



## GOFF MINISTRIES INC.

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06-18-2019

Precious Family in Christ Jesus,

Let me tell you about my trip to New York. It all started a few weeks before I left, on May 7th. The Lord impressed upon me that this year, I was to celebrate the anniversary of my conversion, which was May 10, 1963, 10 o'clock at night.

A few days later, the Lord impressed upon me that it had to be done in New York City. So I now knew I would be giving my testimony in New York, but I didn't know where in New York? A few days after that the Lord impressed upon me that there was a neighborhood in New York called Hell's Kitchen, and that's where I was going to give my testimony.

I was then invited to come to the preparation meeting for the Kingdom Man Retreat at Solid Rock, with Sam Harris. After sharing with the brethren what the Lord had impressed upon me to do, one of the men, Brother Rick, wanted to talk with me after the meeting. He told me of a place he knew of in Hell's Kitchen, New York, called Dewitt- Clinton Park. He believed that it would be an excellent place to give my testimony at nighttime. My son-in-law, Scott Smith, who is also a tremendous minister in the Lord's work, said he would accompany me with his guitar so we could minister with music in the park as well.

I will more of the highlights of this trip at a later date, but the first one will be about the night of May 10th. At 9 o'clock we went to Dewitt- Clinton Park and were sharing music and singing gospel songs, but the people in the park were kind of standoffish. Scott said, "Dad, I'm going to set my phone with an alarm to go off at 10 o'clock sharp." A few seconds before 10 o'clock, two young men came to the table and asked us to play them a song. At the same time the boys asked this question the alarm on Scott's phone alarm went off, which meant it was precisely 10 p.m. I told the boys, "Before we sing I have to tell you a story." They sat there patiently as I shared my testimony of how the Lord converted me from atheism to Christianity, in detail. After I finished sharing we sang the boys a gospel tune.

I asked the boys if we could take their picture and they said yes. One young man named Joel sat on my left side. When I went to put my arm around him, he said, "Please don't hug me too hard because this is really weird!" So I asked him, "Joel, why is this weird?" He said, "Two weeks ago I had a continuous dream over and over again. I dreamed that I met a man dressed in black with a white beard and glasses, and a voice told me that this man was going to speak very important words to me and that I was to listen very carefully. You are wearing black, and you have a white beard and glasses, so this is really weird, and you are that man I saw in my dreams!" I asked him, "Joel, do you know where your name came from?" He said, "Yes, my name came from the Bible, Joel was a prophet of God in the Bible." I told him that was very true and it was very important because Joel prophesied that in the last days the young men would have visions and older men would dream dreams, and he was actually experiencing a fulfillment from the Word of the Lord that was spoken through the prophet Joel. We then prayed for Joel, who was 11 years old, and his friend, Jaden, who was 12 years old. It was an amazing confirmation that we were at the right place at God's timing! Out of 10 million people in New York, the Lord picked an 11-year-old lad to send a dream to and then confirmed his dream with seeing me and hearing the testimony of my conversion to Jesus Christ!!!



God bless you each one. I pray that this will encourage you that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever!  
Your Faithful servant in Christ, Larry

[From Vaughn and Irene]

Dear Brothers and Sister in Christ Jesus,

Again it is with a heart full of gratitude that I write these lines. I cannot believe that it already June of 2019. It seems like only yesterday that Irene and I were boarding a plane headed for Guyana in South America. But that was actually back in February! Fear not, I have not forgotten the great things that Lord did on that trip. Hold tight and I will tell you all about it.

In my last letter, I told you that the Lord had lead me to return to the remote jungle border town of Lethem, in Guyana. I said in that letter that Guyana was closed to the Gospel back in 1983 when dad and I went there and that is why ended up going to Brazil and starting our mission there. I intentionally left out some details in that letter due to the fact that our newsletter goes online and I did not want some information being on the Internet before our trip to Guyana. The whole story is that Dad and I were arrested in Lethem on the airstrip as soon as we stepped off the plane in 1983. We were handcuffed and sent back to the capital (Georgetown). Through the direct intervention of the Lord and the help a complete stranger who helped us, we were able to escape custody and got onto a plane headed to Brazil. Those of you that have heard this story in person, know that there is much more to this story than I can relay in this letter; but suffice it to says, that returning to Guyana, was no small step of faith for us, as we had no way of knowing what would happen when we arrived.

Well, I am happy to report that we had no legal trouble when we landed at 1:00am at the International airport in Georgetown, Guyana. Guyana is a much different place spiritually now, and we met many active Christians while there. From the moment we landed, the Lord began opening doors for us to minister with the people around us in Georgetown (the Capital of Guyana). A few days later we boarded a small turboprop plane headed to Lethem where it all began.

When we arrived in Lethem, it looked very much the same as it did 35 years ago when Dad I landed there. It was just a tiny airstrip in the jungle. This time when I stepped off the plane, there were no soldiers with guns waiting to arrest me. But I could immediately feel the presence of a spirit that was upset that we were there. At first, I shrugged this feeling off thinking to myself that I was just feeling emotional because of my history there. But it was not long because it was revealed that the events of 35 years ago were still very fresh in the minds of some who lived in Lethem.



International airport in Georgetown



Airstrip In Lethem

Before Irene and I left to head to Guyana, I had been trying to make preparations for where we would stay when we got there, because quite a crowd of Irene's family were coming to meet us there and I knew we would need a large place to house them all. Through a series of events, I had been given the name of a local Guyanese pastor (Charles) who had a ministry with the Amazonian people, and I had been trying to reach him without success. All I wanted from him was to know if there was maybe a house in Lethem we could rent for the month that we were going to be there. But try as I might, I could not get a response out of him. Thinking that this was due to the remote location and inefficient telecommunication systems of the town, I thought nothing of it.

I need to step back here and tell you that, about a week before we boarded the plane to Guyana, the Lord impressed upon me to put together a compact portable LED projection kit to give to this Guyanese pastor that I did not know and had never talked with. This is a very compact, lightweight movie projection system that can be carried in a backpack and charged by the sun. I devised this system for dad when he went to minister to the remote villages in Papua New Guinea. It can

be used anywhere in the world and requires no modern electricity to work. So, in obedience, I quickly assembled this kit and took it along with us. Now back to the story.

When Irene and I landed in Lethem, we were met by nine members of Irene's family, who were waiting for us. I had told them to wait until I could find a place for us to stay, but they were too excited and came to meet us at the airport. It was a joyous reunion, to say the least, as we had not seen them for 12 years. But it also thrust an instant burden on me to find accommodations in this town I had only been to 35 yrs. ago, and then, only to the airport. . It was suggested by Irene's aunt that we go to see the pastor I had been trying to contact, and so we headed to his church. When we arrived, I was met by Pastor Charles, and I got a very cold feeling from him. I apologized for showing up unannounced and told him that I had been trying to contact him for months. I could not shake the impression that he was agitated that I was there. This feeling grew more intense until at last when he and I were alone, he turned and bluntly asked me; "*Are you not the same American who was arrested on the airstrip in 1983?*" I cannot tell you how shocked I was at that moment, upon hearing those words! Irene and I had decided not to mention the events of 1983 while were in Lethem to avoid stirring up unnecessary trouble, but here I was face to face with a complete stranger who knew who I was and what had happened 35 years before. I had spent less than an hour on the airstrip, and 35 years later, the first person I meet, asks me about the events of that day. I was shocked, to say the least! Needless to say, I had to answer this pastor's question and many more. I felt like I was being interrogated, to tell the truth. I knew this brother did not trust me and did not want me to be there. Rumors and false information about who I was and why I was there had flourished in the fertile soil of the unknown in the little town of Lethem for 35 years, giving life to unfounded fears and wrong imaginations about my return. One afternoon of answering questions was not going to set 35 years of rumors and false information at bay.

By the end of the day, Irene and I felt a heavy spirit of rejection and oppression from the whole town. We took a hotel room for the night (as did the rest of Irene's family), not knowing what the morrow would bring? When we were in the room, I turned to Irene and said, *"It is clear that Satan does not want us here. He is upset that we are here and is trying once again to force us to leave, as he did 35 years ago. This is a spiritual battle. We need to start fighting it spiritually."* So, we got on our knees and spent most of the night praying fervently against the stronghold of this evil spirit presiding over Lethem.

The next morning, we knew we had the victory. I met with Pastor Charles again and assured him that I understood his suspicions and that I wanted him to understand that I was no threat to him. My only purpose in contacting him was to see if he knew of a local house for rent, to house Irene's family while we were there. I told him that he did not have to help me at all if he did not want to, the Lord would provide for us through another source. Brother Charles was changed from the day before and he explained that he was afraid of me because he too had suffered persecution from the same government that persecuted Dad and I. He explained that he did not know who I was and that he feared that association with me might bring more persecution upon his ministry. After this conversation, Brother Charles opened up his whole facility for us to use as long as we needed it. Praise the Lord!

After all of this, I told him that the Lord had told me to bring him something to help him in his ministry. To my surprise, he did not ask what it was. Instead he said, *"I know exactly what it is. I will be traveling to 18 remote villages this year to evangelize and I have been praying for this very thing."* Our Lord is faithful! Of course, brother Charles did not know exactly what I had for him, because he did not know that such a thing existed. He thought I had brought him a standard sized halogen projector that needed a gas generator to power it. When Charles saw the projector I brought him that could fit in his shirt pocket loaded with dozens of gospel movies, he was amazed. He said, *"Oh, brother! I am sixty years old, and I was dreading having to lug all the heavy projection equipment around to all those villages this year. I cannot thank you enough for this."* I simply smiled and said, *"The Lord knew what you needed even before you asked for it. Don't thank me. This is His doing. The Lord did not send me to Lethem to hurt your ministry brother; He sent me here to help you."*

From that time forward, the Lord began opening many doors to minister the Gospel in Lethem. Irene and I were almost continuously involved ministering while we were there. . Because brother Charles's facility (where we were residing) is the center for Amazon Indians in Lethem, new Amazonians from many tribes came to us everyday, and we showed Gospel films with the projection equipment every night while we were there; which allowed me the opportunity to teach brother Charles how to use it as well. There are so many other things that happened while we were there that it would be impossible to fit in a single letter. But there is one story I want to tell before I end.

There was a young Amazonian man at the facility named, Anthony. He was born with a deformed hand where his fingers were attached to each other. This made it difficult and very painful for him to work, which made it hard for him to provide for his wife and four children, who were also with him at the facility. The day before we got to Lethem, he had surgery on his hand to separate his fingers at a local government clinic. Anthony was in a hammock under a small roof when we arrived at the facility, and over the next few days, I got to minister with him a lot. As I was swamped ministering with many other people, and assuming he was receiving proper care at the government clinic for this serious surgery, I did not pay much attention to his hand. A few days later, I noticed that Anthony was not looking well. So I asked to see his hand. In the Amazon, infection is rampant and can turn serious or deadly very quickly. When he unwrapped the gauze to expose his hand, it was very infected, swollen, and a dark color. I was extremely concerned and knew from my years of experience of running the clinic at the Amazon Mission in Brazil that immediate action was necessary to save his hand. The local government clinic had no help for him, so I called our daughter, Esther, Dr. Esther Robbins, in the US for advice and we agreed upon an aggressive antibiotic treatment. By God's grace, I was able to find the strong antibiotics at a local pharmacy that were necessary to turn the situation around and save Anthony's hand. Praise the Lord!

But the story does not end there. Anthony had no money and no way to feed his family because of his condition, which would take weeks to heal. He and his family would be in a dire situation with no resources or help. So, the whole time we were there, we took care of them, and they ate daily with us, as did many other people that were in need at the facility. Anthony's three-year-old son fell and got injured, which also turned into a severe infection that was life threatening; but again, the Lord had us there and we were able to save his life.

One day, Anthony asked me a question with tears in his eyes. He said, *"Do you think I have sinned by getting this surgery on my hand?"* I was confused and asked him to explain what he meant. He said that he felt that since God made him with a deformed hand, he should have been happy the way God made him. He said that he thought maybe God was punishing him for not being satisfied with having a deformed hand and all these bad things were happening to him, and maybe that is why his hand got infected, and his son's leg got infected. I smiled at him and said with love, *"Oh Anthony. God is not mad at you for wanting to get your hand fixed. Can you not see that God has been taking care of you this whole time? Can't you see that this is why God sent Irene and I here at this specific period in time? You had no way to feed your family, but your family has been fed. You had no money, yet your needs*



*have been wholly provided for. You had a severe infection, but it has been treated. Your son was sick and has been cured. Can you not see how much God loves you, Anthony, that he sent strangers from thousands of miles away to be here in your time of great need when you could not care for yourself and your family? Do not forget what you have seen here. Tell this story of God's provision for you to all who doubt that God is real. God has saved you for a purpose, Anthony. He wants you to spread His word and tell people about Him."*

Well, the end of page four is coming up fast, so I have to end there. There is just so much to tell that I cannot get to in this letter. Before I go though, I want to talk about a few important topics for Goff Ministries and ask for your prayers on some issues. Over the past few years, our financial support has been steadily decreasing due to many of our main supporters retiring or going home to be with the Lord. As the person who keeps the books for Goff Ministries, I can tell you that we have been operating in the red for almost a year now as far as our standard monthly support goes. Thanks to a few large one-time donations we have been able to keep operating and continue to go and minister. Glory to our precious Lord!

God has always been faithful and always will be to this ministry. I am telling you this not because I want you to increase your monthly support, but simply to let you know what our needs are and ask you to pray specifically about them. What we really need are new monthly supporters. This is what I am asking you to pray about. Pray that the Lord brings new, long term, faithful supporters into Goff Ministries to take the place of those who no longer can. Thank you so very much, God bless you each one.

I also want to remind you that you can also view this newsletter online at [www.goffministries.org](http://www.goffministries.org). Just click on the "Newsletter" link on the yellow menu. The online version will have color pictures and sometimes additional pictures and videos, if they are available. It is too costly for us to send out the paper version in color, but you can see it online in color. You can also read previous newsletters that you may have missed there as well. If you want to receive the email newsletter, just send me an email at [Vaughn@goffministries.org](mailto:Vaughn@goffministries.org).

Well, it is time to close. I pray the rich blessing of the Lord upon all of you in Jesus mighty name.

Your faithful servants,  
Vaughn, Irene, & Benjamin

A note from Betty:

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Just wanted to let you all know that I am doing fine and thank you for remembering me in your prayers. Larry and I pray almost everyday for all of you. We need your prayers and you need our prayers too, that's how the Body of Christ works. Larry and I both have experienced some health problems since we last wrote, but, each time the Lord has helped us get through them, Your prayers helped! I Stay here in Lubbock most of the time now, but continue to minister over the phone quite a bit. A lot of people need counseling and encouragement and I thank the Lord for using me in this way.

God willing, Larry and I will be making some trips together to visit with some of you this summer. We will need prayers for traveling mercies, so please remember this as you pray. I pray many blessings on you all. Until next time, God be with you.

Love in Christ, Betty

Main Street in Lethem



Anthony's son's infected leg



Vaughn playing doctor with his First Aid kit



Daily Lunch Crowd



Irene with her family



Traditional Wai Wai Fish soup with Cassava Bread & Rice

