THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH ON NIUE
by Robert Goodwin

My wife and I so happy to be here and we’re grateful for the opportunity to be with you and spend this time while we talk about something that is very precious to me and could be to you as a historical society. Also with us is my great friend, Ikimautama Ikimau. Bro. Ikimau, originally from Niue, came all the way from New Zealand to make this presentation with me today. We’re happy to see you and be with you today.

Well, brothers and sisters, we are going to memorialize a wonderful occurrence from many, many years ago that happened even before this building (Kailua Chapel) was built. We’re going to talk about Niue. Niue is a small island, or a small star in the constellation of cultures in that place that we call Polynesia.

While this is a story about the start of the church on Niue Island, I really would like to make it recognition to the Lord’s promise to the scattered house of Israel --- specifically those who lived upon the isles of the sea which was spoken of no less than fifteen times in the LDS scriptures by Lehi, Nephi, Jacob, Zeniff, and even the Lord spoken to the prophet Joseph Smith. The Book of Mormon, 2nd Nephi, these words we find.
“Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?” (2nd Nephi 29:7)

My story begins in the early 1950s, a time when the church was small in numbers; in fact, there were less than one million members worldwide. At the time, there were no temples anywhere in the Pacific except right here in Laie, Oahu. Today, there are temples now in New Zealand, Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, Australia and thousands, hundreds of thousands of members of the Lord’s church. The stakes of Zion are now organized in all of these areas. So, has the Lord fulfilled his promise to remember the isles of the sea? Indeed he has and I’m delighted to be with you here today to tell you about one of those isles of the sea which is very precious to me.

I was called on a two-year mission to New Zealand, on April 3rd, 1951 by President George Albert Smith, president of the Church right before President McKay. Just one day after he had signed my mission call, he died. I’m sure that there was no connection but was certainly a coincidence in my mind at the time. I was set apart as a full-time missionary by Elder Bruce R. McConkie who was then a member of the first quorum of the seventy. When I was called, I lived in Washington D.C., and my stake President was J. Willard Marriott the original. Because we were a family of six children and poor, (our father had passed away), President Marriott had generously provided my missionary funds, so we are forever grateful to the Marriott’s for that.

With other missionaries, we sailed for New Zealand on board the S.S. Aorangi. We got to know many wonderful people, one of whom I shall never forget. I want to tell you the story about this dear lady. On the second night out, we were travelling out on the Aorangi and I encountered my first blind prejudice concerning the Church. When we sat at dinner with some of the other passengers we began to introduce ourselves and tell them something about our business. I thought we had a good captive audience but at that time, at that moment, all conversation stopped and there was dead silence across the table. An elderly lady who apparently was very wealthy sat for a moment with her mouth agape. And then, in a high-pitched tone with a very proper English accent said, “Oh my goodness, I know why you’re going to New Zealand.” She turned to her companion and she said, in a very completely serious tone, “When I was a small child my mother used to hide me under the bed anytime they saw Mormon missionaries coming down the road. She told me that the objective of these missionaries was to get women and to store them up in the Salt Lake City temple.” Now, of
course, I was shocked and sad, “Well, she couldn’t be serious!” I thought, but I saw that she was. So I decided to help her to see how absurd her claim really was. So I said, “Yes ma’am you’re right. My quota is to get 25 women and to store them up in the Salt Lake temple and if I do that, I’ll have a successful mission.” Now that’s when a small laugh started going around the table and I added, “Keep in mind that there are ten thousand missionaries out now worldwide and the temple is a building that’s about 125 feet tall and 200 feet wide. Now tell me, if we’re successful, where are we to store all these 250,000 women?” As I embellished this ridiculous scenario, others around the table began to join in and began to laugh, including this dear English lady. Well, we got to know her quite a bit better over time and she was very kind to us. Now, I don’t know if she’s ready for the gospel yet, but I think that it’s amazing how prejudice allows us not to be too concerned about the facts.

After serving in New Zealand under President Gordon B. Young then later Sidney J. Ottley, I was asked to extend my mission another year so that I might go to Niue island, and, of course, I quickly agreed. Brother Fritz Krueger, who was set apart as a missionary, had moved his family to Niue to scout out the area to see if they were favorable to missionary work and he wrote back that it was and so we were called. Brother Krueger only lived there for a short eight months and the work that that family did on Niue island was so invaluable to us for getting the Church started. Before we arrived, they had Sunday school and other meetings in their home and invited all to attend which many people did. They built wonderful relationships which without them the work would not have been able to go forth. Well, Elder Wallace M. Barrett was called, then the editor of a mission magazine (Te Karere) in New Zealand, to be my companion. In preparation we decided to do a little research. Niue at the time, we found, had a second name which was carried for over 200 hundred years until about the time that we landed there. The name was ‘Savage Island’ a name quite not befitting to Niuean character which was given by James Cook and set in June 1774. After trying to land on Niue several times, being rebuffed by spears, clubs, and stones, the great explorer left and named it ‘Savage Island’. According to the Niuean oral history, Captain Cook and his crew were fully armed with muskets and swords and body armor and were obviously ready for battle. But, they were rebuffed by the Niueans who, with painted faces, threw spears and stones and darts, one nearly hitting the great explorer himself. So Cook & Co. decided to leave and called it ‘Savage Island’. Well, ‘Savage Island’, of course is not the right name for Niue Island. We discovered that Niue Island is a precious place but there were many things that we had to overcome. We discovered that Niue Island is situated south of American Samoa with little to no beaches, no harbors, no barrier reefs or no corals reefs of any kind. It was its own nation with its own language and was governed by a king until it came under British protection in the late 1800s.

Historically, the Niueans were considered to be the workers of the Pacific and I found out that during World War II if anything needed to be done in the Pacific then Niue was the first place the U.S. military would go to get people since they were used to working so very long and very hard with the very small soil they had to sustain their lives. We
learned that the island was about forty miles in circumference with twelve villages, approximately 5,000 people. No water, no sure electric services were available, no airports, no boat docks. Contact with the outside world was through short-wave radio and inter-island freighter anchored off the shore for a few hours and then it was gone. We also discovered that there was only one religion on Niue for over 107 years (London Missionary Society). They were successful from keeping the other religions off of the island so there were no texts were available for language study though English was somewhat common when we arrived there. So there we were, brothers and sisters, and this is what we were going in to.

So, in April 1952, Elder Barrett and I took the airboat from Auckland to Suva, Fiji and there we met with President Ottley and others to board the *S.S.Tofua*, the inter-island freighter. While we were in Fiji, there were no members there that we knew of and no services of any kind. One of the days we were waiting there was the Sabbath day and we decided that we would have a meeting somewhere. So we asked the Hindu cab driver, many of the people in Fiji are Hindu, and this particular man was Hindu and we asked him where we could go to have our sacrament meeting. Where could we find a place to meet? And he said, “I can’t think of anything but I’ll take you to my home,” which he did. He took us in his cab to his hut, a very small concrete hut with paisley fabric around for the walls and that is where we had the first sacrament meeting on Fiji Island.

Aboard the *S.S. Tofua* as we were approaching Niue island, one of the ship’s officers asked what I am sure was a well-meaning question, but it is one that I have not forgotten 50 something years later, one that not only cast doubt upon myself but upon the Lord’s work as well. This good officer said to me, “Elder Goodman, knowing that these people on Niue, who have had one religion for over one hundred years and have lived in harmony and unity with it why do you want to bring disunity and contention among them?” Well, that was quite a startling question to me, obviously. I really didn’t know quite what to say. I was really stunned somewhat by the question and it was one that brought extra thoughts to me. I recall my own thoughts as he asked me the question, “How are you going to Niue to do this?” Well, I knew that the Lord wanted me to receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ and understand the restoration, and I knew that I must then share it with others. I had been called as a missionary and we were going to do it though we didn’t know exactly how. I didn’t have quite the time to explain to him why we were going, of the restoration itself, but he accepted it and away we went.

So, on May 10th, 1952, Elder Barrett and I landed on Niue island and we were accompanied by President Ottley who would then leave with the ship. Fritz Krueger and his family received us with joy and we them. They then introduced us to their friends. And, after settling in, we tried to make as many friends as we could, particularly among the young people. In one of my early care packages I received a green rubber ball. After a trip to the local trader, I came away with some long pieces of fishing line from which I fashioned volleyball net. So we held Niue’s first volleyball game.
Here we are, brothers and sisters, if you can put yourselves into that situation – going to this island, knowing that they kept all other religions off for 107 years and they were very antagonistic about religion, as the story will tell. Here was an interesting situation. Our thrust, then, was to begin to know the people, so we began to join in with them. We went fishing with them, played music with them, sang their songs, they ours, we had Bible study courses, we sang the sacred hymns, we joined Brother Krueger’s friend, Sita Uati, who gave us the use of the Blue Bell dance hall to hold meetings at no charge. It was there that we held Sunday school and evening gospel study sessions. As rickety as the old Blue Bell might appear to us spoiled Yanks, it was beautiful to us missionaries. It was a fine structure for our purposes at the time.
We loved being there with our dear new friends and watching with joy as they learned about the restored gospel. It was customary at the time that we all sat on the floor, so we made woven mats. Because there was no public electric service, we had kerosene lamps and flashlights and that’s all the light we had. Brother Ikimau, who is standing with me on the stand today, was one of the young men there. Later in life, he became the first Niuean to be called as a bishop. He has been a great friend through all of this. He has had much to say in putting together our book called “Niue of Polynesia” and we’re delighted to have him with us. I’m going to have him say something to us in a few.

We discovered that some of the other members of the other church, called the LMS Church, didn’t care quite so much for us and they began doing some things, like stoning. We discovered that one of the ways Niueans raised objection was to throw rocks at us and we, as missionaries, got a little fun out of it, thinking, “Why would you want to throw rocks at us?” and we would answer ourselves saying, “Well, that’s what they had the most of.” And so throwing rocks was one of the things we endured much of on Niue Island and the other thing that they used to do to those of Niue who would listen to our message is that they would curse them. Curses were very devastating to the Niueans. Because the Niuean people lived so close to nature, they had to rely upon its bounty to provide, so the god of nature was very much upon their minds. When the spiritual leader issued a curse or a condemnation to the individual, they would take it very seriously. White missionaries, apparently, had found this out early and had used this system of cursing to slow the people down from doing the things that they shouldn’t and to maintain control.

Anyway, one night as we were sleeping in our hut, Anakale is what we called it, (Anakale is interpreted as “cage of the birds”), we were awakened by a series of large stones raining upon our tin roof. It was deafening. With fear that it might cave in, we ran out into the bush to hide. Elder Barrett, in doing so, failed to put his shoes on. I guess he thought his feet were as tough as some of those great Niueans, but they weren’t, and he was cut by a lot of poisonous rock and soon blood poisoning took over his body. New Zealand saints and the other missionaries fasted and prayed for him throughout New Zealand. His life was sustained and fortunately on July 15th, 1952, approximately 60 days after arriving in Niue, the S. S. Tofua arrived and took him to Samoa and then back to New Zealand, and there to the USA where he recovered. So, a close call for Brother Barrett, but he survived.

Being alone, I asked Wilson “Moumou” McMoore, a young man, to be my companion. Though he was not yet LDS, he was a friendly young man and was very good at many things. He could speak English quite fluently and he could really cook good, too. Because of those things, he and I became companions until my next companion arrived. The next arrival of the S.S. Tofua brought Elder Thayne Christensen as my second companion, an experienced missionary who had been working in Nuhaka on the east coast of New Zealand; a great lover of people, a great humble teacher, and a faithful record-keeper, wonderful missionary and companion. I was so delighted that the Lord sent Brother
Thayne Christensen because all that we wrote in the book of *Niue of Polynesia* came from his records.

Bicycles later arrived to give us access to the other eleven villages. As soon as we began visiting the other villages, we met many new friends, however, the stoning continued and somehow, increased. I want to read a few thoughts out of our book that describes that. The stoning occurred quite a lot. We would go to the villages and particularly one time, I remember, as we were leaving the village of Lakepa, they were waiting for us and we got stoned quite heavily. None of us were hurt. The Lord blessed us and protected us. Elder Christensen received a large stone right across the side of his head which parted his hair but didn’t really do any damage and the next stone caught him pretty heavily on his foot for which he suffered pain for a few days. But, otherwise, the stoning, with the exception of what occurred with Brother Barrett didn’t occur too much. But we got the message; we felt that the people didn’t want us there --- at least some.

One of the island traders, one of the local merchants, was moving away and his house became available (which is unusual because the traders usually stay there for twenty or thirty years) so we were able to get his house and that became our new mission home.
The meetings in Alofi, the main village, grew larger each week and as the people grew heavily cursed by the LMS pastors, obviously we lost some. Great, however, was the faith of those who continued with the Church and indeed, let me say something about those who stayed --- great and pure in deed was the faith of these people of Niue who stayed with us. They lived close to nature and relied upon it for every aspect of their lives and the god of nature, whatever the concept of him, was always in their hearts. We began to teach the gospel and the restoration of the gospel, of the prophets, and the true personality of God, many became interested when we established these truths with Bible scriptures and their hearts were filled with love and appreciation for God and for us, his humble servants who brought the messages to them.

So, the humility and the pure blood of Israel there in Niue began to manifest itself. The main meeting in Alofi grew larger and larger and one day we decided that it was time for the great day to come in which we would baptize people. We had baptized no one up to that point. This was August 14th, 1952. There was great spiritual outpouring for the Niueans. We knew that the Lord was smiling upon the people of Niue as we gathered to hold our first baptism which was held in the Amanau cave. I would like to read that to you if I may.

“We knew that we had to be careful in planning the baptism and carrying it out because of the persecution that was going on. The intensity of the abuse on our people was increasing and the adversary seemed to be well-informed on what was about to happen and I feel certain that he had tried to stop it. But, we decided that we would go at night time after everyone had settled down for the day and we hired a truck that day and at night we loaded on board and headed to Amanau cave, one and a half miles south of Alofi. When we reached the pathway to the cave we left the truck at the side of the road and descended single-file down the 100-foot cliff into darkness. The only light came from kerosene lamps and a few flashlights. The Amanau cave was at sea-level facing the open Pacific Ocean. The sea seemed quieter than usual; there wasn’t the normal pounding of surf, not the rolling incoming of waves which otherwise seemed to be endless there. The pool in the cave was calm and, as always, crystal clear. The light of the kerosene lantern created the most beautiful cathedral-like patterns as they illuminated the walls and the ceilings of the Amanau cave. Only the God of heaven could have produced such beautiful patterns in a natural setting such as this. There could not have been in all the world a more beautiful and peaceful place than in that cave on that night in Niue. Some others wrote later that there was more light present than provided by the humble kerosene lights and I knew that it was true. There was a great outpouring of the spirit at that time and our hearts were greatly moved again because we realized that their faith was pure. We knew that their faith was pure because they gave up almost everything to descend into that cave with us and to go into the waters of baptism. The light of the spirit of the Lord did shine in their hearts and in their faces and each were humble sons and daughters of God. And we, as the humble servants of God, baptized them.
Fritz Krueger baptized ten, I baptized ten, Elder Christensen baptized six and so twenty-six were baptized that first night in the Amanau cave. Now, there is much to be said about the Amanau cave and what has happened to it lately, but it is still a holy place to us. Sunday schools, MIAs, and sacrament meetings began in earnest. We decided to fix up the old Blue Bell. With not much paint available on the island, we found one gallon of aluminum paint and we kept pouring in the kerosene and we did the whole building with that one gallon. That became our sort of ‘magic’ paint bucket and it covered the whole thing!

Elder Thomas Slade and Elder Harold Bailey arrived in June, 1953 and they came to be a part of our program. Elder Dewitt, a single senior missionary arrived a few months later to stay and preach the gospel with his paintbrush. He was a wonderful artist and he would paint everything in the beautiful manner that he did; he was from Arizona. Elder Dewitt was a wonderful artist and had his great ideas so we went into the bush and we cut down trees and we had them cut into boards and we fashioned benches, a lectern, and a sacrament table for the Blue Bell --- what a wonderful thing to be able to do that. We set up six branches in Alofi, Maketu, Lakepa, Liku, Avatele, and we would divide up to take care of all of these branches and many more baptisms occurred at the time (we baptized between 200 and 250 people at the time).

Now, brothers and sisters, there are many wonderful spiritual experiences I could relate to you and would be happy to do so but I would like to spend just a moment and ask Brother Ikimau if he would come up. Bro. Ikimau is a wonderful man and he has done so many things in the Church and for the Church and I’d like for him to come and spend a moment with me and to give his testimony and anything else he would like to say.

**Bro. Ikimautama Ikimau:** Brothers and sisters, listening to the first speaker about the creation of this first chapel brings fresh back to me the memory of my own chapel. When he dedicated this chapel ... the Church system in those days, about 80% of the cost of the building came from the Church and about 20% from the local members. In those days, there were not even one hundred members of the Church in Niue and we had to find the 20% cost of the building. It’s not easy to have it organized...particularly labor work. Labor work means we had to crush rocks and carry the rocks to the site all by hand; no trucks, no wheelbarrows. I was in my teens in those days and practically each Saturday, after work, that’s what we did. One of the problems in those days is that Niue depended on standing water for water supplies. How did we catch water? We didn’t have cans. We relied on buckets or 44 gallon drums. Anyway, we needed water to mix concrete so thanks to the generosity of the Burns Phillip Company, we were given 20 gallon cans. When we emptied them, we still needed more water. Those were the most difficult times. We had to go down to the sea, out by the cliff, bucket by bucket, a few of us, to supply water for concrete for our chapel. We enjoyed that chapel, brothers and sisters; all sorts of man-power were put into that chapel.
I met Robert, a good man, when he served his mission in Niue fifty plus years ago. We didn’t talk to each other because I wasn’t a member at that time but I saw him and I remembered him – “Lanky Yankee” – we called him but he was a good man. Not until the late 2000s, I heard from a friend of mine that the former Elder Goodman was coming down to Niue and at that time I was working with Brother Krueger to organize some sort of fireside to celebrate and remember the establishment of the Church in Niue. When I heard of his coming, I was delighted and I went to find out where they were going to be and I managed to locate where they were. We had a good talk --- the first time we see eye-to-eye and had a conversation. We established a good friendship that very day. Unknown to me at that time, Robert was creating something more important to remember the jubilee of Niue; he wrote a book, brothers and sisters, this book is the accurate and the most precise ever written about Niue Island that I know. For that, I say thank you to the Brother Goodman for doing good work to making Niue known throughout the world.

How I came to the church is very unique. In my growing up, there was only one religion in Niue and one of the portions of the ten commandments that locals really took to heart, said keep the Sabbath day holy and it truly was by them. Everything stopped on the island: no swimming, no canoeing, no fishing, no cooking; everything got done on Saturday. All they do one Sunday is eat and sleep until they hear the bell ring when it is time to go to church at two o’clock in the afternoon. The young people were getting restless so we organized something that involved their view of the Lord on the Sabbath. One of the activities we commonly played was treasure hunt within the community. This one Sunday when we all got dressed up, and we heard this singing. It was unusual and not in the local language so we followed this sound to this building. We looked through the window and there inside was six children and two adults. This was Brother and Sister Krueger and their family in the first Sunday school on Niue Island. One of the things that interested us 4 shirtless boys were the two girls our age. Then, Brother Krueger and his wife invited us in and we all sat. We didn’t win the hearts of the 2 girls, but the Gospel we now had. From that day on we all became members of the Church and I was the last one to join the Church because I was the careful one. Growing up in the gospel, as Robert I mentioned that I was blessed to be the first Niuean to hold the bishop’s office. And at this very moment, me and my wife are going to be temple coordinators for our stake.

I enjoy the Gospel, I enjoy the Gospel very much. I was baptized on April, 1954 by Elder Harold Bailey, and eight years later my sweetheart-to-be also was baptized in the same spot. We were blessed truly with a girl and a boy. The girl served a mission in Vancouver, Canada and our son served a mission in Minnesota, USA. They were both married in the temple to returned missionaries and we are blessed with four beautiful, handsome boys and four beautiful girls. One of our children is here with us.

The Church was guided to Niue. The chief of police is a member of the Church and two police sergeants also are members of the church and those two sergeants are branch presidents in Niue. So, the Church is doing a great work for the young in Niue. They not
only train them to be leaders, but also train them to search in their genealogy and to take those names to the temple. Again, I would like to say thank-you to Robert Maurice Goodman for the good work he has done. It is because of him that I am here, today, with you. Again, thanks very much brothers and sisters – it's nice to be with you.

Thank you, Brother Ikimau. Brothers and sisters, I am so happy to be here with you and to let you listen to Brother Ikimau and I hope you'll remember Niue. Niue, while it may be a small star in the constellations of cultures that we call Polynesia, is still a great star. It has its own language, history and culture. And, many beautiful things have come and will come from Niue. Now, if time will permit, I want to tell you a few of the very sacred and spiritual experiences that we had, if we may do that.

Let me begin with one. We found out as we travelled around the island that the LMS religion was teaching that children needed to be 'sprinkled' and they needed to be baptized when they're babies. We knew that this was contrary to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so in our little printing press, we printed up a message that talked about how we should not baptize little children, but we should bless them. So, while travelling through the village of Makefu one day we were stopped by a few families who had gathered, none of whom were members of the Church, and they asked if we would bless their children. And they brought them forth, one by one, keep in mind there were no members at all there. They received the message that children should not be baptized but that they should be blessed and they brought them to us and asked if we would bless them. Well, we did, 16 of them. The first one, Sione Fatimi, is now the chief of police on Niue, and is the chief of police mentioned by Brother Ikimau. Many other families were baptized in the Church because of that one thought. We just felt that there was a strong spiritual outpouring in that village on that day amongst those families.

May I mention another anecdote? During another time we visited the village of Lakepa. A young mother approached me with a small child in her arms. She extended her arm to me and dropped into my hand a finger of the child she had been holding; apparently there had been an accident. And, with a beautiful, simple Polynesian faith characteristic of those wonderful people, she asked me with a pleading in her voice for me to restore the finger to the child. Well, brothers and sisters, never before in all of my life had I felt so humble, totally humble, and so completely inadequate and so absolutely helpless than at that moment. I stared down at the little finger I was holding. Could this finger be restored onto the hand of the little boy? I wondered. Do I have that much faith? And will the Lord grant that it should happen? The longer I looked, the smaller I became within myself and the mother was looking at me for the answer and I knew I had to say something. I quickly petitioned the Lord in a silent prayer and a strong impression came that I should not attempt to restore the finger to its place on the child's hand. But, I should bless him to never miss that finger and he would live a long and useful life without it and never be hindered in his work because of its absence. The mother received that thought and was
happy and she went forth. Sister Goodman and I visited Niue in 2000 and we looked for a nine-fingered man but couldn’t find one so he probably had moved to New Zealand. But, such was the story at that time.

For some reason, the Lord required that I be more humble, so, while in Niue, much of the time I was afflicted with a serious condition called boils. I don’t know if any of you have ever had these wonderful things but I had so many that the mission president called me “Job”, just to make a little light of it. Some of the other elders endured this problem but not quite to my extent. Elder Christensen endured a cyst on his face which he carries to this day.

Now, let me mention the village of Toi. Toi is a little village which is up to the north of the island. It’s not right on the shore as many of the other villages are but it is close in there. We began reaching out to some of the more remote villages at that time and when we did, we would go into a village and sit down, spread out our mat, and put our lanterns down (we had to do most of our teaching in the evening, by the way, because people spent much of their time on their plantations and needed to work during the day, so, we caught most of them at night). So, while we were there in Toi, we began our procedure. We entered the village and put our mats down and one of us stood up, we had prayer first, of course, and then a song, and then one of us started to preach. One by one the kids started to come and place themselves right in front on our mats and we began to teach them. We would start speaking with hopes that someday that they would listen and we’d develop some friends. Well, we did develop some friends, at least on that first night, but that’s when things began to happen. While we were there, we finished our meetings, we folded up our mats, and started walking down to the village of Alofi through the bush. We got to the point where there was a barricade on the trail, a barricade about three or four feet high. We got to that point and we stopped. Then there came a loud cry and shout and someone barricaded the trail behind us. Then, still a louder cry and they set the whole bush on fire all the way around us and we were completely encircled by fire near the village of Toi. Somehow, we were not afraid and we watched as the fire go higher and higher, but no one in our group panicked. We remained calm and remembered our prayers we had given to the Lord and, suddenly, the fire went out on its way down to Alofi. We crossed over the burning embers and went on down without any harm at all. But, two nights later we came back to the village of Toi to do the same thing and this time everyone came, and ultimately the story ends that we baptized everyone in the village of Toi. We’re not sure what they wanted to teach us as we approached the fire, but apparently we passed and the Lord blessed them. Now, Toi has got one of the nicest chapels in Niue.

Our time is up. See, there are so many, many wonderful things we could share. Now, let me tell you one of the final things that happened on Niue and that was a visit by the prophet. Now, can you imagine, we were the first missionaries there and the prophet to all the world comes to visit us. Now, I had just left the island myself but the others were there and the prophet had learned of our activities and he came to see us. The problem was the
seas were very rough and you can only get on to the island by little boats. If you get on the boats and you go to the pier they take you in. But, if the seas are rough, you can't get into the boats. And that is what happened when President McKay came, but he gave those people a wonderful blessing for their faithfulness and for their goodness in receiving the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We are so deeply humbled brothers and sisters to be a part of that. All of us took a part in that. We love the Lord and know the Lord has a place for the Niuean people. And I hope that they will go down deep in history as some of the great people of Polynesia for their goodness and their mercy and their goodness in overcoming the fear that Satan had planted in them for so many years.

May the Lord bless you brothers and sisters. I know that Gospel is true and I thank you so much for having us and perhaps we will see you again, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.