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*Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication*

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

July 31, 2025

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

Baby SEAL Meat

Like every other Polar Bear, Putin, My preference is baby SEAL meat.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

This letter has many words behind it. You prayed Me up some printer ink. Righteous! Where to begin, as I know the hook is set, is the actual challenge. I Am in a fight with My soul to produce the most offensive content I possible can to keep the prude sleaze of America's military entertained. What the American populous did, dear, is out sleazed the Russian populous. American's mastered being scum bags. Russians understand there is good in wearing a fine garment. American's on every level besmirch most of all their Sunday best.

Saturday I return to *Half Price Books* when they open. I finally saw a title I would go back for, for Me! Tall, blonde, NAVY clean, male, gorgeous face with a schnoz that promises satisfaction and should have a May kiss of affection planted on it every morning. Young enough that his beauty and stamina would be teased by a whore the likes of Jo Bass USAF yet not promoted enough for her to fuck him. He is most likely in the market for a first wife. I want him. Say a prayer for Me Putin. Perhaps he would want to meet Me again. So I return, like I did for the winking ass. I would hope with all the great potential of his physique and interest in seamanship -- based on the books he was browsing -- he would enter SEAL's. First glance at him, he might be twenty six. But, at our age Putin, under forty has a huge gap of mystery by looking at faces. His muscular development has potential. No love handles. I would love to handle, fondle, cuddle, marry him. Pray, or not.

Oh, what Petraeus did was cover up cowardice with wholesale debauchery. I hate him and the military he left behind. So those fuckers need to do ass kissing for My attention!

Where babies are concerned a mother in preparation of her new born is supposed to express her milk and make it into butter to swaddle her new born baby(ies) in. She needs to do this when the umbilical cord is cut. This is why humans can birth and abort in any way they choose, sending themselves to Hell in the process is just bonus. It is also why the law said, "Don't boil a kid in its mothers milk." It was the concession the dairy industry needed to follow to perfect Heaven whilst Ba'al building.

I Am full of such "gifts" of knowledge about birthing babies. But this po'black child ain't never birthed one. On every level Putin there is no person I Am required to help as no person is taking those first steps of doing for the Ggods in the way that perfects the Ba'al. The Ggods require the human follow

Defending the LORD in Warfare

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the perfect process of being a human. You are ignorant and you bear the burden, consequences, of what all your ignorance entitles you as My body as been tortured by God allowing all mumsy's brutality against Me using your, and My ignorance. I Am the human who is the only bing the Ggods have to tell humans how the do the perfecting work.

I use the torture to make perfection for the Ggods happen with the authority to send you all to Hell as I take-on the enforcement consequences understanding, "Yep, that is what We roll on. Don't waste." As the wisdom available to handle the accusation laid down against the LORD. I would say to My mare Foxy, "Kisses" as she pushed her snout to My nose asking for an apple biscuit, and I would bury My nose into her neck breathing deep that wondrous equine aroma of comfort when I needed. That was the treat she gave Me. I grieve My mare. Mumsy put drain degreasing crystals in her sweet feed bin. I didn't know. She died in agony after suffering a month. Heaven kept Me alive after I baked muffins with her famous drain crystal sugar blend. I consumed the tainted sugar as demanded by Heaven, all of it. She offered Me some granulated sugar the other day. Heaven assures Me I answered her the right way. Would you replace her for My "Kisses?"

Mahalo,

the Christ



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