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*Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication*

the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

October 21, 2025

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

HLMD -- Hell Doctor

My office chair has now subsided to its lowest position after the compressed air has gradually slipped the hardened seal. My legs and feet are folded awkwardly little different than riding coach on an aircraft. The chair was purchased at Office Depot in Houston, 2014, or so, on clearance. The upholstery coating rotted off exposing the woven underlayment years ago. So, I covered it with a sheepskin pelt. Now the leg comfort mechanics has failed, and I Am proportioned like a child to My desk. It is time for My coffee cup refill. I head to the kitchen...hot coffee is under My nose, My laptop is just beyond. My forearms rest on the desk. The coffee maker is limping. I have made three repairs to it, forestalling replacement, over the last three years. The coffee maker was purchased back in 2020. Items like that should have a fifty year service free life under My hand of use. People make their products as worthless and disposable as they have accused their god of making them. Electronics, computers more specifically, are the grossest accusers. The whole electronic appliance is little more valuable than the vacuum tubes of yesteryear. My granddaddy nursed the living room television set along. I learned from him those engineering quirks of keeping things going simply because it is an excuse to walk to the drug/hardware store -- Thrifty -- to get some ice-cream when grandma isn't looking. She gets the TV repair -- the very same TV she claims she has no use for -- and granddaddy proudly walks his progeny to the Thrifty for a cone and vacuum tube that was sold in the same manner as cell phone accessories are today even at interstate truck stops. From radio wave harnessing the world is connected. Where is the progress Putin?

Exalted Excellency the Honourable Mr. Putin President of Russia:

Good riddance to Rite Aid. I have wanted them wiped out since they did away with the greatness of Thrifty. Walmart will go the same way.

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America, North America in its entirety -- really -- is the isolated culture that demonstrates to the rest of the world, under the LORD's power, what the Ba'al will do to them. That is exactly the same message as what I have written at other times. All I Am Putin is the American experiment survivor that will have this soil defended for Me by Heaven in the way new comers perish do to disobedience to Me. I Am the person who lived Her life in the way that means a Spirit Force puts the breaks on other people's activities relative to Me. Some people get to be shitty to Me liken to mumsy poisoning Me. Other people experience Spirit forcing their bodies away from whatever set of motions put in place My being injured to death.

I have something great in My possession Putin, all of North America -- eventually I will maintain a home on Hawaii. You need help, you go see mama. You do something to upset My growing season or sunrise enjoyment on My lanai, for example, I come see you. You never want Me to come see you. With what the god you have all rejected has built for you, I Am saying, "Yes, I will do all the work to make sure you, god, the one accused of being either a pussy or a liar, is being found true by having you save Me and wipe out the populous of the world in its entirety if that is all that can be done with them." I lectured surveillance about this in reference to your campaign on Ukraine and Hamas failing to follow through with their military conquest. Did others fuck over this god and chicken out? Of course, but to teach Me who else in recent history is guilty of this I make demands that I be lavished with many gifts and freedom to travel in luxury to these far away places to learn of how they fucked this precious, most powerful, god -- My friend.

To back My god I lived the life of a warrior, fornication free, and made a Ba'al perfecting deed for humanity under your rules. (mumsy liked your rules the best. She got Trump to fuck and drug Me.) This deed of Mine opened freedom up to all, and I even made provision for those who had no ability to conform to the noble act of male to female human coitus in matrimony. Meaning; only with one another excluding all others including sexual influencers sans Heaven -- and that means from Heaven the Spirit shit interactant with human motivation. I have written at length about this. This Ba'al perfecting deed is what makes the human genome, as it exists, a sustainable biological product of evolution. Basically, I made sure, at least, I could never be extinguished. At the end of a good many days in this fuck-hole I ask of Heaven if it will grant Me some means of injuring Myself to death so I can no longer exist. Everything around Me is so vile. I hate being alive. I do not want to experience another day in this hopeless environment. "No" sayeth Heaven. I release a tear or two most times. With that tear the memories of people and places and My impoverishment-hopelessness-awareness abates with the need to exterminate Myself. I Am distracted by a facial, pedicure, book, fact of knowledge project, or My scoring project posted on the web over the summer.

What I Am waiting for is the stragglers of warfare that manage by some personal set of commitments whilst obeying king Charley, some pussy president, or some maniacal dictator to make his way here so we can build a nation under the perfection the Constitution of the United States guaranteed Heaven. Will humans do this? I Am assured by Heaven, "No." I sill did the work that makes the perfection a reality. So what does this "No" look like? Imagine if you will a weir. It holds back water on a canal. You can imagine in your mind the Hoover Dam in place of some canal weir. All a once the dam is dissipated. As if the dam was some kind of mirage behind the desert road, all along. Then you realise not even so much as a molecule of water vapour is crossing that former dam barrier. Humanity is all the water molecules. Not even a cloud can form across the former dam as there is no vapour. This removal of all of the barrier

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means that the water molecules have their own collective and individual restraints. The dam meant nothing. I did the work to prove that line in the sand Jesus drew was just that. Who can't walk over a line drawn in the sand? Then we realise there are bigger forces at work. I shall illustrate with a simple scenario how accusations work. I succeed or, rather, I have latitude to walk out the front door working the curses of others. The accusations are the barrier. Heaven wanted those fucking molecules to flow. Jesus warned Spirit, "You do everything you can do with that flesh to make sure they can cross that line in the sand." Oh, I melted away the damn, Putin dear. (I wrote deer and "corrected" it. He he.)

Before venturing into the illustration I will explain both reality, as I posed the issue in My last epistle to Steinmeier, and the conundrum you face, Putin, dear. (I typed it write that time.) You, Putin, did an outstanding job leading Russia to the Ba'al perfecting criteria. Just not on the human coitus ticket as I did. What fucking mistake did you make ask I? You demanded My death. I was the human that had to be allowed to doddle along the sacred cow, scape goat, alms collector over the whole world while your system of perfecting filled the earth. Then you called My friend, that god, a liar while building your promised global takeover. Your bombings still managed to improve upon what the Ukrainians did to Ukraine. Just ask god, My friend. Ukrainians, on the whole, are like able bodied beggars on the street that bounce out of their wheel chairs only to move out of the gutter they flopped into, chair and all, conning others with how the difficulties of their lives are so much worse than all others because by virtue of Russia's very existence as a nation, Russia is suffocating them to death.

We both know full-well millions of undesirable, even by the Kremlin's standard of good citizen, Russians would be assailed to death during a civil war. From that civil war the strong would rise. (Presumably, you are in that "strong" throng.) This brings us to another topic on the same vein. Biden had a plan. He was going to use Corpus Christi -- this very fuck-hole I live in -- as a sacrifice to rally the Nation into unified war against the world. Taking over the whole world was fine. Making a sacrifice of Corpus is fine. Him demanding My death was wrong. His CIA nuke Corpus plot flopped. [Monday, 27 October: Alright Putin, that the nukes dropped on Corpus plan would have rallied the nation to war unifying its work force as a military body, extinguishing all non-military supporters on this soil will now be proven to you.] What remains from Biden is this region set up as a sacrifice that Trump is using in his National plan that requires one. Corpus will be bombed, plundered, and exploited. The Nation won't give a shit. Civil war will play out in this Nation as every citizen is using that as an excuse to rid themselves of the wealthy, elite, and those in formal places of leadership -- including judges -- as these people plundered the perfect union for their own selfish gain enslaving the masses to their corruption. The Constitution of the United States is not a sacrifice. People, the *hoi polloi*, will not be plundering their government, they will be using the freedom of their Constitution to destroy the wicked plundering the freedom promised in the Constitution. I Am making the destructions Trump required so he could become king a reality. This region refused to end its treasonous practices and quell its narcotics and human trafficking alliances.

So, Corpus Christi has many enemies unifying to receive vengeance for not being handed the pussy they were promised under Divine auspices of anticipation that they worked to receive. Money was only a ruse for them personally to conceal motive to work. (Like that dam money was. Money is the only thing I will do any work for a human for. I do not give concurrent Spirit currency to gratify people's glue that replaces the dam. In your case I assigned you a bucket of Spirit Coin that Heaven needed assigned.) When I Am disappointed by failure of people to do as they promised Heaven, big deal -- its intel. When

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other organisms, even humans, do and did not receive as Heaven fed personal faith to act on that organism -- kinda Spirit Coin that faith is -- does their own collecting hate, basically, of Heaven. It is because a human is their own God. They know they are acting on Divine certainty to force fulfilment others promised their own Divine self. What did Trump fail to do? He demanded My destruction under the same rules of understanding My necessity as you. Why destroy Me? I was the only living threat to your control of the waters. And I refused to have one damn thing to do with the molecules system in the first place. I knew the dam was sham. So I refused to stage any part of My life like it controlled My movement. I have and had no means of working with humanity in the Divine. You just hated with total blind ambition. I was irrelevant to your control. (You spent the years between May 2012 and May 2019 running after killing a non -existent fly, in essence, that you were convinced would destroy you. I have been giving you the chance to demonstrate, had you known that fly did not exist you would have done nothing to try to kill it. I Am doing the same thing with American soldiers that I explained, had you known the blow job came with a venomous sodomy you would have forgone the blow job. This is debt non-existence not debt forgiveness.) Then I was made relevant by the ways people all needed to be fulfilled. What I do in Corpus is visit people and assure them of the need to fall in line with the Trump plan, in the Divine, when I face them in person as I read hearts. That is working curses. Why? My entire life I live in that path of obedience demonstrating how god has a proper place. Then when god was totally rejected I said to the world, "Yes, this very god is going to save Me, fuckers." My very existence had been locked out of the Divine for Me to come be conceived as flesh. Locked out, meaning, people would not be capable to relating to whatever form of Spiritual Coin I would have minted, so I existed keeping that precious to Me god represented.

The key going forward Christmas, 2026, is reality, as I explained to Steinmeier, sets in. What is reality? People are going to be living in all the ways their flesh made Heaven roll. (I was a top secret Marine for this My entire adult life.) Most people simply ate bread with their salad for this. You are slightly more interesting. You drank wine for this. I backed Heaven as a shanghaied Marine in the Corps and in Spirit. I would have gone to the recruiters on My birthday had I been allowed to. The then, 1988 -- look it up -- Secretary of the Navy demanded that I be used in the way he dictated to God Almighty. Marines really are a clever spiritual lot you know. (Adding a little mundane gossip for the bookmaking that keeps politics interesting: I don't know when Eric Smith is sacked but Trump is getting rid of him.) Souls, come Christmas, 2026, are going to be incapable of owning as truth that they answer to anything that does not connect them with the Divine in the way they were used in the flesh with how they lived to uphold Spirit. I was first ashore in this. (People will uphold elaborate claims between one another. A person in China might be convinced their life made your life possible. While that is shit, all the same, they will do based on you owing them for your privileges in life as, according the them, you did not work for those very same privileges. All humanity is likewise. Heaven will do nothing for them as all the person did was eat a crust of bread. With Me, God Almighty had to keep upping the pot on My Heavenly significance for all the ways I could not account for My life's importance to Heaven. Heaven backs the reality of how a soul was employed across all creation to creation.) My testifying to the Corps having any association with God seemed like blasphemy. But I testified to being a Marine. (My own personal feelings on My Marine career being denied or ignored by Washington are convoluted: Between military personnel at My level follow the sacrosanct battle plan (our feelings are moot) and where civilians are concerned they of course were going to be cowardly shit that demand a fight is where the pendulum on My feelings swing. Not to demand My wages was stupidity. I worked for wages My entire life. My

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slavery to the United States Government was some niggers idea. Obama in 2012 did that. It was for others to demonstrate there was no intention to use or keep Me as a slave. It was done out of cognitive ignorance and temporary necessity has been the presented olive branch from Me to the Nation.) Heaven proves Me. Heaven proves all flesh likewise come 2026 Christmas to death do they part. Christmas 2026 is when global shut-down has no way of being stopped. The way that dam was made useless meant I was the only surviving flesh. That dam was useless when I was conceived. I lived My life so molecules would flow. Everyone was free to chose. mumsy, as flesh, is moot. You owe her for your pathway that meant you were free to choose avoidance of My pathway. My pathway was: You pay Spirit what is due Spirit. You do not deny Spirit. You do not call down evil on Spirit. You lead your body as a slave to Spirit. (Yes, I still grieve "Ted." As long as "Bull D. Fred" is 6' 3" ish he is a hottie I would take delivery on as a husband.) After Boxing Day, 2025, I will write more on reality. There is, at present, no anticipation for any national leader to make room for Holy Warfare. (Like the *OWG* this is.) You want tutelage Putin to help you with how interesting you are? You need Me as your escort. I don't want that job. Trump is not as interesting as he thinks. He took a bite of another's roll so they would be accused of double dipping in the morsel bowl. Many people in America are not as interesting as they think. Heaven does not have big claims to back. The female that claimed she did blow jobs for god is exposed as having served herself giving head with only that hard roll to her credit as her deed for Heaven. Most people backed Spirit by eating a dinner roll with their salad. Some had their bread buttered by a friend at the table before they ate. Trump used it to make another look like a pig. He still only has the roll to his credit no different than Billy Graham. Any national leader of a nation is welcome to beg Me personally to take on the cause of saving their nation as a people. Present Me an offer in writing, in person, and over coffee. We can begin negotiations for My citizenship and stewardship. What is ended is the freedom to be filthy and to glorify all filthy things in they way you buy, sell, eat, sleep, wear shit, and work. Why does not every person want that? Taking away a soldiers pay so they are limited to food and housing for their service is a great way to force them out of what perversions on their iPhones they could no longer indulge in. I have no reason to want soldiers paid. They get fat and defame their skin with meaningless tattoos from hack artists.

I shall now explain working the curses. What is holding that water in place? The bus service in town is operated by people that well represent the mentality of the water-molecule whole. (Even those fortunate enough to have an opera box.) I wait in the afternoon at a stop with no shade. It is ninety Fahrenheit climbing just a little to achieve ninety-three Fahrenheit degrees closing out the day. There is shade from vegetation that obscures the bus drivers view of Me from the quarter mile distant light. This would be the route CCRTA-B 32 stop on Weber Road at the closed, recently chain-linked, for sale medical centre building complex. I was waiting for the detoured CCRTA-B 19. I poised Myself in the shade nervously moving out to the sidewalk watching the traffic clumps at the intersection to see when the 19 was near. I kept this nervous pace of movement through nine, or so, intersection light cycles. (This would be the McArdle and Weber intersection.) While enduring the drops of sweat dabbing My face with My fancy tech REI branded towel I experienced one of those Spirit interludes the Kremlin team has explained to you. Or, at least, made an effort to explain.

A Spirit Interlude is what I refer to as experiencing from Heaven's projection of people into My sphere of reality, what I respond to through the prayer centre of My mind, that ate actionable scenarios that address what people are too chicken shit to own when facing Me. I learn from these. I can learn more from experiencing interludes at the Louvre rather than Corpus. You of course would need to pay

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Me to have your intel advanced to Me from Heaven. Spirit use Me, in essence, as a whore if this is done for another person. Under hire to you, for instance, you learn how some person owes you -- that you least expected owed you. Also you learn how to deal with them in that Heaven-sustains-you-to-fight-another-day way. (And whores, especially Me Putin, get paid. I have never been remunerated for a sex act neither with physical gifts nor the promotions in life promised those participants in Trump's qngmic sex cult for obedience to said cult. My life is proof that his sex cult would have been a Ba'al perfecter for America had he kept his word.) During these interludes I Am very aware of My surroundings. I have no weirdo haunted feelings. I Am not plagued with fears or insecurity. Mussitation is likely. This is a cerebral overlay in My present environment with no apparent alterations of My physical environment, not even shadows.

God Almighty asks, why I Am so nervous about watching for that bus. I can see him at about three hundred yards from the stop from where I Am standing. God Almighty is searching My soul as I answer and then continue as He dives, 'Well, I Am not standing at the stop itself. Observing around the bus stop area is not what these drivers do. He will just blast past Me.' Ah ha. God Almighty has a moment with the Priest. I Am making an accusation, am I not? I Am not living in the way that assumes I need not make an effort to avoid the obvious, missing the bus. I Am not trusting that some mystery lucky force is making sure I Am not missed by the driver. I Am not trusting the 'it-was-meant-to-be Universe.' I Am tinkering with the outcome. My motives get searched. My defence is: I Am trying to avoid what seems like an obvious problem. Why shouldn't I make it easier for the driver to do his job? "Oh ho!" Sayeth God Almighty who is upholding the personality of god, through My soul, in his projection to flesh for all eternity. The reality of who is accusing -- as in, where He takes a side to make god true -- is from the spin He works: Accusing that driver of not being able to over come difficulties or, worse, refusing to look for bus patrons under Spirit cues is what I have done. No matter how I try to just be the good guy protecting Myself from over-exposure and over-heating from the sun, I Am just another self serving asshole. I Am not trusting that Heaven is just going to magically make that driver stop for Me. And to that I say, "Of course not. I'm not an idiot who wants to hang out in this heat. No one ever reacts to My existence that way. However Spirit is cuing the driver, if at all -- how would I know -- people don't do in the way that gives Me anything I would say came from Heaven. Only good do I expect from Heaven." When Heaven is having people do something for Me they will by handing Me their head tax voluntarily on seeing Me. That is all there is for Heaven to make people do for Me that is for Me proof of Heaven getting people to do for Me. What is the head tax? Enslave yourself to Me with all your worldly goods and abilities. All the homeless could do is empty their pockets and bags of every bit of currency into My hand to be doing for Me under Heaven's direction. Further, just go kill themselves to guarantee never paying the tax again. Spirit had to make sure that accusations were moot. That is the point to Jesus line in the sand. This is why I always focus on the deed done. Motive be hanged. Accusation be hanged sayeth I previously and now. I demand brotherhood. I demand the appearance of perfection. I demand a perfect earth. I judge and say what makes the perfection happen and if there is the appearance of perfection. Heaven rolls to make sure that what I perceive looks perfect is the thing that makes them perfect.

The interlude begins. The driver stops in response to My rushing the sunny stop from being in the shade angrily asking Me why I wasn't standing at the stop? as, during the interlude, I was paying My fare to board the bus. "I kept watching for you. I moved out to the stop when you were down the block. I saw you waiting to make the left turn parked at the intersection." That was the interlude. Then the difficulties of the collective heart of the water molecules opened up. The driver did not want to have to

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stop for Me if that meant I was not at fault. The driver had to perceive himself as some kind of saint for not blasting past Me. Putin, this letter is going to be posted. I Am going to have another interlude. One you will owe Me \$1,200,000.00 cash for. I will complete this letter with it. This is the morning of October 22, 2025. My duty day commenced at 0300. Look for part two in the coming days. Heaven yanked My ability to write more about the bus stop interlude. I will go work some curses for you now, dear. Once I Am freed from slavery to the United States Government -- this only happens under written contract with human agencies and receiving remuneration under agreed upon payment schemes -- then Heaven no longer has the head tax to pimp people to produce in order to do something for Me. I will also offer you a sweet deal valid from October 31, 2025, to Christmas, 2025, surpassing all others. Look for this letter's conclusion, it will be posted in the mail then -- about October 30, 2025.

This is the morning of the 24th, 2025, and I Am ideated with yet another explanation of why God Almighty needs fornication as I have already defined: Using one thing in definition and even replacement of another. This definition is why Adultery was the no no and Fornication was not the word, even in translation, of the Ten Words of God, *id est* the Ten Commandments.

This explanation is best elaborated on by explaining My rage at having to explain, yet one more time, "No bitches. A clit is not going to satisfy Me sexually, and, furthermore, even erotic experiences with a female are abhorrent to Me." There is a necessity of identifying your own genitals as the greatest specimen in existence excluding all others to be a heterosexual. Heterosexual, as in; one who is not a wanton looking to gratify sexual experience with porn, toys, or all manner of many partners like smoking cigarettes. Heterosexual, as in, the poetic ideal of all the simple little money making music singles of American modernity: I love you and only you. You are my perfection. You are my everything. I need nothing more than you to fill me up. The ideal of having one in matrimony that all the Popes have struggled to make stick for congregants through these last two thousand years. The monogamous ideal that Saint Paul struggled to get through the thick skulls of the early Christian congregations, especially the Jews -- them harem-holding Middle-Easterners of Abraham that thought they had some kind of monopoly over Heaven -- as it was obviously so fucking foreign to humanity accept in certain cultural lifestyles influenced by region with race. The husband of one wife bit with not depriving one another of it understanding there may be times you are just not able to come together you still abstain from diddling with not wife/husband to you. Better that a person has a cigarette than a fuck for those so proud of not smoking. But, if you fuck anyway that cigarette did nothing to benefit the glorious cause of saving humanity by bypassing fucking. What I yelled at surveillance last week was: "Your clit is disgusting. Every female's clit other than Mine is disgusting. You could take a three dimensional mapping of My clit to a surgeon to have your clit surgically altered to be identical to Mine and your clit would still be disgusting. My clit is sexual and personal perfection. I need not have one thing to do with yours, ever." Every person needs to be convinced of their own genital superiority relative to all others to be a heterosexual in the way Saint Paul had to define it so people could be Christians when Jesus ministry was being fulfilled by Christ the war loving USMC General, human female man, *moi*. When a person is like Me in the way they regard their genitals way they just don't advertise they are the greatest. They conceal their genitals so as not to offend people by boasting, "I Am better than you." That is modesty Putin dear.

If the genital you think is perfect is your asshole -- that is the non sex identifying genital -- you are a wanton the nasty evil connotation of homosexual. Incapable of monogamy with even same sex.

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Why does God Almighty need fornication? God Almighty is the thought experiment master. When you take something away from one context you have taken it away from all contexts. It needs to be able to exist. Then application of it is where Holy enters in. God Almighty requires flexibly of use all manner of ideas to teach. This is why all scripture is inspired and scripture has many forms. (One might want to dig the lexicographic anthropology of that word from its place in a letter from Saint Paul to Timothy) That said I Am going to venture a simple illustration to explain how useful fornication is to God Almighty to keep humanity sustained. First, I add more coffee to My cup.

The illustration is knitting. A dude realises it is his time to find that cuddle partner who will love his penis like he does. Now, Putin, pay attention to this: It was God that said the man should no longer be alone, and he needs a help mate. Adam was working as the human, the God Almighty over Heaven, in the garden with the two infamous fruiting trees. I would think that the fig was the tree that they ate the fruit off of for sin, knowledge, as they sewed fig leaves together when they understood they were naked. There were ideas, concepts, that humans did not have pre sin in the blood. Sin was a big knowledge key. Adam and Eve understood nakedness, a foreign concept pre eating, after the bite. Jesus, without sin in the blood, lived interacting with Heaven -- among people of the earth, duh -- the way Adam did pre fruit incident. Saint Paul lived in the way of Adam, with sin, as a modern man of his day. This matters in that a dude starts seeking or is willing to be enticed by an invitation because sin tells him you are lacking. How Adam knew he was lacking, we know not. Eve was most likely just another critter to Adam. If he broke out into poetry when he saw a tiger we know not. We know William Blake did. He certainly understood the Eve critter was of his kind. At last, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh is what is understood as Adam's poetry moment. In My opinion, Adam most likely wanted cubs. Also I opine, no woman in her right mind wants that. Dude wants cubs out of Me, he had better give Me all the riches of the world, and all the beauty My soul can reveal on the outside that satisfies Me. I get more than a rose garden, to say the least. Cubs, human bambinos is what I Am referring to, wreak havoc on a female's face and body. She gets that, "I have had children, I don't look young or happy any more" face. That goes with, "I am a mam now not a miss." This is a physical change in bone and cartilage structure that is largely interpreted by Spirit though individual perception. Spirit conveys the knowledge that goes with assumptions we make. This is the same as Adam and Eve knowing they were naked once they art the fruit. Perhaps that particular fig was an aphrodisiac. They needed to cover up, indicate knowledge of their own hunger for one another.

Getting back to My knitting. A dude visits his buddy on a cold fall day and all his sisters are knitting scarves, hats, and mittens. They are finishing up spring set aside projects. The dude asks the girls about what they are working on. One starts talking about the scarf she is making and how it is a bulky thread and a larger than recommended needle so the knit is loose and soft. Another sister, who seems to be fighting with the needles, says she makes her knits tight. The third triplet, the youngest of the identical girls, would not even pay attention to him. The dude knows from this, "You don't want to have sex with any of these girls. The one will not embrace your penis. The other will fight your penis at the gate. The third does not want you to learn anything from her at all." The dude just learned through his soul abstract application without going through the physical misery of exposing his precious to him penis. You see that is fornication in its representative, fun, utility maximising way of preserving the happiness of the human, by one thing knitting being used by God to say, "You don't want these girls." Putin, those abstractions from God Almighty: I Am fabulously diverted and entertained by those. It brings us together. I was forced into sex acts against My will as mumsy had applied fornication so that the preservation of some

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precious god ability was not destroyed. Learning those things about My life Putin has been what made Me see Myself as having value as a human. That those events of My life were horrid is still horrid. It is just purposeful like a rocket to Mars is to destroy Elon Musk. The events have no emotional significance to defame My person to Me. I praise Heaven that I endured and even make light of how I have lost nothing as a result. Heaven, however, is infuriated because every one of those situations was supposed to enrich Me. God was made because I did not fight for what I was due. Me, I did not have any way of understanding something could be gained even by a fight. I will never relive sex with not legal partner and I Am the only one to do it the matrimony way. Not only that, it is open for others to honour freely. So the Ba'al gets perfected My way.

That deal to skip you out of Hell is make generous room for My ministry, and life, and we will build your concurrent Ba'al perfecting means for a new world order, Putin's world order. Is it time for that coffee Putin? I made room for your Ba'al perfecting strategies.

Had one of those girls been for him, she would have given him the knit garment he asked about. It could be that was the girl number three intent. But, God knew keep her mouth shut. She does not get God's dude.

Mahalo,

the Christ



General H. L. MacRae "mac" Dukes PhD
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