



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

January 4, 2026, (two a.m.)

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

Gibson Factory

Malagueña. *Malagueña is the musical piece I wanted to learn to play mastering flamenco guitar. In high school I grieved missing music bug opportunities. I wanted to learn how to play a twelve string acoustic guitar to perfection. Mr Daniel Gibson is a pimp. White meth girls are his specialty. Those girls will take a hit rather than cash in desperation. They also like perceiving themselves as withholding from Mr. Gibson their sexual person as a kind of punishment whilst he shifts them to "boyfriends" that these girls run no risk of matrimony, only sex, while picking up some trinkets, gifts, from these johns. They have regular Jobs. Jenifer, from Dillards, has fucked one too many Navy husbands as a mistress. She needs her proper handler. Mr. Gibson is it. More Mr. Gibsons will move into town. Matthew "Mackerel" of previous correspondence is in the same business. Once Corpus Christi has been sacrificed into a rebel region new North America "government centre" I can execute Mr. Gibson when I encounter him, no different than Matthew "Mackerel." These two have a sphere of associates. Those associates I kill in warfare as well. (Like the blue eyed pot-bellied white dude of last letter.)*

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Putin, if I were to make one suggestion to officer Barnes; find out who Mr. Gibson gets his amphetamine stock from. Mr. Gibson is a meth cook. He rotates between his girls houses like a "gentleman" with each girl making some special demand of him. "Unless I get this da da da, you don't get my pussy." Like that shitty little piece of pussy is what he ever wanted. He can whack his wiener receiving more satisfaction than subjecting himself to that performance critiquing little dried out bitch.

In the coming months, Putin, I have more Mr. Gibsons to work My way through. You bet. A dude with beauty, a Gibson body, posture, poise, elocution, mesmeric voice I Am open minded about keeping Myself single to marry, if, for nothing else, the comfort of money while dutifully attending to him as his wife. At some point that unmarried oligarch's son will move into Corpus. Go ahead and hit the files. Twenty eight is a good age. He needs education, clearly, or at least to pretend he enjoys education. For

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all that Mr. Gibson abused in Heaven to use his body as he does, I will grieve in the coming weeks. Heaven pimps Me Putin, and I Am faithful. How many Air Force girls Gibson disposed of who succumbed to the meth consequences, I know not. He does have a body count.

As you have figured out by now, Putin, My slavery is a function of protecting Heaven. Why the protection is necessary is from the way and means that Americans have built a witchcraft network with sex acts that mumsy made sure did not include the proper marriages across Heaven. The very marriages the Roman Catholic church depends upon. Saint Valentine's Day this year, yeehaw! all of that created bundle is married in its messiness on the rape ticket. I Am Ordained in Heaven, not on earth. Donald Trump's sex cult was the power pony in this. The elimination of marriage was a no-no. As in, Satan decreed there will be no bastards serving as a Priest under Mosaic Law. Once Americans did the work to destroy marriage from existing, it had to be restored at the very least for Satan to exist. And Satan was not going to be made a myth. Satan's being made a myth meant the destruction of humanity. That preserving of Satan's life is why Jesus died at Judas' betrayal, and all the people under the idea of being a Christian are such entitled mother fuckers certain their life is valuable as some kind of self messiah of God. You are not valuable to Me, people. And I protected Jesus' sacrifice.

Not so much a house of cards, I suppose, as a web of interdependent links that had no redundancy. Massively big web, but the failure of one length of web failed the entire system. I Am not so sure that could have even by drawn by Dali. But his mind, like Mine, could visualise it. He protected that precious system keeping matrimony alive. Once that left his stewardship, Trump was supposed to make sure My matrimony could happen. Gibson was required to do all the great deeds of art and war craft that he is capable of with Me as his muse and wife. For those that don't know, Salvador Dali's love of his wife is legendary.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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