

Dear Followers of Christ,

I am back in Texas again, returning from a very fruitful trip in the far northwest. I went to Alaska, British Colombia and The Yukon Territories, Canada. Not only did I minister all the way up the Al-Can Hwy. (10,400 miles round trip), but I also left video tapes of my testimony and Bible teaching so they can continue to minister even though I'm back here now.

Betty joined me in Fairbanks, Alaska on June 29th. We made the return trip together and revisited some of the places I had ministered on the way up. Praise the Lord, already there was fruit from that labor!!

Thank you all so much for your continued prayer and financial support. With your and God's help this was a very prosperous trip for the Kingdom of God! Now I would like to share with you, some of the events that happened on the trip.

First I'd like to share the goal that God had put in my heart for this trip to the north. It was not only to take the gospel to the lost, but also to search and see if there were any areas of the frontier that had not been reached with the full gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In Fairbanks, there are two major bars, the Old Miner's Saloon, and The Frontier Club, where miners and local natives go to try and fill the emptiness in their souls with alcohol and drugs, which can never satisfy. I went to The Old Miner's Saloon first. When they saw I had a guitar with me they asked me to play and sing for them. I ministered the gospel to them in music and song for hours. They enjoyed it so well that they even unplugged the jukebox and listened intently as the Holy Spirit used the music to drive out evil from their hearts. Afterwards, I was able to counsel and pray with many of the people. One woman was so touched that she told me I needed to go to The Frontier Club where they were to have a jam session. A couple of nights later, I did go to that club and played along with two other musicians up on the platform. As I began to sing songs about the love that Jesus has for the lost, I noticed that the others had stopped playing and were just listening to my song. They said, "Those songs are so beautiful, would you mind if we just listen, we're afraid we'll mess you up." The anointing was so strong that night at the Frontier Club!! Someone yelled from the back that he had a complaint!! The complaint was that they could not hear the words, so please turn up the volume!! Then I had to repeat some of the songs again. In both bars after ministering for a couple of hours, the people's hearts were hungry for counseling and prayer. I was able to minister to many of them individually. Glory to God!! One old gentleman came up to me and said, "You may not think everyone is paying attention, but I want you to know that your songs have penetrated every heart here and we will never forget what you have done for us tonight!" They felt the love and forgiveness of Christ and He gets ALL the Glory!!

Now when I say night, I don't mean it was dark, as they have no darkness up there in the summertime, only daylight, 24 hours a day. Therefore when I left the bars after 2 A.M, I was able to begin my street ministry with the drunk Indians I found all around on the streets and sleeping under bridges etc. The night I left The Old Miner's Saloon I noticed some Indians next to the river, laying around under the bridge. I went over to them and again ministered to them with music and song. When they realized that a servant of the Lord was in their midst they tried to hide the bottle that they had been passing around. As I sang and shared the love of Christ with these Indians every one of them began to weep. One of them said, "Jesus doesn't love us anymore because we're just drunks!" I responded, "Not only did Jesus love you enough to die for you while you are yet sinners, He has proved it to you tonight by sending a servant of His all the way from Texas to tell you that He still loves you!" We then joined hands and prayed a prayer of deliverance. As I began to sing another song they all raised their hands in the air and began repenting and thanking Jesus that He still loved them! Hallelujah!! This fulfilled the vision I had before I left, of drunk Indians laying on the ground. Many of you will remember that I shared that with you months ago.

When I left they all hugged me and I asked where they would sleep that night? They said, "Oh we sleep here under this bridge." So I asked if there wasn't a mission they could go to get a bed and a meal and they said, "Oh yes, there is a beautiful Christian mission, but they won't let us in if we've been drinking." It gets down to 40 degrees at night in Alaska, even in the summertime. I asked what they did in the winter and they said, "We still sleep here, but we try to build a fire to keep warm, but some of us die anyway." I must be honest here; the Lord's righteous anger filled my soul at that moment. A few days later I confronted one of the religious leaders of that mission about why they wouldn't let these Indians in for a bed and a meal. The response was that, "We have been dealing with these Indians for 25 years and we know how to treat them! We are trying to build incentive in them to not drink so they can get a bed and food." I then asked her, "How in the world do you expect these people to fight the Satanic forces of darkness with only human willpower? How do you fight an addiction without the help from the Holy Spirit?" This is what happens when a religious institution loses their love for the lost!! Just picture it this way. Think if you were in a boat with a life jacket and saw a man drowning. As he approaches your boat begging for help you then proceed to tell him that he must qualify before you can throw him the life jacket. Seems pretty sad and pretty heartless doesn't it! I believe God thinks it does too! Please pray fervently for the Lord to send true servants to Alaska that will love those Indians with the love of Christ and really help them find deliverance. People that will take them in even when they fail over and over again, because that is what Jesus does for all of us! Jesus did say to forgive seventy times seven, and that is 490 times all in one day!

Then the Lord took me about 6 hours north of Fairbanks. I felt there was a Native village up there that I should go to but didn't know exactly where. I drove many miles on a gravel highway and finally I came to a small store, the only one I had seen. I stopped in for a cup of coffee and the lady running the store asked me where I was from and where I was going? As I shared my burden with her, she said, "You should go to Minto, it's a pure Native village of Athabaskan Indians." I love the way God leads by His Holy Spirit to the perfect spot! The road to Minto was a few hundred yards father up the road. If I had not stopped when and where I did, I would have missed it and missed the blessing that God had in store for me!!

I arrived in the evening hours and parked my truck and trailer down by the water to camp. A little later an Indian man named Luke came to speak to me. He wanted to know why I had come there and when I told him that God had sent me to minister the Gospel to the people, he said, "You cannot speak with our people until you speak with the elders first." I of course agreed with whatever was required. I found out later why they were so careful, as they have had lots of false cults coming in to the village with false teachings.

Luke returned a few hours later and asked me to come to his church the next morning. I gladly said yes and asked where it was and what kind of church it was? He told me it was Episcopalian and I immediately started imagining a very formal, organized service with lots of ritual. Then the Lord reminded me of the scriptures where Paul said he became as those under the law to win those under the law. I walked into the church the next morning and when Luke saw my guitar Luke said, "Do you know any other chord besides G?" I told him that I knew many chords besides G and he said, "Then you can lead the song service!" It didn't take me long to discover that these were Spirit-filled believers who were free in the Spirit. It was such a joy to fellowship with them and build their faith and mine. Luke said that only the Lord can end a service and so we all worshipped together until the Holy Spirit led us all to agree to stop the service. It was a glorious four hours!

They invited me to come again that evening at seven o'clock and I said I would come. But they told me, we don't meet here, you must come to the Assembly of God Church a couple of blocks away. When I arrived that night, I saw the same people I had seen that morning, all sitting with their chairs in a circle. The believers could see that I was shocked to find the same people worshipping together in different churches and they asked if I had ever watched a video called, "Transformations?" I said that yes I had and they told me that they were experiencing a transformation right there in Minto and the denominational walls had fallen. He said that they all realized that they were all one family in God and Jesus is their only shepherd!! Hallelujah!! I was so thrilled to be in a village where a transformation was actually taking place!

One thing that happened in the evening service was, I was asked to pray for a raging forest fire that was going on near Minto, that had already burned around 90,000 acres. The Word of the Lord came unto me to speak to the clouds off the west coast, to fill with water and move across the fire and put it out. I obeyed and prayed the prayer and the next day it happened, great black clouds moved in and the rain poured for hours and put out the fire. Glory to God for His mighty power!

Also, among the congregation was a young white woman, visiting the church, one of the fire fighters, named Mary. The Lord gave her a word for me, she said that the Lord had sent me to teach these Christians boldness in witnessing outside the church walls, as they were very shy and timid to share outside the church.

I was invited to come to the Lodge to eat and I told them I would if I could bring my guitar and sing for the people, so I did. I immediately noticed that the Christians sat off to themselves, away from the non-believers. So when I finished singing I took my plate over to one of the non-believers tables. An old man named Solomon said, "Are you going to sit with us? We're not Christians!" I told him I certainly was and said, "Give me your hands!" He did and as I prayed out loud for him the Lord began to give me words of knowledge about his life and problems. When I finished praying, another man said, "Would you pray for me too?" So, for five days, I sang to the people and then prayed for them. At first the Christians were so shocked by my boldness to witness in public, but towards the end they began to sit among the non-believers and talk to them. So, the Word of the Lord given to me by Mary was fulfilled. Praise the Lord! The day I left the village they all gave me a standing ovation and told me how much they enjoyed the ministry. I was so blessed that the Lord had taken me to Minto. Remember to pray for the believers there and the non-believers.

I had to leave then to pick up Betty at the airport in Fairbanks. A young man named Butch asked if he could ride with me to Fairbanks as there was a family emergency and he needed to get there. Of course I was glad to be of help. As we rode along and as I ministered to him he confessed that he had once followed the Lord but had fallen back into sin, but that he now wanted to rededicate his life to the Lord again. God is so good and so merciful! I was privileged to lead him back to Christ! When we got home we had already received a letter from Butch. He is in jail for violating his probation by getting drunk. He asked for prayer that he gets sent to the Native rehabilitation center in Old Minto instead of sitting in jail. So please pray that wherever he winds up at that he will stay close to the Lord!

This part is from Betty. Hello dear brothers and sisters in Christ, I thank each and every one of your support and prayers while Larry was gone away from me and also for the time we drove the long trip back. It took 25 days and we really needed those prayers. The scenery is just beautiful all along the way, like a picture postcard at every inch and lots of wildlife walking across and beside the road as you drive. Buffalo, caribou, black bears, grizzlies, moose etc. We took lots of pictures and will have some with us to show you in our meetings this month. There was also lots of roadwork too, so took a lot of patience to wait to get through it.

As Larry said, we ministered all the way back too, as God gave us many opportunities. We witnessed to every flagger person where we had to stop for roadwork, to many people we met at rest stops, including a man and woman that had ridden a motorcycle all the way from San Francisco and people we met at camp grounds. We also got to minister to and fellowship with some precious brothers and sisters in Pink Mountain, British Columbia. They were a blessing to us and we hope we were to them also. We also ministered with brothers and sisters in Washington State, people we hadn't seen for many years and Larry's brother, Bernie, and family in California. We love you all and thanks for the wonderful times we had together.

As we left Alaska and were driving through the Yukon wilderness, and I mean WILDERNESS, our truck broke down when we stopped for some roadwork. Larry had been having trouble with the fuel pump when he got to Alaska and had asked how much it would cost to fix it and was told at least \$1000.00. He figured out a way with the Lord's help to make it work and it worked well until we got to the middle of the Yukon Territory. This was one place where we really needed your prayers, because there was only one place within 300 miles where we could have gotten the truck fixed, that had a mechanic and a wrecker and we broke down within 15 minutes of it. A place called Kluane Wilderness Village. It had a gas station, RV park and a cafe. Larry finally hitched a ride to the village and brought back the wrecker. We were there for three days waiting for the part to come. When it finally came it wasn't the whole fuel pump, only the motor of the fuel pump and wasn't the right one for our vehicle. But God is great and the mechanic was able to make it work and it brought us all the way home without further mishap. Thanks be to God and all of you for your prayers. Again this all happened in the exact right spot. We were further blessed when we got the bill! For the wrecker service, the RV spot, the part, the labor and \$35.00 of gas the bill came to \$500.41 half of what it would have been in Alaska. We got the credit card bill when we arrived home. PTL!!

As we drove back, Larry told me he didn't feel called to come back to minister up there again, that he still hadn't found what he had been looking for. Well, not long afterwards we stopped in at a beautiful little log cabin café for breakfast and met an Indian man named Eric. I had went on to the restroom and Eric was sitting at a table on the porch with his three children. Larry just walked up to him and said, "My name is Larry Goff." Eric responded, "My name is Eric and these are my children but they have no mother, she died a year ago." When he said that he had such pain on his face that Larry just took him in his arms and prayed for him. He was so touched that he had tears in his eyes and they just bonded right then and there! As we ate and talked with Eric and another couple that was with him he invited Larry to come to his village and stay in his house. We then found out that he was from the Northwest Territories and that there was only one Catholic church for many villages around The Great Slave Lake and they have not had the true Gospel of Christ preached to them. This was the sign Larry had been waiting for and he then knew where God wanted him to go next year. God willing He will go to the Northwest Territories next May through August. The Great Slave Lake is three hundred miles long with many native villages around it that can only be reached by boat or float plane. So, he will be taking the pontoon boat so he can get to most of the villages and also live on it. Please begin to pray with us for God to provide all the equipment and finances for that trip. I will not be going on that trip, so I ask for your prayers for me too as I again stay to take care of the home front.

But, I WILL be going with him in September, next month, to the Seri Indians in Old Mexico. Remember we have been collecting coats, blankets and shoes for them? Well, we will be taking the stuff to them before the cold winter sets in again. We thank all of you who have given so generously to help the Seri's. I'm sure they will be blessed by your gifts, God bless you for your caring. We are pleased to tell you that Pat and Kathy Poe are planning to go with us to the Seri's, the Lord willing. They are the ones who donated the little travel trailer. We will be gone the whole month of September, but will be back in the States again to minister in meetings in October and November. Please pray with us for this trip also. I especially need prayer, as I am very tired physically from all the riding and traveling.

I could go on and on but I will close now, as this is a very long letter. We hope you will receive a blessing from reading it, as it has been a blessing to write it to you. May God bless you each one very abundantly, spiritually, physically and financially. We love you all and we do pray for you often.

DONATIONS:

For tax deduction make checks out to-

FRONTIER MINISTRIES

2215 49TH STREET

LUBBOCK, TX 79412

Still, on the Frontiers for Christ,

Larry and Betty Goff

If you DO NOT need a tax deduction then make checks out to-

LARRY AND BETTY GOFF

2215 49TH STREET

LUBBOCK, TX 79412

Letters are very welcome too and if you would like to call us

Here are our phone numbers:

Home- 806-765-0335

Larry's cell phone- 806-789-2255

Betty's cell phone- 806 789-1707

P.S. We are still collecting any used books you have for our son, Vaughn. He sells them on the Internet and gives the money to his wife's tribe in the Amazon jungle in Brazil. South America, the Wai Wai tribe. They would appreciate any more that you have to give. Old books, (but in fair to good condition), new books, hard cover or paper back. Any kind any subject. Children's books sell well, as do mysteries and romances, text books (for college) etc. Thank you all who have already given and also those who will give in the future. God bless you again.