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Dear Family of Christ,

Well, the Holy Spirit of the Living God led Sam Harris and I (Larry) to the southern tip of Mexico, to the city of Chetumal, right on the border of Belize, Central America. There is a little Mayan village near there called, Huay-Pix. Huay-Pix is a Mayan word which means. "Witch's Knee" and is pronounced, "Why Peash". This village is so important because, it is the village where Betty and I started our ministry to southern Mexico over 30 years ago. This area is still called the, "Mayan Zone", today.

30 years ago, Betty and I felt led by the Holy Spirit to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in this region of southern Mexico because there was no Christian churches proclaiming the name of Jesus at that time. Even though we started living right in the Mayan village of Huay-Pix itself, the Lord did not open the door for us to start evangelizing there for about seven months. I would like to point out here that many others from different religions had previously tried to establish a church in this same village of Huay-Pix, but were run off by the Mayan people that lived there. So, we had to be patient and wait for God to present the right opportunity. One morning that opportunity arrived in the least expected way. A young man (who was demon possessed) hung himself by the school from a tree. This terrified the whole village because; when they found the boy hanging the next morning, he appeared to be laughing. The whole village was terrified because they believed that the spirit that killed the young man still existed in the tree where he hung himself; so much so, that they not only cut down that tree, they cut down every tree around the school building.

It was at this time that I felt compelled by the Holy Spirit, to show the movie "Jesus", in an open outdoor setting for the whole village to see. At first no one would come out at night to watch the movie, even though they had never seen a motion picture before in their life. The people finally overcame their fear of the darkness and came out to watch the "Jesus" film. After many nights of repeating the showing of the Jesus movie, some of the villagers came to the house where we were living and accused me of using witchcraft. When I asked them why they thought I was using witchcraft, they said, "Last night a man came to kill you, but when he lifted his shotgun to shoot you, his eyes went blind." I told them that I was extremely sorry that the man's eyes went blind, but not to worry because I would go to his house and pray for him that the Lord would restore his sight. I did just that! He was an older man and as he lay in his bed, in his house, with his eyes blind, I laid my hands on him and prayed that God would restore his sight. Graciously and mercifully the Lord restored the man's sight in 3 days. The word spread throughout the village that Jesus Christ had the power to heal even blind eyes! So, as the Word of the Lord was proclaimed throughout the village, many became believers and were baptized in the name of Jesus. We learned that many times you just have to be patient and wait for the Lord to move. We call this in the Christian faith, "Waiting for the Lord to open the door".

After two years of teaching the Word of God in Huay-Pix and also other Mayan villages for miles around, some of the religious leaders of a pagan Mayan religion became angry that people were converting to Jesus. They traveled to the State capital and told the governor of the State of, Quintana Roo, that they were going to deliver my dead body on the steps of the Governor's Palace. Before we even knew about this event, the Holy Spirit of God revealed to me that it was time for us to leave the town we were living in at the time. So we did, not even knowing why.

I was a little apprehensive about leaving the young Mayan believers by themselves without strong leadership at that time, but three weeks later, I was taken in to custody by the Mexican government for my own protection. After the government explained to me the threat against my life, they told me that I had 48 hours to leave that the State of Quintana Roo, because American tourism was vital to the economy of the State, and they did not want any reports of the Mayans killing an American in that area. Even so, I was apprehensive about leaving the young Christians, but the Mayan believers who converted to Jesus as their Lord told me that, they wanted to see if they were following me or Jesus Christ the Son of the Living God! So, we left to start a new ministry farther North in the State of Vera Cruz.

That was over thirty years ago, and I am pleased to tell you that when I returned there a few weeks ago, I found the believers to be standing strong in their faith in our Lord Jesus. I am so proud of the Holy Spirit, whom Jesus said would lead us and guide us and teach us. Even though we cannot see the Holy Spirit, Jesus said in the Gospel of John chapter 14; that it would be better for Him to leave so that the Holy Spirit would come and continue and finish the work that He had started. This is true to this very day, and I am so proud to tell you that the believers stayed strong in their faith all these years. Praise Jesus!

While we were there, the believers held a great feast in the name of the Lord, and Samuel Harris got to see with his own eyes the fruit that had resulted from starting a work in the Name of Jesus Christ, in the Mayan village called, Huay- Pix.

May God bless all of you and thank you for praying for us while we were gone.

Yours in Christ Jesus our Lord,  
Larry and Betty

From Vaughn:

Dear faithful servants of our Lord Jesus, The Christ.

I am so grateful to God for each and every one of you. The times we live in are full of turmoil and tribulation, but you have remained faithful through it all and for this, I am overwhelmed with gratitude to you and to the Lord for strengthening you.

Once again, I find myself wondering where the time had gone as so much has occurred over the last three months since I last wrote to you. For a while now, I have been feeling a tugging on my heart to go North to Canada to strengthen and encourage the body up there as I wrote to you in my last letter. So, Irene and I began in earnest to seek the Lord's provision to make this trip possible in early summer. We have learned to be patient in all things, as we know that it is the Lord who guides our steps and paves the road ahead of us. So, when we were still not on the road by the end of June, I began to understand that it was probably not the Lord's will for us to go all the way to northern Canada this year, as it would be impossible to get there before the Arctic winter started. But the Lord was still pulling us to go on the road, but not to Canada this year, but to California to see a sister in the Lord who we had met on facebook, who was the daughter of missionaries that had worked with the Wai Wai people (Irene's tribe) back in the 1970s.

So, in an attempt to acquire a small RV so that we could make a trip, in mid July I decide to use my construction skills to build a small portable building in exchange for a little 16 foot Jayco travel trailer. The building turned out great and we did exchange it for the little Jayco, but when I was putting the final screws in the roof, I slipped and fell off the peak of the roof almost 10 feet to the hard ground below. By the grace and the hand of Almighty God alone did I survive this fall, as I would have went off the roof head first if I were

not able catch a hold of the roof with one hand at the last moment, just enough to flip around. Praise to His holy Name! It was not without injury though, but nothing compared to what it should have been. It did cause significant bruising and micro-fractures to the bones in my heels, which took the brunt of my fall. I will not tell you that the pain was anything less than excruciating, because it was. But I know from whence my help comes, and I was calling out to JESUS as I laid there on that ground in unbelievable pain, not knowing the full extent of my injuries. He was faithful to protect me from what most certainly should have been my end, but it did seem that it was the end of any trip this year. But not all is as it seems at first.

After going to the doctor and getting some x-rays that showed that I had no major fractures to my feet, my doctor told me that I should stay off my feet for eight weeks. I was in still considerable pain, and walking was pretty much unbearable, but the tugging in my heart to get on road was stronger than ever. So after only four days of rest, Irene, Ben and I hit the road, with the faith that the Lord would see us through; which He did in miraculous ways. All I could really do myself was drive, and even that caused me significant pain. My precious wife, Irene, and faithful son, Benjamin, really stepped up to the plate and took of everything else for me. They cared for me the whole trip and I felt so blessed to have them in my life. I am overwhelmed by how good my Lord is to me in that He has provided me such wonderful partners in ministry.

There is so much that occurred on this trip that I want to share with you in detail, but the bottom of the page is coming up quick, I will have to shorten things up and focus on a couple main points. The Lord was with us on this trip and really showed us His hand. We got to see several people along the way that really needed encouragement. We got to visit a former client in Phoenix, Arizona that attended the Good News camp back in 2014, that gave his life to the Lord while he was here at the camp. He is now serving the Lord in a ministry to refugees and the Lord has restored his relationship with his children who he is now guiding in the pathway of our Lord. Praise God! As we were visiting him he turned to his son and said, "Son. This is the man that saved your dad's life." It was a humbling and encouraging moment for me. It is always wonderful when a servant of the Lords gets to see the fruits of their labor in this life.

As I said before, we felt strongly that the Lord was drawing us to California to meet a sister in the Lord that we only knew through facebook. It was not until we got there that we understood why we needed to be there. When we first met this precious sister (Beth) we had no idea of how many trials this servant of God had been through. She reminded me of the Psalmist who felt at times that he was surrounded by trouble on all sides and was alone. She had lost both parents, a brother, fought three bouts with cancer, and had lost her home within a short span of years. We found her lonely, emotional beat down and spiritually discouraged, holed up in a basement apartment out in the country. She had long prayed that the Lord would use her for His Kingdom and glory, but had no idea how He could, as she felt she had little to offer Him. It was only after we met her, that I understood why we had to go there. We were the answer to her prayer. There is not enough space to explain all that happened, but suffice it to say that sister Beth was strengthened and rejuvenated in her spirit and has already started going forward in her new ministry to reach out with hope and the love of Jesus to other women battling with cancer through the making of beautiful hats to cover their heads. Praise the Lord!

Well, it is time for me to close for now. I cannot tell you how much your prayers mean to us. We may never know how close I came to not being here when I fell off that roof. I know that all of your prayers were with me then and strengthened me to push on through the pain so that I could accomplish this mission. I cannot express my gratitude enough. I am still not completely healed as of yet and am restricted in my ability to walk, so your continued prayers are much appreciate. May God richly bless each and every one of you that are so faithful to support this ministry through prayer and donations.

Your servants in Christ Jesus,  
Vaughn, Irene, & Benjamin  
Ephraim, Kelsey & Charlie