

Dear God,  
They say you cannot cure me  
It makes me laugh when I think of it.  
You, the God who hung the stars,  
You the "I Am" of it.  
You can do whatever you want.  
Cure the creature you created,  
Cure me Lord.  
I pray to you,  
The great I Am, The Father of Who?  
Of me, of you, of all.  
I know,  
You cured me once long ago,  
Of sin and pain and toil and tears-  
When Jesus died in my place,  
Way back all those years.  
Cure me yes,  
You can do,  
Who could be as great as you?  
Cure me lord-for Jesus Sake  
Cure me lord-let me live, I know in my heart,  
A cure for me is only a start,  
Of all the plans within your heart.  
Plans to prosper me and be in health,  
Plans for a future  
A hope  
By your Holy Spirit I have hope.  
Hope for a cure  
That you can do,  
You hung the  
Stars before I knew you.  
To you oh God  
What is a cure?-  
Nothing more than a whisper  
My body would respond  
With healthy cells all life long.  
Cells I command you- be A New-  
I just need a whisper from you.  
Or,  
Shout it from your throne,  
Cancer cells leave Gigi alone!  
I have called her,  
She is mine,  
Take your wretched self and burn  
Away in her.

I can turn water into wine,  
Go, I command you now to leave.  
Healthy cells only in my weave.  
Get out, Get out, Go Away,  
I command you now- Do  
Not delay.  
Lord speak these words for Jesus Sake.  
He died for me, my soul to take.  
Take my soul upon that day  
When my kids have kids  
And live far away.  
Take me home  
When I am old,  
80 Lord, if I may be so bold.  
Cure me now  
Let all see,  
To you our Lord  
Be all Glory  
Amen.

Prayer by Georganne Davidson-2007