

**NEWSLETTER # 8**  
**Dives Bay, Ureparapara**  
**Banks Group, Vanuatu S.P.**

Dear Friends,

We are at anchor in Dives Bay, a crater of a large volcano, with one side blown out by a bygone eruption, which now makes an excellent harbor. We are surrounded by the rim of the crater which rises up out of the bay 1500 to 2400 feet and is approximately one and one-half miles across—quite unique! The anchorage we were in last was on the outside of the island at the village of Lehale and the winds were coming down the slopes of the mountain at gale force, like the williwaws of the west coast of USA. Not a very comfortable anchorage. Well, Georgia wants to share some things:

There is so much to tell you. We will honestly try to condense it. The first big announcement is that our house sold!!! Praise the Lord. We knew it was the Lord's will for us to sell because His Word says so. After trying for five years to sell, we finally called out to the Lord. Why hasn't our house sold???? (Prov. 2:3) "...and if you call out for insight and cry aloud for understanding"...(NIV). He showed us a mistake in an agreement we had entered into. We corrected our mistake and asked the Lord to forgive us for looking to man for our supply instead of our Lord. Within a week of doing this, we received the first offer we had ever had on the house. By April 25, we had received a loan from Georgia's parents so we could fly back to our home town and hug our daughters and visit our family and friends. It had been two years since Loren had been back. While we were there loving our family and friends up close, the realtors were becoming very busy showing our house and making phone calls. Within two weeks of our arrival home, the house sold for cash and at our price! "Praise the Lord!!" Even the realtors said, "Praise the Lord!". They had never seen a miracle like this happen in their business before, especially in such a depressed market. It is so good to be free of debt. A special thank you to those who helped keep us afloat until our house sold. May the Lord richly bless you.

Another highlight of our being home was to be able to hold family Bible study in our house again as we had in the past. My side of the family and some of Loren's relatives were able to come and so we all ate, sang praises and read the Word together. We know the angels were rejoicing too. It was very pleasant for Georgia and me to be home for the nine weeks. We were very busy but the Lord strengthened us. There was the garage sale, final moving out of the house, and various business items to complete.

There were trips to Montana, Oregon, and Washington. Can you believe we drove 8,000 miles in this short time!!! As all good times seem to end, our time came to board the plane back to New Zealand. On July 2, we said our goodbyes and boarded our flight in Spokane, Washington. We had a 4 hour layover in Los Angeles and had made prior arrangements to meet Clem Davis at the airport. Clem was our original contact with "Christian Smallboat Ministry" in 1984. This was the first time we had met him personally. Our meeting with Clem and his lovely wife Charlene was both encouraging and informative. His reason for being in San Pedro, CA. was to establish "South Pacific Yacht Ministries" in the USA. His vision is to be closely allied with YWAM and help in their outreaches in the Pacific Basin.

Back on the airplane, we settled in for the 16-hour flight via Honolulu to Auckland. When we arrived in Auckland, our friend John Goodman met us at the airport and was amazed at the amount of luggage we had. The customs people were also amazed and just shook their heads and waved us through without

any inspections. I suppose the new dinghy I had brought as baggage was what amazed them. We sure shivered on arrival. We had left 97 degrees F. weather in Idaho and arrived in 46 degrees F. in Auckland. John drove us one hour north of Auckland to Leigh, where we met the "Celebration" and sailed across the Huraki Gulf to Great Barrier Island and Orama. We arrived there the evening of July 4. In our brief visit with John, he said that he had heard from his islander friend Sael Mali from Vanuatu (New Hebrides). He had asked John if there were any boats that could come there and help in the 'Every Home Crusade' outreach to the outer islands of Vanuatu.

After about a week at Orama, we had managed to move back on 'Flyer' which was anchored in the bay while we had gone to the States. I donned two wet suits and scuba tanks and dove in to attack the mass of growth on the bottom of the boat. It seems it was time to repaint the bottom with anti-foul paint. Several days later we set sail for the boat yard in Auckland to haul out and refinish the bottom and also redo the nonskid on the decks. We spent two weeks hauled out. With the help of many hands, we managed to scrape off all the old bottom paint and applied two coats of barrier epoxy paint plus three coats of long life bottom paint. We worked between rain showers and finally launched early one morning. We then spent another two weeks in a slip at the marina finishing off the decks and making other repairs: sail repairs, a bright orange storm jib and a new headstay and backstay. We also rebuilt the refrigeration unit at this time. By the time we were ready to sail with provisions and fuel onboard and a new inflatable dinghy, our refit cost \$6,000 US.

During this time in Auckland, we along with John Goodman, were planning to go to Vanuatu to help in



the outreach there. We called Sael Mali in Port Vila and learned

that the yacht "Haggai" from Australia was there to transport the Pioneer Teams, and they would certainly like our help there too. Since I had been given a video camera while back in the USA, we thought it was a real opportunity to make some video coverage of the small boat ministry in action. As our yacht was a foreign yacht in New Zealand waters, we had to take her out before 12 months had expired or pay an import duty of 40 percent of the value of the yacht! We had to go somewhere before December, and Vanuatu sounded like it fit the bill. We needed a crew. After prayer and much consideration, three young men were chosen: Chris Miles from Australia and Mike Wells and Phil Van der Mespel from Auckland. On August 24, we sailed from Auckland to Orama to unload some extra parts and baggage to make room for the crew. The two days spent there were busy with final adjustments and preparations for the voyage to Vanuatu. The whole community at Orama turned out the afternoon of August 26, to wish us well and pray for a safe and fruitful outreach. Since 1982, Orama has had a

vision of many white sails heading out into the Pacific from that community to spread the Gospel. They looked on us as the first part of that vision. As “Flyer” motored out of Karaka Bay, we were all filled with joyful expectation of what lay ahead! One hour after clearing customs at Tutukaka, we had caught three barracuda—fresh fish for dinner!

When making arrangements with Jeff and Joan Anderson on “Haggai”, we learned of a miracle! While on their crossing from Australia to Vanuatu, their yacht was knocked down by a large wave, so that the sails were in the water. As the boat righted itself and they assessed the damage, they found that Joan had been in the galley and scalding water had given her second and third degree burns on one arm and her chest. Joan is a medical doctor and didn’t panic but laid her good hand on the wounds and prayed to the Lord to heal her. The first four days there wasn’t any pain, but a large water bag formed on her arm and then burst. Within a couple of weeks they reached Port Vila and a thick crust had formed. The local doctors said that she would have to fly back to Australia for hospitalization and skin grafts, but Joan knew in her heart that the Lord was going to do a complete healing. On our passage to Port Vila we kept in touch with “Haggai” by HAM radio and learned that they would be back in Vila when we arrived.

We also spoke with Georgia’s parents on the HAM when we were midpassage and learned that we are to be grandparents in April. Praise the Lord. Our daughter Sophie and Wayne are excited too.

Our passage of eight and one-half days was fast, and we had only a couple of rough stretches and many beautiful sunrises and sunsets. One night in particular stands out in my memory. It was as calm as I had ever seen the sea and as dark as the inside of a coal mine. We were doing about six knots under power and the waves were rolling off the bow like thick oil. There was no land within hundreds of miles, and the sky was so heavily overcast that no light came down from the heavens. I was the only one on watch. I walked up to the bow and soaked in the atmosphere of peace that was surrounding our yacht. In just a little time, there began to be little lights flickering upon the waters all around us. Soon we were surrounded by flashing green lights, and down in the depths were larger explosions of light. I began to praise the Lord for the wonders He has created. Suddenly the skies opened up, and a myriad of stars mingled with the fluorescent flashes in the sea. As I marveled at the vastness of the sea melting into the heavens, I looked around at our little yacht moving smoothly through the water and I realized how infinitesimal I was in all this vastness. Then it seemed that the Lord spoke into my understanding. We were all significant, and it is our love and obedience He is after. He can do much through an obedient servant. My prayer that night was “Lord help me to be your obedient servant.”

Our arrival in Port Vila was at night. Jeff came up on the VHF and described the entrance to us so that our entry was smooth. We found the quarantine buoy and dropped anchor without a hitch.

We arrived Friday, September 7, and on the following day were cleared by customs just in time to meet Jeff, Joan and Debbie from “Haggai” and then rush off to celebrate the first anniversary of Everyhome Vanuatu. The Everyhome Outreach is a part of World Literature Crusade whose aim is to reach every home with the Gospel and Gospel tracts with later follow-up and correspondence courses. The Pioneers are young men of the area who go into the bush and remote villages on foot, with very little more than the clothes on their back and a pack full of tracts. They live off the land and the hospitality of the villages that receive them. The villages that don’t receive them are left, and the dust is shaken from the Pioneers’ feet. In some cases when the villagers saw them shake the dust from their feet, they reconsidered and invited them to stay and share the Gospel. In one instance, on the island of Aoba, several Pioneers came to a village and a man there who had several mean dogs didn’t want to listen so

he took his dogs and ran into the bush. Well, his dogs turned on him and bit him badly enough that he came back for prayer to be healed and received salvation too!!

It was interesting and exciting to hear of all the places where Everyhome Crusade was operating and about the many conversions, healings and miracles that the Lord was doing. In the Solomon Islands they have experienced a move of the Spirit among the young people. In one village the Spirit of the Lord fell on a congregation of young children (6 to 12 years old) and they began to prophesy and cast out demons. The children led their parents to salvation, healed the sick and praised the Lord as the people were set free from the bondages they had been under from witchdoctors and superstitions.



While we were sailing to Vanuatu, John Goodman had been in contact with Alastair Crombie who was a dedicated Christian interested in the small boat ministry and also a professional video camera man. Alastair had agreed to come to Vanuatu for ten days with his equipment and film the ministry, all at his own expense. Praise the Lord!! We met Alastair on the 14th and then set sail along with "Haggai" to Aoba to pick up the Pioneer team. The next day we sailed for Big Bay on the north end of Santo Island. On this over night sail we had our crew of four plus four Pioneers. Quite a boatful with their bags! "Haggai" had their crew of three plus eight Pioneers. Since "Haggai" was 54 feet long, they had the extra room. Our arrival was early next morning, and at 1000 hours we off loaded the teams, Alastair and his video equipment, Chris and Mike. They all headed into the bush for two days to visit some bush people at their villages about 12 miles into the mountains.

These bush people, wearing bones in their noses and just a few leaves, live a rather primitive life. They are good hunters with their bows and arrows and do very primitive farming of taro and yams.

Well, with the crew gone into the bush, Georgia and I had "Flyer" all to ourselves!! A much needed and welcomed break!! I found time to do the maintenance on the water maker and also adjust the generator so that it would put out the proper voltage. I had called the manufacturer of the generator while in the USA and they told me what adjustment to make. It worked and so I started up the watermaker. It worked for 1 1/2 hours, and then the generator went SPROINGGG! and stopped making volts??????? Next time I'm near a phone I'm going to call the company and see what happened!

At this anchorage we were invited over to "Haggai" for dinner and fellowship. The food was great, and after dinner Joan showed us the progress pictures of the healing of her arm and chest. Amazing, simply amazing. When you look at the photos and then at her arm, you can see how much healing has taken place already. All the skin that had been damaged has been replaced with new pink skin. There is some scarring, but it also is quickly fading. This has all healed in four weeks. Praise God. Joan's ministry, when

we come to these remote villages, is to go to the clinic, which is usually a bamboo hut with sand floor and kept very tidy, and help the dresser (nurse) who may have had only two to four months training. She answers any medical questions they may have and then tells them about the saving grace of Jesus. They accept the Lord and then receive the filling of the Holy Spirit too. In this way the dresser can treat the whole man. She not only bandages his wounds but prays for healings too. This is proving very successful throughout these islands.

In this big bay we were anchored just off shore of a small village which was an Anglican Bible College. It is made up of a half dozen huts, a clinic and a bamboo church with planks on log ends as the pews. Joan invited Georgia to go along to the women's meeting that she was going to be teaching. Joan taught them about the woman's role in marriage, how to please their husbands and the joys that come when you can be submissive to your husband, all in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. Together, Joan and Georgia prayed for the women as the requests came forth. One wanted a baby but had been barren. Deut. 28:18 says barrenness is a curse. In Gal. 3:13, we read that Christ redeemed us from the curse of the Law, having become a curse for us; for it is written, "Cursed is everyone who hangs on a tree". Their prayer was to break any curse that may have come down through the generations and that the womb be opened in Jesus name. Another woman was having a difficult pregnancy with the baby in breech position. Their prayer was that God would turn this baby around for a normal birth. Another was having female problems and when asked if she was a believer she said no. It was explained to her the need to believe in Jesus Christ for salvation. She understood, believed and then was filled with the Holy Spirit. Georgia and Joan laid hands on her body and prayed that the Lord would heal her. The next day she was rejoicing in the joy of the Lord, and her pain was gone.

The team returned in the afternoon and we all had a nice swim in the river to cool off. Next morning we boarded the yachts for the sail to the west coast of Santo Island. In the next few days we visited two villages. At last we went ashore for a feast. The villagers slaughtered a "bullock" for the feast and also gave some fresh meat to "Haggai" and "Flyer" for our freezers. Alastair had extended his stay to get more footage for the video and was now onboard "Flyer" for the overnight sail to Luganville, Santo, where he was to catch a flight out.

I had made an error in judgment on this passage. Instead of deflating the dinghy and storing it, I decided it would be okay to tie it on the bow. As the night wore on, the wind picked up. We were crashing into 12 foot waves and, the dinghy was taking a real beating, although it held on until we made port. It was a rough go and I didn't get any sleep because the crew had never experienced a storm like this and didn't know what to do. The winds were gusting to 40 knots, and the waves were so steep that we were airborne as we came off the tops and crashed into the troughs. Praise the Lord, "American Flyer" is made of good stuff!!! By 9:30 next morning we were in calmer waters, and I rested some. Then by 11:30 the anchor went down in Luganville, and I went down into my bunk, CRASH! Four hours later I was wretching and throwing up from severe stomach cramps, extremely painful! About two hours later "Haggai" dropped anchor alongside and Georgia asked Dr. Joan what to do for me. My own diagnosis was food poisoning since it was just like the time in Fiji when I had been so ill for three days. Joan sent over some medicine and within an hour the cramps left and never returned. I was a bit weak for several days but soon recovered with the help of many prayers.

Alastair was pleased with the coverage he had taken and was off to New Zealand the next morning. He left reluctantly, as he had grown to love these people. We had all grown close in those two weeks. While

in Luganville, Everyhome Vanuatu gave us a feast at a doctor's house to show their appreciation to us for transporting the teams to the islands. This doctor was just one year old in the Lord. When EVH teams came a year ago, he heard the Gospel for the first time and believed. His job for the government is to go to the different islands and teach the dressers their profession. He was known to be a heavy drinker on these trips, and when he gave his life over to the Lord, he was completely transformed. His old drinking buddies couldn't believe it. The doctor is a most hospitable and gentle man.

October 2, we said goodbye to our friends in Luganville. It was off to the Banks Group with a follow-up team since EHV had been there last year. Now with the transportation of "Haggai" and "Flyer" they could visit them again and reinforce their faith. We picked up Raynold and Manse for the follow-up work. Our stop next morning was Gaua Island, Banks Group to pick up Tony and Nelson to add to the team. That night we sailed for Mera Lava, a conical mountain which rises abruptly 3,000 feet out of the sea. We arrived in the morning, and it looked impossible to find an anchorage on this island. Tony came to the rescue and directed us to an anchorage on the western most tip of the island. We anchored in 30 feet of water. Our outreach at Mera Lava lasted five days and we were all involved. With Raynold as interpreter, Georgia and I taught about the power in praise and taught them some praise songs. Joan taught medical things and the woman's role in marriage. Jeff taught "Christ and Christ crucified" and "Going out in the Power of the Holy Spirit". Another time I taught about "Who our enemy is and the weapons of our warfare". At the final night meeting, many came forward for salvation, for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and for healing and deliverance. I was asked to pray for a young woman to receive the Holy Spirit. I laid my hands on her head and began to pray. A tingling sensation went through my body and out my arms to her head. She fell down to the floor slain in the Spirit. WOW! She received. Many others were also slain in the Spirit and ministered to in their need. Some were delivered, and the priest of the village came forward for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He was transformed! Boy, when the Lord begins to move, it gets really exciting. Hallelujah!!!



Next morning at 6:15 we headed for the island of Merig, which was just 16 miles away, and anchored by 8:30. This island is only 3/4 mile long and 1/2 mile wide with nineteen villagers living here. The islanders were on shore to greet us, but we couldn't land our dinghies because of the steep shorelines and the high seas, so the EHV team dove in and swam to shore. Later some outrigger canoes were launched, and their bags were brought ashore. The island being so small allowed the waves to wrap around from both directions and cause us to roll and pitch continuously. Chris and Mike moved ashore while Georgia and I held on in "Flyer" the three days we were there. Dr. Joan had met Constance, the nineteen year old first-aid worker, and was able to encourage her with medical advice and techniques. She explained to her the need to be baptized in the

Holy Spirit. When we had arrived there were only four believers. Three days later, when we left, there were five more, and they all had been filled with the Holy Spirit. At the farewell feast the chief was serving us. He said that he only served Christians, but when other people came, the villagers served them. He did this, he said, because he was such a sinner. The chief was one who had held back from making Jesus his Lord! I think that it won't be too long until he is saved, because the first step to salvation is recognizing our sinful nature. This reminded me of the scripture in Luke 18:13 "But the corrupt tax collector stood at a distance and dared not even lift his eyes to heaven as he prayed, but beat upon his chest in sorrow, exclaiming, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner'."!

An overnight sail brought us to the island of Ureparapara, which is a volcano island with one side blown out, and the lagoon is on the inside of the volcano crater. We first anchored on the outside of the island at the village of Lehale. As we dropped our hook in 20 feet of water, a williwaw wind came gusting down slope at 35 knots and blew us out to sea, but our anchor held with 180 feet of chain which kept us from jerking too solidly. Shortly I was able to put a snubber line on the chain, which softened the jerking considerably. Jeff put the motor on their dinghy and ferried the team and Mike to the edge of the reef where they climbed out and waded ashore. We spent another night jerking on the chain as the winds would blast us from one side to the other, as though shot from a



cannon.

Next morning some island boys came out and asked if we would like some fruit. I went ashore with them, leaving Georgia aboard for anchor watch. As we walked on the trail, set back from the shore in the coconut palms, one of the boys would disappear for a few minutes and then return carrying some papaws, nuts or some other fruit. We had a good hike and I got some good shots on the video camera. By the time we returned to the village, we had gathered 8 papaws (papayas), a bag of shelled nuts (the bag was made of banana leaves), 12 limes, 3 lemons, 2 ears of corn and 6 mangos. Thank you, Lord! Six of the boys came out the next morning, and Georgia handed them the guitar and other instruments. Soon they were making music with a real depth of song, all praising God. We had several hours of music, then they had to go to school in the village. Georgia made a tape of some praise songs, and we gave it to them, along with the words typed out on several sheets. They were very pleased with the gift.

The final evening meeting was a surprise to everybody. Just as Raynold was opening in prayer, the Holy Spirit fell on the entire congregation. Many fell to the floor under His power. Others came under such conviction they wept; still others were confessing their sins. Raynold was perplexed because so much was happening. The priest of the village confessed that he hadn't understood what he had been preaching to his parish and asked to be filled with the Holy Spirit. He was! Now he can preach with

understanding and in the power of the Holy Spirit. What a glorious thing the Spirit of the Living God has done in the village of Lehale. Praise God!!!

Next day we were off to Dives Bay in the crater of the volcano. This is the village where the witch doctor lives. When we landed we found out that he had gone to the Coral Islands, for some reason. Many of the islanders would come to Dives Bay for the services of the witch doctor—even some of the Christians! They seemed to trust him more than the trained dressers in the clinics, which have been set up in most villages. The government was on the verge of closing down the clinic in Dives Bay because most of the villagers went to the witch doctor, and the dresser there had little to do. The first two days here were slow going for the team, as the villagers were suspicious of them, but by the third and final day they opened up and were able to receive teaching of the Word. Many came forward for rededication and some for baptism in the Holy Spirit. The witch doctor did not return while we were there. Lev. 20: 6, “I will set my face against anyone who consults mediums and wizards instead of me and I will cut that person off from his people.”

A comfortable overnight passage brought us to the village of Kaska on the island of Gaua. Although the lagoon is on the windward side of the island, the reef broke the swell, and we had only a three foot swell rolling in. We spent five days there, and the teaching and ministry were well accepted. Each day, islanders gathered from the six villages on the island, and the team taught the scriptures and reinforced their faith. I had the opportunity to teach two days on the subject “Passing From Curse to Blessing,” as taught by Derek Prince Ministries. It was the teaching in this booklet that had set us free, and our house was able to be sold! The first day of teaching was to the whole congregation, and the next day was to the men only. They didn’t understand what witchcraft was, and I was able to use the Scriptures to explain clearly to them, with the aid of Raynold who was interpreting into Bislama, the Pidgeon English of Vanuatu. One man asked if “custom medicine” was evil and not to be used? I was able to tell him that God, the Creator, had made everything that existed for good. It is Satan who has perverted the good and turned it to evil. He asked, if he were in the bush and cut himself and then picked a leaf, which he knew promoted healing, and applied it to the wound, would that be a sin? God created the leaves, and if they are an aid to healing, use them, giving thanks to God. If the witch doctor uses the same leaves to heal, and you ask him to apply them, you have sinned because he gives credit to Satan for his power. The leaf may aid in healing, but God is the one who gives complete and lasting healing. The men seemed pleased and relieved to hear this. In parting, I left the teaching materials with Pastor John to share with the villagers, and told the men that the greatest reward I could receive would be that they had really understood this teaching and had acted to release themselves from any curses that they might be under. Since their ancestors had been cannibals, consulted evil spirits and worshipped foreign gods, these were the things that bring curses down on individuals, families, villages and even nations. God makes provision for us to revoke these curses and be free to live in His blessings because of the death of Jesus on the cross. It is written that anyone who hangs on a tree is cursed. Jesus took our curses upon Himself so that we could receive the blessings of Abraham, Galatians 3: 13-14.

At 1800 hours we hoisted the main sail with the two reefs in it and motored out of the passage into very steep 12 foot seas. It was like riding a wild bronco for about twenty minutes until we cleared the shelf of the island and changed course to 180 degrees for the passage to Port Vila. We set to sea with assurance that our passage would be smooth and fast because the entire village was praying for our safe passage. With the #4 headsail set, we skipped along in the troughs of the waves at 7-8 knots. The seas were unusually slight for the 18-20 knot winds. Thirty eight hours later we arrived in Port Vila and anchored



stern-to at the seawall in the center of town. It was 8:30, Saturday, October 24, and our outreach to the Banks Islands was officially completed, Praise the Lord for his faithfulness. Isaiah 42:10:

“Sing to the Lord a new song,  
His praise from the ends of  
the earth,  
You who go down to the sea,  
and all that is in it,  
You islands, and all who  
live in them.”

One other thing. Two days after arriving in Port Vila, a high government official invited Raynold and the crews of “American Flyer” and “Haggai” to his home for dinner and consultation. He and his family had been subject to strange sicknesses and oppression for the past few years, and he had been seeking the Lord for answers, as his household was Christian. On arrival at his home it was apparent that there were idols everywhere. When asked about all the “artifacts,” he explained that he was the director of culture and heritage for Vanuatu. We shared with him what the Bible says about idols in our homes, such as in Deut. 7; 25,26. “The images of their gods you are to burn in the fire. Don’t covet the silver or gold on them, and do not take it for yourselves, or you will be ensnared by it, for it is detestable to the Lord your God. Do not bring a detestable thing into your house or you will be set apart for destruction, even as it is. Utterly abhor and detest it, for it is set apart for destruction.” (NIV)

He took the Scriptures to heart and gathered up every idol from every room and building there. We built a great fire and burned them. As the flames leaped to the sky, he exclaimed he could feel a heaviness lifting from him, and later, as prayer had been said for forgiveness, even the atmosphere of the home changed from one of heaviness to one of joy and release. Praise the Lord!! The next day the official called Raynold and thanked him for bringing us, and that their home is completely changed. There is no more oppression, but joy and peace! Luke 11:28 “...blessed are those who hear the Word of God and obey it.”

As we have sailed in partnership with “Haggai” among the islands of Vanuatu, we can see that the small boat ministry is filling a great need. The major part of the ministry is transportation of outreach teams and goods. The only existing transportation in the outlying islands are the few and far between coconut boats, which sometimes only come into the islands bi-monthly. As “American Flyer” and “Haggai” sailed into the remote villages and unloaded the island teams, the villagers were confronted with the fact that the Spirit of the Lord can motivate people from different nations to work in harmony and partnership to reach even a small island like Merig (only 19 inhabitants). When they see different nationalities and even different colors of skin working as brothers with one Spirit, it is a strong witness.

Jeff and Joan have said what an encouragement it has been for the Lord to have sent “American Flyer” to join them in this outreach. They have been sailing on outreaches for seven years and this is the first time they have had the support of another yacht.

The crew of ‘American Flyer’ has no doubt that we are in the right place at the right time. The Lord has certainly blessed us all and built up our faith in many areas. Praise the Lord!

As captain of "American Flyer", I believe that the Lord has given me vision for a larger vessel, one of 60-70 feet which could carry more workers, some cargo of relief goods and afford Georgia and me with a private cabin away from the rest of the crew. The Lord is our Provider and if it is in His will, all things are possible.

Well dear friends, it must be time to close. Tomorrow afternoon we go to the airport to meet Sarah Watchman, who is going to be an addition to our crew for the return voyage to New Zealand via New Caledonia. We expect to sail November 4, Lord willing.

Some of our friends who receive this letter may find it hard to believe some of the things mentioned herein, but I assure you that if it were not so I would have told you.

Goodbye for now, and we thank you all for your faithfulness and prayers.

Sincerely in Jesus' service,

Loren and Georgia Murphy

Yacht: "American Flyer"