



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

*Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication*

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

December 31, 2025, (midnight)

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

Tick Tock Hickory Dock

Tick tock hickory dock / The mouse ran up the clock. If I were to take an uneducated guess at the origin of that line of doggerel some drunks were loitering near Big Ben and one saw a rat scurry up the outside of the clock tower. Then in a haze that only regional moonshine delivers: "Say, Hickory, I just saw vermin run up the tower." "You've been drinking too much ol'chap. Vernon has been dead two years. We buried his widow a month ago." "Not Vernon you idiot, listen,-- verR-M-Ahn." "What do I care about your stupid vermin you drunken fool?" "Huh! what happened to you? Once-upon-a-time you would have made verse with that. You would have said, 'Mouse ran up the clock? Oh -- hickory dickory dock the mouse run up the ticking clock.' What happened? Where was the rhyme?" "I miss the widow. She was a good fuck." In Dickensian London that could have played out in a quiet moon shadow of Big Ben.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

You are quite right that there must be some work, some task, some set of deeds I would do just for the sheer pleasure of doing. I must have some way I can fulfil Heaven without being paid. As in, somehow by miracles belonging to Heaven, no different than My survival roadside in early 2020 digesting My own body for survival thence living on air, literally; not having a mind to understanding a walking dead person could have consciousness and move about, I would joyfully be doing the work of the Ggods that required no remuneration. What work, where am I willing to employ myself, what would I do for the sheer joy of doing the work? This is no different than people do things for pleasure. People get drunk, shoot up heroin, snort cocaine, patronise whores expending their money and not receiving a wage. Clearly people will work and spend their life slothing about until they can party, celebrating their life again. Burning the brothels to the ground with all occupants locked inside I will do for free. Monitoring the front lines keeping a sacrifice count I will do for free shooting My own troops that are refusing to face the fire fast enough. Would you really like Ukraine Putin? Give Me one year to burn the drug and whore house clubs to the ground in Kiev proper with its middle-class satellite franchises and that nation will fold to you. The Ukrainian government, with its military, will be begging you to stop the onslaught and sue for peace

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willing to pay any tax and comply with prioritising feeding Russia, first. Zelenskyy would most likely be burned alive in that action with a few key diplomats as you can well imagine.

Now here is the thing that complicates this free service. I Am human, I take up space, and I move about in view of other humans. A rather obvious problem statement. First, My home must be protected for Me so that I have a place to return. Mumsy won't do that. She needs to be escorted to a location for safe keeping with a care-taker keeping My home protected from neighbourhood neglect that includes mischievous looting with vandalism, and, of course, the yard needs to be mowed down regularly. Renters rarely care for a property. So paying a care-taker is required. Mumsy may be executed. To do that you still need to pay me the three million dollars she squandered from the original estate she gained murdering her mother. This is a cash payout to Me, personally. That as of Boxing Day midnight she must pay to Me. It is unencumbered funds traceable only in the way hundred dollar bills are traceable. I Am being generous to offer walking away from My home with that cash. Relocating on a meagre amount is no joy. A billion dollars, and yeah, mama would head to Jackson Wyoming living in the shadow of the Tetons waking up to the alpenglow in winter and the intoxicating aroma of evergreens with moose scat musk in summer. Log. A log home with a loft office or a craftsman. More Greene and Greene with Gustave Stickley than Frank Lloyd Wright. Even I would have put effort into saving "Falling Water." And, yes I Am indeed that gifted an engineer, even sitting here ten years out of practice to engineer solutions to save places like "Falling Water." The Dachas are intriguing architecture. But, this is America...

In returning to My introduction, Putin, people participate in making the widow. Some even fuck the widow. But, the one fucking the widow does not shout out to Heaven, this is the greatest human companion ever, I need to protect her or at least the joy of fucking her. She needs jewels. She needs creams. She needs fine garments. This fuck is wonderful. She gives this to me. This is amazing. In brief: I Am that comparative fuck for the Ggods. All Spirit that exist in Heaven -- not the Firmament. The Ggods proper that were resurrected Christmas have no limits. They read that cloud, they move into and across Heaven, they have visitation on Tartarus, and they have dwelling in the Firmament. They are not limited to being hosted by humanity. And their names given them in the history Moses records commencing with Adam are adequate, for now. Noah with his three sons were the last to be resurrected as Ggods proper. These proper Ggods are not bashful about owning, declaring that I Am that giver of great pleasure to them and should be kept alive splendidly just for that one carnal deed, if nothing else. The dude in the opening cameo would rather grieve with booze than do the work required to extend the widow's life. (Now as devil's advocate: His doggrels might have been pissing off the king, and they needed to end. The widow's death is all that would end the doggrels he composed in this simple scenario.)

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I Am going to talk to you about Mr. Daniel Gibson. Former USAF, something, for ten years. He was born in 1986, as I understand from our logic puzzle dialogue when I gave him the name of a New York publisher, still living, born in 1987. "This fellow running the publishing concern/company is at least in his prime." I blurted. "He is a year younger than me." said Mr. Gibson; correcting his first statement of he is a year older than me, "Younger, younger than me" he corrected with emphasis. His voice has that smooth lilt that is intoxicating to Me and masculine at the same time. No shrill or nasal quality at all. He moves and speaks with poise that could make the panties wet without any exertion, or urine, on the part of the wearer. (For those that don't understand, vaginal moisture with the musky aroma of Chanel number five -- I know this from My own physiology -- a human female will release when in the presence of erotic stimulus for her. If she is unhealthy there will be a fishy or chicken scent.) Heaven is corralling My physiology for Me. I grieved "Ted," now, for six years. The Ggods are not about to allow Me to be subjected to a male in any sexual passion that would not love Me with "Ted's" same passion and zeal for My work. And My work is who I Am.

In the time before history's Jesus, individuals that lived in the city squares understood they had a responsibility of stewardship. They understood even to receive gifts of money they needed to greet with verse, rhyme, tell accurate fortunes, do an honest day's labor in a field harvesting fruits for the land Lord, play music, and keep their eye open for children that could be sold to the high and mighty that educated and preserved beauty. In Sodom and Gomorrah sleeping in the city streets was unsafe. I Am going to explain how those two kings functioned with a modern day example.

This modern day example is going to dip into a very likely scenario that is in process of playing out with Mr Daniel Gibson. I made his acquaintance back in November, as I recall. He began frequenting Cafe Calypso. The first day I observed him there he sat outside in the open air with his beverage and the traffic cop from CCPD that frequents the establishment on Tuesday mornings meeting, presumably a former -- retired -- cop, or long time friend, lingered greeting Mr Gibson. By the look of it through the window; talking about his black Nissan -Z that probably has some payments left to go. It's that new. They talked a while, and when the traffic cop came in the proprietor-ish person, and buddy made a series of jokes about that conversation's out-of-place-ness. These were racially driven remarks that joked matching our modern time, but could not indicate malice unless the cop had a proven history of racial driven arrests. Tough to do in Corpus. Until the Houston and previous Florida pan-handle hurricanes we had few black people in town at all. Those few were all fairly well-off on veteran benefits other than a couple of tokens that made up the homeless population. When I stepped out the door I ultimately introduced Myself to Mr. Gibson. I pattered away some in that cadence of conversation that has God Almighty and Saint Peter in a sweat of ecstasy nudging one another elbow to elbow with, "Did she just say that," "Are we getting that back too?" Righteous, Righteous. All the saints hum *Amazing Grace* in anticipation of what this Jonah before Me has done. Satan of course is in tears of relief at all that will be fulfilled. You see, Mr Gibson is lynch pin Satanist that the only way that mother fucker could be saved, and indeed save Satan as he promised is marry Me by Christmas, 2025. Of course Putin, there was more than one pending marriage. And a common law arrangement would have worked on this one.

Until flesh has failed to live up to how I can interact with them restoring to them to their personal means of doing their own dirty work they promised they would do for Heaven to same some Spirit, I don't know any details. When I walked away from the conversation I was muttering to the Divine, "Really, I had to babble away like a blithering-idiot, star-struck, school girl?" "Honey," Heaven repeatedly assures

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Me, "That was the perfection We needed." Those assurances typically come from God Almighty. Jehovah is as silent as the grave. My ego rested in the comfort that I had just struck pay dirt. There were some jokes back and forth as I wound down from the encounter, mocking Myself. Then the reality sinks in. A couple other times I saw him and chatted. Then we were able to make a real connection. He spoke to Me about his experiences at Del Mar working through an English literature course. He writes poetry. Somewhat abstract, it is true. He needs depth of language and historical narrative that comes from Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. Can he spend hours attentively working for those gems of human and linguistic understanding even focussing on the Black experience between the lines of white bread history and white bread Latin? I don't know. It grieves Me that he is not. It grieves Me that he is distracted away from producing volumes of writing for the sake of writing and reading for the sake of reading. I do that Putin. In essence we probably exhausted all of our conversation unless I can steer him to the towns drug smuggling culture lynch pins -- AKA the Dodson Lewis Veterans' Round Table sleaze. (I steered him there. He is a fine figure of a male. Older than I realised. His beard is of course nasty. But, it is the hip sleazy thing. He never smells of cannabis. So, that is nice. He never smells of a tobacco products, and if he vapes, it is a habit he keeps discrete like Obama kept smoking discrete to the American public even when campaigning, and in the White House. Mr. Gibson hosts some ink, like ex-military does. But it is avoidable to the eye. It is not an, "In your face observer" smeared-all-over-his-beautiful-skin ugliness. His muscle tone has more visibility than the wordy ink. (You know I love them muscles.)

That isn't all. Mr Gibson stands about six foot five. Perhaps taller. He is a feast for the eyes. After Christmas I was able to catch up to him. He was ordering a coffee standing with a dude who looks like he might be the heroine dealing boy friend-ish thing that actually impregnated the wife of an ultimately fired bus driver in town three years ago who herself is a massive, unrepentant, heroine addict. [Ok, that is a long story too. Hang in there. More to come.] I observed the blonde dude, daddy, of average male "tall" height, with golden hair in a segmented contiguous pony tail down to his spinal curvature yielding to his ass crack. Mr. Gibson was smiles and happiness, and I have spoken with him when he was distraught with care and, obviously, frustrated -- even angered -- nevertheless composed. My guess is, fire water is his preference and he goes through phases of drying out, or serious reduction of consumption volume, when he is conscious of alcohol claiming too much of his focus. Alcohol packs intramuscular fat on a male making him prone to heart failure and letting him look massive without a pot belly. So I look for signs that the muscle is overly insulated. Mr. Gibson is verging on overly insulated.

I had been carrying around a Christmas gift for him for a week. When you are on foot, carrying a gift around is cumbersome baggage, even when it is compactly boxed and a modest light-weight gift. "Mr Gibson, merry Christmas." I passed him his gift stealthily and cheerfully. It was the day after Christmas. I had already scored the three books I saw before Christmas that were now 20% off. (Cafe Calypso adjoins Half Priced Books, as you know.) I was the first customer at the register. Leaving with My bound treasure in a new reusable bag I spied Mr. Gibson through the plate window. As I left, after slipping him his merry Christmas gift on the counter in front of him, squeezing past the blond, he thanked Me with a reciprocal wish. Whilst My hand was on the door handle he spoke out across the room in My direction, "I thought I was on the naughty list." "You can be." I chortled back his direction quickly advancing out the door to catch the bus.

Now. Putin, you know two things about Me, perhaps three. I Am a romantic, and when I filter people I Am profoundly optimistic when I can perceive a likeness of minds or some academic connection. The

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third thing, on the humorous side is what I already shared with you; My poker hand has two duces, a five, an eight, and a jack. (Right, and I love the Corps. -- Duh. I don't love all the activities of those in the Corps. Of course; for those that have not read all our letters, Putin, I love; money, war, My classic Barbie Doll figure, God Almighty, teaching Spirit, hunting targets, a perfect penis, and classic erotic heterosexual passionate sex, golfing, equitation, high country backpacking, and winning. I Am also abstinent and avoid looking at genitals.)

I almost skipped to the bus in enthusiasm that Mr Gibson was gracious in accepting his gift. His behaviour has always been classy. Him, but, considerate like he understood just throwing Me away as an acquaintance would be a bad idea even though he had no way of using Me. I Am going to compare Mr. Gibson to local town skelder that did ten years in the Corp and ten in the Navy. This skelder, just before Christmas told Me he would pay me a hundred thousand dollars to take his sperm and raise his child. That was his key sentence. He is a sixty nine year old, pot bellied, white male that fucked the brains out of plenty of people in his military career. He has all the crass Texas mannerisms of expression surrounded by brash confidence that the world needs to keep making room for him in-spite of his limited vocabulary and minuscule demonstrations of talent or work. He has pushed his vulgar (common) personality to My notice since I started shopping Half Price Books, in earnest to build a pleasure reading library, just over two years ago. (I hate novels.) Quality non-fiction requires weeding out a great many authors. Harvard PhDs like Oxford authors' works I seek out. Our local Barnes and Noble is not modelled to sell the good authors like Sixsmith. They have limited copies that come in of even the good authors like Winchester. So what Half Priced Books carries in Corpus is largely a reflection of how limited the new bookstore title availability is. Our Barnes and Noble store is modelled to cary the political non-fiction and the autobiography. Those shit titles of the famously feeble that spin fiction in the way they tell their personal truth like selling used cars to teen-agers -- blind leading the blind crowds out the shelves passing for non-fiction. But, the store returns a profit to the corporation, they know how base, vulgar, simple, and down right retarded the Corpus Christi populous is.

Putin, why that arrogant Texas fuck decided to dump on Me that nasty invitation, I know not. What I said to Heaven was, "Well its a good thing I understand that a child being raised absent a father is bad shit. Like \$100,000.00 would have been enough." The jokes to Heaven were rather burlesque in nature after his confessions of wishing he knew Me back in '84. He would have taken Me to prom. We would have had beautiful babies. And the coup de grâce complement was, "I was very beautiful." Really? I was a freshman in '84 so prom? Seniors do not date freshmen in high school. That four years only shrinks when we are out of school. Even American public schools pack on a little bit of maturity with education that divides the ages nicely. Speaking of ages, by the time Mr. Gibson was being toilet trained I was in combat. I was struggling balancing My civilian identity to grow My technical drafting and computer programming with engineering classes when I could dedicate enough time state side. It wasn't until Obama in 2012 that I was working on the Divine ticket of commissions, appointments, duty-assignments, and education. Then I had to take ownership of America's military, all of it. I figured My work in the Corp stateside whilst married to Mr. Smart was just a meaningless a kind of busy work intended to poke holes in Me and spend Me as post divorce there was no contact with Me anymore. So, I pursued building a business of My own while looking for corporate work as Heaven took back from Me during that seven years of real mean odyssey and inexplicable enlightenment that included physical abuses what I gave the Navy Department during My combat and stateside, top secret, "career." Slavery is a tough gig Putin. I did not ask to be an unpaid slave, jack ass. Believe it or not, there is an

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overwhelming amount of gruelling mundane in SEAL training. The TV shit is beyond absurd in its staging and participants.

Putin, when I Am physically fit again, and wearing full makeup befitting My age with My hair done, even I know I Am competition for Taylor Sift and Nicole Kidman. I sparkle, Putin. It is disrespect for a dude as aged in his debaucheries and crass America laziness to speak to Me as he did. It was disrespect and a mockery of My present state of health. I bore his insults. I was polite. He spewed out words not giving Me room to say much. I walked away to the bus stop. In fairness to this dude. He lacks height. He isn't yet mall formed across his face with age, and he could get to the gym and be handsome for his years. He needs to ditch the girly basketball gangster jersey shorts. He needs to stop wearing T-shirts or worse those dreadful tank tops. That he got rid of that shaggy beard for a change made it appealing to take a moment to talk to him. Then he of course opened his mouth, and the encouragement of his shave was gone. He had been bitten by a dog whilst riding is bicycle around the neighbourhood about three weeks before. I paused in front of the HEB to wish him a merry Christmas, and ask how he was healing from the bite. He started talking a mile a minute telling Me he gave that bicycle away then launched into his "chivalrous" offer to hand me a tube of his sperm. He even attempted to boast biblical knowledge of Elizabeth, John the Baptist's mama, so don't fear My age, and how the tube of sperm is immaculate conception. That was of course boasting knowledge of Mary. It isn't. Immaculate conception can only happen from Spirit building a theoretical world of power that has people to do matching deeds. That happened post Jesus death. Once that theoretical world existing across Spirit of what ifs of thought -- like a cruel twister game this was, Hell -- that world had to be-given permanent life to, or else. You are now living in the days of the or else. I was and Am the only living flesh to give life to such things. I live the life that insured what you made a reality for Spirit could be fucked into life, existence. You have been living the or else since August 21, 2021, because murdering the life giver was your solution. You, from Hell are making that permanent life happen and you will be experiencing the horror while that theoretical life becomes a perfect, un-tortured, life. Once God Almighty was forced to take away the life giving flesh, Me, you, all of you had to make that immaculate existence a real existence. And only one persons obedience was needed for the all of you contribution to make Real. That was the guarantee of Jesus perfect sinless blood body. For lying to your id you are going to Hell, the world you created for Heaven claiming it was your personal perfection. I Am just years behind in putting all the cognition, reality, of what Spirit are relative to one another and people, past and present. We get to the future, later, much later. That imaginary prom date conversation opener and his boast of giving some six month along pregnant woman his used bicycle put Me in the place of hearing his sperm proposal. Where was that \$100,000.00 going to come from Putin? Who was going to broker that transaction? Was he going to use a new test tube to harvest his sperm or a rinsed out Corona bottle? I doubt he is a Dos Equis drinker. Right, a Budweiser can. Like he would even use a long neck bottle for sperm harvest. How much more intel comes from that fucker, I don't know Putin. We are coming to the end of necessity where any interactions with anyone in this town even has a lick of meaning for Me to understand a damn thing. I Am a fan of a big win Putin. So I endure these people so I can make real crazy warfare offers like what this letter is ultimately leading to.

Getting back to building your understanding of the problems of this area in its Sodom and Gomorrah likeness I Am returning to Mr. Gibson's importance in this. For his Christmas gift I bought him shoe laces. That's what I said, shoe laces. I went a number of places before I realised that Walmart is one of the few places to buy shoe laces in town without resorting to going through the few athletic shoe stores in

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that nasty mall with the carnival barking, aggressively cursing, Israelis selling Dead Sea cream from isle situated wallet scraping kiosks. I wrote a verse, "If Jack falls down and breaks his crown, His crown did nothing. The lace matters." Including that with two different kinds of laces. Basic black to match his shoes.

I make observations of people as you well know. On an earlier time of speaking with Mr. Gibson, as I walked away I motioned to his shoes saying "You know those laces don't match right?" He make the acknowledgement and we grinned at one another as I departed from him. He wears his laces loose and evidently of differing colours on his high top black sneakers. My observations about him lead Me to a general concern that he was mocking his own humanity and grander of his genetics in the way he dressed himself. He was being sloppy with his freedom. The laces are the kind of attention getter that will ultimately mean he lives through a brutal execution at the hands of rivals. Those miss matching laces are the trigger. Straight laced matters. He can be a ragging bi-sexual, big deal. Many enough are that so Mr. Gibson won't lack for companionship. But, his laces on his shoes being straight laced, snug, tied and matching with his appearance being natty, shaven, and clean matters. Using his freedom to be grungy and wear his shoes independent of nerdy tidy is bad for him, good for his being harvested for Hell sooner rather than later. His appearance is a prayer of heart, and Ggodly dedication, of course.

Another day passed. I put My recently completed *The Book Makers* by Smyth in My bag to share the poetry publisher that I thought he should look into. He explained to Me that he had investigated publication but the people he looked into were not worth My notice of remembering. Some king of internet house with a frog in in the name. (Whatever) Smyth wrote about BlackMass Publishing. So, I dutifully took the book with Me planning on turning open the page finding that name to share it. That was My plan. But, on arrival at the cafe, he was sitting in an informal meeting with one of those pot bellied Corpus Christi politico white fucks. A short dude approaching seventy with Paul Newman blue eyes with the Boothy intensity of focus squint that had no depth. My Jerry (Boothy) could look at a person like he was reading your blood, your motives. This dude had a Jerry resemblance with none of Jerry's greatness. As I walked up, Mr. Gibson welcomed Me to visit, which was nice. A friendliness I appreciated receiving, and that I can't remember ever experiencing that acutely. He pointed out wearing one of those laces I gave him. His voice held a patter of glee in soft tones. I grinned noting, "Well, I see you couldn't wear two that matched." I was doing a little head shake and starting to laugh. He began to rise as I came near and asked, "Are you a hugger? I'm a hugger." "Oh, I hug, but I'm afraid I won't want to let go." It was the single greatest embrace in My life. I let go because we passed that time limit that cued to the whole world, had the whole world watched, that we probably could just hold each other for the rest of our lives. As we sat the third party arrived that based on transportation arrangements indicated I was the third party. A white female who was skinny. Boobs enough for a white chick boasting natural tits. Unless it was a cancer reconstruction no implants are that small. But toping that her ass was a nasty thing wadded above fat crammed thighs of two unnatural distortions in shape. She flashed her boobs when she bent over the table in an ungracious awkward flouncy gesture excessive for picking up her jacket from the table. That gesture was seconded only by her about face letting her white Jersey mini skirt flap above her hips showing her nasty bunchy thighs that had her underpants firmly wedged in her ass crack. (Perhaps her parents are fronting the cost of a butt lift and some of those chemical trendy fat treatments. Amateur job.) Panty-ish things were white too. She was in tennis attire come to think of it. I doubt she is much of a tennis player. Mr. Gibson was in jeans. I can't compete with that thinness nor her twenty something age. She has those dry face lines that look like she does a lot of crystal meth. She is

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white trash Putin. He picked up white trash. What the fuck! I wanted to beat the crap out of him. Nay, disembowel him. How dare he soil his body living a life that included that in his social sphere. I miss bayonet Putin. Marvellous rifle-muzzle accompaniment.

While the meth tramp did some staged walk from the table I showed Mr Gibson My book indicating I "Brought this because a publisher Smyth wrote about seemed like a good lead for encouraging your writing." Something like that. I needed to get up and leave. Mr. Gibson introduced her and him to one another. Then said, "And this is Duke." Okay, he missed the s. Big deal. To get people to remember my last name I say, "Right, Dukes, as in 'Put up your dukes.'" I smile and show two fists close to My chest. I made the brief cordial pleasantries letting Mr. Gibson know I needed to get on about My day, I would bring him that publishers name the next time I saw him. I did. He was in one of those dark moods that so far have been fifty fifty. So, Putin I have not pried into Mr. Gibson. I volunteered information in My I Am the Marine gathering the intelligence I need to to take over the whole world and rule it. Killing all the white trash and homeless that refuse to at least compose doggrel or be amusing and clean whilst begging for money living in the public rights of way. I Am going for the big Win Putin. Ruling the whole world. If that is a population of one, moi, that is the fault of every person individually that refuses to wear straight matching laces for a start when wearing laced shoes. Velcro fastening shoes that usurp the lace closure above the arch are disgusting. No hugging since the first hug. I swear there is a palpable awkwardness now. It is like there is guilt in the air between us. Not the right word. Perhaps guilt laced in shame oddly enough. The kind of shame the *Playboy* humorist Jean Shepherd related of a boy walking past his father in the hallway when his father figured out the boy realised he just had a nooner with mommy. Awkward. That word fits the air. I Am sorry that is what was there. The last time we talked I introduced the idea of the veterans round table, "Had you heard about that group?" Mr. Gibson said no and then started to open up some information. He was alone. It was yesterday, the 30th and I had just picked up an old engineering text that was part of My grandfathers era at the book store. "When I was a child, I looked in awe at the integral signs in My granddaddy's engineering books, and started to read through the explanations hoping to teach Myself the mystery." I was explaining My infatuation that led to explaining how I was so valuable in My early service. "I learned coding in basic in junior high and really had dreams of going to Juilliard with all My drafting and technical illustrating ability or the Sorbonne in Paris. But, the Corps shanghaied Me instead." I offered to forward him the email notification I receive from round table. I explained the meeting, and the general socioeconomic class of people he should expect to meet. "The first of January there is no meeting but the eighth will have it." I let him know the campus. He was more conversational in general, so he took a moment to inquire about how I was doing. I told him I was at My wits end. If I could go out and blow-up some targets I know I would be happy. That is not My duty right now. I Am in the midst of frustrating long lead projects that I see no positive results for all of My work. He chuckled a little at My explaining that I would feel good if I could just go blow up targets. I was in a state of high stress and cramped pressure. My health didn't cooperate. I related to him, "See, you knew corpus from back it the day." Me, I showed up after Harvey, paid cash for My house. Put it in My mother's name, and then learned how shitty cops could be. I had no idea. I Am not squeaky clean because some wizard is fixing tickets, or pulling strings, or expunging records, or re-inventing My identity. I Am squeaky clean because I Am a teetotaller who does not even indulge in an aspirin for pain. I took two poisonings three years back, now, that should have been fatal. My body blew up with fluids and I Am still angry over this fatness. I Am clean, no narcotics. Right now I Am so amped up I would love to go grab a Bourbon and sack out at home with it. I Am not going to do that. Am now

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on more coffee than My usual as My duty day started at one a.m. This cup is after the pot I already consumed at home." I apologised for words that came out garbled, repeated a turn of phrase, and said I'm not drunk just on too much coffee. We both laughed a little at My state and I left. I officially have no reason to ever speak with Mr. Gibson again. Are we friends? Sure. What do you think I Am stupid. Putin, you and I are closer friends. Mr. Gibson could shape himself into being a husband, perhaps. I don't know that what I have to give would work for him. I Am going to elaborate on that.

I understand he is trying to work through his own divinity to assess whether or not I love him. I love him Putin. I love you, too. The next is trying figure out by what degree of amorous intent or ability to exploit Me sexually, or otherwise, exists. You already know, it is not possible to exploit Me. Do battle, yes. Exploit, as in leverage Me, no. Working the curses is how I end up doing because the party I Am facing needs to be able to prove something about themselves to Heaven, clear themselves of accusation. Some people, Putin, I Am the only human soul that a person can deal with to clear themselves of accusation. This is how names get onto My website for individuals I have no opportunity of spending face time with. Face it. a big black dude to fuck Me was several parties idea, and I Am sure I was to be drugged whilst fucked, and gang raped. That fantasy shit of Kamala Harris' imaginings is not happening to Me. When people buy things, do things, go places, eat menu items, dress, the list is longer than can be compiled using even one modern (as in binary state) super computer. People pay into Spirit coin for this. The Lamb has this where My prayers are concerned. Slaves to Me, or soldiers directly under My command, give-up their prayers for the Lamb to spend. This means My prayers have no registry at all with people. I have, give, and receive no Spirit coin for this very reason. This relationship is why I can execute eight billion people, a slew of domestic animals, and be totally happy I cleaned up the planet. Physically, that is just impossible in a timely enough matter. The vermin reproduce. Imagine that. So, where Mr. Gibson is concerned all he could do is be the kind of person that receives gestures, gifts, and affection from Me and be a part of everything My life is and isn't just as husband and wife. He is either game for My global supremacy pathway or not. He will not bypass My success just tweek the rewards and connection points in-between that I participate in. Let's do a quick what if exercise in the next paragraph. Based on the person he was to Me he could woo me for matrimony or simply hold a respectable and modest association with one another. Because of the chemistry between us, he could never be an aid. I would need to be chaperoned in his presence once I was dating an individual and married (If there were even another viable genetic male out there to be a match for Me that, in a timely manner I could meet.) There is no imprint out there in Spirit land where if Mr. Gibson bought miss white trash some tennis balls for the small of her back, I was thence simultaneously assured of his love for Me from Spirit coin. The Spirit coin imparts human confidence that drives motivation to do and feel about others and ourselves -- self image -- based on faith. But that is an example of how the system works. A dude will buy is mistress a gift, it is some tacky thing his anal intercourse partner will receive and just adore. His wife receives a new diamond tennis bracelet. The wife would never take it in the ass, nor need to, to keep him bringing in the checks, but she would ordinarily hate the bracelet because it is Tiffany and not Cartier. You see; her Divine mapping says Tiffany is trash (the name of a previous mistress she never knew about) Cartier is sublime grander in gift giving elegance. (And it is.) What is now going to be happening? The wife will murder her husband in his sleep over the Tiffany because that is her way of defending herself from how she abused her Spirit. That is as deep as I Am traveling on this juncture. The husband of course will miss his board meeting, his embezzlement is discovered, and the factory closes. A hundred thousand jobs at fifty dollars an hour are now dissipated, and the labor force takes these people

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up at thirty dollars an hour. She may or may not go to jail. That is complicated by other things. The key is, as a result of all of you receiving what you demanded, emphatically as justice from God, she is now in the place of knowledge that she was given an evil gift with hidden evil motives, harbingers of worse than if she let her cheating husband live, yada yada, yada.

I promised a hypothetical. What would Mr. Gibson do to become My husband? He could rise up through the civilian ranks as an arms dealer. He would need to do a shit ton of study in engineering and dynamics to be at the top of the heap. And persist in all kinds of alley ways of association to make those big dollar international black market sales. He would be rewarding Me with a good deal of Cartier as he would become filthy rich and be unstoppable. I would like to be in that place of making sure the only thing that white trash Biden could sell was his fermented urine to roaches in his neighbouring jail cell for defecating publicly on the streets he was living on. Got the picture Hunter? Mama mac hates you. I would fix you up with Mr. Gibsons white trash. You two belong together.

Departing from My macabre fantasy. The reality of black and white together comes with challenge. So making ourselves a busy couple on the road is good. If Mr Gibson could content himself with a mundane job and a wife that can care for him and her on twenty dollars a day, this house is paid for. But the drug parties and trafficking people ambitions would need to end for him. There is the two us making it on My salary, right? Where we work largely in tandem for My wage as the demands on Me would mean some of this computer work and research I do he would need to find joy in doing. Not everyone can fit in My world. But he could. As in, his genetics is special. It does not mean he will make the steps for us to come together. If he wants to move into arms dealing, even selling to Russia, he could be there if we started together this year, that is a reasonable five year plan ambition for our work together. And with the Pentagon personnel still mocking Me, an arms dealing husband would be ideal. Travel together. My doing the priest shit as a side hustle and keeping the books, My man, and Myself sexy and in the black. He would need to commit to living his life with My discipline for marriage. A few already are far closer to My mark, they are surprise active duty SEALs past that first ten year commitment. (I still think on "Navy Nurse" now and again. Only God knows why that is.)

Enough on that. Let Me now return to the Sodom and Gomorrah misery I see setting up for Mr. Gibson based on how I see the people in this community interacting with him and that trashy whore he picked up, somewhere. That crack slut gets pulled over by CCPD on a clean traffic citation on their part. It is, by Jove, the luck of Jehovah on their side (and it is Putin) this slut works for somebody or has some family in town that slutty poo is just connected enough that a drug conviction that goes with the buzzed driving she was doing to be pulled over in the first place would look bad on the cops record. No good. We all agree on that. However, the matrons sergeant happens by following good patrol protocols and realised this crack slut is attached in some way to Mr. Gibson. CCPD knows driving Mr. Gibson out of town just makes sense. He is not the cheesy type they can directly meddle with. (Typically the police in this town would find a way to leverage another Mr. Gibson in this scenario into some cheep favours, and cheep labor for some n-word asshole in this town. Forcing this Mr. Gibson into a place of thankful to be alive poverty. Just in case Mr. Gibson has not read the biblical definition of nigger, I wrote "n-word." Trump is a nigger. It has nothing to do with race! It is a Latin whopper, lynch-pin word replete with explanation of Ba'al-building-difficulties meaning.) See, CCPD needed big muscle to deal with My Mr. Gibson. There are a few CIA and DEA agents in the nation that could take him out of commission, as in these agents have the Spirit coin to arrest Mr. Gibson and send him to prison. These few people are no

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where in Texas and sweeping Virginia's agencies to send that right agent here I have no jurisdictional authority to do. So, We at TeamGOD have the Christ, *moi*, to press the flesh. The police befriend the frantic girl who is scared. Next she is turning on Mr. Gibson as this mean enemy who is pimping her living off her. A mooch who started abusing her with drugs. Now, I don't need to do more embellishing here. Let's scroll back to the reality of this picture. First, she is a loose flop as that will give up some pussy for a live-in-ish boyfriend-ish person who is upping her cred in Sprit coin land as an un-bigoted evolved supportive friend to the negro individual. Mr. Gibson in balancing his life on the what his GI Bill will hand him for fanny-ing about at shitty little Del Mar that is a joke where any level of scholarship is a measure. He has his car to rotate about in, perhaps a storage unit, his gym membership. He wants a real job, not some rent-a-cop night shift. I can't blame him. He has talent Putin. I has ability. Does he have drive to be the best scholar at what he endeavours to professionally do, well -- that is not easy answer. He would be an outstanding sales person. Industrial equipment, perhaps. Perhaps an HR resource. What his skill set is, I have not asked. He started talking about poetry and his English studies not ocean currents, Diesels, trains, refineries, power generation, or air craft. Nor politics, biology, medicine, agriculture or botany. I volunteer less than you think to roll conversation, and I keep a tight script on Myself. Not to mention I come off as a frivolous bimbo. Dudes, bimbo works for you if you look like a meat head who has never opened a book. If you are Mr. beer gut or Micheline man Navy you are not going to be able to pull off a dumb blonde act. As a female that I Am some kind of irrelevant public relations bimbo walking complaint department just works for Me in dealing with people. Tax payers will be angry at fat dumb people working in warfare, even in America. But, look like muscle headed moron, that's okay you are supposed to be dumb enough to go and die for your country under orders in the first place. At least you look like you can shoot.

So the police have this hysterical quasi girl friend who is now being worked by the cops to nail Mr Gibson on the domestic violence charge that is an easy arrest in Texas. He is black she is white, some dug or booze in the blood, boom baby, case closed, jail door slams shut in Beaumont and Mr. Gibson is in for five years.

In reality, what is wrong with this? Actually, not a damn thing where the cops are doing the work of keeping the peace between two guilty parties. The problem is if Mr. Gibson was in the place of forced to get help from the slut in the first place. As in, the deck of cards dealt in Heaven meant he had no way of doing anything other than finding some trashy whore to hook up with because that was the only safe environment the town offered in the first place for his economic struggles at present balancing housing and steady work that satisfies his soul for God to send and individual to as they establish a new home for themselves. As in; God was forced to put a person in the place of having to shack up with sex as part of the transaction. Mr. Gibson has no way of making that claim in the Divine. I already proved to Satan I would have fulfilled the role required.

That, I know, was a good bit of information that without the setting of relating My interactions with Mr. Gibson, there would have been little way of My relating to you all this back-ground material. I opened with explaining that I can bring Ukraine on its knees to you, and My work is free. Removing Me from Corpus is not. If all that needs to be done is blow up whore house drug dens it aught to be a no brainer decision: bring in the Christ we will get our arable lands, keep some bodies (past deeds) buried in secret, and improve our economics. It is like this. Just to target and blow up the whore houses and drug dens proper that requires a team and intelligence gathering in advance. Napalm would be awesome to

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coat the roof, entryways, exits, and windows making the destruction an oxygen evacuator mercifully suffocating the occupants first before being bothered by any noticing the heat. The team that joins Me on this, to have the love of the field necessary, must be high ranking scholars, on par with my abilities to work with Me night after night during the strike times then go home joyously to their wife to get it on in victory. Now here is where reality in they way I began explaining it to Steinmeier as our real issue of our time enters in. Heaven will back an offensive where we go after these obvious dens of inequity. At least one of these would be a Hyatt property (or at least some how affiliated in ownership even across stock holders not necessarily chain of title ownership.)

The only way a soldier has power in Heaven to do work on My level is being a scholar about how he goes about his duties. Females struggle with learning facts of knowledge. As God Almighty and I are mates, the Eternal flames to one another, Punch and Judy sometimes, passion flowers at other times learning facts of knowledge is what I do to turn Me on to turn Him on and keep the world going around. He also knows My being hot in the non febrile Playboy Bunny since matters to Me and He endures along side Me this present misery that I Am assured is most temporary. Mr. Gibson, or anyone who made room in his life to marry Me, is also uniting with God Almighty. For that potential spouse to join with Me, the Spirit union has to be sustainable. That is largely a function of genetics that have profoundly desirable physical markers. Mr. Gibson being a vessel for Satan's Earthly flesh and being a "devout" Satanist was one more card for Me to play against that restored Satan's gum drop buttons that I illustrated vanity with in a letter about two years ago, now. Why "devout" is in quotes is because had Mr. Gibson understood anything about Satan, he would have understood never to allow that white trash to have had any access to his person, at all. Some people are supposed to be living a life of disfellowshipped, isolated, marooned, cut off from, excommunicated never even looking upon the person if you can help it. Whether he touched her with his penis is not relevant as far as being a devout Satanist. He was not supposed to be capable of knowing trash like her if he was devout. It does line him up for some real unpleasantnesses in Hell. Her too. Perhaps those two will be assigned spouses in Hell. I am still willing to do the work so He can outrun that misery. If he refuses to it is on him, not Me, not Heaven.

Back to the complication to My free work I keep stalling off explaining directly. I can do this free work solo. No team. This is not neat and tidy. Because the definition of whore house is not neat and tidy when Heaven does the defining. When people join Me, people definitions are honoured, backed. I can limit My strikes for maximum impact but Heaven is the cart blanch definer of who the whores are and their whore and drug houses. So, Zelenskyy just might be giving a party with world leaders. Putin I can demolish the whole place killing everyone inside. When I do solo work it means heaven is dictating every strike and who the persons are and places that get destroyed based on their Heavenly mappings. An easy peasy kill for this; if Hunter Biden where incinerated in one of My raids burned alive in a Trump affiliated property in Paris, that would free the Spirit required to push its influence on the cloud so that Ukraine begged you for peace requesting forgiveness as well for previous default. As it stands, and will stand, there is no way for Americas forces to succeed over Russia unless I Am leading the warfare engagements of the Marine combatants. That stands. You want to insure I Am not used that way, you know where to find Me. That working solo is an extreme example. What should be possible? Work with a support team to gather regional intelligence, I go in level facilities burning several hundred people that are instrumental to free that belief system on a strike. The value in this for you is that an individual who is actively betraying you and your endeavours to bring about equitable face saving solutions for Russia would be assassinated in this. I began to write would someone you care about be killed in this? as the

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potential woe to you. That is not an easy answer. The difficulty has nothing to do with ridiculous Western vilifications that appeal to dullard American voters who just want an easy choice with a simple set of steps to get a leader so they can stick their heads back in the tough between cubicle avoidance stints. No one has any business calling a soldier mindless for obedience. Obedience requires a great deal of mental acuity, Always. Obedience is Spirit callisthenics. I just demand Olympic performances. I have written on this letter for twelve hours. It will be posted both ways on the first. I wrote the closing paragraph some hours ago.

I just realised, while pacing in the kitchen waiting on My oven heating luncheon, that I can explain how I surmised that the blonde male with Mr. Gibson just after Christmas was the heroine fiend child's father. Well almost three years ago I saw those two when they were hooking up. They got married. She was pregnant. The groom was certain he was the father as this female is on the ugly side. Blonde and fair skinned, fair eyed, on the pretty once side. Definitely a girl that in junior high around here would have been plundered. I meet them after they had been together a while, and My face is familiar, as I also ride the bus regularly. They now have a son. He is excited because he just got hired to go through training with CCRTA. He served a one time contract stint of "volunteerism" in the Navy. That of course infuriates Me as the pussy job he had distributing and monitoring special ops equipment was hardly worth what he was paid unless he was honest. He married a heroine addict he met in rehab. He was not honest. Good riddance. Hey, navy you did something right getting rid of him! I pay attention to people when they are speaking Putin. I rarely forget a name. I rarely forget a person. I have strong recognition of people even without getting a name recalling the things we have spoken about. My name turns into all kinds of things even though I spell it, m-a-c when I share it. This driver ultimately earned his full commercial interstate licence doing a trucking school program. Taking advantage of assistance as his wife reverted to disappearance heroine use. She, evidently, was lost for two days. He ended up fired taking a phone call from her while driving. And that sounds tragic. The reality, he pushed into all the state, county, and city charity aid programs even going to church to cover for his infuriation stalling a divorce demand. Why the fuck do people think going to church as some kind of piety cred attached to it with Me? What a bunch of shit. Your body is what you build into your own church leading it as a slave! Then worship is the splendid grander with spouse. You come together for fellowship to improve warcraft and support community solutions with volunteerism. What a fabulous church to belong to while the bitchy priest dictates improvements and makes it easy to attach yourself to healthy habit forming Divine pathways. That is the church that impresses. Most churches have meth labs, bunks for illicit rest, or arms storage in any number of combinations. It goes with the Ba'al building woes of this world. Now, when I saw the couple together with their son, I said to the LORD, "I thought they had a son? Where did their long haired daughter come from? Did they sell their son and breed a daughter to replace him?" I asked the LORD. Then as they talked; they talked about their satisfaction over their son's health and his contribution to their lives making them a postcard picture rehab family of America. The problem Putin is this was back before Thanksgiving. I might have introduced Myself to Mr. Gibson by then, but meeting him was soon after or around that Thanksgiving time. The son's hair was gloriously long and in that same described identical pony tail as the blonde dude with Mr. Gibson. The son is only two not quite toilet trained but I Am sure they are working on it. The child still wears day pant style diaper for being in public on long-ish outings. Why does a mother demand doing that with her sons hair when "daddy" clearly keeps a short Navy cut and stays clean shaven. I see more and more people that are familiar now

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and am putting those critical peaces together of parentage. This speeds of the efficacy of this area being exterminated.

If I were to take a moment to dump on you soldiers a bit-o-feel-good pep talk. That you are demanded to shoot someone under your nation's colours does not make you the bad guy. The bad guy is the mother fucker that did every vile deed to such extremes that the only thing left for his nation was to get someone else to shoot him, his mama, and his followers. You are the solution to their problems and only death will do. Bombs away! May the Force be with you, Always.

I Am still in the process of working out with TeamGOD how you are employed when your breath of God is extinguished. Trump heads to Hell. When mumsy dies, likewise unto Trump -- is in, her breath of God is extinguished -- Hell gets its fire. Eternity for you, yes, like mumsy. It will be meaner than Hell. The torment of Hell is temporary. The conciseness of those in Hell is fucked to death, basically. They become non-existent whilst the thoughts that were free to exist from the Allness, in them, as was, are transferred to a vessel that can make the perfection of Heaven happen with the same thoughts of Allness. You would be instrumental in supporting what has no ability to be a part of human flesh, as in; Spirit needs to keep some thoughts alive for their existence without flesh doing what the language of their soul understands is the fulfilment of those thoughts. So, you would be eternally holding some seriously mean Shit in a rather grisly rotation. Happy New Year Putin. You know I love you. You more than anyone needed to do the work to be the person living as flesh eternally. You two will build yourselves into a frozen-ish matrix of knowledge and awareness, the mystery of God being that endures by mapping the feeling things into what has place without sensation. It is a long process Putin.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

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