

MANUAL for missions and discipling
MIRACLES in Japan
MEMOIRS of Richard Goodall

expurgated

PREFACE

It all started in the heart of God. Around 1953 a new Christian, Yukiko of Japan, proposed marriage to a cripple to pickaback him so that he could preach the gospel. She pickabacked him for 50 years and is still alive and well in 2024.

Around 1915 Grace, a New Zealand girl, married Taipua, a gambler. Taipua left Grace and their son Gerald to join World War One, but he died from that Spanish pandemic flu and never got back to New Zealand. After six years of widowhood Grace received great grace and married again but this time round she married a Christian, Alec Goodall, obeying 1st Timothy 5:14, and then she bore four missionaries and three missionary supporters, seven more of us in nine years.

A third girl Connie, by age 17 in 1954, had had several substantial suitors but after our church midweek prayer meeting one night, she told me she was praying for me concerning my final exams. So it was that I came to see Connie as the 'finest example' of womanhood. We got married in 1957 and 8 years later we asked the crippled man to shift with his wife 250 kms and look after our fledgling church using our house in Sapporo Japan to let us sail back to make our first report to churches in New Zealand. God then made our tiny church into one of Japan's biggest and multiplied us into nearly 20 churches today. Our seniors from NZ, Stuart & Marion Caldwell had nurtured the 'cripple' couple long before we ever arrived in Japan. I estimate the Caldwells' own separate church groups now, in Japan to be anything up to 30. They would never tell you that themselves. Only God could accomplish a miracle of that magnitude.

I have written my biography already in Japanese but here it is in English. Use it widely as a manual on missions & discipling, in Bible Schools, in groups, or privately. Even translate it, as the Lord leads you.

Inside front cover

WOMEN WHO WEDDED WITHOUT WORLDLY WISDOM WON WONDERFULLY

To SUMMARISE

God's SONRISE

On the SAMURAI

The WEAK
SEEK
the MEEK

Forget Xavier as the first to preach the gospel in Japan from 1553. Xavier did come, but, finding Christians already here, he re-baptised them. Evidence exists of the gospel coming to Japan from 198 AD. There is record of waves of Christian groups coming from overseas and actually settling in Japan. My family is a recent example of this. Including inlaws I have thirty children, and the only one not living in Japan is grand-daughter Harmony Goodall but she works among Japanese people in America. Reports say that 1.3 million Christians were martyred in Japan over a period of 250 years showing how many Japanese people have become Christians starting one or two thousand years ago. Over 80 Japanese surnames have Christian roots. How important all those name lists in the Bible must be, and they give the impression that we've only been here about 6000 years! It's tempting to think of the millenium as the earth's seventh thousand years! By the way, Exodus 20's Ten Commandments were addressed to Israel ONLY ('delivered from Egypt') and verse 11 says "ALL things in the Heavens AND the earth were made in six days." No Gaps.

Some scientists have managed to make their dupes think that 'everyone' agrees that their big bang evolutionary theories are fact. Notice God says scathingly, "Knowledge puffs up." He doesn't mitigate it and just say, "They face the danger of being puffed up beyond what they actually know." Not being scholarly may even be a blessing from God. (Atheist Richard Dawkins is scholarly!) And God knew beforehand that most humans would have limited knowledge/education. So He keeps repeating Himself on page one of His book the Bible, saying ten times that each living creature reproduces "after its kind". That means, "No evolution, Boys & Girls!". God took the risk of being called a simpleton who keeps repeating, "Mummy says I'm a good boy. Mummy says I'm a good boy." God stresses, "Monkeys only produce monkeys." (See also 1 Cor. 8:1)

That outstanding scholar Stephen Hawking gives his show away saying that, because there is a law of gravity, the universe could make itself. Hawking cheated by ignoring God and His law of gravity, a grave and basic error, probably going with Stephen to his grave. Anyone who disbelieves the Bible thereby claims to be greater than the World's Best Seller. You risk spending a hopeless eternity without God. God's first Words to all men are, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." And God's Word the Bible is the unrivalled best seller in all history, despite having vicious enemies who forbid it, burn it, alter it (China now), and ignore it. The Unification Church Moonies twist the Bible completely, saying that Jesus' Cross was His mistake whereas His Cross and His resurrection are the central Bible facts!! Best smellers sell well sometimes too but they don't change 85,000 sinners into saints every single day as God's Best Seller does, thus proving it to be true.

Give God credit for getting His truth to mankind from the start. Thank God for sacrificing His Son on the Cross to save you. Give up all, to cooperate in God's work. Much history was written by conquerors who lied, showing themselves favorably. God's book, the Bible, the best seller in all history, gives us the only reliable history. God even records the sins of His heroes e.g. Abraham, Peter and David. David violated Bathsheba and then arranged her husband's death!

People who ignore the Bible as the world's best seller will be forced to admit their motive as being so that they could live selfishly. They face awful doom on God's "World Judgment Day." "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this, the judgment." Hebrews 9:27

WONG WRITES THE RITES OF SACRIFICE

Evidence itself does not always amount to proof, but it demonstrates the truth, helping us to choose wisely. The Japanese, ages ago, adopted Chinese writing and we can thus trace vital facts of history. Take BOAT for instance. The Chinese wrote their idea of a boat like this 船 with, in its right hand half 八 =8, above mouth 口 which is their practical way of expressing a mouth, used by them to count people. Chinese writing, borrowed by the Japanese, is made up from 42 parts called radicals. Very informative. We know that 8 mouths had to be fed on the most famous boat in all history, captained by Noah. The Chinese showed in their writing that they remembered Noah's Worldwide Flood. The faintest ink is generally better than the most tenacious memory. And the Chinese have left us volumes, in their writing. Here's my acrostic from Noah's name:- "Nautical Ordeal; Ark Helps". Ark, as an acrostic becomes "All Restfully Kept"

Perhaps the most striking example of Chinese writing is the gospel expressed in just one single Chinese word: 犧牲, pronounced gisei and meaning "sacrifice". This one word 'sacrifice' is made up of four parts: ox, sheep, then "me" sheltering under the sheep/the Lamb, then live (for ever). Written without the ox, it means righteousness. God's self-sacrifice making sinners righteous, is thus perfectly expressed in one single word which must resonate with Chinese and Japanese people if only we will go and tell them.

Many, supporters, have cooperated with my family from 1960. Thankyou, one and all. EVERY 18 months you donors get back ALL the money you offered to God for Japan. Simple. If my estimates are anywhere near correct, our churchplanting expenses for Japan over 63 years amount to more or less NZ\$ 2 million, but this is also my estimate of the total offerings every 18 months of just "our" believers in Japan! Good investment, good profit, good donors and our good God! We get our own back and your converts in Japan re-invest for you that 2 million dollars in God's work. And you have thus paid to train many of my children and hundreds of Japanese believers.

Only one more example will satisfy your appetite for information as to how God planned to save us sinners. Adam & Eve were forbidden by God to eat of one tree. This Chinese/Japanese character 禁 means 'forbid' and contains two trees, as you see, adding 示 which, alone, means 'indicate'. Those two trees indicate vital and central facts to the untold millions of Chinese and Japanese people if you and I will tell them, "God's Good News is in your writing!"

RICHARD GOODALL'S MEMOIRS

I have edited this manuscript about 29 times. I make no apology for expressing matters that require thought. The Author of the most popular book in all history changes the subject abruptly all the time, and He constantly repeats Himself. If only I can bless you readers as God does! After all, God's my subject!

My reading this morning began the page with these last words of Psalm 22.

"Future generations will also serve Him.

Our children will hear about the wonders of the Lord.

His righteous acts will be told to those not yet born.

They will hear about everything He has done."

God's Word as above inspired me to publish already in Japanese, God's deeds. Hopefully your attention will turn to our heavenly Father more than to us who record God's doings. My parents drilled God's Word into us. I can hear Mother often saying, "We have a wonderful Saviour."

You may smile wryly when you see how I write many facts for my grandchildren whose first language is Japanese. And I have lived away from my native NZ for 63 years or more. My Dad grew up in tiny Kaikoura and only got to age 12 at school but he used words like 'recalcitrant' on us! Mother talked about 'nomenclature'. I remember struggling to understand the meaning of 'enhance' and 'facetious'. God will probably not require you to learn these words in Urdu, Arabic or Chinese if you go as a missionary. Expect God to supply whatever you do need.

If you call me 'a model missionary', I'll purr, but the dictionary defines a model as:—"a little replica of the real thing"! A title for my memoirs could be, "Women who wedded without worldly wisdom won wonderfully" because three girls have been crucial in my first church-plant which has become possibly the biggest church in Japan, north of Tokyo. Anything wonderful we have seen God do in Japan hinges on those three women and the Words of Jesus:- "Greater love has no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends", and "Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit."

More about the first woman: Yukiko Yamamoto proposed marriage to crippled Mr Mitsuharshi who had contracted polio at age three, and never walked again and never got to school. My seniors Stuart & Marion Caldwell had already done the hard work on this couple, when, without consulting those seniors, I asked Bro & Sister Mitsuharshi to shift 250 kms and occupy our house and so look after our tiny new church so that Connie and I could report to NZ churches.. Late news: Mrs Mitsuharshi, who married the cripple, has just sent me a photo showing her with her five great-grandchildren. Her first 'great' was born about 2005 on my birthday, Feb 19th and her name 美夢 Miyu means Beautiful Dream'. God gave Mrs Mitsuharshi two sons and now many other children. That is God's great favour, recognising her dying to self.

Second girl:- my Mother Grace married that gambler but (by grace!) she lost him in that Spanish flu pandemic before he could return to NZ after fighting in World War One. Don't blackguard God for pandemics and other pandemonia (my word). Think mostly of the good purpose which God had in arranging your woes. (Romans 8:28) Mother, after her blunder and tragic misfortunes, in accordance with 1st Timothy 5:14, obediently married 46 year old Alec Goodall producing seven more children in nine years and 44 days! Try it sometime! I am the fifth of those 7 children. Mother advised breastfeeding for contraception. Good thing for me that she didn't use 'real' contraceptives! Read on to know all God's miracles (and Mother's obedience) just for this much to happen. How little we, Mother's seven children do, in comparison with Jesus, who endured the Cross, suffering death for us thereby, and providing salvation from our sins. Don't expect to grasp the enormity of God's love. Accept it gratefully.

Jesus' wicked murderers must have seen His grave-clothes still almost intact despite their extra weight of 100 lbs of burial lotions but perhaps neatly and only slightly collapsed with Jesus' body gone. Jesus neatly folding His facecloth no doubt stung his killers into believing that He rose, and having no corpse confounded them and goaded them to convince the world that Jesus did come alive again. By bribing the sentries the authorities proved that they could only believe. So the rascals made the sentry soldiers tell the impossible lie that robbers had stolen Jesus' corpse while they, sentries of all people, slept!

Third heroic girl:- my wife nee Constance Ellenor Whitecross, who married me knowing I was headed for Japan but not knowing she would one day be grabbed by a Japanese man while she was standing in a bath with other ladies. Connie too, obeyed a Word from God:- "Whatsoever He says to you, do it."

I must have been ten when I was told that, about 1929, that famous World Slump time, Dad had said to Mother, "We're sunk Lassie. I have to pay off 400 pounds on a mortgage, and I haven't got it." In those days 400 pounds would have built you a whole plant to milk 8 cows simultaneously. Mother said, "Let's pray". But Dad was not excited about praying. I understand his reaction perfectly; I'm human too. But haggard, hard-hided Harry Goodwin had hundreds of hard cash. He handed Dad his hard-earned 400 pounds for a "hectare" that Dad happened to have. Hearing this as a child, I understood that God loves us and hears our prayers. I should have known that God loves me because of the Cross but our sin upsets our reasoning."Sin deceived me and slew me." says the Bible.

My reading today continued with Psalm 23:-

"I have everything I need.

He lets me rest in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He renews my strength.

Even though I may walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil...

My cup overflows."

Just before one of two heart operations, I told two nurses I couldn't go through with it. Both in turn denied me! But I received God's rescue in the 'valley of death'. During one of those operations I heard, in Japanese of course, what sounded like an off-duty doctor advising my surgeon. The 'advisor' turns out to be a mysterious character-perhaps Melchizedek?? In fact, Melchizedek, 'translated' into my pidgin English becomes: "Me'll kiss de deck" meaning, "I bow low before God's great kindness." My heart pacemaker now lets me drink coffee at any time, and, around my 90th birthday I have been running, pushing loads of snow, and dumping them into the river! Great, because I don't like coffee; I drink it to be sociable, and because it's free. I found an old hoard going to waste.

I have toured NZ often, reporting on the progress of God's churches in Japan. On tour, one joy has been to strip and dance around, luxuriating in different spots in NZ's lush pastures. In my 90th year, I am especially blessed by God, and the future is bright. And all this despite a current heart-stopping, harrowing, hassle/hijack of one of my 20 or so churches by a self-appointed gang of four. It's so bad that one NZ group balked at asking prayer for it! They altered my prayer request to mean very little. As if a hijacking is nothing!? Make no mistake; the NZ group are wonderful people who exist to help missionaries! They only want my best. But those hijackers have devastated that one church of mine! Lastly, verse six expresses the Christian's glorious hope because of Jesus' cross & His resurrection, "Surely Your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Planting churches in Japan has been costly. (1 Kings 7:10) But Joel, repeated in Acts 2:17 to 21, gives me great anticipation that untold millions will ultimately call on the Name of the LORD, and be saved. (As I edit this I hear of 200 Moslem men becoming believers in the midst of the Gaza/Hamas war. They all had the same dream urging them to seek Jesus.) Look up Rev 7:9 and cheer up. My estimate is that in 63 years it cost us around NZ\$ 2 million for everything, including furlough fares. But I hasten to repeat another estimate that, only those Christians in Japan who are connected closely to our work, dedicate back to God, in their offerings, this 2 million dollars, and, incredibly, they repeat the feat every 18 months! The investment world can't touch that for profit, can it? Our equation has God in it, giving us infinity on both sides of the equation.

Enjoy with me as I recount, albeit at times perhaps slanted in my favour, things I have seen God do since Connie and I left New Zealand for Japan in 1960. My life in brief is also part of a 600-page book entitled "Good God: the Goodalls"(Castle Publishing NZ.) Ask your library to get a copy for anyone to borrow. It's the story of my forebears and my siblings: Hilary, William, Jean, Erica, me Richard, Ben and Russell. Mother, six years after losing her husband in World War One, married Dad in obedience to 1st Timothy [5:14](#) :- " I desire that younger widows (i.e. our Mother at 33) marry (again), bear children (plural), guide the house...."

SAD SORDID SORRY START SHOCKED SOLDIER'S SPOUSE

Mother suffered such tragedies that I call her story: "FROM DIE NASTY TO DYNASTY". She ran what she called St Mary's Bible School with seven students, her children! Mother had a son called Gerald by her first husband. I called my first son Gerald because Mother's Gerald was killed on active service in World War Two! Look up Luke 10:39. When Luke's particular Mary appears in the Bible she is found sitting at the Lord's feet meekly listening to His Word. What an attitude

to be known by! Her sister Martha also served Jesus but was a busy complainer, even telling Jesus what to do:- "Scold my lounging sister", she demanded!

Maybe the greatest thing God has done for us is to produce the believers in new churches in Japan, each one God's miracle, but despite that, I intend in this account to give space to other matters also. May you be enriched and glorify God as you ponder what He has done. Professor Morse, of Morse Code fame, sent the world's very first telegram, that is Numbers [23:23](#) "What hath God wrought!" (My own first Morse code message was, "I love you." to Shirley Stevens, sent when I was 11. Shirley responded, putting me at the end of her five beaux).

Atheists are few in number, but they are vociferous even though they have nothing to offer us. They don't keep acknowledging such facts as Professor Morse's feat being performed by a believer. They deliberately don't look for evidence to prove the truth of the Bible. Good people would surely try to find evidence proving the Bible to be God's mighty message to man. Only the Bible gives us poor perishing people promise of Paradise! The reason for unbelief is obvious; they don't want the Bible to be true, because it requires us to give up our selfish sinfulness and it insists that God will judge all men after their death.

Huxley admitted that he preferred evolution to creation because a Creator interfered with his sex life. Normally it would be considered a waste of time to look for evidence of the existence of something that led nowhere even if it proved real. Atheists offer us nothing but nothing after death, and they can't even guarantee there's nothing after we die! What if they're wrong, and we do continue existing after physical death?? To continue their sinful, selfish lifestyle, atheists take the suicidal risk of the world's best seller being indeed the Word of our Creator, as it claims to be about 2,800 times. Dead atheists etc are alone right now continuously regretting their wrong choice. Until an unbeliever produces the world's best-selling book, don't listen to his attempts to doubt the Bible. God's Word, every day, transforms 85000 selfish sinners into sincere citizens. And in the Bible God predicts the future with 100% success. No one has ever even come close to that predictive power!

DAUGHTER'S DEATH DECEIVES DARWIN

My guess is that most unbelievers are not as radical as to become outright atheists. I imagine many hide behind any trifling, or big matter such as the early death of a relative, and simply don't pursue faith in God, mumbling this problem and that objection as occasion demands. My relative Charles Darwin, of evolution fame, was perhaps influenced to look for an alternative to God because some of his children died young. If Darwin had known his science, he wouldn't have married his cousin risking gene havoc in their children. How foolish to let our circumstances decide our eternal welfare, instead of letting the facts decide it! Jesus' kind warning comes to mind, "What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, and yet lose his soul?" Mother didn't let losing her husband and then her son lead her away from believing God. And look at the result. "Wisdom is justified by all her children," said Jesus. Mother now has, besides my thirty, numerous children, many of whom have served unfortunate people in many countries. Mother expressed her joy once, quoting some foreign lady's broken English:- "I got the four sons. One die? I cut my droat."

SEVEN SERVING SIBLINGS

With Mother's seven children hearing of God providing that 400 pounds, no wonder four of us went abroad as missionaries. Hilary had an M.A. with Honours and became Headmistress of a NZ High School. But she gave up everything and, starting in Zaire, Africa, she established a High School, contributing her knowledge of languages. One lady, thinking Hilary was French, complimented her on her fluent English! Surviving a horrible sexual assault in broad daylight, Hilary then served the whole continent from South Africa, supplying literature. Guess how she decided what kind of Christian literature her correspondents wanted? She didn't know their languages but noted which scriptures they quoted, as her guide. I think that's extraordinary! Then Jean, our second sister won the Hardie Neal Prize for nursing; she did a stint relieving our cousin Marie Gray whose husband David was a missionary doctor in Indonesia; Next, Erica was a missionary teacher serving in New Guinea. I think she too established a secondary school, at Nuku. (John Hodgkinson has just been in Nuku and confirms some facts indicating Erica's school at Nuku may

have developed into a Teachers' College!). Richard was an accountant but has planted churches in Japan since 1960 and Ben was a teacher with a science degree. He established a Mission High School in Fiji.

Ben's daughter Denise served New Guinea with her husband Chris Lamb. And the Lambs' daughter Rebekah is a brilliant doctor who has already served in New Guinea and Africa... You could almost say it all goes back to one act of God in providing big money to Dad & Mother in their desperate need.

BY SLEIGH TO STY & GOLDMINE DIDN'T PAN OUT

My days up to age three must have been idyllic. I remember little. I do remember clinging on to Dad's leg as he drove through muddy gateways on his horse-drawn sledge. Dad's pigs in their pen had beady heartless eyes. Until it burnt down mysteriously, our house seems to have been fit for a gentleman farmer, Dad's Uncle. Great Uncle William was sold a gold mine in Waihi which didn't pan out! He went bankrupt. Dad's bid for his Uncle's farm was the highest, so Dad got the farm by auction! My first contact with Japan was a satsuma plum tree by Uncle William's former homestead, which became our family's home long before I was born.

BEAUTIFUL BABY BORN

On Jan 22, 1937 my wife to be, Connie Whitecross, was born in Northland's Kawakawa, the hospital's only non-Maori baby. I have photos of my son Russell and his sons Max & Leon outside that tiny hospital, which is still standing although Connie is not still standing but nestling in God's embrace. I was tempted to entitle these memoirs : "World's wisest woman weds wretched Wrichard with weird wish"

WRITE WITH RIGHT

Connie's parents apparently managed the Otira Junction Railway Tearooms. They were cooks. Connie, by the way, was an ebullient youngster. Her parents used a harness to restrain her. Because I loved her I didn't notice at first that her writing was not as beautiful as the usual girl's nice feminine style. I later found out the probable explanation. You'd never guess, but Connie said she had been left handed but 'they' forcibly changed her over to write with her right hand! I can't tell you which school out of her 15 or so made her change hands.

PLEASURE OR TREASURE

Two of us siblings were about five and ten when we went by ferry to Downtown Auckland. We brought home used postage stamps. I'm sure we didn't pay for them. So saving stamps seldom supplied satisfaction! "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing". Proverbs 10:2.

Once I got the rare chance of riding a 3 wheeler bike, but a neighbourhood girl pushed me too hard and the resultant fall on gravel left my face scarred for quite some years. Lately I've been reading a chapter of Proverbs every day and it has astounded me how often God warns us in Proverbs, of partly-clad pushy promiscuous pamperers. I can't keep abreast of how much some modern women are showing the world!

We left the farm and I entered Belmont Primary School while I was still four in 1938. My memory of schoolwork includes getting tired of doing many sums. True to life, there was a suggested show-and-tell even at that age but a pleasant memory is of sucking sodden sandwiches in a special solitary spot at school. We did read about a Motmot bird, but that's about all I recall. We spent five years in Auckland because of Dad's contact dermatitis, and returned to farm life when I was 8.

Then gradually, work and study seemed to fill every waking moment except of course for Sundays (mainly minimal milking) and when we were without supervision. Ben and Russ would put down their tools and see what the cards would say. In Primary School I remember savouring the number of exam marks I had garnered, but do you think I could get marks for composition?! Because I had so little imagination or ambition, my exam marks for Essay were always "Very Fair"; below that was only "Fair". Life was nothing but "Yes Dad" so it was useless

to have any ambition. Back to "Essay"; I remember clearly, describing a picnic in a French exam. I simply multiplied words listing all who attended the picnic. Mr McGill (Fish) only gave me 7 marks out of 10. I remember making no mistakes but had no imagination!

Starting High School near 13, I was shocked when simple arithmetic changed to algebra and geometry. On just one occasion, I got all questions right but Hippo Malcolm took off 12 marks for not doing 3 sums his way! Never once was I given 100% in an exam in over five years in High School. But after gaining University Entrance, I got the idea to ask Dad if I could change from classical subjects and study accountancy. This would mean a swerve from the sweat of sweat much sooner and avoiding the horror of Dad requiring me to study as far as a doctorate or something. Dad agreed fully with this trick of mine.

FAILURE AND FRACTURE YEARNING AND LEARNING TO LOVE

Then I tasted failure on a scale that I had never known it. But God.... I was now 17 and turned my life over to God in His great goodness. I entered the Army for compulsory training and this led to a shift to Auckland and starting an accounting career enabling me to qualify by taking night classes at Auckland University and earning wages practising accounting in the daytime. Ideal. Back to Primary School...I broke my leg and had it in plaster for a while. I collided with a boy at a corner of our school building. He was on the same errand as I was, but going in the opposite direction. I felt Dad's love as he carried me in his arms across Auckland Harbour by ferry. Then he carried me away up to Auckland Hospital to get plaster on the leg. Cousin Wilbur Manins gave me "glitter wax." Not knowing what love was, I remember grieving, being unable to share lollies as other friends did. But I do remember being loved over the fracture and when my heel got hit by the spokes on Mother's bicycle. She cried! Later too, Dad showed me love once, coming at night to my tent with butter paper for my sunburn. I also learned about love when my friend Jim Shortcliffe stopped and helped a drunk. Memory says Jim was only about 16, and, with less Bible indoctrination than I had, he left his car and helped this drunk whom I would only have condemned!

I'd be about 6 when Mother and my sisters dressed me up as a girl, "Rosebud", for a School Fancy Dress Ball at the Bayswater Boat Club and Mother's soliloquy spoiled the whole thing because she muttered doubts about a boy wearing girls' clothes, which might have been unscriptural.

Miss MacDuff kindly welcomed me into an empty classroom and closed the door when I had made a mess of myself at the toilet. Another lesson on love.

Life between ages 3 and 8 in Auckland had no rigor like the farm later on. It had its moments. Walking to the "meeting" at Jutland Road Gospel Hall in Takapuna was a marathon, passing through a graveyard and then winding across Auckland's upper harbour on a sewer pipe. I fell off the pipe once. When our parents didn't go with us, we children decided which parts of an attacker's body we were assigned to grab, right down to his vitals, poor fellow. I was still tiny but remember Mother letting me stand on a chair and share her hymnbook. She wore a veil in church....

One member of our Takapuna meeting was co-founder of NZ's leading newspaper "The Herald", also called Wilson & Horton Ltd., none other than Mr Wilson himself! He dedicated his Takapuna home for crippled children. I enjoyed a party at this Home where I drank my first-ever fizzy drink and no one told me to stop! We never indulged in such ruinous aliments in our home.

A nice story about Mr Wilson cheers me even now, 84 years later. He had a gardener, called Roper, and on Sunday mornings, big boss Wilson let his gardener ride in his car to church. Mr Wilson would be greeted by Gardener Roper duly with, "Good morning, Sir". But then when they reached our church, their relationship of being equals in Christ, became evident when the gardener would change to "Thank you, Brother" to his elite boss, as he alighted.

Besides fizzy drinks there were things like movies and comics that were forbidden in our family. But lo and behold, at about 5 or 6, I got to see my first movie. Our whole school walked all the way from Belmont to Devonport to see a movie on the life of Dr David Livingstone, famous British missionary explorer of a bygone era in Africa. All I remember is the black bodies of the Africans bobbing up and down with stilted stride, as they walked. Cinematography was in its infancy but what an experience! It is probably what prompted me to imitate in a very small way the missionaries of yore. The power of example! "Do as I do, not just as I say."

EXCITING EXITS EXIST

Fast forward to 10:30 p.m., 23rd June 1960. Be understanding with me if I repeat this later with additions, won't you? It's God's greatness and the devil's denouement. An urgent cablegram costing \$20 from Tokyo to Auckland sent by Marion Pirie our senior NZ missionary, informed us with less than 12 hours to go that our visas to enter Japan had at long last been granted! God prompted Marion to include in the cablegram the numbers of our visas. So a few hours later, Connie, Gerald, baby Christine and I were able to board our plane leaving at 9:30 a.m. from Auckland to connect with our boat sailing for Japan from Sydney the next day. Incredibly, we were able to leave with no passports! Our passports were waiting demurely in the Japanese embassy in far away Wellington for visa stamps. We got them in Manila on arriving there about one week later. You wondered how we were able to travel overseas by liner and plane with neither visas nor passports? I too, am still wondering at God's string of miracles, 64 years later.

Well, I forget how, but before midnight, after the cable came, somehow or other I was able to phone our travel agent yet again and next morning at 8 a.m., on our way to the airport, agent Bremner issued our boat tickets and plane tickets but with no visas of course. I had at least informed him just before his closing time the night before, that if our visas were miraculously granted overnight, I would like to call at his home next morning to do the ticketing on our way to the airport. We would miss our plane if we waited for his office to open next morning in downtown Auckland. I had no telephone so I could only wait until 10 p.m. at the home of Connie's parents (who ran a Home for the aged) to get any phone-call which might come with happy news. But there was no such phone-call so I had to go home to our apartment and tell Connie the bad news that there was no good news. But then it must have been only minutes after 10:30 that the Lord came through with Marion's urgent cablegram carrying the great news. I still have the cablegram and I still have much gratitude to God and awe as He arranged everything for us to get packed and through the emigration gamut, pay for our heavy luggage from storage in Sydney, and then, three weeks later, act as the 'best man' at the wedding of my two senior NZ missionaries in Japan. Try it sometime. What would you say at each official airport counter as you rush to catch the plane? Try to read and sing the wedding hymns in Japanese in front of everybody. Or just believe and praise God. It sounds like a Captain Marvel Stunner, doesn't it? How did I know Capt. Marvel if I didn't read comics? Oh well, like all good sinners I can handle inconsistencies. And when the whole truth comes out on God's Judgment Day, all will be known.

Aboard the Orcades, we expected to meet another missionary who was returning to Japan for her second term. She was Australian. Her name is Gloria Speechley and I still have her Japanese language textbooks which she kindly gave me. Sixty years later I am fighting memory loss as I try to revise my Japanese/Chinese writing. Stuart and Marion Caldwell must have founded and nurtured some 30 church groups in Japan. They wouldn't tell you this themselves. Thirty is my guess, a work of God still ongoing. I doubt whether most missionaries even pioneer one church in Japan. Stuart loved the Japanese people for 70 years and Marion soldiers on in 2024. "Whose faith follow".

WONG MONEY IN HONG KONG

Our family of 8 was in Hong Kong on our way back to Japan for our third term of service in 1972. One night, Gerald was 14 when he said to me, "Dad, if someone dropped their money here in crowded Hong Kong, we would never be the first ones to stumble on to it, would we?" In my wisdom I said, "Statistically speaking Son, we must allow for that infinitesimal possibility." Then moments later,

we picked up a loosely-wrapped U.S. \$200!!! I was delighted, but suddenly thought of the benighted person, a human being who had dropped it. The thought saddened me, a supposedly enlightened disciple of Jesus. A thief can't find a policeman just as a sinner can't find God, because he's not seeking Him. We easily found a policeman even reluctantly, resembling C.S. Lewis as a reluctant convert.

Later that night Gerald and I returned to our ship's cabin. Connie protested, "Who's this Susie Wong? The police dragged her right to my cabin to thank us for returning her money." No reward accompanied her thanks unless it be the reward of satisfaction at having done the right thing. A victory, considering that the Good Samaritan in this case had been a thief even as far as filching cash from his church offering box. (If it helps, he wasn't a member as yet!!) Consider this act of kindness an act of God; I am well acquainted with the fellow who returned the money for Susie Wong. God is in the business of transforming loveless hearts.

O BRING BACK MY CONNIE TO ME

The Psalm says, "Tell the world the deeds of the Lord". One of those deeds is how He got me a good wife, nee Connie Whitecross. My desire to be loved and to love were probably quite normal but they can loom very large. So some sinners commit all kinds of sins. (I have noticed in 2022 the thundering omission by the media of 'pre-marital abstinence' in all the talk about a woman's supposed rights to her own body, including to kill her own child??) Ladies, love and lust use the same words, "I love you." "You are beautiful." "I will be good to you." " 'I go Sir,' but he went not".

I was so small at 14 (four feet 8 & 3/4 inches) that I was called Shortie. Dad had growth hormones flown out from Australia. I faintly remember him saying, "Richard, we're doing this for you. Show by action that you appreciate it." It probably cost Dad a small fortune, but at 14, I didn't know the true definition of love so don't remember feeling grateful. We feared our parents but it took conversion for some of us to love them. It cost God the Cross for us to escape our shortage of virtue; He waits patiently for evidence of our gratitude.

The hormone injections were administered to me by Mr Kidd, a Scots bacteriologist. ("I'll mizza ya.") I ultimately stopped growing at an inch shorter than Connie, so I stood on my toes for photos. I did grow somewhat after the injections and liked one girl after another but at 17, I decided to go all out for God so I then knew that I had to wait for God's time and God's girl, no easy task. Accountancy ultimately got me a good income, although, until my attitude got right, my progress was slow. My exam marks were at first in their teens if you will allow my euphemism. My parents faithfully quoted the Bible, "In all labour there is profit." "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." The waiting and the labour were probably very much alleviated as I progressed in the life of faith.

In 1954 my parents bought a house in Auckland because their four sons were studying and preparing for life. Dad and Mother shifted from the farm in Hamilton and had to decide which 'meeting' we would now all go to. In our parlance, 'meeting' means 'one local church in a certain group who don't call themselves a denomination as others do.' I would be depriving you of valuable intriguing knowledge if I insisted on changing our vernacular just to conform. And Americans, y'all are big enough to take British spelling in your stride, and sled or sleigh for sledge. I still don't know what troll and uber mean. Do y'all know what kind of joker or what sort of bloke President Biden is? "Vive la difference", eh?

Well, it so happened that, once while I was not present, the family decided to go to Inkerman Street Hall in Onehunga rather than join the rousing crowd at Te Papapa just a few minutes further from our new home, by Mother's Humber car. Inkerman Street was smallish and parochial while Te Papapa was boisterous and had 400 children in their Sunday School alone! Was it unselfishness that made my family choose the weaker church to attend? Fortuitous or not, it certainly was fortunate for me, because Connie was in the Inkerman Street meeting! And then the fun began!

Immediately after our shift, I was burdened with my final accountancy exams. It may be quite usual, but none of us siblings took much notice of others' trials. You suffered alone. Mrs Bishop from India was a member of our

Onehunga church, and she is famous for her staccato comment when everyone constantly asked her after Mr Bishop's health. "Oh he is all right. It is me. Pray for me; I am done." Of course Dad and Mother will have prayed for us but it was unobtrusive and I don't remember their being overly sympathetic about our studies. "Good for the pup", echoes my Spartan father?

Connie, PRE-DATER PRAY-DATER or PREDATOR?

It must have been mid-December 1954; Connie and I chatted one dark but enchanting night outside the front door of our church hall after the midweek prayer and Bible study. She said about my exams, "I'm praying for you." This unselfishness surprised and impressed me greatly. Girls of 17 didn't usually attend the midweek meeting; I doubt whether they do even now. (I'm looking forward to thousands of letters from girls who do go!) And so the plot thickened. Exams, each one being a three-hour marathon, finished. The final Book-Keeping Exam Stage III took a total of 9 hours! No results mind you, until 6 weeks later, in the newspaper, and then only if you passed, in this subject and that.

When I told Connie I had at last passed all my exams some weeks later, she seemed strangely unmoved. No adulation. She was more practical than theoretical and probably left school as soon as she could after reaching the legal age of 15. She had ability and managed her uncle's shoe shop when he was out. And in Basket Ball she was a Jumping Centre, whatever that is. Impressive anyhow. Later, good girl that she was, she took up nursing at my suggestion. This was to give her help towards studying Japanese. Reduplicating perfect tense, subjunctive mood, aorist, and syncopation, can be baffling even to linguists.

OH, I SEE, OAC.

The shoe shop owner, Connie's Uncle Alan Tirrell had travelled to Australia and discovered a group of Christians doing open air gospel preaching properly with a big vehicle whose side opened up into a platform and roof with a light on it and with microphones and loudspeakers, guitarists, and once even a Maori saxophone player. So Uncle Alan invited these people called Open Air Campaigners to work in New Zealand, and Connie his niece became their very first unsalaried worker. Somehow, we brothers discovered these open air preachers and we joined them. One night we were going home from perhaps OAC's inaugural meeting in Downtown Auckland and somehow I took home in Mother's car Mrs Whitecross and two of her daughters whom Mrs Whitecross introduced as Connie and Janet. Ruth at home, would have been 11. But as I drove, Connie went to sleep in the back seat. I thought, "How can a girl go to sleep that nonchalantly in someone's car when there is a young man driving? She should be tense, not sleeping any old where, any old time." I came to appreciate Connie's placid nature, so much needed in a missionary wife & mother of six.

COURT OR BE CAUGHT

I am the fifth of seven brothers and sisters. But I was probably the first to seriously court someone. This meant that Mother was free to lend me her new car and I finally asked Connie if she would like me to drive her to a Christian Christmas Camp for ten days, both of us going to work for a day or two during the long year-end holiday period. I hinted that my parents were not ostentatious in their love for us but this was special. Mother was so happy for me to borrow her car. I don't know how she and Dad got to church and shopping when I had her car. They were both quite old by this time! I only remember her saying to keep the car fueled. Mother didn't exactly fall head over heels about Connie. But who said she had to? So it was a happy arrangement.

Mother also hinted that she didn't think of Connie as missionary material. When I let it be known that I was heading for Japan, Mother, who was a Bible lover, said, "But you've got to know the Bible! For instance, What does 'the finger of God' mean?" The Lord knew that love was more important than Bible or other super knowledge so He had just arranged for me to notice the answer to Mother's question. "The finger of God is the Holy Spirit," I told her. Mother didn't know that Connie would need to be able to bring up her 6 children and in a foreign country etc.etc... My parents were meticulous in training us in right living but they were shocked when we started obeying God as they themselves had done!

As for Dad, his sudden response was devastating, "I had

you trained in accountancy to manage our farm subdivision." This was new and slowed me up greatly but Dad had to realise that I now had a stricter Father than he was. So I let the spittle run down my beard and, because of the visa drama, we finally left NZ with only brother Ben (and Bev?) to farewell us. I used to daydream of holding streamers and shouting hallelujah as our towering titan tottered tearfully from Auckland's Terminal toward the Tasman. But our actual departure brought me down to earth or more literally took us up on the wings of the wind with one wee wistful waif wetting Whenuapai Airport's waiting-room...being bedraggled brother Ben.

Dad knuckled down, however, and often wrote us nice letters and was called Home at 88, 7 years after we first left NZ, having seen several of his grandchildren. In fact, Dad's first grandchild was my Gerald born on Dad's 79th birthday! God's grace!. My children, brought up in Japan, used chopsticks, and when back in NZ my Gerald licked his knife. Dad, who was a stickler for manners in any case, said to this uncouth grandson in his dictatorial way, "No sword-swallowing here!".

BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH

After our whirlwind courtship at Christmas Camp, I suddenly felt the need to keep this precious girl, but felt a need to have evidence that God willed our marriage. They were dark days after Christmas Camp's glory, until 18th March. Connie said, "Only His will." which demonstrated her sterling character and relieved me. Then about March 18th I felt God said, " You can marry her but you take the responsibility." It might have been myself or old Slewfoot trying to sound like God speaking. How would she do at studying Japanese? But years later the Japanese believers commented how nice it had been to have Connie's welcoming smile at the church door.

Actions speak louder than words. So God doesn't have to have educated intellectuals or born linguists for missionaries? I should explain, the church meeting-place was always our home whenever we shifted to pioneer a new church. I have never felt I needed more training or knowledge in Japan, but I have certainly felt my need for more love. I had spent long years at 'Bible School' at night and morning family devotions. Mother called it 'St Mary's Bible Collegel'. Mary, Martha's sister, always sat demurely at the feet of Jesus, listening to His Word, while Martha was 'always' busy but distracted in her serving. Mary was the one who got the accolade from Jesus!

COCKNEY:- " 'OW DYA SPELL BARF? BRPH? OR BRFF?

As with many Japanese homes 60 years ago, ours usually had no bath. This meant patronising the local Japanese public bathhouses. In NZ when young, we once had our bath outside at the cowshed. Our house had burnt down so we had to bath where the hot water was and that was at the cowshed, where you must have it. As we bathed, people came past this ablution spot once but the world didn't end thereby. However for Connie, Japanese public baths were quite a strain. Once she was hiding her ample frame in the bathhouse using her two children's bodies, when an old lady there observed to a friend, "Wouldn't it rock yer? She's just the same as us." That was in Japanese of course but methinks it was a bit rough. And it shows that Connie had grasped Japanese. Full marks, you beautiful woman!

Connie's worst ordeal was when she was standing in the big pool at a bathhouse and the Japanese ladies kindly decided to cool the pool a bit. So they called the bathhouse boss to unscrew the cold tap. But he slipped and grabbed for the nearest support to prevent himself from getting into hot water! And that support happened to be Connie's shoulder! She barely escaped! But she did succumb to 'unmitigated temporary trauma', i.e. UTT. They've started letting men into Ladies' Toilets now but this was a man let loose among naked women! A nice thing is that Yuko was baptised in that same bath, suitably clad of course, and on a separate occasion.

Connie's parents were happy enough for us to get married but they asked if we could only wait until she was 20. By 17 Connie had had several boys and they were of some standing too. One of them let me pilot his plane! Another became probably our 'best' supporter. There's nothing in Hezekiah about marriage age norms, and waiting till Connie was 20 was a reasonable request, so we got engaged in the car on midweek prayer/Bible Study night, 5th November 1955. And the ring was what was called a Spinell; that neither impressed me nor disappointed me. What I did like was the small cost of it, a mere 13 pounds, much less than a week's pay! And strangely and wonderfully, the gem was big and looked impressive, like the real thing. Nor did Connie mind an ersatz article! All so happy!

God knows I love such things as $5 \times 11 = 55$, so He arranged another string of happy coincidences for us. Connie rang Auckland's One Tree Hill Kiosk to reserve it for our wedding breakfast. The Kiosk lady said they were booked up for two years!! Then the lady suddenly said, "Oh, we've just had a cancellation a few minutes ago. Would 26th January suit you?" Connie was only too pleased to tell her it would suit us admirably! Jan 26th would be my Dad's 78th birthday! Then Gerald, our first child, was born exactly one year later, on Jan 26th! We duly arrived in Japan only to discover that the Emperor and Empress too were married on 26th Jan, and that, revered General MacArthur was born that day too! And that's not the end of God's such blessings.

During the Christmas Camp they took us campers up One Tree Hill by bus and Connie touched the pen in my pocket. This produced a thrill which I could recall (for a bit) at will by thinking about it. Better than that passing thrill is my Mother's Bible gem, that God used the jawbone of an ass to show Samson His glory. And she added that God can still use the jawbone of an ass (silly ass that I am) to speak for Him. Come to think of it, God too touched my pen, as Connie did, so that I could write many tracts in Japanese. In case you think I'm too free with delicate delicious details like this, let me explain that Paul said about himself that he was "known and read by all men". And as a missionary I have had to let go of even a lot of legitimate privacy for the sake of the gospel. And my descendants, whose first language is Japanese, will no doubt find these personal parts easy to understand. I have published my memoirs in Japanese long ago, so my grands have no problem.

” ‘ OW DJOU GET IN ‘ERE?’ ”

Auckland University matriculated my second son Russell solely on the basis of his Japanese High School graduation. And more, for a BA degree, they let him major in Japanese which was already Russell's mother tongue! Years later I took my first grandchild, Alice to this same university but they disallowed her to start Japanese lectures from scratch. Russell and my third daughter Joy studied Latin at Auckland University together and found it difficult. (Who wouldn't?) But Russell was able to graduate by taking languages which of course, don't require a high standard of English. e.g. "A cat sat on a rat". So, many years later, Russell has boosted my 'stocks' by appearing on Japanese nationwide Television Quiz programs with the top intellectuals of Japan. 'Guilt by association' is well known but this is a case of respect by association, and I dare hope that it all scores for the gospel. For Japanese people it is a mild shock to hear a European speaking their language like a native, let alone writing its more difficult characters.

And I've just got to tell you about my brother Ben's (and Beverly's) grand-daughter Rebekah Kilpatrick nee Lamb. Rebekah went on to qualify as a doctor but not before being in the top 7 doctor candidates, out of 200 aspirants. Try it some time. When Rebekah's parents, Chris & Denise Lamb, were missionaries in New Guinea, I was always intrigued how young Rebekah seldom if ever replied to my letters. I guess she had a sense of 'discerning the things that differ'(Phil.1:10) in importance, so needed in a christian.

MOTHER OUTLAW

May God help me to relate His doings as Psalm 105:1 says to do. Let me tell you about my second Mother in law Tarzucaw. Connie died in 2010 ; later, Yuko (yewcaw) and I were married, but before that, Yuko's mother

asked me not to marry her daughter. She wouldn't meet me for a while but somehow she joined us in a meal with Yuko's sister and husband who is a vet. Mother Tazuko even got as far as telling a disparaging relative that at least my legs were straight. Mothers carry their babies on their backs a lot in Japan and that may make those babies somewhat bow-legged. Yuko's father died about 2015 which meant the family having the funeral and other such gatherings at Yuko's Christian grave, built by Yuko many years ago. Yuko's father had professed faith in the Lord Jesus and he will have asked Yuko to bury him in her Christian family grave. Mother went along with our Christian ceremonies and even stopped worshipping at the family's Buddhist and Shinto home god-shelves. She expressed happiness that, when her husband died, we demanded no special burial or funeral fees which fees are steep in Buddhism. The Japanese people have a saying, "The (Buddhist) priest makes a fortune doing nothing." A wild guess would be, when the Buddhists pay for a new name for their deceased, the priest might demand \$4,000. To die is deadly and dear.

Well, after Yuko and I married, her mother lived alone in Yuko's house but later shifted happily into a home for the aged. We visited her there from time to time, at some cost because of the distance. Mother showed little deep interest in the gospel but one day I got the idea of offering to pray as we parted. I explained to Mother that when someone leads in prayer the hearers say Amen at the end if they are in agreement with what was prayed. I remember thanking God in my prayer for such things as Jesus dying for the sins of all of us and being raised again on the third day. I probably stressed the individual nature of our sins that Jesus suffered for. Well, I heard no Amen from Mother. But next day Yuko said to me, "Oh no, Mother did say Amen yesterday after you prayed." My hearing is only 70%, the doctor said. I'll leave you to imagine our praise to God and our great hope now for Mother's eternal welfare. It is true that Mother had cut her relations with the Buddhist temple even to the extent of getting ancestors' bones from them and of transferring those bones to Yuko's Christian grave. Note the implications too in John 13:20. Spare some prayer time for those who have all hell desperate to make them cling to man's self-made religion, and to man's demanding customs. People are quite happy to break God's laws but wouldn't dream of breaking man's mere custom. And spare some prayer time for believers whose family and friends disparage their new-found faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

CAMPS AND SCAMPS

We four Goodall brothers enjoyed a rest from farm labour at camps and our numbers probably gave our godly leaders many memories. Many years later my sister Erica introduced me to a man who had once been a camp leader. He told her he remembered a crowd of Goodalls who "raked our camps fore and aft". Erica didn't divulge the connection. Amnesia helps but it will never let me forget Ivan Forlong. I faintly remember throwing some dirty clothing at his head at a camp. But what I do remember is his response to my felony. He never showed a moment's thought of revenge or dislike! In fact he has a huge shop in Frankton and he & his parents often shared liberally in our work. Nice too is that Ivan's wife is Bertha, a member of the Barris Family who were so close to us Goodalls as we grew up. Their cousin Don Barris loved and led us Goodalls for long years before going to South America as a missionary. Don's son John Barris too, helps us, being on the board of Missionary Retirement Fund with Malcolm Davie. The Fund even helps me "in view of retirement"! How christian-like, supporting me even though I didn't qualify!! Better than one fellow trying to make my two meetings stop their support "in view of age."

JUDICIOUS BREACHES OF TRUST?

Brother Will and I were astounded at University when our lecturer talked about a trustee making 'judicious' breaches of trust! "Let it be", said the Beatles. Some of our camp leaders dedicated their time and talents to form a Charitable Trust. This has grown into a huge undertaking 75 years later. Now the Trust must own 11,400 cows on several farms, producing big tax-free money for a host of needy people of all sorts including christian workers. The Trustees have added kiwifruit to their enterprise now. I buy NZ kiwifruit in Japan when they become cheap. The Trust also helps missionaries financially. Our family can enjoy the fruit of the foresight and dedication of these godly men by using a Japanese credit card for

several years which gives us parents mileage points for a free roundtrip to visit NZ.

I mentioned military training. The Army atmosphere was not exactly 'purely pleasant', but God is with the believer no matter what his or her circumstances may be. The Army gave us weekends off and one Monday morning I won a mile race. No doubt the boys had indulged themselves while I was in church. All is not loss and restraint in God's service. Rewards are real and big.

My sister Jean assisted the American medical team for two terms in the Viet Nam war. An official in Wellington suggested Jean had a lisp. Not a very nice thing to say to Jean who was the top student of her whole school in Hamilton. In New Zealand, we call such a student the Dux of the School. We knew of no lisp. "There is no spot in thee."

SUPERB SUPERANNUATION

Jesus cautioned us much about money and greedy ambition etc..He accumulated none on earth although He owned everything. It is our attitude to money that determines and shows so much. In the 1980's New Zealanders could receive retirement money called superannuation when we reached 62 years and 9 months. I sure anticipated this and went straight from the Auckland Airport without letting Connie rest after returning from Japan, once. However the Social Security official asked if we had return tickets to Japan. When we said we did, they turned us away at the door. For about ten years I kept at them but they didn't even help me to apply. Once I pushed some papers under their door to be sure they'd get them. Fred King helped and we finally were granted the annuity but only half because we lived overseas. In time, just like God, He made them change NZ's law so that we thereafter got the full amount. I could add that I have long paid NZ income tax and social security taxes. There was another problem. I told the Department that we had tried to apply for superannuation right from the age at which I became eligible to receive it. But they hadn't even let me apply for it so they said they had no evidence that I had applied right from the age of 62 years and 9 months. But God.....

NZ\$2000 in Japanese money went missing at church in Japan. A church member had stolen it under extreme pressure from a crook. Not knowing this I hunted high and low for this money and the search meant I found a very rough but readable copy of an old letter I had written to the NZ Superannuation authorities in the "beginning". (Another act of God!) I sent this handwritten copy to Wellington and when I couldn't wait any longer for their response I prodded them gingerly. They admitted it had been sitting on someone's desk for long months! God must have made them delay and moved them, perhaps as reparation, to go right back to the beginning and give us the unpaid amount in full! Money is, like electricity, helpful if you avoid its dangers.

My memory of the total of two back-payments they gave us is \$120000. God sees all and He acts more than just fairly. This was fairly good! Read Acts 20:34 to see what I'm supposed to do with money that is entrusted to me for God's work. Especially re "they that were with me" in Paul's words. I am referring to my oldest son and daughter who laboured long in church-planting with Connie and me. The Bible stresses that we give to the poor. Jesus also stressed that we not unduly announce our donations to charity, very difficult but obviously wise. If you want to donate, pray first, then act. If you need a suggestion, give for the North Korean Christians. They are not only poor, but have been the most viciously persecuted people on earth. Barnabas Fund, Voice of the Martyrs, Tear Fund, Open Doors and International Needs will advise you and help with remitting funds and other matters. God keeps telling me in Proverbs to speak up for the needy.

An important note. You can avoid starvation and poverty. Proverbs 28:27 says clearly: "He that gives to the poor shall not lack", Teach new converts to give to the poor, even as you may give them food. Any famine may have been caused because they didn't themselves give to the poor and needy before conversion. It's an iron-clad promise. God says it!! Luke 6:38 promises, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." Jesus added that they will give "into your bosom". We have not required wages in Japan. And for some reason few give money to us. Yuko did so often and I asked her to marry me so now I "own" her. Suspicious?

FROM PING PONG THROUGH HONG KONG TO COL'S DOLLS

I guess it was about 1967. I received strong impressions that Colin Ross, a member of our home church in Auckland, should join us in Japan. This is rare for me, but God has guided me, and I have received help from our cousin Joy Dawson's books. I used to suggest that my younger brother Ben should join us in Japan, but he had no such inclination. Ben & Bev served valiantly in Fiji. Colin replied that he was already considering working for God in Japan. Wonderful! Praise God! Colin finished off his BCom degree at Auckland University and joined us on the SS Orsova in August 1972. His Dad was converted through a doctor high up in South African Rugby! Colin was the Junior Champion of all NZ at Table Tennis. But he gave up his prospects to bless the Japanese people. A seed dying.

Colin boarded with us in Asahikawa and one day, soon after starting to study Japanese, he preached the gospel in a hired hall and I interpreted his preaching. After the meeting a girl came up and told us she was about to enter the Railway Nursing Academy in the island's capital of Sapporo. God must have prepared Colin and of course the rest of us for this girl's conversion because she has borne much fruit for God despite awful trial. She married Bro Nagasawa, and they have pioneered a church or two despite being excommunicated from their Mother church. A record tells me that they baptised 364 converts in 10 years after being excommunicated. No one has ever told us why they were excommunicated. All I remember is Mrs Mitsuharshi saying, "But they're so brainy!" This makes their excommunication sound unreasonable. To cut a long story short, reconciliation was made and the Nagasawa (Longmarsh) couple, with perhaps 15 others, pioneered a bustling church of their own. It sounds like God arranging persecution to force the famous Early Church to stop its selfishness and obey God's Great Commission. (Acts 11:19).

The Nagasawas' sons are both godly men, one of them being a member of a Christian quartet gospel group. This quartet won a big secular band contest with a song they produced. Better than that, one Nagasawa son is helping a new church in Eniwa City near Sapporo. And with his computer skills, my grandson, Ray Goodall is now this gospel group's official computer specialist.

After we had started to pioneer in the next big city, I hinted that our Sapporo church should consider planting new churches rather than becoming too big themselves. (There is even serious talk of their having become the biggest church in Japan north of Tokyo, the capital.) Well, one dear brother responded that their crippled evangelist Mitsuharshi whose wife pickabacked him for 50 years, thought otherwise. I remember talk of their having 452 members. They have since spawned off several who have pioneered elsewhere. It's also true that some divisions are happy and some are not so. One happy duty of mine is to pray daily for the leaders of five churches originally from this big Sapporo Mother church. And Elijah, son of crippled Bro Mitsuharshi started a Japanese church in Hawaii but came home to Sapporo when his father died. I would be unwise to "claim" any of this as my doing. But God encourages us as His servants. The other son of the Mitsuharshi couple is Josiah who has long been the pastor of a church near Tokyo, probably started by someone else. I don't know the details, but Elijah seems to have another church still, under his care, away down on Kyushu Island's many millions.

SONG AND DANCE

This all started off with Bro Colin Ross. He later married Sue and they have Lydia who lives in an institution but comes home at weekends. In the same boat in 1972 we were privileged to take Jillian Gow too as a new missionary. Jillian comes from Kaeo in Northland. She was 10 when I visited her meeting in Kaeo to tell of our imminent departure for Japan. If it helps a shy person, Jillian was so shy that she would slide down below the car window when her family passed people. I don't know how much my Kaeo visit influenced Jillian but she did a wonderful work with us. When we moved on to our next pioneering situation in 1979, Jillian stayed on and held the fort, later moving away south nearer to Tokyo. If you prodded her she might write her memoirs. I should add that Jillian played the piano, something which no Goodall could do. But she shone when we had seeking students to evangelise for long periods. Hayden Harvey lived only three hours away and he

would come and help us while Jillian would go out and get ice cream and coke to smooth the way. Connie let us start these meetings in her lounge before she had got her house in order after our shift, and God delighted in her willingness to be unsettled, and He got our new church underway smartly. Try it some time. Your home is a rental and used as the meeting place with no bath for self and six children, and Bro Taniguchi who boarded with us.

About music, how do you think we got on for music and hymn singing when starting new churches? Easy; I started the hymns, and that is despite the fact that on two separate occasions, which I can hardly remember mercifully, my Mother and a beloved aunt, suggested I not sing in church because, I have to assume, my voice was strong and might have been off key, though, how do you know you're off key when you don't know what that means or how to correct it?

And incidentally, one brother in Japan, not a New Zealander, didn't encourage the use of instruments when singing hymns, because music is not mentioned in the New Testament. I am not in a position to pronounce theologically on this, but I have an idea. Notice the commands in the Psalms to use instruments and music in singing praises and ask yourself, 'are we so much removed from the law that we should argue from the New Testament's silence and refrain from using instruments and music when singing praise?' Look at Acts 15:16. "I will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen.... I will set it up so that the residue of men may seek after the Lord... saith the Lord." The big difference distinguishing David's and Moses' tabernacles, seems to be instruments and music in one and none in the other. It could be that the stress on music and instruments in recent days has been orchestrated by God Himself, though, like everything else, we don't have everything exactly as God wants it. (e.g. loudness, lyrics and lilt.) More seriously, doesn't it give you great hope that verse 17 hints at an uncountable number of people ultimately saved, and with the aid of music? In case you haven't heard this from me (or the Lord) before, read Isaiah 65:1. See it repeated in Romans 10:20 if you need emphasis. Notice that, though few seek the strait gate and narrow way to life, this Word of God shows that people will be forcibly shown God's truth and person, even though they didn't seek Him. If you insist that few will ultimately be saved, you fly in the face of the very Word of God in Isaiah and Romans, and Rev 7:9. Serious stuff indeed. Better to give way to God's Word which is truth.

Stop press: Our granddaughter Harmony Goodall suddenly showed that she can play the piano, and beautifully at that. But we don't have her with us now because she stayed on to work at an American Bible School because she was born in America and has something like the coveted Green Card. Her work is explaining on the phone, Bible Correspondence Courses to American people. I don't know how she does it with Japanese as her mother tongue. How does she respond when an American person says, "D' y'all require a dissertation on the Holy Ghost to do this course?" Harmony works in a Japanese-speaking church, in Dallas, Texas, and news in September 2022 is that she has joined in a new church-plant nearby. Japanese people are more amenable to the gospel when they are away from their family, and this new church-plant quite likely focuses on such Japanese students and business people.

WELCOMING WINSOME, WILLIAM, & WEE WHOPPER

More workers. In May 1966 Russell had been born in NZ on Feb 7th, and our growing family sailed back to Japan on the Chusan with new workers Bill Peez and Hayden Harvey. In Sydney we met the believers one of whom (with an Italian surname) shared with us financially for some years.

Today I had the first part of an expensive process to extend my driving license. Rejoice with me that they gave me 90% for the cognitive test, 認知検査. Tomorrow is the main test, another 2 hours. Yesterday I had another session with a Mrs Mori, cousin of Sister Tazaki with a view to her being baptised. She seems to expect me to test her and then approve her for baptism. I was happy to tell her our faith is not a matter of reaching a recognised standard of conduct or amount of good deeds, though these things are important AFTER we receive the Lord Jesus and have our sin forgiven. She told me how she has

changed and now forgives her husband and others. Repentance is necessary and the deeper the better. Judas never repented of worshiping money and demonstrated it by his life of theft (when he was officially a disciple) and of selling Jesus for 30 pieces of silver. We all sin, even after believing, but Judas didn't believe and hadn't repented. Right now, he's regretting having clung to money. By the way, have you noticed that God is careful to record people as being baptised soon after their profession of faith? Thus He makes no rule but shows us the ideal about timing.

Hayden Harvey is a cross between a bulldog and a fox terrier. We need fellow workers with passion and tenacity. I remember Bill Peez best by the man he brought to church who later became a church planter, a rare but necessary 'breed'. This church planter is called Wisteria Tree but more importantly Bro Wisteria has a missionary daughter. The only other Japanese missionary I can think of-- connected with us-- is the grandson of Sister Grannie Nambu, (translates as ' Southern'). Her grandson has just finished a university course in Korea in English to work as a missionary. It's no joke for a Japanese person to become a missionary because they usually feel the need to become somewhat fluent in English first, to do that job.

Once long ago Connie and I were returning from visiting someone in America, possibly my sister Jean, who had married a very nice Viet Nam veteran. We had to change planes on America's West Coast but when we boarded a plane for the last leg back across the Pacific, the stewardesses couldn't find our seats and offered us \$600 each on top of First Class travel to fly on the next day's plane. This was all very nice, but I don't recommend First Class. You have to eat and drink the whole way! It suddenly dawned on me that this was the Lord answering my desperate prayer to get a direct domestic flight back inside Japan, to save our daughters traveling to the airport for us at 2 or 3 a.m. The travel agent in Tokyo had kept refusing our direct flight requests saying 85 minutes wasn't enough to guarantee catching the connecting flight. But I simply asked the miscreant airline directly to change our bookings, and they did. God solving another problem with aplomb!

Winsome Edwards was Miss Wright when she joined us in Sapporo about 1968. Winsome was a nurse but she has claim to fame in that she studied at High School in Tauranga under my eldest sister Hilary before the latter left to serve God in Africa. Winsome is from a family which sent out three of its members as missionaries. When our Joy was born in Sapporo on Feb 4th 1969, Winsome, who lived near us, kindly cooked for the rest of us while Connie and baby Joy waited for the doctor to return from a skiing holiday before he would discharge them. I called her 'our Joy' because she is named after the great Joy Dawson, my cousin nee Joy Manins. Winsome was able to lead her Japanese language teacher to the Lord at that time.

In 1969 we left Sapporo to pioneer our second church and Winsome later went to Tokyo and laboured there. But Winsome came once to Asahikawa to help us give out Christmas gospel invitations. One home she visited happened to be Yuko's home and Yuko believed and later led her sister Yoko (Yawkaw) to the Lord. Winsome might have then married John Edwards as a retirement challenge?? John has laboured long for other people, more lately with Sowers which was the missionary division of Open Air Campaigners. He and Winsome train open-air evangelists in countries like India, Nepal and Vanuatu. John and Winsome have a home in Tauranga and they have shown us warm and unsurpassed hospitality in Tauranga.

FROM A DOZEN TO SCORES

A Wellington couple had 12 children. They were my grandparents, Charles and Adeline Manins. I never met any of my 4 grandparents. Significant among the 12 Manins children were: Aunt Dahlia who led my sister Erica and my Connie to the Lord on different occasions. My Mother's sister Jessie (Magill) took Mother under her wing in Napier (source of Japan's famous Nepia Tissue) after Mother's husband Taipua Cootes died of that flu in England after serving in World War One. Aunt Jessie's son Pat Magill lasted 95 years, and Aunt's daughter Marie Gray is still alive and in her nineties. Marie is a nurse and an author. She married Doctor David Gray and they went to Indonesia as medical missionaries. They had

twins once and my sister Jean, a decorated nurse, went to Indonesia to help them for a while. They had three other daughters.

I must add a bit about Uncle Robert and Aunt Jessie Magill. They lived in Napier far from us, and long ago but they sent us for Christmas 3 pounds to be divided among the 7 of us, about \$1 each- big money in the 1940's Uncle Robert was Irish. Marie their daughter, our cousin of course, is an author and has written much but one of her tomes is "Irish in the Blood." Uncle was famous for his staccato easy-to-grasp utterances. E.g. "You're my man; I'll stick to you," "Isn't that a caution?" "I like you boys; you make your own fun.", "Don't thrash the saints brother."

From Grandma Manins' dozen children, jump with me to 2023 when I have scores of blessings, about 20 children if you exclude inlaws, about 20 Japanese church groups, 20 servant leaders, 20 significant donors, & 20 trials to rejoice in (James 1:2.). Sister Eikaw Fukumoto has led 20 people as far as baptism.(Would you pray for Eikaw? Today is Jan 10th her 79th birthday. She is still evangelising!). I even totted up 20 significant current blessings that I'm praising God for. I'm happy if your score is the same or more than mine. Psalm 127 says I am blessed (whether I feel it or not). And may God multiply His blessings myriads of times for you too.

INVEST IN HARVEST

Stuart and Marion Caldwell are my seniors in Japan. Stuart was taken from us on 8th January 2020. Bev Cook came and worked in Japan for a time. She and Connie had frequent phone fellowship. Then Frances Berry was from Palmerston North. She came to Japan about 1964. Frances had endless endearing enthusiasm. Her father whom I met, designed the first stainless steel tanker for transporting milk. And Frances left us a lovely large legacy long ago. She thus showed where her heart was and you can guess where my heart is when I confess I remember the amount as \$7,500. John Hayden is a cousin of Hayden Harvey. He is a teacher with a degree and must have had a degree of altruism to love Japan enough to labour here for some years. I visited Taradale meeting (Napier) in its infancy and found Kevin Dustow headed for Japan. Mr Dustow senior had been quite a socialite as a policeman but was brightly saved through I think the labours of Mr McKenzie of India fame. Audrey McKenzie his daughter married my 'true yokefellow' David Burt, the retired solicitor and Bible expositor extraordinaire. Audrey too is famous as a colabourer of Beryl Forlong. As midwives they helped our Russell into the world. Beryl gave her name (and more) to my daughter Christine. These two precious Beryls have helped Japanese people into God's World. Only yesterday Christine reminded me of how her pupils adore her. God has arranged it so that she can teach Japanese public school children about God. Neville Taylor, the principal of Christine's Auckland Bible School, reported about Christine, "Not as demure as she might appear." I seem to recall Japanese people calling my children eggs, "white on the outside but yellow inside", quite a compliment.

I should tell you of Jim & Esme Burt, David's parents. Mr Burt too was a solicitor and gave us a legal letter when we needed in 1960 to impress the Japanese authorities to grant us visas despite having no set salary.

God's dealings with other people can be instructive. So I will start to tell you about my children. I was desperate to be married but didn't think about children. However, they came and what a happy man I am. Psalm 127:3 says, "Behold, children are a heritage of the Lord; the fruit of the womb is His reward." Regarding numbers of children, the Lord is guarded in His comment in verse 5: "Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them." God allows for different sizes in quivers. Some would quiver visibly if they knew beforehand how many children their quiver was going to hold. Verse 4 says to use your children like arrows. Mine were used before they knew it. I can only think of one or two coming to the Lord directly through our children before they matured, but it did happen. And arrows are something to be used. Once or twice we all rose about 5:30 and put tracts in letter boxes, but especially my older children gave out tracts with the other believers. Later, while Joy and Daniel were still at school, they accompanied me to do open air gospel preaching. They became my wayside audience called "sakura" in Japanese, probably derived from the English word "sucker".

Once, all we NZ men went for a bath but Stuart discovered that in the far reaches of the various bath-pools, the men's side blended with the ladies' side. Out he shot and we got no dinkum bath that day. You'll recall my experience with no bath on our farm. The rigor of farm life didn't guarantee victory in spiritual warfare in Japan but it helped, and, with a Mother who fed us with things like the Levitical offerings, we hardly needed to go to a regular Bible School. Mother passed on Mr Hewlett's rare gem: "His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl", meaning a breaking, an eloquent comment on the nail-prints in the hands of our Lord Jesus.

I studied Greek by myself for three months; that has proved enough to build on. You don't need Hebrew unless you're a translator. But I have always needed love..... Discipleship training is to be encouraged and that's what a Bible School gives some people I'm not sure that my preaching is laudable, by any means. It's difficult but mandatory to evaluate oneself. At a camp preaching contest in NZ, I came last with 6 and a half points, Col. Cliffe of New Guinea got 7, and Theo Albrecht got 10 out of 10. Theo later became the principal of the Gospel Mission High School that my brother Ben had started in Fiji. (They already had an elementary school.) We're told to proclaim and God uses anything that is dedicated to Him. The important One is the Lord Jesus whom we proclaim in the power of the Holy Spirit. (Acts 1:8)

BIRTHS AND BERTHS

Satan tried to nip our career in the bud about 1962. Gerald was 4 and Christine was not two yet. They both contracted simultaneous vomiting and diarrhea. We have excellent doctors in Japan and were still in Tokyo at language school with a university hospital within walking distance. Thus, recovery was quick and good, and by God's grace we were able to continue. Carol was born three years after we arrived in Japan. Connie was astute enough to wait until baby Carol was about to be born before rushing to the nearby hospital. As she mounted the stairs she felt the baby was coming so told the nurse so. Her response was, "In Japanese, we don't say the baby is coming out, we say it is being born." When this language lesson had finished Connie was taken straight to a gurney and delivered in 5 minutes. 'Nothing to it,' says who? I wouldn't have been allowed to watch in NZ in the 'Victorian age' when Gerald and Christine were born, but Doctor Sudor was at lunch so the nurses did everything. Mrs Mitsuharshi was there and bent over Connie shedding tears of encouragement. Absolutely wonderful! Sister Oizumi Junko came too. It seems that every lady in the hospital wanted to see the amply endowed foreigner, but she escaped with her life and had three more babies to prove it.

Carol was born in 1963 and Russell started to "come" in 1965 when we set sail on our first furlough, from Yokohama as far as Singapore. Matt & Maynel Finlay of NZ were away from Singapore but Campbell and Elaine MacSkimming from our own Rossgrove Chapel in Auckland looked after us while we waited about 3 weeks for a connecting boat to come to Singapore from England. It came but there was no cabin to NZ for a family of 5 and a half. We waited for three weeks until the boat came - and went without us. Connie had some minor pregnancy trouble, but a doctor from the meetings, possibly a professor, gave Connie the green light to fly. I must have said, "God will provide the berths" presuming on God's provision. I try to be more careful now. We had to pay an extra 400 dollars to fly the whole family home to NZ from Singapore. Safe but chastened.

Jack Rout, Connie's cousin worked in Customs and was on duty when our plane touched down in Auckland. How nice to have "a friend at court." I remember Jack telling his fellow officer, "Returning missionaries". And so, we returned to Paradise all so happily. My parents came to the airport. I showed Mother a miniature pine tree I had bought for her. But Customs didn't let it in. I was able to give Dad & Mother, however, a big plate glazed for me by a Japanese National Treasure Potter with my writing on it. It must have pleased Dad & Mother to see in their son's handwriting. "IN THE HOUSE OF THE POTTER I RECALLED MY HOME". God chastens but loves us perfectly. Note: 'Perfectly'; The very day we left Yokohama was the very same day five years earlier (July 11th) when we had landed in Yokohama. There was an unwritten rule in those days that a missionary's spell of duty was 5 years and God knows I love such precision and coincidences. I have probably told you already how January 26th has reoccurred so many times in our journey. Dad's & Gerald's birthday, our wedding day etc, etc. God is the icing on our cake, and he lays it on thick!

Russell was duly born but with a hitch. Don't read this next bit. We swung a thing over Russell's unborn body to determine his sex. I should have known better. No sin in the newborn but a happy and forgiven father of four. The baby's name? I have a nice brother called Russell and, in GCIM, Connie had Uncle Edwin Price, whom we respected. He was the father of Connie's only cousin Alastair Price. When I was about 5, we lived in Auckland and hobnobbed with believing neighbours, the Dunbars. Their beautiful daughter Patricia was our age and I remember arguing with Ben over this girl. Well, Patricia Dunbar married Alastair Price, Connie's only cousin and they loved happily ever after. So I called Russell Edwin (and Ed means 'witness') but Jean my sister insisted I also call him Alexander after both my Dad and my Father in Law, Alec Whitecross! Hence Russell is blessed with three names. I can see how my sister Erica, rising 92, got the names Jessie Mabel Erica. Dad must have liked the strength in Eric the Viking, and Mabel and Jessie were Mother's sisters.

AREN'T YOU MY AUNT?

Mother's other siblings included Uncle Bob who married Aunt Frances the sister of Mother's first husband Taipua. In 1940 I was taken by Aunt Frances to Wellington, 666 kilos from home! When I cried with homesickness on the way, Aunt Frances spelled out to Mrs Cheer, "Take no N-O-T-I-C-E of him." But at 7, I knew how to spell and took notice of her comment. .

Uncle John Manins was the youngest of 12 Manins children. He heard the gospel at the Wellington Town Hall and said, "I've got nothing to lose and everything to gain, accepting Christ." He became a great evangelist. And so God began to make a missionary dynasty with no special name or fame.

SAD DAD MADE GLAD

Dad lost his harpoon to a whale and left Kaikoura for the North Island in 1911. He was 32. He had a series of farms in the Waikato and one day the men in his boarding house had a discussion. Dad's suggestion for the topic was GOD and it won the day. Not one of Dad's brothers or sisters or parents said one spiritual word ever that I know of. Ultimately Dad studied Accountancy in Auckland in his 40's.

In Auckland, Uncle John must have invited Dad to attend church. (Dad never told us one thing about this himself. Uncle John and Aunt Grace told me when I boarded with them in 1952 after my Army training). When church, in Parnell, finished, Uncle John asked Dad if he could believe in Jesus. Dad said he had difficulty believing the virgin birth and the resurrection of Jesus. Uncle John said, "Could you admit you are a sinner and confess that Jesus died for your sins?" Dad said he could do that much. So Uncle said, "We won't ignore your doubts but let's do what we can do." Dad knelt and confessed his sinfulness and that Jesus had died for it. He got up from his knees and said, "I don't feel any different." Uncle John said, "You've done your part, what you could. Leave God's part to Him to do." Two weeks later Dad phoned Uncle John and said, "When can I be baptized?" God had done a miracle! No worry that Dad had a motive to believe, that is to marry Mother who required him to believe. But judging by his later life, he must have genuinely believed. Mother had written Dad to say she couldn't go ahead with their marriage but Uncle Robert Magill didn't post Mother's letter and Dad's famous telegram came to Mother in Napier, two words only. "Burden lifted". And they loved happily ever after. God's mercy was great but how nice of Uncle and Aunt to deal with Dad's difficulties so wisely and patiently!

AUGUST AUCKLAND AUXILIARY'S AUGMENT

That trial you fear may even turn out to be a big plus. Romans 8:28:-"All things work together for good to those who love God." The esteemed elders of my church, Rossgrove Chapel were all good men and they asked if Connie and I would be happy to treat their recommendation as subject to the advice of an august body called Advisory Missionary Council. We knew and loved both groups of men. Mr L wondered if we had chosen Japan just because it was a hard field/language thinking the will of God is always the tough way. His motorbike might have been the very first to come to Dunedin! In midweek he had half a day off so instead of gallivanting on his bike he spent a miserable three

hours on his knees. Mr G wondered whether, rather than endure Japanese, I might consider Bible teaching in Francophone Chad because I had enjoyed French in High School. Years later he gave Gerald a gift. Mr R wondered if we could handle taking two babies across the world; "You have to get a baby's wind up."

The other Mr L asked what I thought of the Pentecostals. I had boarded in the home of my uncle who had visited America to have his Parkinson's disease prayed for. Uncle and I were members of the same Rossgrove Chapel and Uncle lectured at NZ's Bible Training Institute. He was famous in our churches. He had led my Dad to the Lord 35 years before this and he was a regular gospel preacher on NZ public radio. My short comment:- 'Beware of guilt by association'. Then, Mr N had been a missionary. His worry was, he had been studying an Indian language and his senior missionary asked him how he was doing with the language. He thought he was doing all right but when his senior tested him, his curt comment was, "We will start with the alphabet." Mr N had got an anti-British language teacher who taught him wrongly. Connie and I ended up getting a Christian Japanese teacher who came from a distance and only charged us \$1 an hour for private tuition. We will be for ever in debt to our partners who prayed for us.

I got the brilliant idea to just give you one initial of these good men. My take is this. With my youthful harmless complexion, I appeared as a slightly naive zealot. Undoubtedly none of the elder brethren had had to rise either side of 4 . every morning to milk cows including a mental cow that had to drag a long chain, to protect us. I'll bet the brethren hadn't been confronted with a cow that had expelled her uterus or a bull that roared menacingly. I won't detail planting out 60,000 onion seedlings, then weeding them. And I had more than the compulsory military training discipline. I can't deny that I was asking the brethren to back us when it wasn't usual for a man with a family to proceed as a missionary, unless of course he was a doctor.

Not long after all this my brother Will met Mr N ex India who asked how I was doing in Japan at language study. " All right, thank you Mr N; his last Japanese exam result was 99.7%," Will replied. I hasten to add; this was my very first Japanese exam, and all this information is no more than a story if we omit God who is quietly performing His wonders for you and me His servants. I often think of Paul's appearance. Did he get his suit dry-cleaned before or after his many hours adrift in the sea? Paul means 'Little' in Latin. Methinks he was not an upstanding giant like King Saul. But he got God's work done.

Studying Japanese with us was a German girl probably not a Christian. I wondered why she should do well enough when we had to have a host praying for our language progress. Then it dawned on me. She didn't have all hell against her study. We did; we were a menace to Satan and he opposes God's work and workers. I lost three days of language school when both my babies got vomiting and diarrhea simultaneously. But the Lord healed them and kept us in Japan, with supporters' prayers.

Hudson Taylor started recruiting ordinary people as missionaries to the Chinese, and he succeeded. We can only imagine what it must have been like for less educated missionaries grappling with Chinese writing (and speaking) apart altogether from the physical and spiritual challenges in China. In our two years in Tokyo at language school I used to wonder what degradation was connected to a sinister shrill whining I heard late at nights. It turned out to be only a noodle seller or something! Probably nice night noodles for the thousands of students vying to get into the best universities. They seemed to study all night. But the Christian's trials are different and are always tempered by the Lord. "He giveth more grace". He Himself said, "I am with you always."

Only the Cross was sheer unmitigated terror. We shouldn't give in to fear. We'll experience it all right. Read for 'pleasure' that new NT translation called, thePassionTranslation.com It's a gold mine. I have noticed that our trials are not always what we feared. Go and do, despite fear. I enjoyed language study but taking one's shoes off at the porch stumbled me. I have had to rise early to pick up believers for tract distribution at school gates so my experience of early rising made it almost a picnic in comparison.

Before leaving NZ I took my first 'deputation' meeting in Huntly on 4th April 1960. On retiring that night in the home of loving relatives Joe & Esther Hockly, I saw the pupils of my eyes looking big and exhausted, in a mirror. I thought, "Will you make it?" Praise be to God; we can say."He'll make it happen." "Ye shall receive power...and ye shall be My witnesses...unto the uttermost parts."

The verse we put on our prayer cards in 1960 was 2nd Corinthians 1:11, "Ye also helping together by prayer." Before setting out for Japan, following advice, I visited a number of our churches in NZ and I asked people who would pray for us to write their name and address in an exercise book I put out. Memory says we got 642 names. I can't believe that now so have cut it down to a more modest 142. At first we only sent out airmail news about twice a year. But people must have prayed and God has worked. Praise His name.

I have to scrounge around to give attractive reports on God's doings in Japan but you and I have to trust God to be working out His good plan for this and other countries. And I like to think that if a Japanese convert just gives one tenth of his/her income to God, that amounts to enough to fully support several evangelists in poorer countries. We give and live by faith but let us do it expectantly. Revelation 7:9 promises a huge harvest that no one can count.

PROFESSION vs POSSESSION

I only record this because it seems important, not because I want to tell you. When I was about 8 or 10, I remember believing. I probably expressed it in prayer but I was alone and don't remember the contents of my prayer. But it was a kind of acceptance of all I had heard about believing in God. Judging by the trend of my actions after that, I never stopped believing in my head but was not clear about following Jesus. And to be more specific I sinned often with little or no conscience or regret. There is a clear call by Jesus to obey Him. John 14:33 says "He that doesn't forsake all that he has, cannot be My disciple." So said Jesus. I didn't decide to disobey Him but certainly didn't obey fully. This could be a problem for us who are taught the faith from childhood, and the solution is to forsake all in order to obey Jesus. If one becomes aware of a lack in their faith they should simply surrender everything over to God. It's an act of the will but it's wise to express it to God. But don't make explicit vows to God lightly. Also important is that we may sin after we become believers. Not as gaily as before though. Look at Peter, the leading spokesman of Jesus' disciples. He sinned awfully after becoming a disciple. But he never stayed down. Learn 1st John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Salvation has three aspects. We are saved for ever from all punishment for sin as soon as we receive the Lord Jesus. (Purgatory is a Catholic fiction, a lie, not a Bible doctrine!) We then are saved from sinning by believing God's power. But if we do sin we are cleansed by confessing and forsaking it. As a believer, if we sin, we receive chastisement, not punishment. The real punishment for sin is perishing. NB Jesus' promise:-" I give them (my sheep) eternal life, and they shall never perish." Then finally believers are saved for ever from sin and sinning when we die.

MOTHER AND FURTHER

My Mother grew up in a home of 12 children. Granddad Manins' lived in a shed or room 'out the back'. No one has spoken of any faith of his. He was indicted for illegal manufacture of alcohol. He made "Hoarhound beer". I don't know what that is, but the judge let him off and commended his clever defence. I have found newspaper articles about him on the internet. According to our Mother, Grandma, Adeline Agnes Anne was saved through the Salvation Army. We know little more than this. Nice to know that much.

Grace Irene Manins our Mother was the 11th child out of 12. She asked her father Charles for an organ. He said, "When you can play." Mother marked out on a treadle sewing machine the piano notes and learned to play with no sound of course. She announced she was now able to play. Granddad took her to a second hand dealer and sat her down. She now played a real organ with music coming out, for the first time. She must have got a shock to hear it. She got her organ.

Mother was a socialite. She and her brother John came home and got in by a window after a late night out, probably dancing. Her older sisters were all believers. Her sisters were quite incisive in their condemnation of Mother's worldly life. Mother sang for the troops going to World War 1. She and her older Brother Bob married another brother and sister, Frances and Taipua Cootes, with a good admixture of Maori blood. They were related to the Maori warrior Te Rauparaha whom we learn about in school.

I'll start Dad's story by telling you of his father my Granddad Joseph Wilkinson Goodall. Granddad and his brother Samuel landed in NZ near Dunedin from England in 1860. They were policemen and Samuel is famous for arresting Te Kooti an infamous Maori warrior, let's call him. Samuel's grandson became Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mike Moore who died in 2020; (Bev Goodall saw our name in the paper). Granddad was the only policeman in Kaikoura and he had 100 other important jobs in town. At some stage he built two hotels and drank too much of his own alcohol so our father had to help his father with his business affairs even though Dad only had an elementary education. Dad's older brother William was lost at sea near Australia so Dad became the family support. There were eight children but Grandma Margaret (nee Margaret Daniel Duncan) died on Christmas Day one week after having her last son Stephen. He (Stephen) became a judge and wrote the legal textbook, 'Goodall's Conveyancing' which my son Russell and I found in the NZ Embassy in Tokyo one happy day when Russell married Machiko.

Nothing was ever said about faith in Dad's family. I do know that they probably attended the Anglican church in Kaikoura and Granddad was in charge of the church building. Dad's two sisters, Charlotte and Isabel a nurse and a delicatessen, remained church members and we often saw them because they lived in Auckland. After that 5 year spell in Auckland, Dad took us back in 1941 to the farm in Hamilton. On such trips our sisters sang choruses. We didn't discuss spiritual matters much unless perhaps to accuse each other. "Romans 2 verse one:- "You who judge another, you condemn yourself because you do the very same thing." We all attended Sunday School and its anniversaries and got prizes like everyone else. We learnt off long pieces about the Bible, requiring some effort. Dad and Mother dedicated the land and sand for a church building to evangelise the neighbourhood children near the farm. Building the church hall was fun because Dad didn't give his usual orders. We got on well, building with the church people. Ain't love grand?

MOVED BY A MOVIE

Somewhere above I should have told you that at 17 by God's goodness I was able to go 100% for God. I told Leith my school friend I couldn't skip Latin and Social Studies to see the only morning movie in Hamilton, called a matinee. We had sometimes done that. If a teacher asked where we had been in the morning we could always say a bull had got out. Even when we rebuilt a hen-house for sleeping in and slipped out to see a movie, arriving home late and having to rise for milking after insufficient sleep, we were never discovered. Is that grace or what??

The missionary call came when I was about 7, probably through seeing that movie of David Livingstone. The call was always near but we sinners can somehow handle contradictions and inconsistencies. And when Connie and I became close, after a day or two at a 10 day Christmas Camp, I told her of my call overseas and she showed that that was in her heart too, so we loved happily ever after. "If you come with me I'll go."

Connie's father, Alec Whitecross had frittered life away at sea but settled in NZ instead of Scotland and found the Lord through a christian lady in New Plymouth, ending up in Auckland where Alan Tirrell must have worked among seamen and got Alec a wife, his own sister Elsie. In 1954 my parents bought a house in Auckland for their four sons at university. Including Erica, we now all shifted to Onehunga and the family decided to go to the smaller Onehunga meeting where Connie at 17 was a member. Connie got honours from the Scripture Union seven times but that's not what impressed me. She had Janet and Ruth her younger sisters. How we four sparred. I have told you our love story elsewhere so will just add that we worked with Open Air Campaigners including my brothers Will, Ben, & Russ. Ben later married Bev who was a guitarist at these open air meetings. Bev is

still going strong and we meet her sister Liane Hume at Terry St Gospel Chapel when we are in Auckland. OAC had a party and this is what Jim Duffecy our leader from Australia sang:(Tune is "Bless 'em all, bless 'em all.")

OAC OAC, Oh I see you're as mad as can be.

There's no one insaner than an Open Air Campaigner.

They're all mad, why just look at me.

As soon as I got baptised (on Nov 5th, Guy Fawkes Day 1950) I joined the men of the Frankton meeting on Sunday nights opposite the Frankton Hotel to preach to a deserted main street and a faceless hotel. It was a little crazy but was good practice at bearing reproach for Christ and for preaching too. Unknown to us in those days, a Christian policeman, Alf 'Hallelujah' Martin, immigrated to NZ and had this very Frankton Hotel as part of his beat. Alf's son Howard has a son pastoring in Hamilton. Howard and Julia are our valued partners in Japan's evangelisation 70 years later.

ADMIRAL ADAM DUNCAN:
BRITISH ROYAL NAVY

Perish the thought but the Goodalls are also related to Charles Darwin who brought an awful curse on the world with his theory of evolution. Our connection to Darwin is through another famous man called Josiah Wedgwood of porcelain fame. I will refrain from listing our bad ancestors; it would be too long. We whom I've described, are bad enough. The evil from Darwin's evolution is because it is based on atheism which gives great slaughterers like Hitler Stalin and Mao an excuse for their hideous slaughter. No God means no responsibility and no judgment after death, so no fear of punishment for mass murder. But what if they are wrong and the World's Best Seller, is right? For them, eternal regret. It's not worth the risk!!

Nobody has the authority to oppose or ignore the Bible until they produce the world's best seller or something near it. The books and ideas of Stalin and co are puny when compared with the Bible whose power, because of Jesus, to change 85,000 bad people every day into good citizens, is unsurpassed. Darwin and Co have caused or assisted in the killing of millions. What unblushing effrontery to oppose God's book all the while killing off millions. Let's demand that people write a rival to the world's best seller before we can consider their anti-Bible chatter. Jesus said it perfectly, "Wisdom is justified by all her children." His 85,000 children a day will never be beaten. Stick to Jesus. He hasn't even got one rival.

Putin is said to have confirmed his faith in the big Russian branch of so-called Christianity. But no amount of sprinkling or of repeating words of faith alone puts anyone in Heaven. The heart and will are vital to Christian faith. Nor does simple repetition of certain words save a person from hell. Mao Tse Tung forced Catholic nuns to go through their formula over him for RC membership. He must have thought he'd better become a Christian just in case the Bible was true after all. No hope for Mao. " Unless a man is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God",said Jesus.

So much for Darwin helping mass killers. Back to our ancestor, Admiral Duncan. My Dad's full name was Alexander Duncan Goodall. His Mother was born Margaret Daniel Duncan; both Dad and his Mother directly descended from Admiral Duncan who about 1800 A.D. conquered Britain's enemy navy and was awarded the greatest pension that Britain had ever awarded to one of its citizens, 3000 pounds a year. Better than money, both Houses of Parliament gave thanks to God for this victory, in St Paul's Cathedral. I've been there.

Mother's side, called Manins, is of "obscure social origin", a euphemism. There is talk of their being underlings of a wealthy Italian called Manini. They probably took their master's name giving it a twist to Manins when they came to England. Manins probably has no connection to the more familiar Manings. They seemed to settle in London and there is talk of one being a scrap dealer. Then our grandfather Charles Thomas Manins about 1860 set off to Australia, worked there for

a bit with sheep, then left for NZ and married Adeline Agnes Ann Huchison who produced her 11th child, my Mother Grace Irene in 1892. I wrote a ditty re Granddad Manins. I've lost it so here I give a reconstruction.

Leaving Home with homeopathic paraphernalia

Charles Thomas Manins kept sheep in Australia.

Then by faith or by fate he next set his eyes on

Adeline Agnes Ann on New Zealand's horizon.

Resulting in God's Grace (!), John, Jessie, Bessie, & Dahlia

Whether our part in God's work seem great or small let us happily follow 1 Corinthians 12:18:- "God has set the members each one in the Body, as it pleased Him." Let's each pray that we may lead a budding Billy Graham or David Livingstone or Chinese Yun to believe.

UNIVERSITY ADVERSITY AND ABSURDITY

When in university I boarded for a year or so with my dear Uncle John, Aunt Grace Manins, & my cousins Stuart & Wesley. Uncle John gave me a book called, "Fast and take off." I liked it and started on a 5 day fast. The first day I biked in to university as usual but it drained all my energy for the rest of my fast time. The book promised this and that from fasting. I got good experience but nothing to report that I can remember. I probably expected quite something but can't say I got anything much. I'm not even sure that fasting can add fervour to prayer. I'm still favourable to fasting with prayer. Jesus said, "They shall fast in THOSE (obviously special) days." And it's very difficult to eradicate the following words:- "This kind only comes out with prayer and fasting."

I got to Japan and was a few months out of language study and into my first posting in Hakodate. It was 1962 and the Caldwells were still on furlough in NZ and we were care-taking, living in their home. A young man in this young church was obstinate in his opinions and obdurate. His name translates Littlebeach. (I saw him at Stuart's funeral in January 2020 and didn't recognise him after 50 years or so, but we had happy fellowship.) I had acquired a set of books by T.L. Osborn and read them while fasting, partly to gain a solution to this young man's being obstinately opposed to "everything". Osborn emphasised divine healing and reaped huge harvests with healing crusades. He said we have to act our faith so I went to the Japanese police and said, "I want to have "Needs Glasses" taken off my driving license." They said, "Just give us the doctor's certificate and we'll do it".

God is very gracious. I don't remember my conversing with the doctor but he tested me and I couldn't see the chart without glasses. I put my tail between my legs but didn't feel great embarrassment, I'm thankful to say. I haven't the last word on faith or on healing but can say this much. If Timothy was told to take a little wine for his oft infirmities, it may not be wrong to take things like medicine or even to use a machine like glasses to get what I call 'virtual healing'. I knew that 40 days was the limit for fasting but I had to give up at half time. Since then, until midlife, I fasted now and then but usually just for one day at a time.

I'm a fan of Chinese Bro Yun who fasted for 60 or 70 days but I consider that length miraculous, even dangerous. I heard him again recently on the internet. My favourite story of his is when, in a communist prison for his faith, he told the Lord that his persecution was too much. The Lord said something like "You'll get out tomorrow at 8 a.m." . So Yun got his usual christian fellow-prisoner to carry him to the toilet. He couldn't walk by himself after they had smashed his legs. They didn't like his escaping so cleverly. Then he started down. One floor after another yielded and made his flight light. On one floor the guard was on the phone. At last he got to the bottom and then across the frightful space to the main gate which was inexplicably open. He slipped through, hailing a taxi saying he would pay at the

"other end". But there was only one sister at the "other end". However, she paid and gave him a bicycle to get away on."Oh", she said, "We were waiting for you. The Lord told us you would be coming." He started pedaling and then suddenly discovered that the Lord had healed his legs!! He made one mistake. He escaped to Germany. I would have chosen New Zealand to escape to. I guess Germany needs him.

RICH WITH THE RICH

The Laidlaw Family.

Robert Laidlaw may well be the most famous Christian that NZ has ever had. He wrote a booklet called *The Reason Why* which explains Jesus' Gospel beautifully. It may be the best-selling "tract" of all time. Many years ago we ran out of copies in Japan and I used supporters' money to print an edition of 10,000 or so copies. It is slightly intellectual, using words like 'vindicate' but, like the Bible, the World's undisputed Best Seller, it's still enjoyed by the man in the street. No one would refuse the first installment of legacy money from a solicitor even if the solicitor's accompanying legal letter had difficult words in it. God gives many blessings as first installments to all of us to encourage us to study His Word daily, to find out how much more we can expect, Peace, Pardon, and Power (power to love even our foes, family and friends.) Seek those three P's and expect them.

I was fortunate to have a close connection with the Laidlaw family despite their greatness. My Connie's parents Alec & Elsie Whitecross cooked for Christian camps so were closer to the Laidlaws than I was, close enough it seems for sweet little Connie to put something on Mr Laidlaw's plate that she didn't want to eat, swede perhaps? I became a member of the same church as the Laidlaw Family (Howe Street Hall) after I had completed Compulsory Military Training in 1951. I was only 18, so in a congregation of 200 people, I had to put a jack under my seat to help me stand up and give thanks at the Breaking of Bread.

Mr Laidlaw was the pioneer of NZ's big chainstore called The Farmers. After the Army my mentor Frank Bardsley got me work in a Public Accountancy office and I studied accountancy at Auckland University at night classes. One of the accountant partners was Mr Macky, a Presbyterian. He was nice but we lost him early, playing tennis. The other partner, Mr Frear was a godly Anglican. Thus I got to do the accounts for Christian groups such as The Christian Alliance of Women and Girls. I kept seeing big donations from Bethesda NZ Charitable Trust keeping such groups alive. I found out that the Trust was Mr Laidlaw, famous for his giving to God, hiding himself as Jesus said, "When you give donations to charity, don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing." (Matt. 6:3)

I can remember meeting Mr Laidlaw personally 5 times. (1) Probably over a cuppa in downtown Auckland, because I did that Bookkeeping which showed his Trust's huge donations.(2) In Taupo at his villa when Connie and I were honeymooning. (3) When he and sweet Mrs Laidlaw visited us in Tokyo and he preached in one of our Tokyo churches.(In those early days I wasn't able to interpret for Mr Laidlaw. Even now my sons can do it better than I can.) When in Tokyo, Mr & Mrs Laidlaw shouted us to lunch and split the change between me and Pat Presson, our senior missionary from America. Our share was \$15 but at its multiplied value of 60 years ago! (4) When Mr Laidlaw lent us a car to use on a furlough in NZ..He also paid for the petrol for my uncle's car saying, "Use it without stint John." (Uncle John was a busy preacher) (5) When they invited my whole family to their home in Auckland. The meal was followed by chocolates. By the way, Mr Laidlaw helped me to understand why he didn't stay in our humble house in Tokyo but in a high class hotel. He said, " If Mr Fletcher of giant construction company fame happens to be staying in Tokyo when I'm here, I have to entertain him in nice surroundings suitable to his station in life." This could well be "All things to all men."

The Laidlaws had a daughter Lillian and two sons. My cousin Joy Dawson (nee Manins) hobnobbed with Lillian. The older Laidlaw son, John ran Mayfair Furnishing which he gave up then worked with his brother Lincoln who is famous for his toy factory, 'Lincoln Industries'. I worked for a year or two in accounting for Lincoln's many enterprises in the same office as John now worked. John pushed me to read a book about Japan, "Windows for the Crown Prince". This Prince studied English under a Christian lady Mrs. Vining. He became Japan's Emperor and sometimes had a Japanese Evangelist in his palace

home! The Prince's wife had a Catholic background and rumour has it that the Prince's father, Emperor Hirohito reprimanded his daughter in law for hobnobbing with Christianity. This caused her to lose her voice for three months.

Bro Mitsuharshi our crippled evangelist met Japan's Emperor and gave him the movie of his amazing life, in Japanese of course. I showed the movie all over NZ and even took Mr & Mrs Mitsuharshi around NZ assemblies on two trips. I remember Palmerston North best on those trips. Eight hundred people gathered and a boy queried why my interpretation seemed so short in comparison with Mr Mitsuharshi's Japanese. In responding to the boy I may have waffled saying that his ignorance of Japanese made it sound longer than English. Perhaps though, Japanese, with its extra politeness in public, could well sound long.

I was sitting next to a NZ sister once when Mrs Mitsuharshi came in with Mr Mitsuharshi on her back as usual. The sister in amazement blurted out, "It's an act, Richard, surely?" She did it in real life for about 50 years, no act at all. I did it on rare occasions. The feeling was, "When can I put him down?" No wonder our church burgeoned after Connie and I left and they carried on. Television NZ broadcast a program featuring Bro & Sister Mitsuharshi at that time. It was our senior missionary Stuart Caldwell who led Mrs Mitsuharshi to Christ and got Mr. Mitsuharshi baptised in Aomori Harbour. Mr M had been a member of a modernistic church. He wanted to preach but wasn't allowed to because he had never been to school, and their rule was several years in Bible College. Stuart & Marion took him under their wing and ultimately we 'grabbed' him and Mrs Mitsuharshi to care-take while we were on our first furlough. The rest is history or better, His Story.

Let's continue the Mitsuharshi story. By 1963 there were four couples working happily together in the Hakodate assembly that Stuart Caldwell pioneered about 1958. Besides us Goodalls and the Caldwells there were the Mitsuharshis and the Canadians Jim & Joyce Campbell. I got the urge to break up the happy foursome to pioneer in Sapporo the capital city of this large island of Hokkaido in North Japan. I went 4 hours by train once or twice to give out tracts in this big city (it's population is now about 2 million, the largest city north of Tokyo in Japan). On one of those trips for distribution, my train left early morning and I woke Connie to give her the radio news that President Kennedy had been assassinated.

Returning from NZ, we worked again for three years with the 'cripple' couple in this new meeting in Sapporo. They kindly stayed on after we returned from NZ. Then Connie & I were strongly moved to start pioneering again in Asahikawa the second biggest city in Hokkaido. Bro Mitsuharshi kindly said, "Don't go", but our leaving may have been to show that the great ones in the work were the Mitsuharshis who now have something like 400 members, likely the biggest Christian church among the island's population of 5 or 6 million. Needless to say, the truly great One is the Lord Jesus who suffered for us on the Cross.(Psalm 39:4), and rose again.

Back a bit. God worked His wonders in getting us started in that metropolis of Sapporo in 1964. Before shifting there, I fasted and prayed wanting to be sure of our move and made a trip or two to buy a house. Once, on an exploratory trip, I took Bro Mitsuharshi and mistakenly pickabacked him into the Ladies' Toilet at Sapporo Station. We escaped with our lives and I made yet another trip and advertised in two leading newspapers on the same day for a house to buy. Replies came but none were suitable. I had only NZ\$2,000 but wanted to locate near the heart of the huge city. I put my hands up in fervent prayer as in Psalm 143:6. We seldom did that in our circles. Then I prayed verse 8, "Cause me to hear Your lovingkindness in the morning; for in You do I trust." Well, you've guessed it. Sure enough, next morning a widow (God specializes in widows. Remember my Mother.) Mrs Sugita rang and I bought her place for exactly 2 thousand dollars! I asked her if she had read her paper on Monday morning. She said "No", so I understood God's greatness. Mrs Sugita's paper didn't put my ad in on Monday as I had asked them to do. God knew Mrs Sugita would only look at the paper on the Tuesday so He made the paper publish my ad on that day, one day late. He wanted to teach me about prayer and trust and to show me His prowess.

Gentle Reader,

How are you? If wishes are anything, you'll be doing fine. At some stage I need to tell you that at 87, I don't feel up to all the fuss entailed in checking every statement minor or major. For example:my Mother drew our attention to 1 Timothy 5:14 about younger widows bearing children. Mother had 7 more children after her second marriage. I don't want to be forever checking as to when Mother saw and started obeying that scripture. But I'm sure glad she didn't stop at 5 children, because I'm the sixth of her eight. Imagine me without a birthday!? I'm not so concerned with those who have no birthday but I sure am interested in the uncountable number of those in Revelation 7:9 standing before the Lamb in white robes.

I myself am blessed with 6 children. The six are all still living and working in Japan and I am busy remembering to praise God for giving them to me for my great satisfaction. I even have 4 great-grandchildren, Gerald's grandchildren. The oldest of these four is George. He's 5 now but when he was 19 months old, I saw him playing the drums (plural)! Except for Harmony in America who suddenly demonstrated her ability with the piano, no Goodall could play a musical instrument. Now we have two, and may they fulfil those Psalms that talk about praising God with instruments. And may my tribe (for we are legion) obey God for their own sake and for the sake of others and most importantly for God's glory. All is not going perfectly. I am presently observing an 'easy fast' connected to " 2 Corinthians 6:14. I haven't fasted properly for years. God doesn't really need me either fasting or slowing down. But He seems to love me as much as He loves anyone. Is that not so?

May my prayers for my partners be abundantly answered. I pray by name for about 100 people every day but God lets me lump groups all together at times. Ephesians 6:18. Expect blessing.

Cultivating Communion with Communist Country Cousins

It fell to our happy lot to visit oppressed people in China and Russia. Mr Laidlaw had visited Russia and sparred with his waiter over the truth.

Something made me want to go to Russia and I got the chance at least twice and members of the family also visited the oppressed now and then. A good Japanese brother helped people in this work and he set us up once or twice. Let's say the travel money for 8 family members all came from the Japanese government because a university asked me if I would teach there part time. They paid me well and we even saw one or two students become believers.

A young fellow at this university found the Lord and spent years in NZ at the Auckland Japanese Assembly. He got his wife because our daughter Christine gave a Japanese girl, a Bible as the girl,Hiroko set out to NZ to marry her Swedish beau. The Swede fizzled out but Hiroko found the Lord no doubt because Christine will have told her to go to church in NZ. Then too, our daughter Joy was in NZ at university so she will have taken Hiroko to her Japanese church in Auckland. Many years later, the couple are back in Japan but their daughter found the Lord not long ago through a great work of God started by a new Australian missionary who doesn't seem to speak Japanese too well. His work has spread wonderfully to far-flung cities making us who laboured to learn the language get upset (as if that were possible.). One of this Australian brother's churches is in our island's metropolis of Sapporo and they led this daughter to the Lord. Her parents thought this church might be a cult. They found it to be genuine and are now members themselves.

HERO OF HIROSHIMA

Even before we officially landed in Japan, God let us meet a christian dentist. Our liner, the Orcades, called in at Kobe (Kawbare) on July 9th 1960. Perhaps it was the Dexter Family from England, but someone took me by train to meet Dr Ishihama in nearby Osaka who was that day recording the gospel in Howard Budd's studio. Dr Ishihama was the first Japanese christian I met and it was on my first day in Japan!

When the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima God was carefully protecting his child Dr Ishihama and one other Christian man. God kept them from a grisly death by putting them in a solid building which happened to be the Hiroshima prison!! People banged on the prison entrance clamouring to be allowed into its safety! How did God arrange that situation with all its impossibilities? Ask Him or just renew faith in Him and get on with obeying Him like Dr Ishihama and the other Christian prisoner.

Years later we invited Dr Ishihama to travel away up to North Japan to minister to our new believers. He had told me he deliberately insulted his patients so that they would leave him. Thus he would become free to do his more important Christian work! So, knowing he was probably not wealthy, I passed him an envelope with a thankyou gift from one of our new churches. He handed me back the envelope, unopened. I have never seen a ministry gift declined. During the war, under Police interrogation Bro Ishihama 'confessed' that Japan's Emperor/god was a sinner. After the war he was released from prison. He found work mining coal, a doctor!! In Japan's postwar poverty he told the Lord he fancied some meat, How do you think God reacted and produced the miraculous meat? American Christians had sent him a parcel with canned meat! Ask God yourself some famished time--or ascribe glory to God, and obey His next command.

My Yuko was offered marriage to a doctor in Dr Ishihama's City but she declined feeling unable to stand Kobe's heat. Dr Ishihama also advised Yuko not to marry an unbeliever because of the unhappiness it would bring her. She waited until she was 55!

LOVE YOUR ENEMY==IT WILL DRIVE HIM NUTS

"Love your wife"; I understand. You and she are both sinners; difficulties arise. But God also commands, "Love your enemy." I grew up in a church in a suburb of Hamilton, and it must have been just after World War Two. I distinctly remember an announcement that our church had received a letter from Germany thanking us for sending them in Germany a parcel of help. But our Frankton elders were unable to read the German acknowledgment. God's love!

When we landed in Tokyo in 1960 Pat Presson and family from America were already here. They were kind to us New Zealanders. I remember Christmas dinner at their place. They already had a functioning church in Tokyo and the famous pioneer of the New Zealand Farmers Trading Company and author of the world-famous gospel booklet 'The Reason Why,' Mr R.A. Laidlaw and Mrs Laidlaw visited Tokyo. Mr Laidlaw preached the gospel in Pressons' church. I have never heard a better preacher than Mr Laidlaw. I had been a member of the same congregation as the Laidlaw Family, Howe Street Gospel Hall, in the early 1950's in Auckland. In 1961, I was still studying Japanese but Pat Presson interpreted Mr Laidlaw's preaching. Pat received recognition from the Emperor of Japan for his work among prisoners! The NZ Embassy in Tokyo contacted me when a young New Zealander was deported back to New Zealand. He was a NZ sailor and strangled a Japanese taxi driver but got wonderfully saved in prison in Japan, no doubt through Pat Presson's work. The NZ sailor's New Testament was a mangled mess. I remember talk of him and other prisoners studying the Bible eight hours at a time. He'll be in his eighties now and happily I don't know his whereabouts, to embarrass him.

EVOLUTION AN EVIL REVOLUTION

Our womenfolk owe nothing to evolution's anti-God teaching that everything happened by chance. The scientist Gustave Le Bon, the founder of the field of social psychology, wrote:- "Women.....represent the most inferior forms of human evolution....and are closer to.....savages than to an adult civilised man. They excel in fickleness, inconsistency, absence of thought and logic, and incapacity to reason.....Distinguished women are as exceptional as the birth of any monstrosity, as for example, of a gorilla with two heads." End of quote. I repeat; Gustave is the founder of his field, necessarily an authority. But ??? Because this shows up the atheism and utter bankruptcy of evolution these types of quotes are simply ignored by evolutionists, as evil people do with damning evidence. And most people are too shallow and unconcerned to find out the real truth. I remember my own wishbone instead of a backbone until age 17.

Ladies, you have all along demonstrated the worth God gave you. Romans 2:1 applies here; the kettle is calling the pot black. Ladies constitute the greater portion of God's people worldwide. Kindly forgive us men (and the evolutionist/atheists) and continue to fulfill Psalm 68:11 (RV):- "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host." You will have noticed

that my memoirs feature the value of three women as heroines: Mrs Mitsuharshi, my Mother, and my wife Connie. What misfortune to marry Gustave and his ilk!

Those 15 who were excommunicated by Mr Mitsuharshi, had baptised 364 people 10 years later. This may be unprecedented if it's anything like true. The excommunication was reversed so it's possible that our original church and their offshot groups have baptised well over 1000 people since Connie & I pioneered the original church. 20 or 30 is the average number of members in Japanese churches so rejoice if you have shared with us over these 63 years. God is most likely doing far more than we know. Praise Him and keep praying..

SOVIET: SO BE IT or SERVE YOU RIGHT

Back to Russia & Co. I got to go in to mainland communist China. Near a dam, inside the world's worst WC, I passed over my bag of Bibles to a Chinese brother who gave me a similar red bag, but empty, so that I would not be suspected by members of my tour group when I returned from the toilet.

I was only in trouble once, at Canton airport, when the immigration officer asked me outright if I had religious literature. I put one finger up and asked if he would like one for himself. He thought I was begging him to let me take in just one Bible. So I got in with 'Bibles' the big one he allowed, and a little one secreted somewhere.

All 8 family of my family got through successfully at least once. Connie & daughters prepared wigs to secrete Bibles once but were given bulky Braille Bibles to take in!? No global warming for me! We have had minus 41 degrees in North Japan but Russia is special. It's COLD. Once I was given money hidden in a camera to give to the saints in Russia. On our first morning in Russia the Japanese man in my hotel room, not in our group, saw a Japanese sister come to our room and exchange some of my luggage. He plied me with queries. He seemed unconvinced and didn't go to breakfast and was gone when I returned from breakfast. I assumed he was reporting our suspicious behaviour to the communist authorities. The fear is awful but God is still God whatever happens.

Our bus was then led unannounced by a police car all the way on a trip to see Lake Baikal, which has the most fresh water in the world. "Smuggle Bibles and see the world." I felt fear that the police were waiting to pounce on us. When we stopped for lunch we learnt that there had been a crash involving foreign tourists several time zones away but as happens in communist countries, word went out from Moscow that all tourist buses had to be led by police cars. Fear gone again.

On the same trip, because of the cold, I had borrowed a hat from Gerald which he had bought in China on a ministry trip. It came to me that if we were interrogated for helping Christians, they would ask me how I got my Chinese hat. "Son too invading communist countries eh!?" Thus our work for persecuted Christians would be discovered. So I slipped out to throw the hat in the mighty Angara River. Not so easy Greasy. Hotel guests were milling around before dinner as I walked suspiciously out. An official said, "You'll be late for dinner!" I kept on despite him but do you think I could get rid of that hat? I could be seen from the hotel so couldn't raise my hand to throw the hat. This meant awkwardly tossing it out a foot or two from the bank, not enough to drown it of course. Well, it had to be done and I seem to remember the hat clinging embarrassingly close to the river bank. I heard nothing so assume the fish had to have hard handmade hat for dinner while I dined in style. Long after, we heard by the grapevine that in that region a Russian boy betrayed his parents for receiving smuggled money. It sounded suspiciously like our money in the camera. It costs, to help people. e.g. Jesus' Cross.

Connie & I found it easier once on a boat trip to Russia, then train and plane to Moscow and Europe. I studied Russian for three days in bed because our boat from Yokohama met with a three day storm. We got safely to the Russian port of Nvodka. Our Japanese agent had relieved us by saying there was no body-check to be feared in Russia, so we stuffed our Russian Christian books in our girdles. But the immigration/customs lady said, "Do you have Christian literature?" I was so afraid I was unable to answer her (fortunately). Connie a woman (happily), took over and, placing her hands on a bag or two said, "Not in here." Whew; we got through! We were milling around with all the others who were already through, when a voice behind said, "Mr and Mrs Goodall?". "Ah, yes", we acknowledged. She said, "Here is your food money for hotels while you are in the USSR. That is our system." "Oh, thank you." I guess that gave us a choice as to

what we would eat while in Russia, Russian blancmange or Russian bleumange?! Some types of exertion and exhaustion may actually be good for us. My adrenal glands may even have benefited from all this fear. I have reached 87 as I write this. Heaven is far better but who wants to die?

And so on to distant Moscow, watching them from the plane burn off excess petroleum gas. Is it their godless communism that keeps them poor despite being rich in resources? And hatred of Jews surely adds its curse. In the Ukraina Hotel in Moscow we put the radio up loud so the bugs couldn't hear our sweet nothings!? We were to meet a Russian couple. He was a bus driver but oversaw 1200 or so believers. Communist country so we couldn't write addresses to guide us to their apartment. We had to memorise the foreign Russian address and negotiate the Moscow Underground. God's miracles again. We found them; the parents came later, but two of their boys were home and seemed to understand why we were there. Here's how I remember saying we were NZ missionaries from Japan. "Mui iz NZ missionair." Can't remember the Japan part. Yaponski was it?? 40 years have passed since all this. We had no common language; my Russian ran out, but love speaks all languages. We had a great time giving them the books from our girdles and the money our christian agent had entrusted to us for them.

Because of the storm on the Russian boat we were late everywhere. The communists didn't help. That's not their way. "What's yours is mine and what's mine's me own." Being late meant we had to sleep at the Khabarovsk airport. We found a table to lie on but it was next to the toilets and the stench reached us every time they opened the door (free liquor?). Perhaps desperation (more likely God) led us in to an adjoining room with lounge chairs in it and we got some rest if not sleep. Come to think of it, I was only 47 and had grown up on a farm. This should have been a piece of cake. I am forgetting; I had two lovers with me, my wife and Jesus, who said to world-evangelists. "I am with you always." So if He could take it we should have been satisfied. And we were. If anyone keeps His promise, it's the Lord. All others, cash!

Could I call this an example of Russian hospitality or communist hostility? The Russian boat was late arriving in Russia so we had one less night to stay in a Russian hotel. This meant a sizeable refund of about \$400 for the two of us. When we applied, they said, "Sure. Come back in three weeks." No wonder they seem to be cursed despite all their natural resources. Proverbs 11:24 paraphrased by me says: "When people don't give anything due, it issues in poverty."

MONEY NUMBER ONE

That simply means that Installment No. 2 also on money should follow. But read on.... The Lord Jesus spoke much about money and He claimed full rights for Himself to all our money and all else. My old dissatisfaction: My cousin is famous for writing several books and she's world class, I think. She's the type that prays for \$10,550 and gets just that much. You know them? They leave me discouraged from the start. When people write books especially relating success in their prayer life, I keep wanting to know of their failures, if any; otherwise, considering imitating them, I'm discouraged feeling that I've failed in prayer because I've had so many failures along with some successes that I have of course bruted abroad, albeit giving God the credit. Because of the smallness of my fruit over 60 years in Japan I try to write it up. It's comforting that invisible fruit will be revealed in its time. Very good.

I have to stretch it a bit to say we now have 20 church groups. That's not how to count success. If it was, I think your average Japan missionary would have to confess that he or she has started not even one church. Mass evangelists are good and needed, but they start and finish with churches already existing. It might even be easy for them, Billy Graham and co. (What I always recall about Billy with respect is that in the early days at least he'd join in all-night prayer meetings.) It's comforting that God measures the fruit we produce by His own true yardstick probably different from ours. Think of that Mary, only anointing Jesus' body with perfume. But she got double acclaim from His own lips, 1. "She has done what she could" and 2, "She has done a good work on Me." It's good to help a waif, but do all good deeds "as unto Him".(as if it were to Jesus our Lord Himself.)

Many christian women give up a career to marry and so bear and share and care for children. I dare to think that God wanted to give most women freedom to concentrate on home-work. 'Keepers of the home' is much better than 'keepers at home.' And it's just possible that an allowable translation of 2nd Timothy 2:12 is, "I do not allow a woman to teach,(if) usurping authority over a man." And of course Proverbs 6:20 is always applicable." My son,forsake not the teaching of thy Mother." I note that Mother gave herself to bear and bring up 8 children, 4 of them becoming missionaries and 3 missionary supporters. I recall her giving me a word on intercession, 'cold feet by the bed'. On my 13th birthday she berated me with, "I descended into the realm of death to give you life." Painful but incontrovertible. And the Cross, the foundation of our Hope, was costly, to the Lord Jesus. But to sacrifice for something precious must be true satisfaction, or God wouldn't have required it. Jesus wouldn't have said, "Unless you forsake all you have, you cannot be my disciple." Approaching 90, with death looming, I keep imagining the sense of loss of those who have lived for themselves. Worse would be to die feeling smug.

GIVE OUT OR LOSE OUT

It's possible that mass tract distribution has been the most fruitful of all our evangelism over 63 years. My farm experience of being called for milking either side of 4 a.m. was great preparation for life. It didn't kill me; only the thought of it killed me. But when one becomes serious about being a disciple of Jesus, prayer, praise and Bible searching must be the mainstay of life. Other things must be fitted in around them somehow. It takes discipline and the flesh resists so it requires training, habit, and abiding by the order of importance. When we arrived in Japan in 1960, it wasn't so long after World War Two. Japan was still struggling. It used to amaze me how employees would never ask an employer how much salary they would get or what hours they would work and what days they would have off. After starting work, an employee might work months before getting their first day off. Some people came to meetings despite all this. Our house in Tokyo, was attached to the biggest church meeting place in our circles in Japan. This church probably had 80 members in 1960. Nearby, there lived two single believing sisters. They came often and helped Connie and me settle in to our new life.

Both of these two helping sisters had been contacted through gospel visits to a sanatorium, and one of them took me out in the mornings to give out tracts at school gates. This meant rising rather early but, far from killing me, it gave me an example to follow in pioneering new churches here and there. God showed me how to have self-addressed postcards attached to our tracts so that people could post us requests for more reading matter. Later we would hunt these seekers up in their homes and invite them to meetings. Hunting people up was not easy. Someone has said that Japan's address system was invented by the devil to hinder the spread of the gospel. Streets usually have no names and houses no simple numbers so it was hard work.

But one day Brother Kusanagi said words I will never forget:-"This running around hunting people up in our northern cold climate is our glory isn't it?" What an attitude! His face might have been frozen stiff with the cold, but that's what he said. Good for the missionary to hear such, especially if he's pitying himself having to give up NZ's beautiful climate. Bro Kusanagi went on to be an elder and our church with him as an elder is very likely the biggest church north of Tokyo in Japan. Try to get 4 or 500 members in a NZ church. Jesus said, "Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit."

COME, YOU ARE WELCOME

My observation doesn't prove anything but I get the impression that those who sit around hoping for people to come to church, get few or none saved. Re falling into the ground and dying, I don't have the last word on this but I have often thought that Connie's willingness to let her home be used in all places for the church meetings, pleased God, and maybe too, letting our children

remain in Japan and thus marry Japanese people in most cases, has meant dying to ideas of a Goodall dynasty and the like. The fruit will be the final test. What fruit am I bearing? Suddenly appearing at school gates and politely pushing our tracts into the students' hands is not exactly easy, nor is it hard. We never seemed to have too many workers to cover all entrances to a school. But somehow we seemed to have just enough. We would stand with preferably a minimum of two distributors facing each other and so pincer the students.

Bro Arndaw who later became the father of our believing doctor, was passing me one morning when I didn't have a fellow-distributor helping me. He was on his way to university that morning whereas we were tracting a high school. But God saw fit to use me for His name. Arndaw accepted my tract as he passed by me. Now many years later, he has pioneered a new church. And, for what it's worth, he wrote a commentary in Japanese on every chapter of the Bible.

Connie, with six children ultimately, not to mention her cooking classes, still helped us at times with tract distribution. Brother Nitta, who lost his hand, has pioneered a new church himself since the days when he attended Connie's cooking classes. At 24 he had just lost his right hand in a farm accident and his hospital was close to us. One of those "angel" people who appear and then vanish, saw this patient reading the paper and apparently asked him if he was looking for a church. She introduced him to our place nearby. He happily came to Connie's cooking classes because the hospital served udon noodles for lunch on Wednesdays and he didn't like them but he could join in eating what Connie had cooked for her ladies! When we made the long journey to Nitta's meeting in July 2023, he announced that he had inoperable lung cancer but recent word is that he is "settled". Can someone pray for him? They still send me their church bulletin. Nice.

Mass distribution of tracts has digressed into gospel cooking classes but let's continue Bro Nitta's story. He lived with his parents and grandparents all in the same farmhouse half an hour's drive from the city. Over the years he won his parents and children to the Lord, no small thing in Japan. He married Marchikaw from the meeting and for 20 years now they have pioneered a new church having mostly given up the farm. He still sends us asparagus every year. It's not all that common for the saints to show gratitude like this. Yuko did so for 40 years often sending us parcels and other largesse. Many do comment on our giving up beautiful NZ that they see on TV, but our thanks will be commensurate and lavish, in Heaven.

JESUS ROSE FROM THE THROES

Satan tempted Eve saying, "Yes, has God said, 'You shall not eat.'...?" Satan still tempts us with the same convoluted queries perhaps changing the wording as it suits him. Has God really spoken (in the Bible)? God claims 2 or 3 thousand times in the Bible that this and that message IS His Word. Is the Bible true? Untold millions believe it to be true. Sometimes people express doubt about whether it is true or not. Should we use valuable time to check on their talk? Opposers need to write a book that rivals the Bible as the world's best seller. They need to write a book which every day changes 85,000 bad people into good people. Opposers haven't done this. They can't do it. By making accurate prophecies which come true every single time, they need to have sufficient backing for their ideas so that we can believe them. None have done anything even near this! No wonder God's Word is believed and loved by untold millions. And these new believers hang on to their faith in Jesus in places like the hinterland of Asia even though 500 Christians are killed/martyred for their faith every single day!!

Another proof that Jesus rose again is that the Book that records His resurrection has wonderfully transformed the lives of us who believe and given us hope for eternity. People who oppose the Bible have not done this for us, so we can't believe them. Until they can rival the Bible we have no need to waste time looking into their theories. They have no authority to speak. People must have authority to dogmatise, so they must give us something greater than the Bible. Jesus is alive. He rose again just as He had prophesied several times, and precisely as the Bible records. We have the only hope that anyone offers. Get the word out to the waiting world and to those who are not waiting.

I wrote this above because I have just read on the internet an

article which quotes umpteen scholars and others who are not necessarily scholars. Even having many degrees doesn't guarantee that a person is truthful. The Bible says, "Knowledge puffs up." "Prove all things." Scholars are liars too, like the rest of us. I heard or read, "There are 3 kinds of lies, white lies, black lies, and statistics." Figures can be abused to make people believe a lie. Have you noticed how so many statisticians get a good living because they choose to research a popular idea, such as global warming?? They know that they may get no research money if they choose an unpopular idea! My Mother warned us of this outright sin, saying, "Watch what happens with the money." When Jesus listed often the signs that point to the end of this age, He repeated a warning about false prophets even if they use miracles! So, He said, "Don't be deceived." Only the Bible is true. Study it daily.

You'll appreciate that I am refraining from trying to confirm absolutely every item of information. A cousin of mine said, "I suspect there are no absolutes." So be it. For example, Did John Moir really refuse to tell the boss's lie? ("Tell him I'm out.") The moral is there for a seeking soul. Honesty is needed. And it is often ignored just to get money. Oh for honest people like Uncle John Moir, when someone asked on the phone to speak to the boss who said, 'Tell him I'm out.' John refused to tell that lie and the boss, realising that this was an unusually faithful employee, promptly and properly promoted Uncle John rather than terminating his employment for disobedience. If you can't believe this story about John, ignore it and stick to the Word of God. But it does have the ring of truth!

LIFE & LOVE

The sister of my High School acquaintance Kearvil, emailed me. I got to know Kearvil because he was one of the three top pupils who took our High School's initial mass exam. His sister remembered my family because their farm had been near ours in the 1930's. She said that she became a close friend of my first love, Shirley Stevens and that Shirley had returned north and ended up in Auckland, marrying a man called Shulley. Shirley Shulley?? And there the trail ends. But before Shirley shifted from our school after only a year, she appeared just once at our Sunday School right in Frankton!. She and I made no contact that day but that lets me hope that she had some interest in God. I hope she went all the way with Him. But how like God to give me hope by her visit that Sunday!

COUSINS BY THE QUARTER DOZENS

Going to Wellington when almost 8 enabled me to stay with Uncle Bob Manins, Mother's older brother, who worked on the railways. He had hope but no faith that I know of. His wife Aunt Frances had Te Rauparaha blood being the sister of Taipua Cootes, Mother's first husband. In Wellington I also met Noel Garratt whose wife was my cousin Florence though they were 20 years older than we were. I visited the Garratt home one day when Noel came back to the house from Mt Victoria. Florence told me (a boy of 7) that Noel had been engaged in his devotions. No wonder that their son David Garratt is probably the best known Praise Leader in New Zealand with of course Dale his wife. (They were in 2023's Honours list!)They are famous for "Scripture in Song." I also met my other two cousins, the sisters of Florence Garratt. One of these other two sisters was Mary who married Frank Garratt. Frank became an elder at Tory St Gospel Hall and the last of the three cousins was Cath Virtue who went to Vivian St Gospel Hall. Cath became head of NZ's Nurses' Christian Fellowship. These men who married my three cousins were Frank Garratt an importer, Noel Garratt the manager of Rawleighs NZ, and Bob Virtue a financier. Bro Virtue in Dr Peter Lineham's book 'There We Found Brethren' will be Bob Virtue's father for sure. And you may remember that my three cousins were daughters of John Moir who wouldn't obey the boss ordering him to tell a lie! Mother was one of twelve children. Mother's sister Bessie married John Moir of Levin and their three Moir daughters were the godly cousins I have just mentioned. Uncle John Moir was also a trustee of Gospel Connections in Mission which was called NZ Missionary Funds or similar in those former days.

Briefs on Mother's other sisters. Aunt Lena was also called Aunt Lena even by church people. Aunt Dahlia was an evangelist. Aunt Jessie Magill was NZ's first Plunket Nurse as far as I know. It was this Aunt Jessie who took my Mother under her wing when Mother was widowed by World War 1.

Connie didn't make a big fuss when I told her I had passed my last accountancy exams, and I didn't make enough fuss that Connie won a Bible for getting Scripture Union Honours seven times! Opening Connie's prize Bible just now, I saw again one of her favourite scriptures inside the cover, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." Mrs Betty McLeod-Smith of South America fame, seems to have impressed young Connie with her missionary experiences and once sang in Spanish, that hymn, "I'd rather have Jesus". Connie was moved, and asked God that she might sing that hymn one day in a foreign language. She got her wish when she discovered herself singing it in Japanese just when she was in a trial! What a God we have!!

1945, MY LAST YEAR IN FRANKTON PRIMARY SCHOOL, N Z

World War Two was still raging in 1945. By our school someone had dug trenches. We practised escaping into them if the Japanese attacked. A bomb was placed at school for us to write messages on it for the Emperor of Japan, things like:- "Hero Heat Oh, Hirohito ". A Lancaster bomber flew over very close, much nicer than a Mitsubishi Bomber would have been. Mother called Mitsubishi: " Bit Suspishi." We were told to have something like a rubber tube to put between our teeth when the bombs fell. I asked Dad for a claw rubber tube from our milking machines. They were ideal but Dad was most uncooperative. " A pity to use my beautiful claw rubbers. Stick a stick between your teeth." No thought of 'my dutiful son; poor thing.' I don't remember any thought whatever of the salvation of the Japanese people, at that time. But I later dropped gospel leaflets on to untold thousands of Japanese people via their hands.

My Bible portion for yesterday included Romans 4 and I underlined the following words which impressed me as to God's blessing on my life. "The promise is for those who enter into the faith of Abraham....That's what the Scripture means, 'I have made you (RG?) the father of many nations.' "Your descendants will be so many that they will be impossible to count." So I have written in this too:- "My family's parish so far:- NZ, Mexico, Philippines. Indonesia, Russia, China, India, USA (Granddaughter Harmony), Korea,(Granddaughter Alecia) Japan, South America.(Skye Goodall)" These are all countries in which my children and I have preached the gospel. If you let me include my missionary siblings, we could add France, Zaire, South Africa, New Guinea and Fiji. And we have joined Christian meetings in such places as Britain, Australia, Hong Kong, Canada, Singapore & Papua.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

There is no need to add desperately to the list but it is true that God has allowed our family to bless many countries. Whether or not you can agree with my idea that we have "possessed" these countries in God's eyes, doesn't matter much. To read that portion in Romans chapter 4 encouraged me greatly. I underlined this too, later, in chapter four, " His (Abraham's) faith was so strong that it could not be undermined by the fact that he and Sarah were incapable of conceiving a child...never stop believing God's promise." I take this for myself, based also on all of Isaiah 54, that any soulwinner who has despaired of having many converts, should just keep believing God to save people through him or her, somehow or other.

All Bible scholars except me, seem to believe that Isaiah 54 is addressed to Israel. I say that the chapter is addressed to 'servants of the Lord' and it says so in the last verse, "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord." It's the great promise for the unsuccessful soulwinner. Take it and take hope. And, if you want to know how many people will be ultimately saved, read Revelation 7:9 which says just one group of the saved are so many that no man can count them! Who's to say who will be ultimately saved? Admittedly, people now seem so unconcerned when we give them the gospel. If Satan has got you hooked up on, "Few there be that find it", read Romans 10:20 which reinforces Isaiah 65:1. Happy hunting!

Back to Frankton School, aged 10. We in Standard 3 had to have our lessons in a neighbouring Anglican church building, so we lined up at our school gate and walked from there together. Someone kicked my heels and made it necessary for the hospital to put my leg in plaster for a year. "This is the current treatment," said the doctor, who changed my plaster every month. I was too shy to ask my teacher Miss Watt if I could go to the heater to warm my cold leg. Once, the plaster weakened and the heel-pin bored into my heel as I hobbled on it. I thought it was something to be endured but we discovered my error. After 5 months, the hospital forgot to tell us to come back the following month, so the family removed the plaster in a cream can, and the patient lived happily ever after. Oh yes, many years before that, Great Uncle William Duncan dedicated the land for that Anglican (Episcopalian) church. Our Dad even took us there once to worship. Luke 6:39: "Give, and it shall be given to you." "Cast your bread upon the waters for you shall find it after many days."

PANDEMIC PANIC TO PANEGYRIC

I was sitting in the Japanese dentist's chair today and I am always wanting to give him the gospel but one's mouth is usually in contortions then, certainly not conducive to conversation. Somehow the talk turned to the corona virus, and I tried to get a word in edgeways. He and I have rapport because I conducted his wedding for him in President Bush's posh Summit hotel, fit for a dentist, and when his wife couldn't conceive, our daughter Christine prayed for them and now their little girl Hino is at school and comes sometimes with her mother to church at Christmas. I asked the dentist if he had read my life story and he said he didn't know if he had or not. My printer, Bro Sasanuma wisely printed some of my tracts in my life story's Japanese edition. I am willing to translate the tracts into English for distribution--if you ask me.

Here's what I told my dentist in that limited time in his chair. I said that, if it hadn't been for a pandemic in 1919, I wouldn't have been born because my Mother lost her husband in that pandemic influenza. His name was Taipua Cootes and he was still in Europe after fighting in the First World War and that pandemic of Spanish flu as they call it, struck the world 100 years ago and carried him off. So God made all things work together for good using the pandemic to command Mother to marry Dad and produce a litter of seven little lights. I assume some people wonder why epidemics happen if God is the Creator of all things and if He is love itself as He claims. "God is love" are His own words. I think most of us are very shallow in our thinking and being sinners we don't readily trust God but are inclined to blame Him despite the fact that He gave His only Son to suffer for our sins on a cross. I hope the dentist's wife acts like my Mother when widowed. Stop press! My dentist has recently died suddenly, while still comparatively young!

Helen Keller may have answered our queries about why there are people born sick and deformed, and why sometimes we suffer wrongly. Helen became deaf, dumb, and blind, all three. Helen's attitude was, "I am thankful that I have these handicaps because they helped me to discover myself, my lifework, and my God." Guess how Helen was able to communicate such faith in God when she couldn't hear or speak or see to read a textbook? God gave her a selfless helper Miss Sullivan who loved her and put up with her tantrums and taught her to communicate. God uses epidemics and other disasters to give us the opportunity to experience and express God's love. Try sometime to love a cripple especially if you don't believe in God. You'll quickly "see the light" if you get saved from your selfishness which is your problem. Leave seeming contradictions in God's gracious hands. And how wonderful that God has solved your problems with a big exclamation mark by raising Jesus from the dead three days after He died on that cross!.

And by the way, the authorities who crucified Jesus, gave proof that they believed in His resurrection by their bribes and by fabricating that impossible lie about christian grave-robbers fooling sleeping sentries. Jesus' friends were not credulous craven creatures demonstrating blind faith without proof as we Christians are so often blamed. The disciples were stunned, and waited understandably for proper proof. Try telling God at your judgment some story to defend your unbelief. If I can be incisive, who could stand God's interrogation on His World Judgment Day? Revelation 20:12 says, "I saw the dead before the Throne,

judged according to their works." Repent and receive God's free salvation.

A MIDSUMMER'S SLIGHT READ

I went from three to age eight, 1936 to 1941, when our family of 9 lived for 5 years in Bayswater, a suburb on Auckland's Harbour. My happiest childhood memory is when we went out fishing in a backwater of that harbour. Fishermen set nets to catch fish returning to deep water as the tide went out. We got in the rivulet and threw the flounder out with our hands. Big sister Hilary and Will were exhausted from this fun once and found themselves resting from time to time on the mud until the returning tide kept pushing them to move homeward. Years later we were back on the farm in Hamilton and caught eels in drains by hand, but the shock to one's nerves took the enjoyment away.

JEREMIAH IN THE MIRE

I was 8 when it came time to return to the farm. Dad romanced us with tales of farming with ducks and whatnot, but the reality turned out to be a nightmare. Of course it was excellent training for life but as the Bible says, "No testing for the present seems to be joyous but grievous." If only I could have seen it as "God making all things turn out for good to those who love God" but I simply didn't love God. I never rebelled against Family Bible Reading at home night and morning, nor did we dream of showing reluctance to attend church. I remember reading the Bible by myself and an adults' magazine on the Second Coming of our Lord. I never doubted, but of course I didn't have the "Other Helper", the Holy Spirit.

Just allowing God to say what He likes is not true belief. Jesus said we have to forsake (make no claim to) all we have if we want to be His disciple. I have long enjoyed as a hobby the agreement of science with the Bible but am convinced that the reason many people don't go with God is, not because they have found scientific mistakes in the Bible, but because they decide to live for themselves instead of obeying God. It may just be tougher for girls, but I get the impression that some find they virtually have to leave the faith because they decide to marry an unbeliever or go into close partnership in business with an unbeliever. God's command is clear, "Do not be unequally yoked (joined) together with an unbeliever." This may be a tolerant age but God is rightly intolerant of rivals for our affection.

Well do I remember at Family Bible Reading Mother saying "Idols down", before we started. Mother knew how easy it is for us to be taken up with a stronger affection than for God, and that too, even when we feel holiest. The parent/child relationship is vital to any person for good or ill. Mother seems to have been a socialite, coming home late from a dance and climbing in the window, dressing up, and singing to the troops in World War One. Our parents seldom spoke of their unconverted days but we have gleaned a few facts and filled in some details.

When Mother was quite old she was asked to tell her life-story at Ladies' Conventions and some of her story leaked out to us. It seems Mother's conversion came when she was downcast because her first husband was a gambler and when she heard a knock at her door she assumed with horror that it might be the landlord coming to demand the rent. The visitor was a military official bringing Mother's husband's pay and explaining that they had discovered a gambling ring among the troops and they had decided to bring her his pay! She tearfully told God that if He would have her, she would have Him.

SAD DAD MADE GLAD

Mother became a war widow in 1919 and was living in Napier with her sister Aunt Jessie and Uncle Robert Magill who had a friend Ralph Ward in Taupo, and Uncle must have sent Mother to Taupo for a holiday. Dad farmed in the King Country and was visiting his cousin who happened to be this same Ralph Ward, because Dad had been told to recuperate in Taupo's congenial climate. They all picnicked together and Mother was impressed by the way this man could coax a picnic fire out of dozy wood. That was all nice for a while but they returned to their separate homes in Napier and Auckland. Dad had been unable to go beyond

Standard Six (age 12) in Kaikoura. So in his forties he mastered accounting and worked in Auckland. Mother, now a believer, wrote Dad that she couldn't marry him because he wasn't a believer. But God..... Mother's letter was given to Uncle Robert to post from Napier to Auckland. And was it because Uncle Robert Magill forgot to post it right away or did he wait a bit to pray that God would work on Dad so that Mother could feel free to marry him? We don't know and we don't HAVE to know.

Dad must have been keen on Mother. By looking at Dad's books, we think he had dabbled in evolution. But someone must have suggested Dad go to a church gospel meeting. Dad was brought up in the Anglican Church in Kaikoura and obviously went to church but not one member of their family of 8 ever spoke to us of matters of faith though two sisters of Dad's remained churchgoers. So it was that Dad went to church in Parnell and the speaker was none other than Uncle John Manins who also sometimes gave absolutely vital talks about faith on IYA national radio. (I heard him once on the radio at Smiths' our neighbours' home. In our circles radios were frowned upon as worldly.) After the meeting, Uncle John asked Dad if he could believe. Dad said he had doubts about the Virgin Birth and the resurrection of Jesus three days after suffering on that Cross. Uncle John himself must have been a christian for a few years by this time. He was born and brought up in Wellington but one day he attended a gathering in the Town Hall where the preacher called on people to accept Christ as Saviour. Uncle John thought, "I've got nothing to lose doing this", and he responded.

Meanwhile back to that church in Parnell. Uncle John said to Dad, a man of 46 by this time, "We won't ignore those problems but could you admit to being a sinner and that Jesus died to save you?" Dad said he could do that much. He got on his knees and received the Lord Jesus, then stood up and said, "I don't feel any different" Wise Uncle John said, "You've done your part; now leave it to God to do His part." Two weeks later Dad rang the Manins home and said, "When can I be baptised?"

And so it was that Alexander Duncan Goodall and Grace Irene Cootes, nee Manins married on December 29th 1925. And the rest is her and his-story.

BREAKING INTO A LETTERBOX

Allow me to relate a sin I committed. It turned out for good. I hope it helps someone. I'd be seven when a new house was built in our neighbourhood. Will was much older than I and he looked in their letterbox to see if the new people had received any mail yet. This was enough hint to my sister and me to later find a letter had come for them. We took it out, read it and tore it up scattering it on the way. One day I came home alone and heard Mother chatting with a neighbour lady Mrs Jalfon outside our gate. I overheard Mrs Jalfon say, "And I picked up the bits and put them back into the letterbox." I remember no guilt until that time but realised we were "in for it". Our parents must have told us to pray in emergencies so I went round to the back door and there prayed that the punishment might be made light. 80 years later I still remember only being put in to the bath (as punishment?) but my sister got quite a doing. God answers prayer and forgives us when we repent. What a lesson for a stripling!

Aunt Frances was blessed with a lot of Maori blood. Her husband was Mother's brother Bob Manins who worked in Wellington on the Railways. Hence Aunt Frances was able to come to Auckland and take me back with her to Wellington for the summer of 1939/40. In Wellington lived our half-brother Gerald who seems to have left home early possibly because he borrowed Dad's bike without asking and was punished. Gerald took me on his back swimming in the Wellington Harbour. He swam to Kapiti Island once, perhaps 5 kms.. Gerald's father was Taipua Cootes, Mother's first husband. I was the first of my 7 siblings to marry and I feared my parents more than loving them. But by the age of 24 I had turned fully to God and showed more piety to my parents calling my first child Gerald, pleasing Mother for sure. She gave me a suitcase with Gerald's name embossed on it.

I'm not adept at maths but I love numbers. I look at the number plates of cars and I thank God for loving me when I see a car numbered 2:19. Just today I saw a car numbered 1879 and I thanked God for my father's birth in that year! When I see the number 29:6 I pray for Yuko and for other people seeing their birth-date. More on January 26th:- One of the most famous baseballers in Japan, called Nagashima was also married on our Jan 26th and like us, their first son was born exactly one year later!

SOME SUMS

Back to school. Arithmetic was a bit of a pain doing many sums, long division and multiplication, and carrying figures from pence to shillings to pounds, or simply to the next column. Leaving Auckland, we started at Frankton School when I was 8 in 1941. As time went on we were introduced to novels but after a bit they lost their shine. They are not real life. History crept in to the curriculum at some stage but it bored me with its constant wars and dates. They were right to teach us Maori history. We found that our family was related to the bloodthirsty Te Rauparaha. Interesting. And 'Ake ake kia kaha' means 'We will fight on for ever and ever.' These words were uttered by the brave Maoris in Te Awamutu a few miles from Hamilton Hospital where I was born. This birth business was new to me and the shock left me unable to speak for two years. It might have been less than two years. Mother used to have me up reciting to visitors, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. That's a good boy." I dutifully added that last bit about the good boy (from Mother's Bible??) but can't remember repeating the next bit that said I was the chief of sinners. Perhaps this cocky little fellow wasn't going to get caught admitting sinnership.

ADMIRABLE ADMIRAL

Plantagenet & Tudor, and 1558 to 1603 were no more than exercises in memorisation. How much more meaningful it was to discover from Dad (Alexander Duncan Goodall) and later from the internet, that our ancestor Admiral Adam Duncan, about 1800 won a vital naval battle near Holland and got the greatest pension ever awarded by Britain, 3000 pounds a year. Better than that was that both Houses of Parliament gathered in St Paul's Cathedral to give thanks to God for Admiral Duncan's great victory. About 70 generations ago we Goodalls have another Adam in our ancestry. He lost the big battle when tempted and sin came into the world. One redeeming feature of Adam's far-reaching, fatal failure is that he and his wife Eve accepted God's provision of leather clothing, which must have required the substitutionary sacrificing of animal life looking forward to the necessary real human self-sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross, for the sins of us all.

CAMBRIDGE ADVERSITY AND HORSEDRAWN CHEQUE

I gained good experience when I was 16. Dad sent me to buy a draught horse at an auction in Cambridge. He signed a blank cheque and gave me the upper limit of 23 pounds (\$46). Try this sometime and you may qualify to sell eskimo icecream pies in Siberia. Much later I made up this poem, though I hated poets. Actually, we were given the following exam poser. "Quote two stanzas of a poem you know and say why you like it." No wonder I didn't like school or poetry.

To market, to market to buy a draught horse
At a huge auction on Cambridge Racecourse.
Dad's cheque in hand and at his command
I travel the distance, sixteen miles of land.
Only sixteen years old and not at all bold
'Twas too hard to bid, no joke for a kid
So off I go to auctioneer Jim
Who shows me a horse quite tall and slim
And I fill in Dad's cheque for the maximim.(sic)
Next, how to get horse home?
Ride him you gnome!
But horse too high and boy too shy.
So I led him myself along NZ's main street
And keep telling all, it was God's great big feat.

WOMB TO TOMB

I was going to tell you about finding a cow whose uterus was protruding . This one really threw me. Once Mother must have sent us to visit one of her proper poorly underprivileged people in Hamilton Hospital, only to have the head nurse in frozen stiff tones inform us, "He died." And that's what happened to the cow. Dad complained facetiously that doctors were better off than accountants because doctors could bury their mistakes. It's hard to say but it is true that God will not let us be tested beyond what we can take. 1 Cor. 10:12 And if you give a loving God the benefit of any doubt you'll benefit no doubt.. And there's always the escape net in 1st John 1:9 " The blood of Jesus, God's Son cleanses us from ALL sin." David, God's hero, joined God's enemies once to fight against God's people!! (1 Samuel 29 verses 1 and 2.) And Peter, the disciples' spokesman, was restored after saying 3 times he didn't know Jesus. Rejoice if you have experienced these things.

AM I GREAT TO EMIGRATE?

We are related to the Wedgwoods of pottery fame, and through them to the Darwins but I refuse to pay the fees to confirm that relationship. Who wants to be connected to Darwin who is accused of giving sanction to the greatest mass murderers of all time, Mao and Stalin and Hitler? About 30 years after Admiral Duncan's naval victory, our great grandfather Alexander Scott Duncan emigrated to Nelson, NZ with his daughter Margaret Daniel Duncan. Margaret had eight children, her second being our Dad who was born on Jan 26th 1879. Grandma's eighth child was Stephen but Grandma died on Christmas Day when this new son Stephen was about one week old. So our Dad used family money to help make Stephen, ultimately, into a judge but Dad never spoke well of Stephen his much younger brother. Brothers Alec and Stephen bought their bankrupt uncle William Duncan's farm at auction in Hamilton but Mother said this joint enterprise was an unequal yoke and Dad reluctantly went it alone on the farm from then on. Dad talked about having three mortgages.

Our Grandfather Joseph Wilkinson Goodall was born in Staffordshire in 1835 and emigrated to NZ with his policeman brother Samuel who later arrested the famous Maori toughee called Te Kooti. Through Grandad's brother Samuel we are related to Mike Moore who became the Prime Minister of NZ about 1980. Mike wrote the last encouraging words on the back cover of our family history "Good God:the Goodalls". Dad's insistence that his children pronounce Te Kooti correctly as Tair Kaw-aw-tee half a century before NZ's attempt to pronounce Maori's te reo correctly, led to my experiencing an advantage when studying Japanese with other missionaries in Tokyo (Tawkyaw).

Our ancestors on Mother's side start with Charles Thomas Manins a scrap dealer in London, let's say born in England but rumour has it that our Jewish (you knew it all along??) ancestors were connected to a feudal lord in Italy and were given permission to use their lord's name Manini which was changed to the more English-sounding Manins when they emigrated to England.

SCOT FREE

My Connie's Mother was born Elsie Tirrell and Connie's Dad, Alexander Whitecross was a Scotsman. My sister Hilary had suffered a horrendous sexual assault by a Congolese on her mission station in Central Africa and happened to be recuperating in Scotland when I was invited to the 1980 World Missions Conference in Edinburgh. I was able to minister at Gospel Literature Outreach (GLO) Scotland and Hilary's fellow-missionary Senga Simmons, herself Scots, took Hilary and me around Scotland including Peterhead which is Connie's Dad's birthplace. Scotland can now boast that I've visited Peterhead, an important fishing port. At a shop in Peterhead I had a conversation with a shopkeeper but couldn't handle a conversation with a Scots customer in the shop. " Gaelic, ya ca' it?" Other than that I was only able to make a brief stop to see Nessie and take a photo at Loch Ness to 'prove' it. Meringues were more of a problem in a cake shop in Glasgow when it was a question of "Is that a meringue or am I wrang?" My children will appreciate the problem of speaking foreign languages One of their favourites is a person wanting to sit down and asking , "Is it this sofa flee?"

HIGH CHURCH

I was able to take Holy Communion at none other than Westminster Abbey. I rang a brethren assembly where those who are in the " no",(= no unscriptural practices however traditional) break bread, but the sister said on the

phone that I would miss my return plane to Japan. Their meeting was well out of London. So I was forced to 'break bread' at arguably the most prestigious church in the world. How kind of God to let me remember the Lord Jesus there with a water-tight excuse. No reference implied or inferred to christening!! If it had been a comparatively non-de-script church like St Paul's I could easily have said, " I'll have the same pew as my Great Grandfather, thank you." But fortuitously, as I rushed around the stations of Monopoly, I stumbled upon Westminster, and knew that the Lord had guided me among London's crucifixes more surely than Aaron among his crucibles.

SAYONARA SHANGRI LA

Psalm 112 abbreviated somewhat:-

"Praise ye the Lord.

Blessed is the man that fears the Lord, that delights greatly in His commands.
His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in his house, and his righteousness endures for ever.

To the upright there arises light in the darkness. (God in 1960 made light of our tiny family's darkness, changing NZ's winter vista "inta" Japanese visas.)

It is well with the man that deals graciously.

He shall never be moved.

He shall not be afraid of bad news.

He has given to the needy.(NB Prov 28:27,"He that gives to the poor shall not lack,")

The desire of the wicked shall perish."

NO PAY? NO WAY!

God added a flourish with aplomb to our exit from NZ's Paradise. The Japanese Embassy in far-off Wellington (666 kms) had written us a letter gaily telling us that they didn't think our visas would be granted in time for us to leave NZ exactly when we had booked. It must be remembered that this was after we had applied for visas many months in advance. Satan is subtly clever and tries to thwart God's plans, but he is powerless when believers believe. We were missionaries with no salary and this worried the Japanese Government. How can ungodly rulers understand a servant of God willing to trust God to provide his/her income? Japan didn't want to pay for our food, and fares back to NZ if we became destitute at any time. It was only 15 years after the war and Japan was still struggling. To give you an idea of Japan's financial weakness, compare the value of the NZ dollar then with 2020. In 1960 one NZ dollar would get you 504 yen. Recently that 504 yen has gone down to about 62 yen. Once it degenerated to 42 yen! The Japanese people worked the skin off their bones after the war.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RITE

It will give you a good idea of the exchange rate when I tell you that in 1962 at age 29 I was able to pay cash for my very first home, in Japan, about NZ\$854. Because of the system, I didn't have to buy the land but just paid some rent for using it. But I bought my second home in Sapporo the largest city north of Tokyo in Japan. We shifted to Sapporo in 1964 to plant our first new church. I fancied a huge building I had seen in the heart of Sapporo for our first church/home and remember the vendor asking me NZ \$60,000. I had only \$2,000 but the church that we then started, now has a four-storey building which I fancy cost them NZ\$777,000. That's about three quarters of a million NZ dollars. The \$60,000 building had been a Pinball Parlour. The owner no doubt assumed I was Catholic with all the resources of the Vatican. I settled for a house suitable for my family with a room for the fledgling church. It cost me NZ\$2,000, again wonderfully, without having to buy the land. God's resources are greater than the Vatican's.

There were two Ambassadors on the plane the day we left NZ. One was Ambassador Shimazu from Japan. I doubt that he was making the trip back to Japan to ask for our visas to be granted. I put through a long-distance call to him once, re our delayed visas and he told me he couldn't help us. The other Ambassador on that plane was me with Connie, about to represent the Lord Jesus to

the Japanese people for 60 years. Satan may have caught a whiff of God's plan but he ended up getting the Lord's whip.

PASSPORTS OR PASS PORTS

And so our plane arrived above Sydney and the pilot announced that we would fly round and round for "instrument practice". I didn't say "Go ahead" to that and our stomachs got many unhappy returns. But we finally landed and found our way to our cabin on the SS Orcades where a letter awaited us. I still have it. It was from old Slewfoot saying that unless we got our visas and passports somewhere along the way, we were not to be allowed to disembark at any port and would have to complete the Pacific Ocean Roundtrip AND PAY THE FARE! Fair go? But God buoyed us up with His many blessings. One was our cabin, below the water line with no window. This meant pitch darkness and loud vibration for days on end unless of course we switched the lights on. This was perfect for babies needing sleep! We enjoyed such sightseeing as transferring mail to a tiny postal boat between Australia and New Guinea, and sailing through enchanting Indonesian isles.

But then at last we reached Manila and were told that our passports with visas had been airmailed to Manila enabling us to have a delightful day with the Brooks and Engels, missionary families from the US. Into the bargain we were given a tour of the Far East Broadcasting Coy's huge Gospel facilities. But how could we arrange for the missionaries in Manila to meet our boat and escort us around while in port for those few hours? Well, God had His man, a woman. Her name was Gloria Speechley, returning to Japan on our boat. She taught us some Japanese, and her 15 or so language books are now by my desk and in my tiny head too, praise God! Gloria must have suddenly requested Bro Engels to add my family when he came to the boat to get her in his American car. Just as the Lord had arranged for the widow of Zarephath to supply Elijah's accommodation needs, so He had one single missionary sister returning to Japan from Australia, Gloria Speechley, a passenger on our boat. My Mother points out how Elijah the prophet would be quite plump from his 'hotel' fare at the brook Cherith. The ravens may well have got the finest bread and meat from ungodly Ahab's royal outdoor dining table. But Elijah demanded that the widow make a cake for him FIRST because of Whom he represented.

"ROBBERY?" "NO WORRY: JUST CONFESS IT AT CONFESSION"

In Manila, on the way from the boat, our host brother Engels, suggested, despite the heat, that we wind our windows up at the traffic lights, and keep our arms off the window sills, to save us from having a watch yanked off when stopping for a light. Then three days in Hong Kong with Ruth Whitehead from NZ left me with a lasting love for Hong Kong. And so we landed at Yokohama on July 11th 1960. Five days later I was honoured indeed to act as Best Man for Stuart & Marion Caldwell my esteemed senior workers destined to love the Japanese people for 70 years.

"AINT NO BODY?"

95% of what we "know" is based, not on having proof of it, but is based on our simply believing what other people have said. We couldn't live unless we believed people. But we can test what they say sometimes. We don't have to be naive. We have the choice of saying, "I don't believe you." or "No, thank you." Probably most people believe in God's existence. The world's best-selling book calls Him God so let's join the world's Number One Book and call Him God too. That Book says that God is love. We do have an enemy; let's call him Satan, as the Bible does. Satan tells us that there is no God or that God doesn't love us. Don't let Satan's lies trick you into unbelief. God says in His book, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you". God has broken Satan's power by the Cross of Jesus, made doubly certain by His resurrection 3 days later, exactly as He foretold so often by His prophecies.

God insists that He does love us, whatever pain we may suffer, and He says that His great expression of love was to send His Son Jesus to earth to take the penalty for your sins and mine by suffering and dying on a Cross. Three days after dying for us, Jesus came back to life, right on the third day exactly as He often prophesied He would rise again. His enemies, jealous of Jesus, were no doubt glad that they were able to kill Him. But when Jesus rose again, His killers got the sentries' report that

His body was missing. Soldiers had been stationed to watch Jesus' tomb for those three days because of His prophecy. God made them post guards to multiply witnesses that Jesus had risen. The wicked authorities remembered Jesus prophesying that He would come back to life on the third day. Those soldier guards must have looked bedazzled and bewildered when they reported Jesus' resurrection. God is very sparing with allowing angels to appear on earth. But Jesus' resurrection was special and the angel that moved the tombstone must have been dazzlingly brilliant, knocking the guards flat. Getting these bedraggled sentries' report, the enemies of Jesus soon believed that Jesus had come back from death. Jesus' shroud with its 44 kgs of embalming lotions, would have just slightly fallen. Also, Jesus stole the show by neatly folding His facecloth! No sign of grave robbers!

Those civic and religious authorities who crucified Jesus, proved that they believed He had risen by giving the Roman guards a big bribe of money and by ordering them to tell the lie that the friends of Jesus had stolen Jesus' body WHILE THEY, THE SENTRIES, SLEPT?? As proof that they believed Jesus had risen, they didn't interrogate Jesus' disciples or punish them for stealing a corpse! First produce the corpse!?!?. Then explain away the body-wrappings undisturbed?? Nor did they execute those Roman tomb guards for sleeping on duty! All could see that the only conclusion to draw from the evidence was that Jesus had risen. And God rubbed their noses in the dirt by having an angel roll away the huge entrance-stone, neatly disclosing Jesus' hardly collapsed shroud. The 100 pounds of embalming ointment in Jesus' grave-clothes would have stiffened the shroud against complete collapse, making the proof of His resurrection the only possible explanation for "no corpse". The authorities beat Jesus' disciples to believe He had risen. Such "hostile" witnesses make even legal experts believe. Nice if these wicked rulers repented, but they simply did nothing other than to lie and bribe to save face. Ignoring God's love is an impolite way of declining it. Some do that, and perish.

Don't ruin your chances of going to Heaven by just doing nothing, like those leaders who killed Jesus. It's spiritual suicide. You'll regret it for ever. Follow where the evidence leads and be happy for ever in Heaven.

THE NEW BIRTH

Well, back to my birth on February 19th 1933 at 9 p.m. in New Zealand's Hamilton Hospital. I have Dad's cheque butts and he was meticulous in recording such details. And I have no need to doubt the evidence. I was Dad's fifth child but I was Mother's sixth. How do I believe that? Evidence, just as you believe what people say. And if you can't believe what some people say, you can often check the evidence. And if there's not enough evidence to make you believe, you are free to decide whether to believe or not. If you now believe in Jesus, show your belief by obeying His commands..

My son Russell has a higher degree than mine from my Alma Mater, Auckland University. But I seem to remember Russell once struggling to grasp my story of Jesus' tomb guards being asleep while Jesus' friends supposedly stole His corpse. Remember the man trying to placate his wife by saying he committed adultery while he & she were asleep!? Can you see the absurdity of it? Try bribing your wife or try ignoring her lawyer's letter demanding \$20 million damages. Best to admit truth even if inconvenient. Jesus did rise again. All the evidence demands it; believing God's testimony will transform your life.

Back to the baby, still mewling and puking. Dad thought of calling me Leonard because Leo means lion. But then he thought of Richard the Lion Heart and gave me that name. Too bad that I turned out to be a chicken-heart. There was a Christian singer called Anton Cederholm. Mother was a singer so she called me Anthony, but can you believe that both she and Aunt Grace suggested I not sing in church? It's so hard to trust my memory that such a thing could happen but evidence is evidence and memory gives evidence whether we choose to accept it or not. But, I repeat, evidence is not proof. When the evidence satisfies us we treat it as proof and act upon it whether it turns out to have been right or wrong. Have you guessed, half of my subjects in university were law subjects? Law handles such things as truth, evidence and proof. (Excuse or excoriate the FBI, the DOJ, Biden & Son) But everyone knows about truth vs lies instinctively, university apart.

You know of course of 'guilt by association'. Is it any help to say that my uncle had an LL.M., a high law degree, and he even wrote a law textbook on conveyancing, a copy of which I found and showed to my dazzled son Russell in the NZ Embassy in

Tokyo? Does that prove that, like my uncle, I am very intelligent and that I am to be trusted completely? I wish it did, but I'm sure you will agree that at 89 I am quite likely telling the truth about my experience of God and faith. It will be easy for you to believe that I am telling you the truth when I say it is 11:22 at night as I type this. But believing Jesus entails obeying Him and that's why some people don't believe the evidence proving Him. They refuse to stop living for self, virtually making self God. I seem to remember thinking as a youngster, what a terrible thing it must be to be a woman because they have to bear children in pain. But I guess they feel it's better to have the love of a man than escape the pain of childbirth. Ask them. If you love Jesus, you have to obey Him but His love can make the pain of obedience quite tolerable and even a good bargain. He certainly offers staggering rewards for obeying Him. Try listing the evidence that God loves you. It will surprise you if you are honest in compiling the list.

PROVING A PROVIDING GOD RE MONEY AND

HONEY

I want to stress what God has done, and, with me as His co-labourer, there's not a lot to boast about concerning the fruit of my labour. However, I am sure you will praise God with me as I recall what God has done and look forward to Him completing it with His usual flourish of Glory. And let it never be forgotten that we have had an army of mostly New Zealanders who have prayed and provided. The text that we quoted on our prayer photos in 1960 was, 2nd Cor. 1:11, "Ye also helping together by prayer." My rough idea of our outgoings over 63 years is 2 million or so NZ dollars. Paul called accepting donations 'robbing churches' to lighten the financial load of pioneering churches in a foreign land.

Our two older children have laboured as missionaries too for a total of say 100 years, not to mention Carol approaching 60 and her husband Donald who have worked in later years especially administering aid to victims like those of north-east Japan's big earthquake and tsunami/fallout disaster of 2011. Russell is well into his 50's; then comes Joy, and Daniel turned 50 on 9th July 2020. But by God's grace they are all still living in Japan and assisting in the gospel, more or less.

Late news is that Russell has got notice to appear on a Japan-wide TV show for the first time in 6 months. Good news despite the pandemic.. It's debatable whether his TV stint is a work of God but it makes the value of our stocks in Japan go away up beyond imagination. It's easy to open a conversation with the likes of a barber, "Have you seen my son on the Neptune/League Program?" Russell is pitted against teams of Japanese people in quizzes. He has been put alongside a famous Japanese man Hayashi (Woods) who knows Japanese writing perfectly and could probably tell you the names of all Japan's Emperors and a lot besides. Here's how to write 'grape' in Japanese. (葡萄)

SEQUEL TO MY SQUEAL

A few years ago I involuntarily recalled James 5:4, "The hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields which by you is kept back by fraud, cries; and the cries of them that have reaped have come to the ears of the Lord of hosts." God seemed to say, "You've let your oldest son and daughter do My work for virtually nothing." I have since used supporters' money to right this wrong. Acts 20:34 seemed to tie in with James 5:4. "These hands have ministered to my needs AND the needs of those who were with me." Paul was the prominent member of the missionary team so he had responsibility for his helpers' needs.

Is the word 'unsalaried' in your dictionary? I doubt it is there. The world knows little about trusting God for funds to do God's work. As we grew up we heard missionaries say that they had no guaranteed income but trusted God to supply. During my 60th year in Japan God let us lead a hand-to-mouth experience. It came as no surprise. We are told to expect tests." The fiery trial which is to try you." says First Peter 4:12. And for 59 years we had had plenty. However, someone found out that I was impatient with a NZ bank for not fulfilling their same-day service and this person berated me, saying I should keep some funds in hand always. It hurt. Maybe the greatest damage was done to my pride, trusting God for 59 years and then squealing when He tested us. I can't say I have always managed my affairs with prudence, definitely not. And maybe that's what my adviser was trying

to get across to me when I thought I was to be venerated as very much his senior!

It was in my last days at High School that I decided to go all out for God. I didn't have full confidence, but one Bible Word helped me, "Kept by the power of God." It was May 1950, 72 years ago. My friend Leith Saunders, suggested we go once again to a movie in school time, as we had done "in old times". As a real believer now, it was hard for me to decline his offer; we were both daring rascals. I waffled but declined and the power of God has kept me since then.

If anything herein makes you smile or remember or cry, that just might be good, but unless God's doings cause you to praise and follow Him, I'll have written in vain. Please stop a moment at appropriate times and just say, "Praise God!" or "Thank you Father" or even, "I'll do that too, by God's grace." Or horrors, "I'll avoid that". Enjoy reading and do what God tells you. "You will find Me when you seek for Me with your whole heart." (Jer 29:13) says God.

YOU'RE A POET BUT YOU DON'T KNOW IT

Here's some poetry I've written; I think they are Limericks. Who knows? I have edited these memoirs about 25 times but I can't get the computer to put the verse and limericks neatly as I want them.

Granddad Charles Manins left Home for Australia
But tired of the sheep and the birds and mammalia.
At last he set eyes on New Zealand's horizon,

And Gran bore him twelve, our Mother et alia

Now on Dad's (Alexander Duncan Goodall) side going back a few generations to near 1800.

Admiral Lord Duncan, how his tribe's increased

Beat a whole fleet off England's far east.

King George called both Houses to give thanks to God
In Saint Paul's Cathedral; what a synod!
And we're all here now, so his line hasn't ceased.

The same story in other words:-

Ancestor Adam Duncan made his foes quite trammel
Defeating their fleet in the great English Channel.
Returning victorious
Happy and glorious,
He got special mention

And a whopping big pension.

It's all in the annal.

Going back further still in our family tree, avoiding all talk of "monkey up tree".

Our forebears left Norway, the land of the Viking

And plundered poor France taking all to their liking
Then next they found God,
But what is not odd,

They changed Godel to Goodall which sounded more striking.

We are related to Darwin through the Wedgwoods of porcelain fame:

Darwin our relative? It's awful to think
He gave us all license in sin deep to sink.
What with Haeckel's false embryos
Condoning Hitler's wars grandiose,
If natural selection stole National's election,
Mutation's gyrations should clothe us in mink.

If Dawkins' book against God (4 million sold) made him \$10 only per book, his profit was \$40 million!! Unbelief pays ? but it also preys. It reminds me of Big Pharmacy's chant with an American hill billy's quaint accent:-

"There's gawld in th'm thar ills."

In Oxford or Cambridge it matters not what
There teaches Prof Dawkins who spouts tommyrot.
His book "God delusion"
Has Satan's collusion
So we'll stick to Jesus whose rival there's not.

TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Next door to China is Russia. Long long ago I heard Mr Laidlaw tell how he gave the gospel to a waiter in Russia. So I always wanted to go there and got two opportunities to do so, once with Connie, and once with a Japanese team. First with Connie. (At a camp once the theme was, "Cultivate Constant Communion." I changed it to, "Cultivate Communion with Constance.") Our trip, as a couple, to Russia brought constant communistic contention but was successful through God's tender mercies. Our fun started when officials wanted our foreigner's certificates which we had just purposely posted back to ourselves in Japan to avoid embarrassing interrogation in Russia. They let us go but the boat from Japan to Russia, struck a storm for the whole three day journey and I had to study Russian lying on my bunk and we arrived in Russia too late for our train to make it in time to catch the plane from Khabarovsk to Moscow. We disembarked in the Russian port of Nkhodka and I thought, "Now that we are late there'll be no chance of getting a gentle lady to see us through Immigration inspection. Ladies will be making dinner at this time of evening."

I was wrong and the official was tough enough. She said, "Do you have any religious literature?" I was mercifully saved from the embarrassment of revealing that we both had Christian books for the Russian believers in our corsets etc.. I was too terrified to speak; I had lost my voice through fear and Connie was enabled by God to save the situation by putting her hands on the luggage and saying "No, not in here." We had the books secreted on our person. How could we, without God, have prepared for this eventuality? Our 'sponsors' had told us there was no body check in Russia so we had relaxed on that score. But here we were asked outright and God had to somehow stop me from blurting out the truth. And that's precisely how He did it.

So with a sigh of relief we made it through into the reception area where everyone was relaxing. Then suddenly from behind, "Mr & Mrs Goodall?" It sounded like a visit by the gestapo to Corrie ten Boom's or Anne Frank's. When we acknowledged being that couple, the official said, "This is your money for food while you are in Russia. It's our system. You order what food you want at your hotel within these limits." "Oh thank you". And thank God for the relief, again. Running late because of the storm at sea, we missed our plane and were forced to spend the night at the Khabarovsk Airport. That was easier than Paul's day and night in the sea, but it had its own inconveniences especially when we found a table big enough to stretch out on but it happened to be right by the entrance to

another kind of convenience which was frequented by those who imbibed the vodka, provided by Russia's warm "hostility". This meant we were bathed in a nauseating breeze each time they opened and shut the toilet door. Of course the authorities would have taken us to a hotel but I remember it as costing a small fortune. Finally we got some rest in an airport room with two armchairs, just for us two lovers!

READING WRITING & A RHYTHM-ANTIC

We duly reached Moscow and began the adventure of reading and following the signs in Russian to negotiate the Underground. Try it sometime or praise God and read on. We were to meet a couple of church workers and had had to memorise the address and directions to find their apartment. We were told not to have anything written in our possession because of interrogation which would bring disaster on us and on the Russian believers. How we communicated with the family, I don't know. They spoke some German and we had little Russian, but love has its own language, doesn't it? We introduced ourselves to these dear Vlasovs in Russian, as NZ missionaries to Japan. They could probably tell immediately that we were not Russian secret police. Me a bit dozy, and Connie, young, buxom, and vivacious and without her six children in tow. We had money for the Vlasovs but that was not the main purpose in visiting them. We had a nice time, first with their two sons and then with their parents when they came home. The boys will be in their 50's now. Bro Vlasov drove a bus as well as taking care of, was it, 1200 believers! He and his wife will be in their 80's now if they survived the communist existence. Little did any of us know that the Soviet Union would disintegrate 10 years later.

So we got out of communism's 'paradise' and passed through Finland and Sweden, meeting believers who let me photograph a Russian poster showing an astronaut searching outer space for God and saying, "What, no God?" "Boga Nyet?" in Russian. I still have the photo. One would have to be able to go everywhere and know everything before one could pronounce, "No God". How nice that "believing is seeing.!" And so to pass through Europe and to skirt the grave of my eldest brother Gerald who gave his life in Faenza, Italy in 1945 to protect the rest of us.

Travelling across Europe with Connie was mostly easy really, because our special tickets meant we could use First Class and travel at night thus avoiding the expense of hotels. Seeing the Eiffel Tower was nothing much and not so great was visiting the famous L'Abri of Christian intellectual evangelist Francis Schaeffer's establishment in Switzerland. Their book made us expect a tumultuous welcome but being told to wait at the entrance disappointed me so much that we left them to it and had quite a walk to get to a train again. Venice was not enchanting but a policeman kindly paid our bus fare from the station to see Rome including catacombs and St Peter's Square. We kissed Rome goodbye without kissing the Pope's ring. I faintly remember buying souvenirs. Was it Luther who complained that in Rome everything is for sale, even the Holy Spirit? Lastly we turned homeward to Japan, passing under the English Channel, emerging in Britain with a cockney voice saying ironically, "Back to sunny England." No one asked if we had enjoyed a summer in England. We could have replied that we missed the British summer because of a cold that lasted three days!

CRISIS OR "CHRIST IS"

God tells us in His Best Seller of all Time, "The time is short." "Buy up the opportunities". Without doing anything rashly and impulsively, can I suggest that we each ask God what we can do that is best for His work? Marriage is not bad or wrong. Earning or making money is not wrong. Education is not wrong in itself.

Some suggestions to aid in thinking, acting, and praying:

Always pray.

Ask to be told what is good for God, the One to whom you pray.

Ascribe praise and thanks and glory to God for the Lord Jesus and His loving

sacrifice, followed by His resurrection, just as He had prophesied so often.
Ascertain the cost and ask yourself if you can trust God for it.

Apply some Word of God to your situation.

Affirm often God's promised rewards. e.g. "Give; and it shall be given to you, good measure." And Proverbs 28:27 guarantees us against famine etc etc!! "One who gives to the poor shall never lack." QED

Assure yourself that you are not acting presumptuously or impulsively. "Let the peace of God rule in your heart." No peace, no action.

Assess the outcome of your proposed sacrifice.

Helpful thoughts:

How did my wife & I know we were setting out on a fruitful 63 year mission to Japan, when we 'escaped' from New Zealand's Paradise that hectic June 24th in 1960?
How did Esther know her one daring deliberate act, would save a whole race (the Jews from whom the world's Saviour was to be born)?

How did Adam let us in for such suffering by not stopping Eve? " Her husband (was) with her." Gen 3:6

"How will people hear without you telling them about the Lord Jesus and His Cross?"

"How can you be sure, Christian wife, that you will not save your husband?"

! Cor 7:16

How can you be so sure that unbelieving relatives will remain so? Rev 7:9 says that just the Christian believers exiting the Tribulation alone, will be uncountable by man!

How can we be discouraged or intimidated when Romans 10:20 says, "I was found by those who were not looking for Me." How do we know that God can't save 5000 with our few loaves & fish offered to Him? How can Isaiah 54's first and last verses say that unsuccessful soul-winners will produce spiritual children 'big time'?

How can we feel useless when Jesus praised that woman in Matt 26:10?: "She has done what she could." "She has done a good work on Me." Mark 14:6. Hey, I've just recalled perfume that I got decades ago! How can I use it for the Lord? I'll ask Him.

BELIEVE YOU'LL CONCEIVE

Let's read Isaiah 54's 17 verses and be astounded again that God says He makes fruitless soul-winners, successful. Leave how He can do that to Him in joyful faith. Recall yet again how my Mother confided to me late in life that she had been able to get people alongside the gospel boat but couldn't easily land people right into the boat. If only Mother knew how many souls she is winning to God through her descendants in Zaire, Africa, New Guinea, Fiji, Japan, and the rest! It's all in Isaiah 54 and the first and last verses say clearly that it's to you that God is promising all these converts. Look at 1st Tim. 5:14 and see how Mother's simple obedience brought such far-reaching blessing. Your simple obedience can end up winning the world for Christ. "Take that struggling mother some potatoes." "Put tracts in all letterboxes in town." Look at John 15:13 and recall Mrs Mitsuharshi's huge "success" in soulwinning AND church-planting:- "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." I am hoping to take Mrs Mitsuharshi greetings on Feb 19th 2023 which happens to be my 90th birthday coinciding with the birthday of her oldest of five great grand children. Can I tell her you are praying?

BIRTH OF A BERTH

Once I slept on the shelves of our bookstore so that I could finish my auditing work extra quickly and so get home on an earlier train. The Lord was kind to me at the station when I tried to book my bunk bed on the night train. The Japan Railways must have had computers even in the 1960's and when my turn came at last, the ticket man told me there was not one berth left. There was a glass window between him and me so I twisted my arm around and said, "What about that ticket over there? He must have felt: "This must be a Christian; he's had the new birth and he's prayed to get a berth." Be that as it may, he picked up the ticket I had pointed out and let me buy it. Actually, I had heard the man in the queue in front of me, cancel that very ticket that I wanted, and the operator hadn't had time to get it back into the system. But it was in God's system, called 'His tender mercy', and I got my train and its important top bunk berth.

GIRTH AT BIRTH

Back to Daniel. Imagine the delight of the midwife when she weighed Daniel, 4,500 grams. His birth was three weeks late! Now his girth must be 81. He's still growing, in his 50's. He teaches English for a living. He teaches a doctor who knows medical terms like claustrophobia, so Daniel teaches him ordinary conversation. Now for growth in grace. Did you know all my siblings grew in grace long before we were born? My Mother was Grace Goodall. Unfortunately I struck trouble when I was born, in sin, of course. Thank God for our Saviour!

A RED CAR READY

After Connie and I finished language school, Bro & Sister Fukaya in Tokyo said we could wait quietly on the Lord for guidance as to where to work. They let us use a rental house in the hills which they would vacate for a month. It was in summer in the Ootacamund of Japan. It wasn't long before I thought maybe it wouldn't be too selfish to work with fellow New Zealanders the Caldwells who had already invited us to join them after language school. But the Caldwells were back in NZ and I cabled them asking whether their house and welcome were still available. My cryptic cablegram was not 100% clear and Stuart cabled back, "Fully approve. Writing" As he went to the Te Puke Post Office to send his reply cable, he asked the Lord if it were His will for us to work together, that He would have a red car outside the Post Office. But there wasn't one; there were two! "Who is like unto You, O Lord among the gods, Who is like You, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" (Exodus 15:11)

THE OUTCOME OF INCOME AND OUTGOINGS

Yesterday, 5 Nov 2020 was the anniversary of my baptism on Guy Fawkes Day 1950. My first nephew was born Nov 5 too and his Mother Lynn. Connie and I got engaged in a car before the prayer meeting on 5/11/55. Still 5th Nov (2020 this time) we visited our skin doctor as a follow-up after being told I was healed of Merckel's cancer, by the university hospital professor, no less. We had been told that the daughter of our most recent convert, worked in a local hospital so we asked yesterday's nurse if she knew her. She said. "That's me!" Late news is that this nurse Ikuko (ee-koo-kaw) joined our meeting today, 2nd Oct. 2022. And nice too was getting the opportunity to ask the doctor "Can nothing give rise to something?" It's not easy to give one's doctor the gospel but God gave us this further opportunity to witness to her. Praise God. I hope she's reading my Japanese memoirs with many of my tracts printed in it because our co-operative printer Bro Sasanuma made room to print them. God gave me palindromes but I can't even write them in English!

"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." " For the love of money.... somehave pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "Give, and it shall be given to you....running over." " God will supply all your need according to His riches." I've fallen for money enough times to advise you like this.

God is careful to record the sins of His heroes Abraham, David, and Peter. Wilting under Dad's talk of managing his subdivision made me think I might have become disqualified from going to Japan, but Rom. 11:29 gave me great relief: "God never changes His mind about those He gifts and calls." Remember too, heroes like Job who suffered but not for some sin. I get discouraged when people write books of their successes with things like prayer, healing, or soul-winning, but fail to record their failures. Healing prompts me to tell you that I often pray for healing, and often receive what I call virtual healing with medicine or a machine like glasses or a pacemaker. Every few months symptoms clearly impress me that death is imminent. Then I get better. I am happy in the knowledge that death will change into real life with the Lord. But who wants to die? My three surviving siblings all had strokes and I have been hospitalised in Japan six times for stroke symptoms. But I recovered each time! Why not request healing as per John 16:24? And I'll tell you the rest when I see the Lord. Meantime Psalm 131 : 1 is comforting. "I do not exercise myself in matters too great for me."

WORTH OF WORTHY WORKERS

It is usual for candidates for missionary work to gain

commendation from senior Christians. This recommendation may or may not be accompanied by concrete talk of money. There was no talk of financial support from Antioch in Paul's case but Paul & Barnabas had the necessary blessing of their church including fasting which gives good evidence of Antioch's heart to cooperate. Both Frankton and Mt Albert Meetings have stood firmly with us financially for over 60 years. And this despite evidence that someone in a position to advise them, actually did advise them against continuing support because I had passed a certain age. Neither Frankton nor Mt Albert gave in! They gave on.

DOLLS INTO DOLLARS

Those who give to missions have their needs guaranteed by Philippians 4:19, promised, notice, by the missionary to the saints who gave him money. "My God shall supply all your need." It's a powerful practical precious promise if ever there was such, a sweeping certain supply! When Jesus praised that poor widow who recklessly gave to God ALL her living, do you think He withheld money from her, leaving her poor, just patting her head? No. Did Jesus say: "Treasurer Judas! Give her 100 dolls. I know she likes dolls."?? Not at all! I assume He added my initials AR after the doll part! God toying with dolls and making them into dollars.

Regarding our children marrying locals and having mixed-race progeny, I am not so confident that I can predict the outcome. They mostly look happy enough. I do not boast about having them as gospel workers, though it pleases me. Was it a legitimate sacrifice for us to keep them in Japan for God's work? I have no regrets, only gratitude to God for His grace thus far, and I trust Him re the future. In case it helps, my Dad never once apologised to his children for using us on his farm. Dad knew nothing of an expression I hear from missionary parents, "God called me to be a missionary. He didn't call my children." God says that our light affliction is only momentary and works for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, a very extravagant expression. God seems to struggle to get us to hanker for Heaven's hope and harvest and happiness. Momentary affliction doesn't compare with monetary addition but ours feels a better prospect than Joe Biden's gain and pain. As I type Joe & Hunter are still not accountable!! Our \$2 million over 60 years is nothing compared with Heaven's zillions of shining, shekinah shekels!

CALLED WELL

In 1950 I read about Stuart Caldwell, originally from Te Puke, working in Japan, in a missionary magazine called Workers Together, edited by a relative of my Connie. I've told my story of God's doings in letters and by visiting around NZ.. I will give you a bit on the Caldwells. Their son John and daughter Hannah are still in Japan 60 years later. John is the Principal of a christian-based senior High School and he gets to minister the Bible to his students. Hannah is married to Bro Shin and they are university teachers, maybe even professors. Elsewhere I've given you my estimate that Bro & Sister Caldwell have established about 30 church groups in Japan. Praise be to God. That's rare.

In 1962 Stuart & Marion, on their way back to NZ on furlough, invited Connie & me to work with them when we finished language school. I sometimes wrongly assume that the will of God is the most uninviting thing to do. But happily we did receive the Lord's peace to work with them. Living & working in the same city was only discontinued to allow Connie & me to branch out and pioneer in the metropolis of Sapporo. But God kindly led Stuart and Marion to pioneer in Otaru only an hour away from our new place! Not only did we help each other, but when my sister Erica married Owen McKirdy in New Guinea, our children could honestly and happily call the Caldwell family our relatives.

Stuart's great influence on me was by example. He taught me how to find unused land, how to ascertain the owner of the land and negotiate for temporary use of it for tent meetings. And he had shown me how to conduct gospel meetings including sleeping in the tent if necessary, to guard it. Conflict is common for disciples and I saw Stuart argue with obstinate people without choosing the easy path when under pressure. Stuart also showed me how to take all opportunities to give people tracts. Stuart & Marion were later guided to shift back to work on the mainland of Japan but we enjoyed happy fellowship until Stuart was called Home in 2020. Marion labours on.

WONDER AND PONDER

"Who is like unto You, O Lord among the gods; who is like unto You, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders ; who is like unto You?"

I sing these words of praise often. But their fullness is so great that I am often unable to concentrate as I sing. I understood God's holiness after seeing that it is the opposite of the man-made gods of the Greeks etc with all their sexual and other shenanigans. " Fearful in praises", I take this to mean, "What a God He is, to have humans that will lavish praise on Him even though He sometimes does things that we can't fathom." Psalm 131:1" says not to exercise ourselves "in matters too great".

Lastly 'wonders'. I never want to stop praising God for His wonders at the Cross and at Jesus' resurrection, but one wonder that I recall often is the Lord getting us out of NZ as booked, on 24th June 1960. It was dramatic to say the least. The only one of our family who didn't get sick flying over the Tasman Sea was Christine at 3 months. Yesterday, 61 years later, I dined with Christine and her little 6-foot sister Joy. Christine often has, when we meet, some news of the Lord's wonders. This time she told me that my granddaughter Alecia is to teach English to an escapee from North Korea. Alecia not long ago did a six month mission flurry in South Korea. Her boss kept her job in Tokyo open. Knowing languages, Alecia is a prize asset to trading enterprises. She has just gained an MBA degree. That stands for Master of Business Administration. Alecia also has another MBA degree:- Most Beautiful Alecia. Very late news is her departure soon to work in England and with her present company at that! More Blessed Accomplishments!

God's wonders are still very much needed. Recently I couldn't sleep and realised I needed to write to four of my grandsons and warn them not to marry unbelievers. A wait at the hospital today reminded me that there is at least one blessing in those masks. Sadly you "get your own back" by rebreathing your spent CO-2, but with a mask you can pray without anyone knowing, as you endure the long wait for the doctor. I also practise writing those characters that are so well-known in Chinese and Japanese writing. I am this day 5 July 2021 as long-lived as my father. Dad lived 88 years and 136 days and I hope to pass that point today?! Late news: That quartet of christian musicians with connections to us, have started a TV program on Sundays with our grandson Ray helping. One member of the quartet is Enoch Mitsuharshi, a grandson of the grand "cripple" couple. Another is Bro & Sister Nagasawa's son.

ADIEU TO DEW

Today I recalled again our Hamilton High School teacher who misused his advantage over us to force his idea on to us defenceless youngsters that the Bible has scientific error in it. An errant Bible is a serious charge. God warns us by saying "Knowledge puffs up". It's a word to the truly knowledgeable. CMI have published anything up to 10000 articles demolishing evolution and I doubt whether evolutionists have read a tithe of them, let alone answered them. It's a common though underhand tactic in debate to ignore the opposition and just constantly reiterate your own talk. Beware. "The Day" of God's Judgment will declare all.

One helpful thing comes to mind for an honest person. If a theory requires long ages of death before Adam, why does the Bible make Adam's sin the cause of death? The world's best seller says, "Through one man, sin entered into the world, and death through sin." The enormity of my teacher's sin becomes more eloquent considering that I remember his attack, indelibly, 75 years later. Don't let Satan frighten you even if he seems to offer better than being with God for ever. He'll probably keep very quiet about his inability to offer better than heaven, by offering bliss NOW. God says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Jesus' Cross is the crux. The hymn says:- "Through weakness like defeat, He won reward and crown, trod all our foes beneath His feet, by being trodden down."

What a dirty trick of Satan to try and get us teenagers to doubt God's Word, the World's 'eternal' best seller. Evolution theory allows a bully, for his own pleasure, to knock a youngster sprawling, on slippery ice, when the poor little mite is struggling on crutches. What despicable tricks our enemy uses on us, struggling in faith as we are! The dew matter may just evaporate in time. But its instigator, my teacher, may still be rueing his over-confidence. "Knowledge puffs up". Come to think of it, the damage was done, but any honest person, trusting God will find He

has a solution for anything. Better to trust a loving, self-sacrificing God whose Word is absolutely dependable. He goes to all the trouble of telling us in Psalm 12:6 that His Word is like silver refined seven times. We have no right or need to doubt God when He goes to all the trouble of telling us 9 or 10 times on Page One of His book that He made every living thing reproduce "after its kind". No change from a monkey to a human. Never doubt God. Another thought: Psalm 133:3 's dew may fall on Israel's plains after forming up on Mt Hermon. Silly teacher. Jas.3:1:- "Not many of you should become teachers in the church". NLT

THE END OF ALL THINGS IS AT HAND

Today 17th Oct 2022, I was out prayer walking and started thinking how to confess to you what I could have done better. Then I saw a car with the number 777 on it and felt the Lord saying, "Stop, take stock & stoop. Concentrate on 7's completion. STOP excessive regretting. Take STOCK of what HAS been done. STOOP and recognise your own insignificance." Then He emphasised it when I suddenly saw another 777 vehicle!

60 years ago as I visited meetings all over NZ, I saw Stuart Caldwell's comment in autograph books, time after time, :- "Only one life, 'twill soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last." Then he would quote II Corinthians 5:15 :- "He died for all, that they who live should no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died for them, and rose again."

Who's to say what Stuart & Marion's 30 estimated churches will multiply into if we take up the baton? We, their junior New Zealanders have added about 20. What will you add in going and giving and praying? Remember the three women who wedded wildly but WON.....

ADDENDUM

HOW TO PRAY

by Richard Goodall

Diana Mansour wrote asking me to refresh her about what to pray for. She was to give a lecture on May 10th 2019 in America. She came with a team to our place in Japan many years ago. I was not sure exactly what she was wanting so decided to write out my own pattern for daily prayer. If this helps one fellow-Christian, I'll be very happy. It has taken me years to compile all this so why not print it out and use it until you have memorised it and honed it down to suit your own circumstances? My pattern is based on the Word of God. I have kept Bible references to a minimum.

WHAT AND WHO TO PRAY FOR

First is to pray the 'Lord's prayer'. "After this manner pray ye," Jesus said. 'Manner', allowing us to reword it, and even fill it out where necessary. Just repeating the words is useless. Perhaps that's 'taking the Lord's name in vain'?. But if my mind wanders I don't always go back to where it started to wander. If I haven't prayed the Lord's prayer meaningfully I don't always slavishly return until I consciously think of every word I repeat. It's better to have been carefully aware of every single word as we pray, but it's probably no sin to wander. Satan would love to get us into bondage about anything, but we are not ignorant of his devices so I often simply continue after catching my mind wandering.

Of course I enter God's presence with praise and thanks as Psalm 100:4 says. Being old now helps because I wake up in the wee hours and can praise and read and pray without hurry and then go back to sleep.

Then there is the command (Psa 100:2) to sing to God. I use Scripture mostly for this (Psalm 32 1~4) (Exodus 15:11) but a new song is required at times so, with only the Lord listening, I make up a song impromptu and ad lib.

Next I pray that the Lord will establish Jerusalem and make it a praise in the earth. (Isa 62:6 & 7) (Psalm 122:6) and I pray that the Lord would grant Jerusalem & all Jews (as appropriate) peace, prosperity, personal salvation and water. To simply pray, "God bless me, my cat, my girlfriend and my job" is immature and selfish, praying for oneself first, next, and last. So I try to pray for God's interests first, knowing that God will have already been preparing to supply my needs. God says, "Give and it shall be given unto you." This means that givers get much without asking. God gives gifts to givers. Nice girls attract boys automatically by being nice, not by strutting. (A word to the wise:- Fashion displays cleavage; passion plays when cleaving .)

Then I pray that God will move/use all men (especially leaders, rulers and those in authority) so that we may lead a quiet & tranquil life in all godliness and dignity. (1 Tim 2:1,2) I pray specially for persecutors (as Jesus commanded), asking that they may be granted repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus, and be thrust forth as labourers into God's harvest. God is now answering this with potential Moslem persecutors in a big way. Praise His Name. Muslims have had centuries with no big visitation. Now I think 5 or ten million Muslims are being saved every year.

I am not sure that you will add as I do: "Please move all men so that the Word of God may have free course and be glorified", and then "that the wealth of the sinner may be transferred to us the just." (Pro 13 :22) (Eccl 2:26) Stop press. I've now stopped praying daily for wealth from sinners because I now see I receive if I myself give. That doesn't stop me from expecting God to give the wealth of 'sinners' to me.

Then I give thanks for the Lord Jesus who took our infirmities, bore our sicknesses, and bore our sins in His own body on the Tree.

Then I give thanks for the saints, mentioning anything recent or outstanding. (2 Thess 2:13). And I ask that we may be kept from evil, that God will work in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, and that our love may abound more and more in knowledge and discernment, so that we may approve the things that are excellent. "In your virtue supply knowledge." Surely it's more 'excellent' to support a charity that you know and can trust, than an RC or Mormon charity. Do the Jehovah's Witnesses have any charities? I wonder.

Next, also for the saints I ask that the Lord will fulfil every good resolve and work of faith by His power so that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in us, and WE IN HIM." (2 Thess 1~11 & 12.) I like that bit in capitals, glory for us too, albeit a spinoff from God's.

Next is that we may be delivered from wicked and unreasonable men, and that we may be "strengthened with all might unto all endurance and longsuffering with joy." (Col 1:11)

Then I ask God to answer all my prayers for believers who are bound and afflicted. "Remember them that are in bonds; them that are ill treated." I often ask specially for such in Somalia, Eritrea, North Korea, and China. Then I ask for 12 afflicted people by name. Rarely, I am able to stop praying for people like Asia Bibi who 'escaped' from persecution in Pakistan.

HOW TO HUG

Next I pray for believers that we may be one. (John 17:21~23) adding that we may be worthy of God's calling and be filled with the fruit of righteousness to the glory and praise of God. And that we may be filled with the knowledge of God's will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding. (Col.1:9) I was shocked at the constant splitting of God's people on re-reading our own churches'

history in "There we found brethren". "There must needs be divisions". Let's get up and go on.

Then, I pray that we may know the love of Christ. Concentrating too much on our personal wide work for this wayward world, we can forget the love of Christ. Then I pray that we may have the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of God. Then I pray Acts 4:29~30 pretty well word for word (verbatim). Then I ask the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth ALL His people into His harvest. The expression 'thrust forth' is the same Greek word used for casting out demons; Satan tries to hold us believers back from harvesting.

Finally, before remembering by name before the Lord a number of Japanese and other people, including every member of my family, I thank God for 'all my partners' and ask for them to be included in all requests, plus their families, adding just one or two of their family members by name. Some have unsaved relatives. Partners entrust their Lord's money to us so I feel a certain obligation out of gratitude, to pray for partners' kin. I should stress that I use a written list for all non-family members, and, while I pray for them daily by name, I have several prayer times to spread the burden. Who said intercession was light work? Bro Geoffrey Keith-Gillon, of Christchurch, once told me, "It's a delight to intercede." No wonder his two daughters became missionaries. To pray for others is an act of love and maybe that's why Bro Geoffrey lived into his nineties or more. It is surely a good thing for a person to be interceding for other people. "Give, and it shall be given to you." surely extends beyond money to giving our time, talents, and treasures. Luke 6:38. Look for God to surprise you with His many monetary miracles.

Happy and fruitful praying to all,

Spread this freely. Imagine the eternal impact of increasing the number and effectiveness of God's praying army. Revelation 7:9 guarantees the final number of the saved to be absolutely uncountable by man. Happy hopeful harvesting.

Richard Goodall