

GlobeWorks

INTERNATIONAL MINISTRIES, INC.

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When I was a young rascal Jew in Miami, living in the 'fast lanes' of night life, I did not much care for the Beatles or any of the lolly pop bands. As a drummer and a guitarist in a pretty well known Miami Beach 5-piece rock band; even back then, I was addicted to what was called Southern Rock. Long before I entered the University of Alabama, moving to Tuscaloosa.... my benchmark band was Lynyrd Skynyrd (Sweet Home Alabama).

Most of the once upon a time acclaimed musicians from that frenetic and frantic era are now dead. I fear that few, if any, of those young rebels were born twice in Christ. By Grace, I was.

Recently, and with no little melancholy; I came across some of the haunting lyrics (poems really) of the songs by Lynyrd Skynyrd and Black Mississippi blues guitarists; Blind Lemon Jefferson and Joe Willie Davis.

Sadly, the rock royalty of the 60's and 70's wrote songs, unbeknownst to them, that cried out for unseen Mercy, and Hope, and Salvation beyond death.

Cases in Point:

In the refrain of their chart topping, eye popping ode to the terrors of death: "Rage"... The Lynyrd Skynyrd band wailed out in hard rock anguish...

"We are dancing at the door of Darkness;
Blinded by the flames of Hell
We're all staring at the edge of: Forever."

Joe Willie Davis in his blues classic:

"I hope there is a Heaven; and I pray there ain't no Hell...
I've done my crimes and I done my time in the county jail.
Oh, I hope there is a Heaven; and I pray there ain't no Hell..."

The bards of yesterday and today often sing more simple sense than all the Ivy League philosophers put together. The poets know death comes to all; and they pine and query in their musical dirges about their post-graveyard longings.

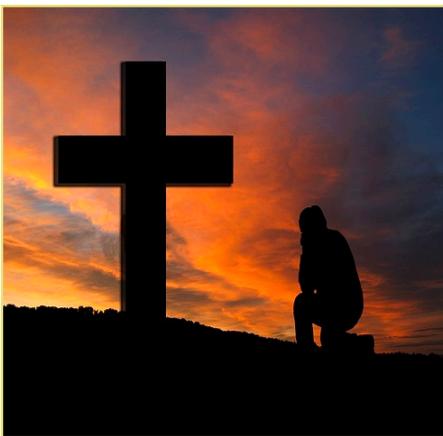
Recently, for the first time in my life, I found myself in a dreamlike state being ramped down the hallway on a hospital gurney to an E.R. operating room. CAT Scans, x-rays, pints of blood had been taken and a kind unknown doctor whispered to me that I was in total renal (kidney) failure. I had no idea and no symptoms, save the one that brought me to the E.R. Two hours later I awoke. Our Lord warned us once, "In this world, you shall have troubles... but I will be with you in trouble"...

Health, family, job, money, marriage, accidents, funerals, disappointment, depression, fear... i.e... TROUBLES. They are universal, painful, and a foreboding knell that tolls for us all. So kind of my Lord to allow this to happen stateside. Had I been in a remote 3rd world city; I may well have bid goodbye to this world.

As I lay in the sick bed in hospital after surgery... reading GWI iPad emails... one popped up from my close GWI colleague and friend, Dr. Al Baker. Al was preaching a Bible conference for GlobeWorks' supported Indian evangelists/church planters in Hyderabad. Al is in line to take over GlobeWorks when I (as they say in Britain) "drop off the twig", (i.e. DIE)...

Dr. Baker's email simply stated; "Dale, if you die... no worries about GlobeWorks' continuance. The Board and I will make sure our ministries and personnel keep right on in Christ's service!".

Although I smiled rather grimly; Dr. Al was completely right and his email from India brought great comfort to me. A missionary servant-son of Jesus MUST finish well with the fruit of ministry remaining. The Puritians always said, "All Christians should be ready to preach; pray; or die at any given moment." One recent illustration of this truth came in letter form to me last week....



"Rev. Cutlip... My name is Debbie B. Way back in October, 1985... you preached a sermon at Saltillo, Miss First Presbyterian Church. You challenged the church to 'come forward' and receive Christ as Lord! I was a Catholic girl and not sure what to do... but, I came and my life was changed that wonderful day. Recently, I heard a sermon on "I thank my God in all my remembrance of you..." And I wanted to thank you for coming to our little town that day.

My husband and I served as missionaries in Guyana and Nicaragua for years... I pray this will encourage you in some small way. I pray for many blessings on you and your family and ministry..." Mrs. Debbie B.

FINAL THOUGHTS

In the words of the old rocker band Lynyrd Skynyrd ... from yester-year... There are 7 billion human souls living on this third rock from the sun. They are, every one of them,

"Dancing at the door of Darkness
Blinded by the flames of Hell
All staring at the edge of: FOREVER."

YOU, our dear allies, send us by your giving and praying. You are helping our 70+ GWI affiliate evangelists to give SIGHT to many, many people who are "BLINDED by the flames of Hell."...



Warmly in Christ,
Dale Cutlip
Rev. Dale Cutlip
GWI General Field Director

Major 5-hour kidney-bladder surgery soon for Dale Cutlip. My dust tent is wearing a bit thin; like many of yours. When fully recovered... back to the roads and skies... to reach and rescue more "Debbies".