

Letter 336  
**Mashed Potato-(Man)**  
 2015-04-17

Dear Dan,

Thursday morning, 9 April while at work I was listening to a you-tube video of Kenneth E. Hagin (The Believer's Authority 03 Reigning with Our Authority 110288 – ([https://youtu.be/QCy-d9-jj\\_8](https://youtu.be/QCy-d9-jj_8))).

I was settling in to what I thought would be a nice time listening to an evangelist that my Mom most likely had listened to on cassette tape. She also had one of his books in her collection at home when I was young titled “The Origin and Operation of Demons”. That same book is now with me in my own collection.

But 8 minutes and 5 seconds into the audio I about “blew a gasket”. For I heard coming from the evangelist’s mouth exactly what I knew to be a blatant demonstration of the doctrine of the Nicolaitans. He started quoting Colossians 1:18 to the audience, and just after he gets to the part where it says “And He is the Head of the Body...”, Mr. Hagin speaks these words:

“EVERYBODY SAY ‘BODY’”.

And I can hear in the background a chorus of people obediently saying “body”.

Of course when I was listening to this I was walking along a hallway pushing a vacuum cleaner, and I stopped in my tracks, paused the audio and hollered protests out loud to my Lord and my angels. I think I listened for a few more minutes, then could take no more.

That day I couldn’t sleep well at all. Thursday’s sleep-cycle became one of those “Coke and Sandwich” kind of “nights”.

But later angel Gabriel said that I didn’t sleep well because while I was trying to sleep, Jesus was removing the “Potato Man” spirit from His body. This evil spirit is written about in Letters 67 and 70, and Letter 331.

On another note, the following Sunday after Church as we were driving into Snoqualmie I began to pray for forgiveness of sins in the Snoqualmie Valley, and to cover those sins with the Blood of the Lamb. Then, in North Bend we stopped at the Post Office to check the mail. As soon as we drove into the parking lot I went into “Shields Up-Red Alert” mode.

Walking into the lobby I saw a lady standing at the counter sorting mail. As soon as she lifted her head and saw me these words came out of her mouth;

“IT SURE SMELLS BAD IN HERE”,

and I knew immediately “who” was talking and why. The sweet smelling fragrance of the Blood of the Lamb before God’s Throne is a stench to the enemy. And this time “they” let me know what they thought.

Blessings...  
 R. C. Theophilus