



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

January 28, 2026

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

I Think, therefore; I Am

A *full and formal escort is what I require to move about this fuck-hole near to or after dark. So, a social date would be conducted with a chaperone -- the limousine driver could serve here. I would receive a tasteful, modestly sized corsage that matches My dates boutonniere on his arrival. My date would have provided for Me to receive a bridal ready spa service. This would be in honour of, "I might decide to marry you that very night." His providing this spa treatment is a statement of honouring My vanity, and the expectation that an evening date potentially commences a sexual relationship -- I demand matrimony for that. The date just might end a few minutes early if he failed to shave--that's for sure. He would also provide Me a gown, shoes, hosiery, foundation garments, fragrance, a bag, and provide Me with an envelope of cash that allowed Me to travel home safely should he need Me to leave the date early. (From anywhere in Corpus that "local" cab fare home is covered with \$200.00 -- I have no access to Uber or Lyft, arguably less expensive, with no sim card or bank account.) To take Me on a date would set a dude back \$4,700.00 up front, and he did not even get kissed. The wonderful thing is he would not be fucked by Me. That expense he outlaid just to pick Me up for the date. That is not even couture fashion. If he acts in an uncouth manner, the date ends. I love that I hold this standard, as in; I love that I make these demands that protect Me. I do not want less than a Gibson body with your budget. That is the price-tag to get Me to go to even a Dave and Busters to play Pac-Man or sit on a bar-stool accompanying a date. (A husband can be nigger.) Outside of that; for Me to be out in the evening in a fuck-hole town; there is Me ministering as priest over troops. Me arriving and leaving under My personal military escort with all My four star-ness popping in somewhere to buy a round for those dudes trying to make a good time happen for them that night. Twenty-four Seven warfare training dedication is infinitely more interesting, and entertaining, than acting like every other pathetic freedom-addicted civilian. My training is*

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wholesome whilst being modestly sinister. Righteous! I Am marooned with one Divine shot Putin. I Am upholding My duty in the way that I love what My nation becomes as a result of that one fired shot.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

I think, therefore; I am ties in nicely with "pathetic freedom-addicted civilian." I shall explain some things in this letter that will accompany textural content in the Ggods section of My duty website. I will resume this in the morning. I tucked into bed before 20:00 (My usual) then at 23:00 Heaven roused Me to begin this letter to you. Spirit are in awe of My introduction and My resolute hatred of sleazy shortcuts. Zzzz.

It is now Saturday four hours before dawn. I have not minimised this letter forwarding other content ahead of this letter in that time. Mumsy earned a one year ban from all Walmart stores on the 21st of this month. She finally shit and pissed on enough bedding and garments in her room that by Thursday I was allowed to wash and clean labouring over her mess whilst I dished her some assurances of My Christ-ness in the way that assured her to break from her present tantrum; I was sufficiently deluded -- saturated in the belief she demanded I own. (I will explain this.) That Thursday I spent cleaning her mess laundering, vacuuming, and mopping. This included disinfecting the floors and her personal refrigerator. By Friday she resumed testing the cops again.

On Tuesday the 27th I waved a greeting to Mr. Gibson. It was My first interaction with him since handing him his letter. He reciprocated a wave with no urgency to speak to Me. Nope. I have no idea if he read his letter. I have no idea if he has paid My life the honour of viewing My duty website. I have no idea how many people he would have passed knowledge onto, nor what ambition that would serve for him in the first place. And, My awareness of him as a person is fading from My immediate memory like a photo album of forgotten, but documented, individuals. Whatever purpose he was allowed to fulfil for his spirit, he has exhausted his opportunities -- hardening his heart -- and interaction with Me would do nothing but give his flesh advantage.

When people have spent their opportunities with Spirit to interact with Me; they fade from My relevance. He would need to be My husband to hold relevance. He, like others, demands martyring his flesh. I demand him leading his flesh as a slave. I demand that same thing of everyone. He, like everyone, was given the opportunity to stop the martyr cycle. "No good," evidently, as far as individuals are concerned. They demand martyring their flesh as that feeds freedom under the Jehovah Ba'al build with Satan as god of the world.

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Like you, some people can serve a constructive-no strings attached means of providing for My life as a person. I keep making the demands of Heaven to exhaust those opportunities. Go ahead and call it My love of money that does this. There is not a way, based on any person's interactions with Me, for Me to ask Heaven to provide Me a friend, husband, business associate, military, salary from da da da, or anything else as people have not interacted with Me in anything other than a superficial way and I have no Spirit Coin as all people refuse to give Me any. Taking the whole world in payment for My work with God works for Me. Lady Wisdom is the only sacrifice! That Gibson, or you, or mumsy, or Trump, or king Charles, or any other human demands being a martyr is your ticket to freedom. I do not consecrate any act of martyrdom, and I do not support Lady Wisdom's death as an act of martyrdom. I support it as a sacrifice! The difference is; a sacrifice is a perfect loss. A martyr is a pathetic loss unworthy of compensation. By definition a martyred anything is un-compensate-able. Mothers very often turn their dead infants into martyrs driving away their baby giving husband in the process unless he finds a way to play along with her demand that she lost the most irreplaceable life that ever lived. Putin all that thing could have done is shit, pissed, and sucked, but it was the worlds greatest loss, all the same, in her deluded highly selfish eyes.

Mumsy's perspective is that I Am living the declarations of My life's ministry that should have Me subjected to eternal tortures to satisfy her as the only living being. Her tantrums are staged demands against Creation, as she perceives this through her flesh, that, from her perspective, force Me to be the abused eternally tortured thing feeding her craven desires as the Allness. She will be aware of only her torturing "something" in her final future existence. You are the "something" but you will not perceive torture from her. Lady Wisdom replaces My frozen matter, as was, at this final time. I Am living the life Jesus was not privilege to. That Jesus died in the way Jesus did, with Jesus ministry being what Jesus ministry was recorded as, is simply a testament that I build from no different than modern scientists build from the shoulders of their giant predecessors that contributed a foundation stone for present work. Someone had to come into this world to satisfy her, Putin. It is just that simple. She was not allowed to take Satan's birth right. What opportunity you missed to find her in the world (she did learn to speak German) to satisfy her as a wife-ish thing -- she is bisexual preferring females -- I know not. But you blew it for Me to come into the world at all. You still rose to great fame with wealth to wield. *N'est-ce pas?* Mr. Gibson's returning to Corpus and finding Me was proof to Heaven that you deliberately dodged your Spiritual gift to fulfil her as the LORD's genetics born alongside-ish her time. All the signals were issued, and you cognitively avoided same. Three million between us is starting to sound damn cheep, ain't it? You are hardly being pimped, or gouged.

I do all this shit I do just to teach S(s)pirit. Ain't that amazing? I Am their living biosphere classroom. In the absence of a person's willingness to be a classy, well-healed date or supportive military body; just find Me at morning coffee. In a fuck-hole town there is not an opportunity to meet Me otherwise. On Coronado Island, California, of course I was out at all hours. It is a beautiful, picture post-card beach community that keeps its sleazy activities in its garages, attics, basements, and club houses as highly educated or disciplined people are typically trained to do. The sloppy people end up in fuck-hole towns, or make a fuck-hole town, even if they escaped jail time or civil suit. Rioters, by definition, make fuck-hole towns no different than homeless masses. Even the tourists know to use the trash cans and shit or piss in a toilet on Coronado. Not so in Corpus Christi, Texas.

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Evidently, this letter is being left with an enigmatic title relevant to its contents other than this simple closing statement. People think based on how they are plugged into being their own bit of Allness. The concept of freedom is fed in the human soul by people being free to do the ideas they have. When their ideas are restricted they work-over their Spirit according to their own soul's Allness significance based on the freedom they are denied as they received an injustice against their person. When a person has a martyr attitude they forgo looking like sleaze only because to earn a pay-check the dress code forces them too. The group forces. That cycle is why sacrifice of material comfort, giving up big cars for small, using public transportation, walking, eliminating gluttony; has no means of happening saving humanity. Spirit has no means of issuing people Spirit Coin to stop consuming and burning through so fucking much of E(e)arth's present resources in the way they do. There have been some "crazy" ideas that interrupted My prayers in these last few days, since telling you to figure something out, like; executing the JW's across Russia to open some Spirit Coin for this, but you don't want to work that hard do you? And I would need to do that work in-person and under contract to free Spirit Coin. My doing that work only shifts who drives the break-up of Russia, it does not stop it. It would provide you longevity as God, on earth as flesh over that cloud. This is like father daughter ruling the galaxy not father son like Darth Vader pitched to Luke -- ha ha. Otherwise My taking the whole world making provision for slaves provides this same Spirit Coin. It is just unlikely that any people will do this. The Pentagon would open up this same Coin paying Me up for My military career like I keep bitching about. The Thomas Edison's and traitors of this nation would not survive even with that Spirit Coin issued from My honoured military career. The industrious classicists that added science stands a chance only as soldiers that end fucking. Martyrdom, in case you did not catch this, is Satan's use of Jesus sacrifice. Satan is angry that I was issued no Spirit Coin. I bent over backwards to get it!

Oh, one last thing. If I charged you for the sex acts I have had to endure in My life, all of them -- like a civil penalty for your Jonah act with mumsy; \$350,000,000.00 U.S. net to Me (a check would need to be \$700,000,000.00 U.S.) would do it reasonably well. That power would revert to your control. Is it a deal? You have until Christmas this very year to pay.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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

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