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

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*the Christ | Pentagon High Priest*

August 26, 2025

USCG Air Station Garrison  
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Jurcia Dinner

**I** was sent to Corpus ahead of Captain Jurcia. Mr. Jerk-off was promoted to his pussy post under the LORD's manoeuvring of America's MEGA dirty military "commanders" so Mr. Jerk-off could beseech Me, thence clean up his act, or I would eat him should he fail to uphold his legal requirements of ending treasonous military practices in the region. I Am eating him. His choice. That pig can stick an apple in his mouth at any time to garnish the feast. He got to "come home" to Texas, unfettered, welcomed into the fold of coke whore mayor and heroin dealing fiend Zanoni. I met a ("the" as far as she was concerned) military internet journalist Coast Guard bitch interrupting her prepping her daughter for future whoredom on the beatnik-grunge-hippy-homemaker-sleaze-mediocrity ticket. She volunteered in conversation after asking if I needed any assistance, "No, of course you don't" before I could speak a word in either the affirmative or inquisitive. I was fully unimpressed with her claims that the Coast Guard did not celebrate her genius as they should, her bratty offspring, and her lack of appreciation of information stewardship she should personify. This was in JoAnn Fabrics back in 2022-23 or so. I think the LORD should hand Me \$500,000.00 cash for the insult to My person that I was not allowed to run her heart through with the handy 14" aluminium knitting needles as her blasphemy that she was a "smart cookie" spilled out of her mouth simultaneously pimping Me to praise her. Rather, I spoke to that fucking bimbo cordially, without praising either her or her brat, explaining I was here to shut down NAS-CCAD. You fuckers have some chutzpah to think I would pollute My future North American command by collaborating with you, any of you. You are wasteful, expensive, weak, lazy, entitled, uninformed, unimaginative, dull, ordinary, obscenely adipose deposited -- some even, worse, obese -- factless, feckless, banal, unobservant, beer swillers, lovers of sleep, overpaid, over medicated, over privileged, under qualified, under worked, and over celebrated. You want an audience with Me you learn to pucker whilst bowing

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***Defending the LORD in Warfare***

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*prostrate to the earth to French the soil in thanks that you still have a breath of life in you, that you do not deserve, capable of being the bad-guy, under My tutelage, that builds an air defence team that makes America great for all time.*

Mr. Beach Volleyball Captain Charles Wilson -- Greetings

You think again you worm before you open your mouth to shout off at Pentagon personnel how they have allowed or performed a breach of etiquette. Captain Jurcia should be a Leavenworth inmate at this time. However, Leavenworth does not torture prisoners. Neither does Guantanamo Bay, in My opinion. (It never has.) I needed that fucker with others tortured. So that useless fucker -- like you -- receives just comeuppance (tortured personnel at least children and spouses is certain for some) for polluting military duty lingering in the area with the continued privilege of command, whilst little more productive and useful militarily than a burned out tarmac bulb, I Am driving forward everyone's personal Santa Clause powers in America Christmas Day 2025 with Putin's failure to fulfil Jehovah's kingdom as he promised to do. Oh, "Boo! Stupid" -- the LORD. I Am the top level commander that did not follow those protocols that should have put you in the place of announcing to service duty personnel in the region, "Don't play with your pee-pees in public. We have big brass in town. Just wear your griddles for a few days girls. We will resume business as usual when this wind-bag bugs out."

This windbag wants your golf course destroyed because She is not playing first light rounds four days a week. This windbag wants your wings clipped as She is not receiving priority flight training over Tina Titties the blonde ROTC Flower Bluff Hustling Hornet alumnus. Are there other things? Yes. The serial killer I jail in My own home should be in Guantanamo Bay. Rather than list all the ways I Am materially disadvantaged, as I do not receive a pay cheque nor any form of financial consideration or reimbursement for My eighty hour duty weeks and/or expenses -- I Am a self funded slave of the United States Government -- I will explain what your poster child career as a mediocrity at your duties whilst being a first rate middle American debaucher has earned for the United States of America.

Obviously, you are not only a bad fucker, but you are an even more useless kisser. When you pucker for a kiss, jack ass, do not push the inside of you lips forward to smear your saliva on the recipient. Let your saliva be what the recipient of your affection seeks with their tongue. A kiss has an evolution of passion to it. In that very gentile tickle of interest on the part of your partner you will know to give them more access to your mouth. Then, before an erection you allow the intensity of the kiss to yield to drawing a breath. If you are married to the recipient you tear each others clothes off in a frenzy of arousal and get it on enjoying the erection. This passion is why cheap clothing is allowed to be produced. This is also why military uniforms are not cheap though you are. Had you been a decent kisser you would have been allowed to kiss My ass by this time.

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I venture to illustration that speaking and doing as a human is like being a liar, a prophet, and a victim of Heaven's bank of hidden treasure in one. A company produces a product some people in the world would kill to possess. This product is sold through a middle man. Thus far we have a manufacturer, a desirable product line, and a retailer. The retailer has salespersons managing the product availability in its store. The store is in a community with police forces and services that include waste management. It is the small hours of the night; and after the salesperson has refreshed the displays and inventory, she is greeted by the police officer as she nears her car. Let us listen in.

"Is this merchandise some of the stolen goods reported?" The uniformed police officer questions the salesperson.

"Oh, I am surprised. We need to step inside so I can inspect the packaging." -- the salesperson.

"I didn't steal nothing this was next to the dumpster on the curb." -- the property holding skelder.

After moving inside the salesperson realises that the merchandise is genuine. It was just discontinued and could not be a clearance sale item. "This could never have been thrown away. This is an item we send back to the manufacturer."

"Was this stolen?" -- the officer

"It must have been. It is not among the listed items that were stolen last week...so this, I don't know when I would have noticed. Officer your diligence has saved me a great deal of trouble." -- the salesperson

"Will you sign the affidavit that this is stolen merchandise?" -- the officer

"Of course." -- the salesperson

"I need justice. This is criminal. This was in the dumpster." -- the skelder

"Oh? now it was in the dumpster. That means it belongs to waste management potentially as salvage." -- the officer

"You are real bright. Why don't you watch the security footage?" -- the skelder

"You get one phone call down at the station. Call your attorney." -- the officer

"That won't do much good." The salesperson interjects. "Our cameras stopped working a few weeks back."

"That is not good information to reveal." -- the officer

"You people have everything figured out. Don't you!" -- the skelder

The skelder is taken to the station and booked for theft and criminal trespass. The salesperson is simply relieved that they are not losing their job for failing to send the discontinued product back to the manufacturer, but, rather, dumped it in the trash to save on postage and conceal their genuine sales activities. (What happens Christmas Day you ask that relates to this narrative? I will elucidate through the weekend.) The officer has a clean arrest unless the attorney has knowledge of how the business model works. In this illustration; Satan is the skelder, the Officer is mumsy, and Jesus is the salesperson. I Am the attorney. The court decides sentencing based on motive. You people collectively are the court empowered to perform your sentencing come Christmas Day.

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Another thing, when I began My ministry July 1, 2019, the entire continent of North America was placed under a classroom environment. This means two things for you as military personnel. Firstly, the MEGA destroyer of My career you think you orchestrated is in My hip pocket, figuratively. I Am protecting it as it does everything you smugly look forward to. The other thing is that at any time that you draw breath you can do things the teacher's way. Right now you are in art class. As far as I Am concerned you can fill the walls with Warhol inspired slash film porn images. You want farm animal fucking inspired by the ecclesiastical artists of the Renaissance? You knock yourself out. It is no skin off My nose. When you decide your puerile approach to duty is not profiting you as it should you can repent of being a mother fucker and come to the light. I would like you to focus on the techniques of many masters perfecting your fundamentals whilst drawing from life and *plein-air* opportunities.

Just one more thing to bear in mind as you justify how you are so much more deserving of pay than Me: As there is no justice for Me, no attorney to sue forcing the JW's to repay what they plundered nor congressman for Me to blow putting him in the place of forcing the SOD to pay Me My wages, I Am going to go about ruling the world when America falls victim to its greed. North America collapses twice. I rule the world after the second collapse -- coming. Start making America great for all time now by performing your military duty with integrity, tenacity, honour, modesty, discipline or go to Hell a harder way. My way even a bad kisser and a bad fucker like you can outrun Hell. I place a premium on ministering over pretty boys who have fallen victims of civilians oiling up egos playing your human needs against you. When a pretty face is sucking your dick it distracts you from realising you are simultaneously taking a venomous Vaselined wand up your ass.

(The JW's engineered Heaven's means of delivering this wand to you. You were experiencing the consequences of them as people not having to obey their own Godly demands placed on them for being consumers. They won't die for you. Yet you sign a form to give your life up for them. The Godly system is eye for an eye. The JW's built the system forcing Heaven to kill you, on account of your being wicked. Then a meaner monster was needed to deal with them. I Am the meaner monster. This wand is also why My adult life also went down like a dirty deed. I vowed to make a way to save you. And I did! Regardless of your liking it or not.)

Your choice on the Hell destination. My philosophy says, "If you knew you were being sodomised with the blow job, you would forgo the entire interaction, refusing said blow job." I give you the opportunity to make these blow job events of your life moot, with Heaven. From My perspective no person would martyr themselves in any way other than death on a torture stake, like Jesus if they claimed to follow Jesus. Nor could any person make a claim that some secondary sicko interaction to their own perversion was an act of martyrdom. In Hell is where those claims made stick and apply to you eye for an eye. Mama won't flatter your ego, but she will be the big bad scary Marine that forces on the girdle wearing girls diet and exercise or go live your life as a never-was has-been. If the ROTC bitches would learn how to twirl tassels with their tits they would at least build their pecks. From now on, unless a female has that kind of talent don't lower yourself to letting her get even a glimpse of your package!

Why is top brass in this region that you have little to no access to? Well asshole, it's like this: you fucked the stray pooch, then you fucked your neighbours pooch -- not even your mistress could blame you, a poodle -- then you fucked your own pooch, then you went after getting a new pooch that had never been fucked. You were not in line for virgin pooch. You, you stupid asshole were willing to believe that at the fucking pound there would be virgin pooch. Just how stupid do you think the Ggods are? They

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didn't buy your excuses you dumb fuck. Imagine that. So you have the Christ working the region to give American civilians (who, indeed, can certainly drive a soldier to fuck a pooch), that are willing to slave for the future North American MEGA alliance of consumerism, a chance at fending off the extremes of slaughter coming; focusing their warfare energy on corrupt components and persons who feed corrupting commerce. I Am letting you fuckers blow yourselves and the present city fathers with their trade alliances up. We are too late in the game for Me to build the NAS-CCAD base into a multi-discipline Special Forces unit. What I Am doing is building Myself into bait for that hottie beef-cake, Russian or German, to marry and continue My Christly supremacy just saying to Heaven again and again, "Wow and those stupid fuckers didn't even want to be good at firing a gun. Dumb ass pansy fools. How the fuck did they think they were going to defend America after they had pissed off every cartel family in the world?" This is little different than the situation Abram faced after seeing Sodom and Gomorrah a soldering sulphur heap, as you are being incinerated by even your own incompetence incapable of even self-defence. Kiss My ass and you have the power of self defence, at least. I Am the fairy princess that makes it possible for you to use arms against the coming invasion. So what invasion? What threat?

When the Deep Horizon rig melted down to scrap, that was the end of corporations reliance on American standards and inspection services to insure assets are protected to deliver the years of service necessary to return money for their capital investment. Every rig has placed on it, not only civilian work force, but privatised militia corporate minute men that deal with loose cannons. That deserves a little explanation. You see there are former special forces Poles, Russians, Germans, Israelis, Brittons, Aussies and more that are serving under new names from those on their birth certificate that are deep cover asset protectors. These are the guys that set the sober mood of work pace on rigs, and make sure that those who are reckless do not return to the rig. Do they accomplish other things? Of course. These are manly males capable of lifting their own weight. Making hazardous dives and dealing with suspicious goings on in the surrounding waters is also in their wheelhouse. Corporations are profitable because of these military mole asset protectors. Americans are a costly labour force that pollute quality brands with chintz. The Ggods don't like this. Preserving the Holiness of materials manufacturing, research and development, and product utility is more valuable than the North American consumers. Learn to Harvest for Hell you stupid fuck being a real military participant. The pansy mockery you corral isn't worth saving. I did directly make provision for the SEALs. (SEALs have My save-a-soul marriage -- like a bride class -- credit across them.)

You fuckers in the Coast Guard don't even ruffle feathers doing honest inspections of shipping traffic. That corporations rely on their own security measures is simply the reward that exists for those few dudes willing to go the extra mile during their military careers. Get in line doing honest work being the bad guy at least. What the fuck are you handed a pay cheque for? Let's talk a little about the privilege of celebrating beauty and honouring the dead in the world of consumer enterprise.

I have made some announcements during My sermons that are on the wild side of believable. The morning of Sunday the 7th was no exception. I Am fostering as Priest all Heavenly activity of narcotic and arms traffickers. This explanation should make you shit'n your shorts.

One studies art to develop the ability to understand representation. What magic of colour, transparency, proportion, and geometry convince a viewer they are looking at a Congo gorilla or a guerrilla fresh-water fisherman? Humans express and are the doers of all that Spirit is connected to and required to perform. Across our estimated eight billions we are a mosaic of Allness under the influence of

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sin in the blood. Using an addictive product that leaves a populous comatose as currency was desirable to Britain as opposed to giving up silver that allowed the Chinese to grow as a nation against mother Russia and Japan. Prohibition experiments, even against opium, have always been on the untenable side. The thing is narcotics have extraordinary power over living subjects. This power deserves respect. Had opium, cocaine, and mushrooms been distributed like Chanel (and I love Chanel like I love money and war, asshole) I would not be needed as Priest in this regard. Narcotics are preserved, or course. You are going to be experiencing the full and total consequence of competing with roaches that will overwhelm you in this first American wipe out. Spirit receives bonus for US Military -- including all affiliates male and female -- that fall dead to roaches that distribute drugs. Had the Navy not used morphine and its later derivatives to drug up Marines that they did not want to treat responsibly medically, as the Marines were dirty and stunk from battle, this would not be an issue. You plundered wounded Marines Navy. You fuckers are in a shit-ton of trouble for this! In America's first wipe out, Spirit get rich!

How about arms deals? A British author/historian wrote about the Orient Express. Read it. Once upon-a-time, circa 1900, even an arms dealer understood he needed to travel in the class circles to distribute guns to kings, princes, and would-be national reformers seeking liberty for their brethren over repression. (Forget the fact that all these brethren were repressing and exploiting their enslaved females.) Human males have returned to them from God how they treated their females. Whacking of a penis and even turning it into a clit does not change this. It does change sexual opportunities. What has happened since WWII is arms sales are not excluded from the hands of beer swilling reprobates that do not preserve finery even by how they treat their own flesh. Hunter Biden is the poster child male for this. Nations that support lives like Hunter Biden are a crime against their godly endowed real-estate. America is being taken away from American's. Spirit get rich for this, too!

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves had to be upheld in Heaven, like unto other things that flesh no longer would make room for. Under the Mosaic Law all those things that read, this shall be a statue for all your generations yada-yada-yada means the Sprit Shit was living the sacrifice, works, necessary to fuel all the faith expressions that kept humanity going under Ba'al building. I have explained this at length many ways and in many places across My website. There was a time when dudes knew they were ugly. As ugly dudes or dudes that just wanted to beat off or do other dudes, they understood the pretty female had value to some "sucker" so don't touch her to defile or awaken her in some way sexually. That sucker was usually a king. Kings needed wives for sons or themselves if not for improving the off-spring of dukes and ranking soldiers.

Snow White was undisputedly pretty. She was tidy, a cook, did not think too much of herself to do the unpleasant tasks of cleaning up after seven bachelors. The dwarves knew to appreciate this heaven sent gift, furthermore, keeping her safe from the queen who sought to kill her. Love's first kiss of course saves Snow White after the Queen dumps a poison apple on Snow White. (Clearly Snow White was in trouble with heaven for something. That is beyond the scope of this letter.) What is the problem today? Well, those dwarves would have taken turns fucking her brains out till she died. Then they would have dumped her body. Middle aged Mexican males are classic examples of dwarves gone wrong. There is no market for beauty in America. As in, the Ggods have no means to keep a beautiful person alive just because they are pretty. Pretty is plundered. A pretty person refused to become a Rhodes scholar, and they refuse to do even an honest day's work. They plunder themselves by refusing to be a kingly consort.

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The world, as in, even the uncle plunders the four year old daughter of his brother, plunders pretty wholesale "teaching" the real life lessons of penis, vagina, and anus to children. Plunderers, where you take the authority to be the teacher you have the responsibility to make a pathway for the Ggods to have salvation too. You plundered the Ggods that allowed you to do this vileness as a teacher. Retribution America is on. For Putin not upholding the Heavenly requirement of Russia doing Heavens rat catching, come Christmas, America pays the price should I not be moved Boxing Day. Why not call Steinmeier or king Charles Trump?

"Department of War" or "War Department" is absolutely brilliant. Now the SOD is a SOW. He is still under My fist. Saying to the world, when you are a joke, "When you see us, the US Military, you should be afraid of real war so make nice nice" don't cut it on the world stage. The Ggods are making sure you mother fuckers of America hit the dirt for besmirching Me! The stage is set. Play on!

Mahalo,

the Christ



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