



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

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

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

July 4, 2025

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

Independence Day

He hurt My feelings, Putin. Without saying a word, he hurt My feelings. It has taken these three weeks for Heaven to dig past his use of the Divine for Me to make clear to God My feelings were hurt in the twinkling of interaction at Cafe Calypso in Corpus that I wrote you about in My last letter. He was allowed to pull his stunt the way and means that he did as there was/is a binding hold over Me to uphold a marriage I was forced into that you own (programmed) all the dictates over. What I proved to Heaven is that I uphold what you have Divined in your life and career over America's military. I alluded to this authority of yours in My dealings with Obama. Then We at TeamGOD hunted deep to set y'all's hooks. You want all that was built in Heaven to be on Me? It is done with money and contracts. I can ask billions for this. Why not do a little sole searching. Ponder the situation that this "Bull?"'s actions branded on My heart. There is character intel in this letter that should be valuable to you in negotiating what you deem the burden you are stuck with, and are attempting to get out from under. I need to make clear; I Am enforcing that you get everything you worked for. Every last one of you are a train on fixed track headed to Hell. (Growing into ziczac ain't no Sunday ice-cream social.) I can put a nation's troops and peoples in 4x4 vehicles, by analogous comparison.

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Over a year ago I received a SPAM email that could have been for military intelligence gathering or a long distance romance send-me-money scam. Those were the two ideas I held onto related to the Bull D Fred email I received. That the name was phoney or a full on earned Corp operation nick name, fine. That too was possible. I assumed up-front phishing was going on. I replied genuinely because I could. I do not bluff Putin. From My perspective, when the Bull D. Fred email came through, I was in the place of serving a fellow soldier life saving information that validated the usefulness of My ministry, to Me.

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If I up the pot holding onto two duces, a five, an eight, and a jack; it is because as far as I Am concerned it is the winning hand, and I play on that belief accordingly. What changes that? I learn that a hand like that is genuinely junk just by the sheer number of players, and what card combinations are possible in a deck of cards. My having only one jack means someone could have three -- that sort of thing. So the Divine has no ability to convince Me I have a winning hand with junk like that. My information base shifts how I play the game. I can be forced to believe out of ignorance, not out of arrogance or bluff. I can also be forced to believe out of total confusion or memory lapse (that is another matter. Looking for My sunglasses when they are on My face kind of thing fits here. I believe I have lost them until I touch My face.)

mumsy beat My beloved cat Buttercup to death shortly after the Bull D. Fred posting. I Am really grateful I have a plushy to hug. When My feelings are hurt, I grieve very deeply. I also ignore it. I have a saying with Heaven, "I Am blocking touching the subject of all the potential "Ted" topics. I Am listening, but I Am working at protecting Myself at the same time. I Am sorry." I often apologise to Heaven for deliberately not engaging in dialogue regarding touchy subjects. mumsy is incapable of hurting My feelings.

She weaves through the Divine tapestry elements that are just part and parcel of the education work. This I My way of saying I was shielded where Buttercup was concerned. To her way of thinking I put her in the unconscionable place of being forced to kill the cat. Her killing the cat was an act of fornication as there was some other thing she should have done, probably taken a bath that included douching. mumsy has a free pass at being shitty Her free pass is because I do the other half of the heavy lifting that gives all you cake eaters your opportunities to fuck the Divine -- earning you wages. The Divine is forced to fuck Me and you refuse to pay Me. Heaven can't back people earning money no mo'. If there was no market demand to fuck the Divine I would need to do the work to make sure all the Allness ways could come into existence. She has been satisfying all of you in the extreme, all these years! Musk would be homeless without her. All that she does provides Me intel. That I agree, is akin to Me splitting Jo Bass open to see, "Oh, look she has guts." As I Am not doing the nasty gory shit, mumsy does not do any clean or sanitary things, nor perfecting things, nor things that improve monetary value of anything. It is just her tantrum. She gets to do all her vileness whist accusing Me of cowardice. Putin, it isn't cowardice to hold out for money and contracts to split Jo Bass open; and then Heaven would be doing some mountain moving to make America great ruling the whole world because I did the work of dealing with the vile Jo Bass the USAF whore.

How were My feelings hurt? Well, it is like this. This "Bull?" had seconds to call out to Me as I was exiting, "mac, I Am here to meet you." I understood when he winked at Me, whether he was genuinely Bull D Fred (the photo was definitely a decade old) or another reader capitalising on understanding that he looked enough like the "Bull" image that I called beautiful that I should be attracted to him too. I thought perhaps this ""Bull? was a Russian soldier visiting under diplomatic colours. Putin, I had this deluded grand fantasy of being rescued today. I went to Cafe Calypso this morning and hoped against hope (as the saying goes) that I would be packing into boxes My treasures and moving to Russia with the avid reading solder who knew to capitalise on an opportunity that some American, or phishing scammer, made a possibility for him to save many marrying Me. Then I would be expediently scooped up into his loving care. If he just won Me over in that right-way that put to rest self doubt and confirmed his

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knowledge of My work. I was won over. But, My feelings were hurt because I had expectations that were clearly outside of reality. They were not outside of possibility from My perspective.

That wink, Putin, that came from a beautiful male postured in that dedicated way, said: "Baby -- you got some curves, but I want to squeeze you as mine. I came here to check you out because you said you did feel like you wanted to be playful." Where was his courage Putin? Had he been one of the vomitous males of Corpus I would have been in the place of diffusing the chemistry he was in the place of sending and even if he could pull off a wink I would have made it clear to him I could get him some eye salve at nearby Target (at his expense). Putin, I know a male is capable of loving a female dedicated to him when she is in ill health. I Am reasonably certain age gave him some love handles but I wouldn't hold that against his potential to become fitter; perfecting his male form. When we grieve, or become immunocompromised from being down trodden, or disheartened weight gain is common. What I did Putin was accept delivery on everything the Divine was using him for. Is he an American, German, Russian? I don't know his name. The deed is done. I consumed him in that instant. I back My amour and the consequences.

I Am giving you till Labor Day weekend to fulfil terms that dump the burden of bearing America's military deeds on My shoulders. Then, I will dictate to you what you are required to do before Christmas 2025, if you present no material offers. The intel about My character should help you foment a successful offer.

Now, let's get down to reality. He has nothing forcing him to marry Me, nor court Me, nor anything. Putin, I can wait out another year easy. As My health improves, and I should be much thinner by Christmas 2025 -- making Me happy -- My ego would be seeking more than that "Bull?" if he has not claimed Me in person soon. I have managed to work My way through peoples curses against Me so I Am now resorting My complexion and ridding My wrinkles with Chanel. I love Chanel, Putin. An all around great set of skin care products -- Sublimage is amazing -- and in a year I should be looking closer to thirty than sixty. I will not have the least bit of difficulty finding Me a hottie young soldier white boy to marry Me even staying in this fuck-hole.

I Am a romantic Putin, so I prefer to dream on that hand realising that the reality of life, meeting people and dealing with people. once I Am not vomitous to Myself I will have no problem finding the hottie dude that understands a bitch like Barbara Canales is just a whore. I won't even need to worry about temptation if this youngster just happens to like no-baby-risk hot sex a cougar can deliver. All he has to do is marry Me before genital contact. If he has investigated shit like Barbara first, the Divene will make sure I Am not humiliated with being saddled with her left-overs. If Jo Bass, Lady Biden, Canales, or some other whore muck-amuck politico mega military whore has fucked this male, he will not make time with Me, ever. An American does have difficulties a Russian or German does not. A Russian or German male would have fucked the bitch with the intent to kill. An American was ego pandering or promotion diddling to fuck these power tramps.

So, why say that rancour? This "Bull?" was/is plenty hot. He was in Corpus. He could have just been a pimp working the Divine, on the mumsy ticket, Putin [That is actually a possibility] and he was recruiting. My feelings are hurt. So naturally jealousy enters in. If I understood his sex history included any of those named females after matrimony I would kill them and then make some diamond jewellery demands of "Bull?" I Am angry I was not in any way rescued, especially when My own ego was perked up by the way he looked Me over. I dreamed big on two duces, a five, an eight, and a jack. Now, I Am

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just looking forward to this place (Corpus) being blown up, so I can get on with My life in the glorious way the warfare chaos makes provision for someone who loves combat. "Bull?" Needs to send Me an email if he is the American phishing soldier sending SPAM, and wants to make up his cowardice, and to have Me his wife to squeeze. We can pick up from there. A Russian, German, or, yes, even if that "Bull?" is a Britain, he just needs to bring the Uhaul boxes and My new passport.

Another one of those character things about Me Putin is how I interact with Heaven that I explained to Pentagon surveillance this afternoon as I was in or getting into the shower. That My feelings were hurt has only been shared in this letter. It is like this between Me and Heaven. I say, after learning; "Oh, did someone create something with their Ggodly authority? Yes, then We are going with what they created." That creator wants to dump that on Me they pay. What you had was marital authority in Heaven -- and this is connected to mumsy's murdering the camp Pendleton Marine - and how she used Me. Just because the means used was shit and cruel does not mean I do not see the wisdom in the lessons learnt. This is a little like appreciating that when the objective is tilling the soil more earthworms will do the job even though a John Deer might also be available. This is the same as My warning about fornication in an earlier letter. mumsy used a fire ax to cut the glass. I came along and just figured out how to work with increased ventilation whilst giving you all the opportunity to replace the glass pane. You are, and were, in the place of fixing the window. You have till Christmas 2025 Putin and you get to live with the consequences of added ventilation if you do nothing. I Am living with the same consequences, Putin. It just so happens that I engineered the world order that saves in-spite of others living their lives as cake eaters.

Mahalo,

the Christ



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