



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

---

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

---

*the Christ | Pentagon High Priest*

January 18, 2026

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

A Rub at the Lamp

**U***kraine seems like a tedious, shitty prise doesn't it? I mean, it is a land filled with entitled people screaming that there are not enough luxuries for them. Now, they scream at God. What they say to people is that they are so good and patient with all the difficulties of this life. Oh, to be flesh is such a trial. I am just thankful for every day. People on the martyr ticket are not worth a bullet to shoot them dead, in My opinion. They should be dead. All of them. They have no passion. This morning while saluting ITZA with "Cheers" raising My coffee cup toward Heaven. I was told, "Cheers Honey-bee." I thought on what was due Japan for their courage in defending the island of Oahu in a zeal to reach out through the Divine, reading the E(e)arth, seeking out mama to come to them. I had not arrived yet. October 31, or November 1 of '42 mumsy was conceived. Ultimately, her life simply registered as masquerading as Me once I was conceived. I lived in the trenches she dug labelled with good monikers featuring good rewards, and I have escaping Hell to give to humanity that will be obedient as a result. Obedience takes massive intelligence and passion. To think that across the world's sated populous wanting freedom, freedom, Putin, that more than fifty million can out run Hell a survivor class is damn generous. When Spirit can interact with flesh in the way that flesh is producing the greatest crafts ever whilst delivering worship to the Ggods that glorifies Heaven, then flesh, while toiling fifteen hour duty days will perceive themselves the freest people to ever live. People, now, crave sleep, and rest. They fill their lives with nothingness which is handy as the work of 90 percent of the people in this world is not even worth the bare necessities they possess -- its a good thing they are happy with nothingness. It has been that way since the flood, at least. I Am making a New World Putin with New People. People that keep their word to Spirit and trust in their afterlife. Why did the Egyptians load up those Pyramids with treasure? Bribes, hum? Living forever on the Earth can happen. It is just not likely to be every person born to the E(e)arth. I*

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

*january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 1 of 7*

*Pentagon Field Office of  
Senior Joint Chief*

*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon  
Washington D.C. 20318-9999*

January 18, 2026

*Am the only one that has that at this time. I have outrunning Hell to give. The theoretical limit is 1,000 years for others who outrun Hell.*

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

I was reading *Bastard Brigade* by Sam Keen before realising I should have better specified which of Japan's islands and which island of New Zealand had the same duty of Britain and Cuba relative to its continental land mass. Heaven stirred Me to prepare this letter for you. I think this time around Japan will gobble up the Philippines. I would like it if they would deal India and Pakistan the blows they are due, but that is uncertain. Most likely Indian and Pakistani people will just start slaughtering one another *en masse*. It has to do with them invalidating all Spirit backed for them on the sex-act ticket. In three years there will be stores of arsenal available for warfare just plundering their military bases, such as they are.

I know I explained this, but I shall repeat: This Gulf region I Am housed in is being turned into a sacrifice to stir the two coasts into war fever. Those people willing to work will do so while others will just look for excuses to avoid work in protests. Protesting is just work avoidance. "I have a cause," says the protester. And your cause can't be improving your use of your hands? Hum? I ask. Or, improving your understanding of something with scholarly attention? Hum? Party or protest its work avoidance.

Passion for a spouse requires the cooperation of Heaven. Spirit opens the pathways for people to do. What people did was shut down all the pathways for Spirit to even bring another life in this world by the time mumsy and daddy got married. Spirit had to have at least one couple, male and female, they could bring together so the Human race could continue. The command was be fruitful and multiply. In *Genesis* it read like it was directed at Adam and Eve. And it was. They were not the only receivers of this command. Spirit interact with people to get them to do the required commandment fulfilment that drives forward the fulfilment required so Heaven ultimately is perfected. I Am the last resort to make sure that with all that has been built the perfection happens. And it will. There are simply no free-bees for flesh for this. The importance of "So and so knew his wife" in Bible speak was the declaration that Spirit had yet another male and female pair that would do "it" because Spirit needed "it" done. When you read a Bible passage read it as, God Almighty made his commands binding on Spirit. Spirit had to be sure they could show to God Almighty, "See flesh did 'it.'" God Almighty says for thousands of years, "Uh huh. Carry on" with every demonstration. In the back of his mind He is shaking His Head. When Satan engineered sin as the fix that would make procreation go down across all the Divine constructs is when Allness, as was, was reforming across All and Everything. Knowledge is gleaned from the distribution of matter. Once Adam and Eve tasted that fruit a God Almighty 1.0 formed across All and through Everything.

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

january-7-2026-letter-Putin-  
cafe-cabana  
Page 2 of 7

Pentagon Field Office of  
Senior Joint Chief

9999 Joint Staff Pentagon  
Washington D.C. 20318-9999

Flesh have all been temporary expressions of Spirit's existence since Adam and Eve's children. Adam was special, and Eve was special from the evolutionary source that brought forth Adam. The Bible says "A deep sleep was put over Adam" a rib was taken yada, yada, yada. There was an evolutionary ancestor that evolved for Adam to come into existence on the Earth trudging into the Lake Victoria river valley on the continent of Africa. There was no lake then. Adam was special, in that; when he evolved his mind had the ability to connect with the outcast LORD. He had been relegated to the magma of the Earth and not alone soon after Earth's formation. Other autonomous beings prior to Adam were in that place of being animalistic -- across Sprit collectives -- in some way.

Eve was brought forth for Adam from the same, possibly now petrified, source that Adam evolved from. (The rib of the dead ancestor, sacrifice so Adam could come into being.) Adam, the connected to the LORD first of the homo sapiens, did not give up his own rib. It was Adam's predecessor and it cost the life of that species. Species loss is a reality. My heart, Putin, is a very crowded organism as it were. My mind reads My own heart to learn what the LORD, Saint Peter, Satan, God Almighty, the Lamb and other Spirit need Me to know. Spirit interacts with that cloud based on My interactions with them. I read other people's hearts by listening to My own personal dipstick heart as it registers that person. My heart has no ability to be read by others. I Am the only human that registers as heartless a powerful invisibility when people rely on the knowledge God has to provide for them as people liked just having zen mastery over their life, making knowledge a free gift they forced Heaven to give them.

For My conception to happen, Spirit in reporting to God Almighty had finally reached that point of not being able show any evidence for "it." The Ten Commandments with the rest of the Mosaic Law were toast by 1906. So, here I Am Putin. The one to restore Spirits' "its" first and foremost. Everything else is just a bonus of My being so damn greedy for everything to be perfect. I love that greed in Me by the way. Putin. I have absolutely no desire to change Me in any way, outside of this cursed appearance of ill health, and the ravages of age under extreme poverty and duty. I hate the impotence of the God Shit. But, I love the God Shit all the same.

Perhaps you have read enough of this correspondence that with the events of your life and your interactions across the cloud you are in a place of understanding how I could have such a passion for Spirit. Not your self-spirit. Nor anyone's self-spirit. But the Spirit represented by your genetics. As well as the genetics of everyone that I interact with. The only time people have trouble with Me is if they are trying to force some kind of sexual intimacy, or force awareness of their genitals on Me. That is a personal red-line. It is offensive behaviour. I find ways to depart when people attempt to tell Me they are sexually desirable either physically or verbally. Mr. Gibson was genuinely desirable, and he did not behave in an obscene way. He didn't even act like he was trying to stick pins in Me to see if I would bleed or cry out. He was the first male in Corpus to be both decent to Me and desirable, and I actually got to talk to him on a reasonably regular basis. Familiarity with him is the first time in nine almost ten years that I had formed a male acquaintance verging on friendship. Once I moved to Corpus, Putin, golf was over; so I had no more friends. Given the demands on Me at present, and My financial limits: without being able to help people move, the truck is gone; or tow them out of ditches, the truck is gone; or drop them off at the air port, the truck is gone; or run some errands bringing them home cooked meals when they are sick, the truck is gone; or taking them to doctors appointments, the truck is gone; or doing some kind of supportive due diligence because I Am a golf buddy who can be called on without any strings attached I have no way of filling a friendship slot for anyone anymore sans God Shit.

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 3 of 7

January 18, 2026

It has been a couple of hours fiddling around with these keys stringing words together, and Spirit has had no way of directing My mind toward what you want. Perhaps after some sleep. So I will retire for the night. In that minute of embracing Mr. Gibson It was all I could do not ask him "Please, just love Me." (That of course does not mean fuck Me.) There was no way for words to come out of My mouth. Then miss white trash walked to the table as we were separating into respective chairs. See, Putin, Spirit had My back keeping My mouth shut. How mortifying Miss "White Trash's" appearance would have been. Those cruelties I do not live through anymore. I cannot begin to tell you, Putin, how gratified I Am that I have no friends in this community. Every person in this town ultimately ends up revealing themselves in that way that Mr Skelder the sperm donor of two letters back did. Base scroungy ignorance lovers who revel it boasting that they have the simple life mastered with no need to be or do more. These are people that are revelling in their freedom being everything that pollutes the earth returning nothing to glorify Heaven. I have no way of begging for anyone's life as being worthy of escaping Hell. I can see how according to the things they claim are good, they should be capable of outrunning Hell. I will return to this after a night's repose.

My mind fired on several things to share as I retired. I remembered an offer to share, and, then, what to ask of you point blank as God of the cloud. I returned to bed and reading *Bastard Brigade*. On page 172 of this first American edition printing, Chapter 23 Operation Freshman, Keen relates the addition of the word *latest* in the BBC scripted sign-off as a signal to teams in the field. I had one of those moments with Heaven. "This has no ability to happen in our modern time" I counselled feeling horror. I was on the verge of releasing a tear in grief. Walter Cronkite was the last broadcaster in America that would have obediently -- meaning with out demands for special consideration or in-the-know privilege -- delivered an altered sign-off message reading verbatim what was handed him. What we have Putin, even filling the labor force of warcraft, is a bunch of entitled freedom seekers that would refuse to do even a little thing of obedience, like adding a word. Wars are won on beliefs fed by information. Heaven backs the team, or people, delivering the information that makes the belief needed possible. No one is, evidently, capable of believing My ministry making Me effectively invisible. Inability to be obedient has destroyed the human race, sans *moi*. Mr Gibson's white trash is the personification, poster child of this failure in human development that is present and preferred by all people drawing breath today and since August 21, 2021. There are paragraphs of illustration that could follow. I shall move on. Suffice to say, Mr. Gibson's white trash comes in all colours, shapes, and sizes as well as; with or without a natural born penis. Marriage was a spurious place for obedience, but the work force; for money surely people will just do as asked because they get money to do as they please, later. No? Soldiers that are paid money and understand obedience saves civilisations they will just do as told. No? Case closed. Mr. Gibson's white trash is the Pentagon female work force. I want them all summarily executed Putin. I could salvage five-thousand American military males then. So, with executions off the table, I go after the males. "Revere your penis you stupid idiot. If she can't be obedient to you perfect in everything you ask she should not learn one thing about your penis. Protect it. No? Go kill others at least; you are all slated for destruction."

I have now proofed and edited last night's letter writing and written the last paragraph. I Am one hour into this mornings writing. It is before 0500. I Am going to put more coffee in My cup. Yes, I personally enjoy KLUX. It is easy to grind away for hours with it playing in the background. It plays from a basic, telescoping-antenna, weather radio. It has a solar panel like the old solar calculators that did not need a battery. It has a rechargeable battery and a mechanical charger, crank on its backside. Midland is the brand. Pricy bugger for its cheap, sleazy construction. Time for My second cup.

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

*january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 4 of 7*

*Pentagon Field Office of  
Senior Joint Chief*

*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon  
Washington D.C. 20318-9999*

Let's return to the concept introduced in *Genesis* of God placing Adam in a garden prepared for him. This concept I call the free shit. The common idea is that Eden, as named, outside of having the four rivers, one even a circulator. A circulating river means a spring, perhaps even a warm or hot spring was at the high point of the river and a falls might have issued into that point as well. The river with the surrounding mountains had to of provided a daunting barrier to entry. E(e)arth gave two trees of note in that garden. To Adam they represented Lady Wisdom and the womb of creation. Identical twins they were. I wrote about this in *Topiary*, February 4, 2021, *Putting -- A New Stroke* series article. My apocryphal revelation to people is the Lake Victoria bottom is Eden. Across Christendom there is a concept that Adam was placed by some miracle after being formed by a Divine wind coagulating his being in to existence with God giving him some kind of special kiss delivering that first breath his direction. Most naturally born babies get a spanking to force that first breath of air. I came down the birth canal screaming. mumsy broke her water hours, almost a day, before delivery. Back to Adam. This garden, Eden, had all this produce and provender for his life of leisure until it was time for him to have a slave as he toiled at leisure. Now, Putin, you read what I did with people's logic there right? There is a natural contradiction that exists when the premise of Eden resonates with free shit. Adam most likely had ten-thousand years of toiling whilst his predecessors were going extinct around him, even unbeknownst to him. He might have ventured to a vantage point to make observations of the world beyond his garden. That might have been where he began seeking animals to bring into is survival ark, Eden. This paints a wholly different picture than the free-shit concept doesn't it?

Adam would have journeyed for years to find this Eden location. He most likely brought with him some animals that liked his nightly fires and gifts of food he tossed their way. So where is the cradle of earth that he awoke at? Uz most likely. Then he did some scouting heading west. Finding materials He liked for comfort along the way and having an entourage of curious forms observing, experiencing his lack of connection to them. My guess is, when it was time for him to have an Eve he left Eden, ventured to his birth place found the petrified carcass in the cave he prepared to burry his evolutionary life giver and used a rib bone for the Divine to form him a spouse. I Am sure that Adam did fall into a deep sleep whilst Eve was formed. I have experienced those sleep cycles. The depth is phenomenal. On waking being alive feels like a reward not a martyrs cross to bear. I understand the concept of living like a martyr. I have no way of experiencing it. A person has to be headed to death to feel that martyr thing.

Free shit thinking is the danger zone. Free shit thinking puts people in the place of expectations that what comes from God is the life they received through no work on their part where all they can do is grope about in a world full of evil, lies, and badness rationalising how they as people made good rewards for themselves that God did nothing for them to have sans them having another day of life. Look back at those blessings and those curses promised Biblical Israel in *Deuteronomy* chapter 28. How is it that a garment does not wear out? In My opinion it is because a person makes the repairs to damages and worn fibres as needed making the best possible effort to make that word True. But, quite honestly, who would expect something not to wear out? Further, why would God need to give that as a reward for perfect law that sustains their flesh? The law was the blessing. So, how else does a garment not wear out? It is only worn once, perhaps twice. Gluttony you see here yes? People have an infantile set of demands with Spirit, even in adulthood, that keeps them engaged. That gathering of Abraham's decedents that approved the law did so as that law allowed the free shit to flow from Heaven in the way people consumed resources. The dynamic -- like convection -- between the free shit demanded and the reality of physical

### **Defending the LORD in Warfare**

january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 5 of 7

January 18, 2026

materials is what has humanity building a Ba'al on the Jesus ministry ticket. The remainder of this I Am saving for the Ba'al page. I will progress to another topic.

About two days back I had the idea that Heaven needed Me to pen another letter to you without a pen. "I need to make another offer to Putin do I?" Heaven produced one of those muddled answers. Generally speaking, things related to the Pentagon and America involve Saint Peter. Things related to you involve the LORD or the Lamb. Things related to people here in Corpus involve Satan. My use of "involve" means the actionable dialogue involves these parties more heavily with them approving My final direction. Go right, go left, write the letter. Get dressed leave the house. Requests that I "Say something commencing prayer when I leave the house generally are from God Almighty." He is also the one who rests upon Me His Spirit when My soul is close to breaking down, and I simply need a hug and under My circumstances that is all there is to give with supporting words, and it must come from Heaven. It must come from Spirit as no flesh is decent to Me. This work, and My being female, requires healing that contact, in affection, provides. The words with molecular resonance He delivers to Me. Writing the letter was dismissed at that time. Ultimately I said to Heaven, "All I can do is make him another one of My crazy offers." The warfare demand letter served another purpose other than those offering you Ukraine or other gifts from My labours engaging Heaven. That warfare demand letter absent your obedience still documents Trump is getting what he demanded, divined, culled, snorted, fucked, and worked his ass off forcing his self-spirit to abuse Heaven to provide him his free gifts. I have written about those topics at length. Heaven has Me to back Creation, as was -- Perfect; so all humanity is shut down, exterminated even in Hell. Obedient to Me is how people do the work of making Heaven glorious with how they live their lives conserving, building, cleaning, and killing surviving the shut-down; outrunning Hell when they quit fucking. I demand pay and contracts. August 21, 2021, I became Heaven's contractor living everything necessary to preserve Creation All of it under the LORD's declaration to Satan, "EVERYTHING is Holy as is, do the work you are asked. The work does not make you dirty or unholy." Satan was only going to do the work as the LORD himself, and I came along forcing Satan into that Lordly role, as was, doing the work.

The offer I ultimately was allowed to dismiss out of had as yet another one of those, "This isn't even going to be acknowledged, crazy, irrelevant solutions" I present for the record: Let's establish a city on the Black Sea to establish a new culture for those who want to be part of this new nation of survivors; basically moving My protection from the Gulf to Crimea. That would make Crimea home of the chimera, yes? That My surviving nation offers are a chimera with you people is a no-no.

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

*january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 6 of 7*

*Pentagon Field Office of  
Senior Joint Chief*

*9999 Joint Staff Pentagon  
Washington D.C. 20318-9999*

So, Putin, All I can do is make physical offers looking at places that just make sense in the world to bring about this physical prosperity based on what Spirit knows is open to use. That people refuse it is the oops. You are God of that cloud Putin, figure something out if you want to give people free shit for survival avoiding Hell. You still need to pay Me to do the work that makes the free-shit you give people a reality perfecter for Heaven sans Hell for some people. You are going to pay Me for that. You will know how much when you have presented Me, on paper, and in person, your proposal for salvation. Anticipate My requiring four weeks to retire with your written offer in council with Heaven handed unfettered global access in diplomatic and privileged safety to assess how your solution can be achieved. If I need to venture to Constantinople, Uz as was, or Lake Victoria I Am paid for that time to consider your proposal and return to the contract table negotiations with you. My home in Corpus is protected for Me in My absence. (0630 proofing, printing, and posting now.) When the kingship formations are built Valentine's Day across that cloud with people rising as king, God head, of a respective people on Earth there will be a nation that builds that chimera of Mine it will chime to be sure. Real. You have until Valentine's Day. For people to outrun Hell obedience to Me, enslaved, or contracted through Me is the ultimate requirement. A billion dollars, or one bit -- half a quarter; two bits is another term for a quarter of a dollar -- per head is sounding damn cheap and reasonable now, isn't it? You would be engineering the pathway that allows Spirit to interact with that cloud so some survivors of Hell are possible. Kings would do that likewise should you commute this.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

Distribution Recipients Public

**Defending the LORD in Warfare**

january-18-2026-letter-Putin-  
a-rub-at-the-lamp  
Page 7 of 7