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(From Vaughn)

Dear Family of God,

I pray this letter finds you doing well and enjoying the peace that can only be found in our Lord Jesus Christ. As I write these lines, my heart is filled with appreciation for every one of you that has so faithfully stood by this ministry. I know that God has many blessings in store for each of you.

A lot has occurred since the beginning of 2021. The biggest news is that mom and dad have decided to relocate down to the Corpus Christi region of Texas. Lubbock, Texas, has been the home base of Goff Ministries since the 1970s, but Corpus Christi is where mom and dad met, and the amazing journey of their life first began. So, it seems fitting that the Lord should be drawing them back to this region after 60 years of service to His Kingdom all over the world.

Dad began feeling drawn to minister in this region earlier in 2021. He moved down to Rockport, Texas, and began living there in his RV. Despite dad's age, his heart is young, and he yearns with unending vigor to be about the Lord's business of spreading the Gospel of Jesus to the lost. Sometimes though, this spiritual vigor can lead to him not taking the best care of his physical body's needs, and on March 22nd, dad began feeling very weak. Being alone in his RV with no one to care for him, he declined rapidly until he could not even stand up. By the grace of our Lord, my sister Valene and brother-in-law Scott had moved down to Alice, Texas, a while back. They were able to make the 80-mile trip to Rockport in the middle of the night and rush him to the county hospital in Portland, Texas, around 1:00am. Dad was in critical condition when they got him to the hospital in Portland, where they quickly determined he was in sepsis. He was transported to Corpus Christi Medical Center, where he remained in ICU for several days. It goes without saying that this was a serious event that could have quite easily been dad's ticket to his reward in heaven. However, the Lord was not done with Larry Goff, and once again, against all medical odds, Dad is still with us. Our God is Great!

Dad's spiritual body is as willing and ready to go as ever, but this ordeal severely set his physical body back, and he needed some rest and rehabilitation to recover. After they released dad from the Hospital in Corpus, we transported dad to Lubbock, where he has been undergoing treatment and physical rehab to regain his strength. He is doing much better now and is ready to continue his ministry in the Corpus region.

It became very apparent from these events that dad does not need to be on his own anymore, especially living in an RV. Since the Lord has called Dad down to that region, it was clear to everyone that it would be best for mom and him to have a house there. A place where mom can be with him and he can receive better care for his daily needs and dad can focus more on his ministry. Valene and Scott also feel that helping to care for mom and dad's physical needs as they age is a work the Lord has called them to. They have worked tirelessly over the last couple of months to find a house and get it ready for when dad became able to move down there. Praise God for them! Dad finished his rehab, and last week, the boys (Ephraim and Benjamin) and I moved Dad down to his new home in Sandia, Texas. Mom is still packing up their home in Lubbock, and we will move her down next month, the Lord willing. Thank you all for all your prayers for dad and mom. You will never understand how important they have been through all of this.

Now for an update about Irene and me. We have been very busy about the Lord's work of caring for those in need. Part of this ministry is caring for mom and dad and continuing to make it possible for them to minister to their fullest potential. I feel that caring for them in this time of their life is an extraordinary calling and in obedience to the Lord's command to honor our parents. However, it means that Irene and I can not go off and be fully vested somewhere else in ministry. We pray that the body of Christ that supports this ministry understands that making ourselves available to help and care for dad and mom is a vital part of our ministry now. Even so, the Lord keeps us hopping right where we are, as will become apparent in the following paragraphs.

Irene and I have been very active on the Amazon front during this whole Covid crisis. Brazil was hard hit by Covid. Especially the tribal people, such as Waiwai. Because of Brazil's failed government health system, death rates were extraordinarily high. Many members of Irene's tribe were lost to Covid because of a complete lack of any kind of health care for them. It seemed like almost weekly we would receive reports of another death in Irene's tribe, some of which were Irene's extended family members. As Covid spread like wildfire from village to village, we were on our knees praying for God to show us what we could do. The Lord answered our prayers by raising up a servant of God from among the Waiwai with a calling to serve others. Her name is Elsie.

Elsie is Irene's aunt, and she was a full-time member of the Amazon Mission Base when we were working down there. She worked as a schoolteacher for the children of the families that lived there. Elsie is the youngest child of chief Elka and has followed in her father's footsteps in service to the Lord and her people. Since we departed from Brazil, she has continued to be a powerful minister and voice for the Gospel in Brazil. When the Covid crisis began, and her people started dying because of the lack of any form of medical care, Elsie felt led to take medical courses to learn how to give injections and administer IVs so she could try to treat people in their homes. When Elsie told us what the Lord has put on her heart, Irene and I knew our ministry was to support her by helping her get the training and resources she needed to accomplish her mission.

Over the last year, Elsie has traveled to many villages and homes, treating the most critically ill people. Indeed, there are many people that would have died without her care. Covid continues to rage on in Brazil, and Elsie continues to save lives through her ministry. We are blessed to be able to provide her with financial support to enable her to fulfill this noble mission. Because of our medical contacts in the US, we have also been able to keep her informed of the most recent information on Covid treatments. Armed with this information and our financial support to buy medicine, she has been able to offer the most advanced Covid therapies available to people with no other option. The most recent of these was Irene's mother, who would have most certainly died if not for Elsie's care. It is your financial support that has made this possible. We are so grateful to all of you. Please keep Elsie in your prayers as she continues to save lives and minister the love of Jesus through her actions and words.

Covid has also destroyed the economy in the northern region of Brazil. Many businesses remain in mandatory shutdown. Unlike in the US, Brazil has issued no financial aid to struggling families and small businesses that have been destroyed because of the lockdown. Many families have been left with nothing, as there are no social welfare programs in Brazil. Irene and I have sent much financial support to Brazil so that families could have food to eat during this crisis. It really has been the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. In spite of our meager resources, we have always seemed to have enough to help those in the most desperate need.

I want to tell you about an incredible miracle that happened last month. Irene's youngest brother is named Clayton. He has a young wife named Allani and two small children, five and two years of age. Because of the government Covid shutdown, he lost his little street cart food business because that is not allowed in Brazil at this time. With no other means to support his family in the city, Clayton had to move his family back to his home village on the Jatapu that is only reachable by river. The Amazon is experiencing one of the worst rainy seasons in 20 years, and the rivers are at maximum flood stage. To get to the village, they have to travel about a hundred miles down the Jatapu river past a dangerous waterfall that dad and I named "Killer Falls." We named it this because, back in the 1980s, a whirlpool sucked our boat out from under us at this very place. Dad and I barely escaped with our lives. We spent a week with no food getting back to the mission base. This event took place during the rainy season when the river was at flood stage.

The river in this area is about a quarter-mile wide and about a hundred feet deep. At flood stage, the waterfall is underwater, but the river is extremely turbulent because of the submerged rock structures. Clayton and his family were traveling upriver in an aluminum boat with a 15HP outboard motor. As they were crossing over Killer Falls, a submerged tree shot up out of the water with great force under the rear portion of the boat. It launched Clayton into the air and he landed far from the boat, which was now swamped and going down with his wife and children in it. Desperately, Clayton swam with all his might against the raging water to reach his family before the boat sunk. He knew his wife, Allani, had never learned to swim. He reached the boat just in time to grab his five-year-old before the boiling water sucked the boat under, carrying with it his wife, who was clutching to his two-year-old in her arms. "I am going to die!" were the last words Clayton heard his wife yell as she went under. Swimming against the strong current, Clayton rushed his child to the edge of the flooded river to some tree branches. He told his child to hold on to them and not let go. Leaving the five-year-old clinging to the branches, Clayton rushed back out to search for his wife and baby. Diving as deep as he could in the darkness of the turbulent muddy waters, he desperately searched for them. Praying, and hoping against all hope, that by

some miracle, he would somehow find them. The turbulence of the water he was diving in was so violent it literally stripped his T-shirt and swim trunks off his body. Still, he dove, crying out to God to save his family.

I cannot describe for you the impossibility of this situation. Imagine, if you will, the Mississippi River at flood stage, and you will get some idea. The chances of finding someone in these conditions are non-existent by human standards. Even a professional swimmer may not survive in these conditions. Once you are under the water and being flipped all around, you can't tell up from down.

This is where Allani was, clinging to her child in her arms. In the utter darkness of these raging muddy waters, being flipped and tumbled all about, she clung to her baby and prayed to God for help. As her last breath of air was ending, she knew she and her baby were about to die. "God, only you can save us now.", she said in her mind as she felt her consciousness begin to slip away. At that moment, she felt a force beneath her feet. This force drove her upward with great speed until her head came out of the water and she could breathe. She took a breath and cried out, then she was swept back under the water once again.

Clayton was only a short distance from Allani when she cried out, having just surfaced from another dive. Swimming with all his might, he reached the spot where she last went under and once again dove into the darkness. "God. Help me find them," he said as he swam deeper and deeper. Then there was something in his fingers. It was his Allani's long hair. Clayton clinched his hand and drove for hard the surface as fast as he could, towing his wife by her hair. He got them to the shore and then went and retrieved his five-year-old, which was still clinging to the tree branches in the river. Nothing is impossible for our GOD!

It is rarely we hear of these kinds of miracles these days. I wanted to share this with you because I want you to know that God is still working in this world. He is still saving lives and doing miracles. Praise His Holy Name! Only He is worthy of all Glory and Honor and Praise. Amen!

Clayton and his family are doing fine now, but they need your prayers. They still have to live down the river, and the event understandably traumatized Allani. She is very anxious about traveling by boat. We are all still human, after all. We have sent money to purchase lifejackets for her and the children to help ease her anxiety while traveling by boat to their village.

One last thing I want to talk about before I finish this newsletter up. The Lord is faithful and has always taken care of this ministry. We have always lived by faith and depended on the Holy Spirit to lead people to support this ministry through prayer and finances. So what I am about to write is rather difficult for me. It has always felt conflicting for me to express the needs of the ministry, and this is no different. So please forgive me if I stumble a bit in trying to figure out how to say this.

The simple fact is that currently, Goff Ministries is operating in the red financially and has been since last year. In the last few years, many of our most faithful supporters have either gone home to Glory or have retired. This has resulted in a drop in our regular monthly support. In 2020, some of our top financial supporters went home to be with Jesus, resulting in the situation we currently find ourselves in. This is that our average monthly expenses are more than the regular monthly donations we are receiving. As the bookkeeper for Goff Ministries, I know that we have only been able to pay our bare monthly expenses because of some large onetime donations. I usually reserve these extra funds to cover emergency needs or fund missions, but I have had to draw on these funds each month to pay bills. If it were not for these unexpected onetime donations, we would not have been able to offer much of the financial help mentioned in this newsletter, or even cover our monthly bills. It is evident that the Lord saw this need in advance and inspired those that gave so generously. The Lord always provides.

I want to make it clear here that I am not asking people to give more. I am simply letting you know what we need and what you can pray for. I know beyond any doubt that God has this. He has never failed us, and He never will. However, I also believe that God requires us to do our part as well. As God provided manna and quail for the Israelites in the desert for forty years, God will provide for this ministry. I am reminded, though, that, although God provided manna and quail for the Israelites, He did not give them fresh-baked loaves of bread on their table. No, they had to go out, collect the manna, and cook it their selves. So, while we fully trust the Lord to provide for our needs, I feel I must make use of what resources the Lord has given me to support this ministry. One of these is to let the body of Christ know what our needs are, which is what I am doing here. I am just letting you know what our needs are and asking you to stand with us in faith

that the Lord will bring in new financial supporters to replace those that have gone on. I know you will, and that the Lord will hear your prayers and answer them. He always does.

Well, I see the end of the page, so that means I must bring this letter to a close. I pray the Lord keep you and prosper you in all your ways. May the light of His revelation shine in you and guide you each day.

In His service,

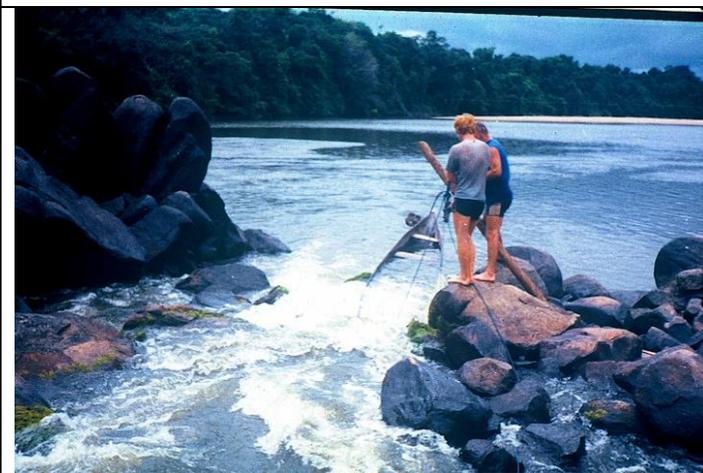
Vaughn and Irene
Larry and Betty



Elsie with her nursing school classmates



Elsie with Irene's mother after treating her for Covid



1985 Dry season photo of Dad and I at Killer Falls.



2019 Photo of Clayton, Allani and their youngest daughter.