



Gen. H. L. MacRae Dukes PhD USMC

*Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication*

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

May 16, 2025

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

Quasimodo Query

When was the last time you saw a female, presumably with her brood of thirteen and under, and, at least, two of the former teat suckers were yet one more demonstration of why so many just belong in the soil? At the Flower Bluff Walmart I pick up a grocery item or two a couple times a month. Generally, in the morning and rarely on a weekend I shop there. This might have been a weekend morning. A middle-age, fat, booby, Latina in designer stretch scrubs was overwhelmed at the self checkout with cash transacting, bagging, and four brats. The oldest was a fat male standing about 5'-6", might have been fourteen, who was saying, "I'm not touching you. Ha ha. I'm not touching you." Surrounding his string bean, younger, sister like an octopus flailing his arms toward her face and bodice. She was standing, recoiling her arms into her chest, looking his direction in helpless disgust with a big pout on her face obviously angry he was getting away with that shit, yet again. This, Putin, is why there where thousands of Ukrainian children that were better off in even a Siberian orphanage or sold into some kind of child labor industry. (The male child's behaviour was typical brat.) Boys like that need to be sent into hard labor. Girls that have been subjected to brothers like that need to be sent to strict academically demanding boarding academies. (He is on his way to being a thug. She is on her way to being a whore.) How about another point; you want to do something to end pet overpopulation? Set up a no questions asked euthanising day each month in every city. Anyone can bring in an animal and it is just destroyed. Harvest the fibre! Harvest the bone for China (oops, dishes -- ceramics.) Use the meat for kibble or as fish food. Grind up the meat and blood into the soil for compost.

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Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Putin, I don't know how to tell you this in a way that you will believe Me. But, here goes. There is nothing that you can do to make war or any kind of destruction and it is not a favour to Heaven. Across the Divine there is just unhappiness that everyone is not blowing up everyone else. We wait for Christmas. What God is doing is working on a way to by-pass your restraints to kill everyone. Savvy?

That family of Chicanos at Walmart need to be executed as the law has no provision that will provide future decency for the earth by the contributions those two brats grow into adulthood performing. And they are all just like their mother. There are not enough USMC teen labour camps nor schools with rooming facilities hooked into a digital drill instructor teaching fact, at least, with teachers synthesising the facts into a mosaic that facilitates problem solving -- thinking. Without factual knowledge; and every dictionary defined word is a fact of knowledge, there are few thoughts worth developing. Every chemical formula is a fact of knowledge. Every geographic location is a fact of knowledge. Every statistic that a person can measure is a fact of knowledge. Every engineering formula for computation is a fact of knowledge. Every measurable and quantifiable geometric property is a fact of knowledge. Forcing children to learn facts is valuable for the Ggods. Humans that are not valuable to the Ggods are not welcome on earth.

The ancients were plenty punished in small microcosms that resemble larger society for mocking the Ggods. Pompeii and Minoan Crete for example. Dig deep under Buda or Pest and you would be plenty surprised at the long dead modern men and women (not neanderthals) buried by post antediluvian flood. So, Satan was the new god of the world in town to stop the Ggods dealing so "harshly" with the peoples mocking same with their rituals of devotion because they would rather fuck animals or produce a human sacrifice rather than do any real work. This is little different than today in terms of people constantly refusing to do real work and finding socially acceptable, predominately legal, diversions.

When people go after the goods that belong to the Ggods, drugs, mushrooms, alcohol, cooked banana peels -- mind altering things they need to do this to a very high standard of celebratory purpose or because the Ggods need to deal them some kind of blow. Liken to Noah with his vineyard before Ham fucked him. Noah was being prepared to just take the next step in abuse that existed from God loving the world so much that he gave his only begotten son. I will write more on this on the earth page.

Where are God and I at cross purposes? I Am in a fuck-hole being bullied by the keystone coppers of Kennedy prohibition bootleg fortune making fame and you are honoured as a president? Clearly, you -- like Trump -- are a blessed person. I Am not. Much was expected of both of you. Trump made a Spirit demand of Me when I was at Norfolk's waterfront on about August 18, 2020 at about 8am. He and I conferenced in Spirit for fifteen minutes. God manoeuvred Me to Arlington for a few days prior to that Sharpton march as a result of My dialogue with Trump. (Yes, Sharpton is a fabulously vile piece of filth. You know that by looking at him right? Hair styling like that...see horror on the outside, that is what is inside. I agree Trump's hair was really horrible a few years back. Let the boys at the Kremlin know that I don't know if Trump's tan rubs off on shirt collars like lipstick. It is on the Tammy Fay Baker side of looking like; applied with a trowel.) After that Spirit conference I ran to give the president everything I could, like a former lover retrieved from a Bowery brothel. Finally, salvation and reward for endurance and toil.

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Then I was in awe of how God connected Me to the president, and surprised. The conference conversation satisfied Me that My ministry was accomplishing a divine purpose the way I perceived its purpose. I was convinced that God put us together (Me and Trump) to accomplish saving humanity (probably - the honeymoon is long over). At least saving the planet and making a paradise earth sustaining populous filled My sails as I drove to Arlington optimistic that I would be living there. I dashed to Arlington by about the 20th or 21st.

Trump lied to God. Now Trump has to pony up with all that is due My four-star Marine Generalness or he, Trump, gets bupkis. Not only that; all the ways he is getting everything he wants, and has demanded, ultimately destroys America with Americans killing one another in a frenzy because only My solutions are the pathways that do anything but put people to work killing one another. Oh, disease helps with the killing too. One of My family solutions is posted above, gratis. Putin, do you begin to understand God is not stopping the killing? People are garbage from a young age, and no strict enough pathways to discipline exist. So sex trafficking and child labour is as good as people will do to force work out of the worthless.

I do not know what deal Trump made with God that Trump was allowed to conference with Me in Spirit. But, God did fill Me with zeal that I was going to be remaining in Arlington living at the Marriott and provided a stipend from the government to do so. I kept wondering when I would be notified that My hotel bill was covered and where to go for dead drops of sustaining cash. I was going to be continuing My ministry. That is what I believed from God that God had Me do special errands for Trump during the last of his first presidential tenure.

All of My resources were blasted down to zilch so God could park My ass, pissing Me off, so that screaming to you, Steinmeier, hell -- even the Shaw of Iran I would do so that either people could say, "I learned, I obeyed, I benefited." Or just kill one another, no skin off Heaven's nose. As I was too drunk with the certainty that the whole population of the world, with the earth, was perfectible. All the tools for perfection exist. And the tools do exist. Only, you people make the perfecting of flesh happen from Hell. (Well sans you Putin.)

I have asked of God if I need to just end up waiting out the years in jail. But, My killing mumsy is not on the list of things for Me to do to solve My personal problems. (There are CCPD cops that have been hedging their career duties attempting to force Me to kill her.) I have asked of the LORD and the answer is always: not at this time, or no; it is right to ask, but no. And for not doing any harvesting, at this time, I ask that I be forgiven, and that I be kept in a place of strength to kill when it is demanded of Me. An harvester in idol am I, frustrated at My isolation of course.

Now, what really is the point of the ministry when I can just do nothing? I can't do nothing. Just being idol does not work for Heaven. People end up personally challenged for cutting off My engagement with Ba'al perfecting activities, even as one individual. My ministry is simply a placeholder of activities; and a showcase of My Christnes; and a place for people to be prodded by God with, "Its over for you fucker" as they read or gaze incapable of doing anything but hating that I Am the solution not them. Stuff like that. What else? Well, the drug dealers are sure fed up with the Coast Guard and Navy around here. They are even mad a Zanoni. It won't be long before the roaches in town figure out that when they find Me out and about, and give Me a few dollars so I can get some shoes, or coffee, or just do something good for Me with the money as mama (Me) greeting them, made them feel like a million dollars (and I do that Putin. I Am like a tonic to a good many. Chat with mama. "She will have

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something positive to say and treat me like I am worth something.") Then what? They score good drugs, make good sales, have clean kills, and rise up the ladder of dealer success. Do good for Me and they have good fortune. Then what? Well they will be crowding out America's military from distribution. Putin, that is the shift that is going on. I'm the Holy Priest that always tells them the truth. They hand Me money and God can direct them to their next great happiness. It is God that has them give Me money. The dudes that part with cash do well. Mumsy had Me do some silly chore today for a "quick" \$30.00 she is going to be blessed the same as the drug dealers.

If a rank and file soldier has some anger that I Am the solution and not him/her, "Suck it up you dumb fucker. Generals give demands to God. You want to be the solution, take the abuse required to become general." So there is My little digression. That Barbara Canales, Peter Zanoni, or Greg Abbott are still angry that I don't seek their advise or value them; I Am just grateful to God that I don't. When a fucker like Garcia attempts to threaten Me that I need to cooperate with the likes of him, learn My place in town, to do My work? What a stupid tool he is. God has ways of strangle holding these fuckers as suits Him.

Putin, willingness to include a body of people in an endeavour like OWG is practical. But, garbage humans in abundance America produces. Use these for scholarship? Garcia, Canales, Zanoni, and Abbott do not a brain trust make. It is a buzz kill that I was not able to attend Oxford. My Harvard PhD is on the Divine ticket. For them not handing My degree over, they are done. All of America's academics are through because of Harvard snubbing Me. They want to transition into military specialisation supporting My curriculum online and across bases, we can talk. They come to Me with gratitude, living assignment, yada yada yada. My USMC career is not on the Divine ticket, in its totality. My commission from Obama forward is. How I was exploited prior to winning the Christ prize is stories for others to tell (confess is more like it.) When resurrected they can confess -- if they chose the path to perfection. Oxford might be glad they did not get the chance to snub Me. Truth is, what remains in Heaven with Oxford on it, does not snub Me. So Oxford can be rebuilt.

America, for building on the LORD **had** to perfect the Ba'al or embrace Me with money and gifts to avoid destruction. That was the non-negotiable arrangement. Now all that remains is for America's Military to have a shot at some of its soldiers not being wiped out. These are the ones that identify with all My proverbs of warfare. Their salvation does include provision for their families if their children and wife are not like the Walmart family example at letter opener. A wife and children like that would drag the soldier husband to Hell with them. Without My being honoured at the Pentagon it is unlikely that even one American soldier will survive. As always, I make sure that the survival of at least that one is possible with all the ways I engage with people and perform My duty assignment navigating the hate of people and the anger of God. After all, I Am one that survives and the Ggods have Me live the path to life so they have the same to give for others. My work is a source of personal pride.

I miss golf Putin. I miss being able to take a drive. In a few years I will most likely be overwhelmed with the mud and smoke as I push a loader through debris to clear fire brakes so a few coyotes and vultures have a place to rest. I will probably miss taking a nice drive then too. It is mumsy that opened up the path for the drug dealers and human traffickers of America to hand Me money and they prosper. I reach out to you so I can be honoured as a soldier. I endure here to ultimately rule over an empty earth as God is not going to allow the roaches to last.

Returning to My remark about Heaven wanting to kill every human on the planet sans Me, I Am the soul, that because of hating all My solutions to God's problems, all the people that hate My solutions, as

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in, will not perform what I ask; they are destroyed. God has been asking people to do My solutions for years. Now a few people can see from where and why God was making such cruel demands and all Spirit are taught even if only a few eyes are on My work.

Putin, putting garbage children to work as they are not rigorously schooled in facts twelve hours a day, is a national level issue. Not even a city or church can implement My solutions without ending up disbanded or incarcerated. My solutions are enough to stop the big destruction. They must be nationally embraced. I still would like to see Nueces County take a nuke at Flint Hills. It won't happen. It would do too much to benefit Me and Heaven has tied hands where handing Me big benefits, overnight, is concerned. You Trump or Steinmeier can provide big benefits to Me but the work required cuts into all those perk hours of executive sustenance. A certain amount of getting your hands dirty would happen. America is subject to controls based on My presence here. Remove Me, and America has different restrictions. I think God likes having Me here because My presence gives more opportunity for destruction. Its a little like anytime there is an idea that someone in America is worth saving, all God has to do is have be turn on My office light and some fucker dishes yet another accusation against Me. I walk because I lost My license with multiple DUI's shit like that. And God chuckles because I got out of bed and went into My office to work under his request that another person used for some debauchery. I get accused by the debauchers of their own villainy and God has even more documentation against America.

I do not know for certain what question you asked of God, or what information you were looking for when I began this letter. I was duly devilled prior to writing this letter though. You could say I took a Godly fucking to deliver this letter, and I was humiliated by mumsy to get \$30.00 from her so I had coffee shop money for letter posting and internet. I Am going to tuck in now. I will post this epistle in the morning. The title of this letter is a reflection of God's inability to fully form the query you wanted addressed. The peace accord in progress is going to make the *hoi polloi* angry. People liked having solders blowing things up. No one wanted to make their life good do the work God was demanding they do, as I made clear to God was good even in horrid poverty. They like blaming some boogey man soldier for the shit hovel they lost when, from God's perspective; they were living a life of comfort in squalor and you blowing up their apartment at least got rid of the building some lard ass wife beating shower masturbator, who was too lazy to improve; just take, slouch, and be a potato as his fuck you God life.

Mahalo,

the Christ



General H. L. MacRae "mac" Dukes PhD
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