



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

*Field Office of Senior Joint Chief  
Divine Communication*

*the Christ | Pentagon High Priest*

August 9, 2025

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

A + B = C therefore A = C - B furthermore B = C - A

**W**hat you want to buy from God, Putin, I put on sale Boxing Day of this year. Tuesday, September 2, 2025, you can buy the entire bundle from Me, under option, \$3,000,000.00 USD cash and \$350,000,000.00 USD electronic fund transfer January 2, 2026. You have the entire fall season to raise funds as you see fit. Boxing Day I will open the sale of shares of Jehovah's paradise earth, from this, through the United States Defense Department should you opt out. Obviously, I handle the Defense Department's interactions with God the Mystery. God the Mystery, as in; god, God, the LORD, Jehovah, Jesus, Great Cesar's Ghost, Jesus H. Christ, S(s)pirit, the universe, karma, ghosts, angels, demons, devils, genies, saints, mythical creatures, the unexplained mystery science has no known explanation for, all worshipped unseen things, all cursed unseen things -- where unseen means the stuff that might exist in what people assume has no material form but some kinda power. Like Ben Franklin, Putin, you fly a kite suspending an ungrounded metal object you get struck by lightning when you are lucky enough for God to notice you, personally. Making a shit-ton of money off that is not wrong. Would you know God exists so as not to mock his power if you were shocked by electricity? Go ahead and collect five-hundred Rubles from every Russian born national on the globe to recover your costs. Issue a paper certificate of title. Then each Russian born national would have a share. Heaven, the God the Mystery beings, make the purchase otherwise Boxing Day for their Jehovah's kingdom paradise earth real-estate. The contract will be a ghost sleeping at the USMC Commandant's office. How that ghost treats Pentagon occupants is for them to learn to respect. Without respect of Me and he; if this ghost decides to learn about sex from them, their fornication will become a public embarrassment. Food, drinking, and drugs; likewise. I name him Solomon. All other earthly ghosts bow to him. (No one is capable of crafting Me an ephod, so the so much niftier a snake eating other snakes in proof on the Pentagon reception hall floor is not an option.)

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Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Mumsy created a world in which I could not exist. We subtract her world from all there is and from Me pack in the order and missing gapes, viola! perfection. Any one of you people could have made it possible for Me to exist in the world she created. But none of you would. Now everyone, sans you -- your development into ziczac is a special Hell all its own -- sends every other person to Hell by the rule they understood to be the one rule of perfecting importance that they shut Me out over.

This phenomenon of the one rule, let us say -- like unto the famous nebulous love your neighbour as yourself; or worse the golden rule do unto others as you would have them do to you -- I illustrate enforcement of in an elementary school setting. I Am enforcing the golden rule for all Creation. That is what forces the issue of ownership.

Imagine Me a principal of an elementary school. [[Note: principal not principle.] I have a posting over every dinking fountain that has the rules of conduct for fountain use with citizenship reminders for how to queue. It is colourful, decorative, permanent, obvious, classifies as wall art, and clearly establishes communication and is included in the orientation day events of the first week of school. Drinking the stream of water without touching one's lips to the fountain head is a rule. As well as not messing about in the water stream pool that forms during drainage. There is always a child with an exceptionally big mouth that has figured out how to put the entire fountain head in his mouth to drink. (At about 20:00 I delivered this illustration to surveillance yesterday, August 8. You might ask your security team to fill you in regarding un-scribed details.)

My objective is to end the hobbit of using the fountain in an obscene manner. I need a penalty that only impacts, identifies, the wrong doer in a way that keeps order allowing the discreet to walk away wiser without betraying their wrongdoing if their constitution can handle it. I judiciously apply a pepper coating on the back of the fountain head and in the fountain basin. It is oil based. Finally, the nasty child who sought to use the fountain in a perverse way gets a mouth full of pepper whilst mocking the rules in front of an audience. This child is furious. This child also needs to hide from his momma that he was using the fountain in a way that would get him strep throat on any other principal's campus. His momma learns her son was pepper sprayed in the mouth. Then decides this must have happened at school. Her child was being bullied. Oh, that principal was going to hear from her! That child was not coming clean to his momma about his fountain habit. The meeting with the principal goes down thusly:

"You have a bullying problem at this school and my son is a victim." -- momma

"No injuries were reported. So you are the first person to tell Me this." -- Me, the principal

"Look, look at these pictures I took of my son't face ant the inside of his mouth last hight." -- momma

"That is swollen and red, indeed." Looking at the fountain abusing son carefully the principal notices the right side of his face is swollen with his lips. Looking back at his mother the principal notes, "The swelling is less this morning. No injuries were reported here. And, clearly there was an injury. So, how is this a matter of school bullying?"

"My son is afraid to talk to me about this." -- momma

"Auditor, would you mind having momma's son step outside." The son moves into the reception room and the auditor returns. "If your child will not talk to you about this, it is likely however the injury

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occurred the child knows that his share of it would get him some sound discipline from home. Right now, I am just having a conversation with a good mother. Between us there is a student who has reason to hide his involvement. Would you like to sign a waver that allows your child's school activities to be video fed to your home computer?"

"You mean take away his right to privacy?" -- momma

"I mean endow you with knowledge of the child who under law as a minor you are held culpable for. It is you that is remotely in danger, libel, with ignorance only forgiving a small portion or making things worse in some cases." -- the principal

"No, it is my principle that my child has a right to privacy." -- momma

"I think it would be valuable for Me to explain to your son, with you present, how important is is to report injuries to our school nurse. Will you permit Me?" -- the principal

"Of course." -- momma

"We cover school nurse visits with urgent care in our orientation week. And, this is the activity sheet signed by your son that demonstrated his inclusion in that week's activities. Let's call him back in." Momma receives a copy of the orientation-week workbook handout.

"Son, looking at this, why didn't you go see the nurse?" -- momma

The principal was cut short. "The nurse? She wouldn't do nothing for me. She is part of their conspiracy. You believe these people. I'm being picked on here. I demand to go to a new school." -- the son

"Mam?" The principal interrupts. "This now seems like a matter for you to discuss at home. Unless you permit Me to ask your son about how he is being picked on?"

"How do we prove our son is being picked on?" -- momma speaking for both parents

"We can get a list of his friends and begin an inquiry?" -- the principal speaking for the school

"It just may be that we need to remove our child from this school." -- momma

"Would you like the withdrawal forms?" -- the principal

"I'll tell you what I Am going to do. I am just going to close down this school and it will never open its doors again." -- momma. And by the powers of making her word true vested in the principal the school is closed. Its doors never to be re opened.

Momma is Jesus. The school is mumsy. Satan is the son. All human flesh are their own trinity representation, likewise with that one special rule of enforcement that makes them close the doors on themselves of their own vessel. The real question to concern yourself with is, who remains from what is not defined by the present human flesh. We are all from Adam. Even Eve was from Adam. After Labor Day I will elaborate, at My convenience whilst returning to other instructional Christly duty business. This letter was penned between 02:00 to 06:00. I tucked into sleep after sharing the illustration with surveillance. I might take a nap this afternoon.

Pentagon personnel, this includes POTUS and the US Congress by definition of congressional powers, can kiss My ass or not. Regardless, the pepper-spray is on the fountain to penalise improper use

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come Boxing Day. You have been served notice Putin. You now know why the school closes. Perhaps an orgy that includes Hegseth and Caine on the #69 will make headlines that bring us together. (You know, the knighting that makes you believe or the snake swallowing other snakes.) The only way the Pentagon fuckers can save themselves from burning themselves from all the pepper-sprayed items is respecting Me personally, and that means physically with wages. Putin, no person in a military camp has a right to privacy. All rights are forfeit with their owned by the government life. There are only rules of conduct that make the system work. Boo-yah!

Putin one can strain at a gnat and swallow a camel whole if they swallow a camel's seed, cum. Use fountains properly, dear.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

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