. America has a similar hard-on of hate against the French with agriculture. When people are dedicated to making something that resonates as perfection it rankles Americans. An American understands doing something to make perfect as sinner. It is some kind of Satanism. (A reminder, under the LORD the perfection goes down under liberty. Clearly America is a pig on human liberty producing shit, in ways that have defied the Ba'al.) Perfecting is unnatural. Sin is natural and they are forgiven for that. (Right, wink wink.) What is natural is not good enough for Me Putin. Nature needs manicuring. Nature needs perfecting!

Perfecting to an American is a kind of showing off that they understand from their collective soul that requires discipline, and given freedom people will not labor unless it is for some weirdo spirit induced supernatural drive that can only be a cult craft fringe market not a commercial good. Commercial goods should not be of Ggodly quality. Americans shut freedom of religion out of commerce. Freedom of religion applied to commerce is the place it had to exist to perfect the earth with a Ba'al. Men will kill one another over poor quality products when as souls the quality they produce is a reflection of their Gods over of them as people. When people work perfection through industrial technology that is the ultimate marriage of science with craft. America had one last good lab, GE. Then they fucked that too.

Americans hate any form of control that limits how they can use their bodies under anything other than a sense of freedom. This has everything to do with how the LORD was accused of being a body torturer seeking perversion with the work Spirit were to perform. That Mosaic law has all kinds of limits on how people can look based on not being allowed to follow other peoples of the land they dwell, and, still, have what is known as the LORD's blessing. Americans have been pushing every limit of self adornment and expression. "You can't limit me from earning a billion dollars because I have numbers tattooed on My face. You are judging me based on what you see." Because people refuse to do the work, enslave themselves as needed, to earn a billion dollars and look like they are after a billion dollars, they get Spirit Coin to be minions salving their own egos with belief that they are better than the people that work to be billionaires. (This is why high tech people are so fucking sleazy, greasy, paedophiles, shut-ins and fat. They are the Orthodox priest by commercial equivalent. Beards are the filth status of a male. Beard equals the filth of menses wiped on the face. Dudes, you know how else you can get that?

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Growing a beard means to S(s)pirit you will do that act! So, the LORD's way is keep shaved! The moustache dudey-poo Marine flyboy is no different than a beard or long side burns or any excessive facial hair styling.) Every form of self expression on this earth a human can do maps to a Ggod. Every work a human performs maps to a Ggod.

On the face, not back, of dollars is where the numbers are printed in America. That is not a coincidence. If a person claims to Spirit, "I Am money" they should be able to earn that money with numbers tattooed on their face doing for their God. Oprah Winfrey understood not to get a tattoo across her face as that would limit her earning. Those mega claims like Oprah telling Spirit, "How dare you ask me to do this humble thing, I am money," some temple prostitute writes a song about. "I am money" the song goes, and the Great Balancer God learns what comes to Oprah from what she says about that song and/or its performance. That is the start of the hunting expedition, perhaps, or in the case of the idiot child of Nebuchadnezzar the end comes quick to save Daniel. I don't need God to make executions happen to save Me. Those are done to save others protecting Spirit under the execution I do not need. So, Oprah's end would be to save some other unknowing victim that Oprah gave gifts. The gift receiver being a parallel to Daniel. Oprah being a parallel to the idiot child in My example. I don't like her Putin. I don't like Shaq either. Woods is a pathetic nigger. Quite honestly, the only Divine difficulty there is with Me forming a union with Mr. Gibson [God calls him a nigger. To Me he is just has black skin. I call Trump a nigger.] is that the whole world, from their inner understanding of race, knows black and white does not work. People need to marry like for acceptance. Acceptance is looking like what does not inspire judgment, or doing that does not draw negative attention as far as I was concerned. Then I learned all people are the judges. All My effort to not garner the negative was for nothing, that's is all I was ever going to do and I Am just now learning how to work-it. Even short and tall, in marriage, is freakish when the gap is more than a foot. How would Mr. Gibson overcome the cheat between us? The cheat is, "You are breaking a rule and are evil. You are breaking a rule, epic, you are leading the world to evolve." Those are examples of divisions in the minds of onlookers just from who we are different to one another, black and white as obvious to the eyes and perceived as different with dividing reasons. Does blue and white make it any better? The Norse identified dark skinned Africans as a blue race. (You know I love Thor, right Putin?)

The reality is no one is black, any more than anyone is white. People make these distinctions like the obvert of understanding the world is flat from what they see. People know what white is, they have been bleaching wool for perfect whiteness [And how could washing a robe with [Lamb's] blood make something white?] since at least Greco-Roman civilisation was defining civilisation before Jesus. The Christ of Jesus is what was built in Heaven, and then flesh had to back that either with a matching mosaic as a gestalt of humanity or one person. They know what black is from onyx stone, at least. People see difference in skin tone, perceive blush even, understand light and dark, but they demand defining black and white from something as varied as skin and race. Fuckers! Obstinate fuckers! Hypocrites! God Damning Hypocrites!

Given that white is the perceived colour of the moon, one would think humans would understand white was evil, black is good or at least earthly like onyx. The ghouls come out at night. Ghouls are evil. Ghouls need the cover of darkness to do in secret. Well, the humanity that has come into existence evolved to be against the object lesson of the moon's whiteness. (Unless of course they think of a full-moon as protection from Ghouls. That would be the full white of protection, good. If that is the case, end

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lighting parking-lots and streets and trust in God not invention to scare away the criminal working the dark.) "Oh, the moon it's a luminary and luminary is good," says the booby broomstick skirt twit with the jet black hair. So is fire. Fire is a luminary that defined candle power for the obvious reason. Who said lighting up the night was good? God said there was morning and night. Who judged the goodness or badness? As ye are judged, ye be tossed into that good. Like a pig you wallow in it. Then Greater God (the balancer) learns how to let you live your own balance adjusting steps from your own hatred of the good you are given. Enter the Lamb.

How about the whiteness of bone being a comparator from nature wiring us to white skin is good? To get to bone, skeleton, there was death. And carcasses are clean are they? Dead bodies are good? The reality is the earth is hated. A slave is not treated better than his master and native African people are the persons that are the real bride-class representing Earth (a spiritual slave to earth object lesson) not the forced bride-class because a Ba'al was demanded of the LORD to produce by His magic.

The divided kingdom is illustrated with, "There are two schools of thought on that da-da-da." Only two. Right. Not, do the work in the way that proves the Holy word. Because, those that rebelled wanted to do the work in the way that defined filth so the work was so dirty Great God (the balancer) would put a stop to the work. Guess what, there is no work too dirty for a human to do. It isn't possible. Humans will do dirty, and get nasty because it pleases something in them. Then they reach a limit. (Like a soldier using his penis as a kind of torture.) By the time they reach a limit someone else is in the place to killing that nasty doer. Accusation had value to put an end to doing the work that now all of creation is living the fruit of their own judgements based on division into light and dark. I don't give a shit about how I Am accused!

I Am feisty so let's visit a what if scenario. Germany famously held a double offensive plus naval embattlements in World War II. You know more about their military engagements and Russia's offensive than I do. What I Am going to add to what you know is what history was deprived of witnessing: Germany winning in spite of Hitler. That is for Germany to win the war, Hitler should have just pulled all his troops from the European front, and faced Russia. (Hitler was snuffed out for betraying Germany's win.) America would have marched in glutting themselves on the plunders of German civilian life fighting the German public that just knew Americans were bad. So facing some drunkard American claiming primacy over German stability that German civilian would have shot the American soldier themselves to protect their home, daughter, wife, mother, aunt, mine entrance. Germany would have ground the Russians into the soil due to all the conscripts that hated Stalin—the old Red Army. Germany would have doubled its military numbers crushing Stalin's Russia. Then after obliterating that bastard and his destruction of the Bolshevik intentions with a shitty hand-out-to-the-masses Communist regime, Reds with the Germans would have turned around and slaughtered the drunken, carless, stupid, egomaniac American troops Roosevelt wanted to be rid of. (Those troops, evidently, were not real Americans.) That didn't happen in WWII. Germany would have put France in a place of having to eat its war costs and Churchill could have spent England's treasury to save the Jews if he was that concerned. And, of course, he wasn't.

I Am now going to explain how a dude with a modest six inch Johnson gets him a wife that understands his manhood is the greatest pleasure she could ever meet. He needs a virgin. A female has to be taken by her husband for the first time in sex. He also needs to be patient, during that honeymoon of introducing her to sexual contact. He body will throw her into the ecstasy. Approaching her with

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violence, aggression puts the husband in the place of weakness. It isn't against her that she wanted out of the marriage or to experience a lover who would be passionate with her without abusing her body. Then, of course, she learns a dud with a little penis is a little prick.

Where human difference is concerned, and there is obviously inferior human component across races, is for the cheat to be exogenous to our own perception of our union so neither of us perceives we are cheated by the difference we see. We need to be secret to only one person, ideally.

The justice system is willing to assume innocent until proven guilty. Proving guilt weaves into motive. So beyond a reasonable doubt of innocence is the criteria for guilt in court. Beyond a reasonable doubt is like unto did some poltergeist invention aided in understanding "innocence." A person says I am a such-and-such. And God says, "Right we roll on that." The word of the human is true for God to back that person. My life proved people, in their claims, were backed as true. I had nothing to call Myself before God until I was taught who I was. And I went to press with it Putin against and in the face of the whole world including you.

For humans to be capable of being martyrs they would have been created, evolved, with the natural ability to lick their own ass clean. Since humans could not be martyrs for God they had to be their own judges.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

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From the online D-R Bible:

Matthew 7:9

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone?

Matthew 7:10

Or if he shall ask him a fish, will he reach him a serpent?

Matthew 7:11

If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more will your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him?

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