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Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

Greetings in the precious name of our Lord and Savior Christ Jesus. I pray this letter finds you renewed in your strength, with a New Year resolution to serve Jesus with all that you are.

2006 went out with a bang, and 2007 came in with the roar of a lion. Irene, the kids and I (Vaughn) celebrated the New Year down in a small village in Mexico. We had gone there with a vanload of blankets and warm clothes to give out. My sister (Valerie) and brother-in-law (Pete) who have a mission there, had reported that the Artic cold blast in early December had taken the lives of a couple of small children and that there was a desperate need for blankets. We left for Mexico December 26th around 6:00am. I was raised in Mexico so it was like going home to me, but it was very interesting see the reaction of Irene and the kids as they saw people living in dilapidated rag shacks just the other side of the border; a stones throw away from the prosperity of the US. Even though they have all seen destitute poverty in Brazil, and I had told them that it was the same or worse in Mexico, they still could not imagine it until they actually saw it for themselves. We reached the village where Valerie and Pete have their work the evening of the 27th, 200 miles below the border.

It would take a tractor-trailer load of blankets to make a real impact on the area we went to, and our little van load seemed smaller and smaller the further we drove. But I always remember the moral of the story of the boy and the starfish; we may not be able to make a difference in the whole world, but that should not stop us from making a difference to the person in front of us. Pete said he knew of small village way back in the mountains that needed the blankets the most. So we headed to that village. It was a long slow drive over rough terrain. We had to drive across three rivers (with no bridges). We were able to provide a blanket for about every person in the village. We also gave out gloves, stocking hats and other clothes items. Valerie and Pete had brought stuffed toys as Christmas presents for the children. We all shared the most important gift of all, the love of Jesus. As I look out my window while writing this letter I see that the trees are white with icicles. The outside temperature is way below freezing and it is only expected to get colder for the next few days. I think of those people to whom we gave those blankets and I see them, in my mind, wrapping themselves in them. I thank the Lord for allowing us to take those blankets to them. PTL!

As most of you know, Dad headed for the Artic on January 4th. Just before He went through security, I told him to remember that no matter what happens on this flight, not to be disturbed because God is in control. We immediately saw the hand of the Lord at work, when a brother in the Lord that works in security recognized dad just before the metal detector went off and they found a jackknife in dad's big artic coat pocket, (Dad had actually been looking for this knife for weeks). The situation could have been serious but the security officer hid the knife, called me over and slipped it to me. He whispered in my ear, "*This large of a knife is a mandatory citation.*" Isn't it great to be a part of the Body of Christ and see how it functions so perfectly?

Well, dad made it as far as Las Vegas, but was unable to make his connection there. He was forced to stay there for 3 days waiting for the next available seat on a flight to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Then he was delayed by immigrations for several hours in Edmonton for no apparent reason, almost causing him to miss his flight to Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada. On the flight to Yellowknife, dad sat next to a couple that were obviously in deep distress. Dad found out that their son had been murdered that very night and he was able to minister the love of Jesus and console them for hours until the flight landed. It was obvious then, why dad had to be on that flight, in that very seat! Sounds like clockwork to me! Or as mom always says, "*It's not an accident, it's a God-incident.*"

Dad is doing well and has made it to Fort Resolution where he will be ministering and encouraging the Body of Christ. They have always begged dad to come there to be with them during the "Dark Time" when the people struggle the most spiritually. I will have to let dad tell you in person about the 400 mile trip on ice roads and across frozen rivers from Yellowknife to Hay River. Lets just say, he has decided to fly back to Yellowknife when the time comes for his flight up to Inuvik, Jan. 19th. I monitor the temperatures up there daily and it is currently -31°F where dad is. Please pray that he comes back with all his fingers and toes. He had to buy a complete new set of clothes when he got there. He said it felt like he was naked when he was wearing the clothes he took with him, (and dad likes the cold!)

Well, I have a few more things I want to talk about before I close this letter. First off, I am sure some of you are wondering what my plans for the future are. Some of you already know because I have told you in person, so this is for those of you that don't know. Upon our return from Brazil and even before then, I had felt the Lord moving me in a different direction. There has been something that I have long desired to do, but it seemed that the Lord would never release me to devote the time necessary to do it. I had thought that the time to do it would come in the tranquil jungles of the Amazon. Boy was I wrong! The demands on my time and attention there are constant and continual. I barely have time to sleep down there, much less devote my time to a long term and demanding project. What I am talking about, is writing the history of our lives in service to Jesus on the foreign mission field. There are many people that have encouraged us to do this over the years and there are some that have devoted years of hard work to see these testimonies of God's power written down for the whole world to have access to. In the last four years God has taken our ministry in a totally new direction. For over 40 years we have devoted 100% of our energy to reaching the lost with the Gospel of Jesus, primarily those in foreign countries. In recent years however, we have seen a hunger, a desperate need in fact, expressed by the Body of Christ, for the living testimony of God's power at work TODAY. We have been privileged to see this

first hand in our ministry over the last 43 years. The need for these testimonies has grown so great, that Dad and I have devoted a lot of time to the US ministry of encouraging and equipping the Body of Christ. Just about everybody we have ministered to, have stated at least once, if not multiple times, *“You need to write these testimonies down in a book so that everyone can hear them.”* We have always longed for these testimonies to be written down, but never felt the Lord give us leave from the ministry to do it ourselves. Until now that is. After 42 years, the Lord has finally released us to do this. The Lord spoke to me first, and Dad and Mom confirmed that this is the right time. There is no doubt that the Body of Christ is going to be facing things in which they will need to know that God is their true source. This is something that we have experienced on the mission field throughout our entire 43 years of ministry. We want the whole Body of Christ to be encouraged and strengthened by these stories of God’s power of protection and provision. Writing this book will be a long journey. The task before me is monumental and is a great responsibility. I know the Lord will guide me each step of the way. My New Years resolution is to write this book, and I have already begun. I request your prayers as I continue down this road. I know that the end result will bring much glory to God and immeasurable encouragement to the Body of Christ.

Now I move on to a prayer request that is very dear to Irene’s heart and mine. As most of you know, we brought an nine-year-old girl named, Ellie, back to the US with us this last time. We had raised Ellie as our own child for over three years, while living in Brazil. You also may know that due to the evil actions of those that oppose our ministry in the Amazon, we were forced to send Ellie back to Brazil to live with the mother that had abandoned her when she was just a few months old. Those of you that receive my e-mail updates knew of the heart-wrenching ordeal that Irene and I went through as we were forced to give our little girl up. The most difficult part was to watch her go to live with a mother that lives in utter poverty, has several other children and has never been married. I must be honest that Irene and I have struggled to see what God is doing here. This has been harder for us then if she had died, because then at least we would have the comfort that she was in heaven. It has been 5 months since we lost her and it is not uncommon for us to shed daily tears as we miss her presence with us and pray earnestly for her protection. The Lord has been with us though and has granted us favor with Ellie’s mother who has come to realize that she was used as a pawn for a political agenda. We have ministered the love of Jesus to her and our prayer has been that she would come to know Jesus through this whole thing. We have had little or no indication over these last 5 months that we would ever get Ellie back, but we have continued to trust the Lord that He has a plan in all of this. Two days ago we talked with Ellie’s mother again and we were left breathless when she told us that she wants to give Ellie back to us. Irene and I were overjoyed to hear her say this, but as wonderful as it sounds, it will be nothing short of an absolute miracle if it happens! It would take a small book for me explain the legal complications involved for us to fully adopt Ellie. The feeling Irene and I have right now is that of a starving person reaching for a piece of delicious chocolate cake that is just out of reach. I told Irene that we would trust the Lord as we always have. Ellie’s mom told us that Ellie has not stopped crying for us since she has been there. As desperate as we are to her back, Irene and I feel that it would be worse for Ellie if we got her back only to lose her again. We want it to be done right this time, by an adoption agency, so that it cannot be reversed as the first paper work we did ourselves was. I sent off a letter to an international adoption agency detailing our situation and asking for their advice. I have yet to receive an answer, but from my research, international adoptions cost a lot of money. I do not know where this money will come from, but I know the Lord can provide it. Irene and I are yielded to the Lord’s will on this and we ask that you will pray for His will to be done in this matter. We are really hoping though, that it is His will for us to get Ellie back.

Well I know this letter has gone on too long, but I have a few final words to share. 2006 was a great year in which we saw the mighty hand of God move over and over again. The Gospel was preached to the lost, the sick were healed and prisoners of Satan were set free through the blood of Jesus. All of you were right there with us in spirit, through your prayers and financial support, as we did exploits for the Kingdom of God. Many of you faced unimaginable hardship and trials in 2006, and yet you are standing stronger then ever before, in your faith in Jesus. It has always been one of my personal proverbs that *“Everyone wants a great victory, but a great victory only comes after a great battle.”*

I thank the Lord for each and every one of you that has faithfully stood by this ministry. I am looking forward to 2007, for I know there will be great battles ahead, but there will also be great victories for Jesus. God bless you all in Jesus name.

In the faithful service of Jesus,

THE GOFF’S
Larry and Betty
Vaughn, Irene, Esther, Ephraim, and Benjamin

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