

Prayer Corner 13

My Jesus Prayer

By Gina Williams



Every morning, I read the *Revised Daily Lectionary*, which includes two Psalms. I love the poetic beauty of the Psalms because they bring God close to me. Many, especially those of David, refer to things in his time—enemies, battles, his particular sins—that don't relate to my life or time. I decided to write some psalms/prayers that apply to this time and my life. I call it My Jesus Prayer because Jesus has given me a closer connection with God and a fearless voice.

Having a list of my favorite Psalms from the Bibles, I picked one, Psalm 130 of David, read it several times, and meditated on it. It brought to mind a time in my life when I desperately needed from God an answer to a quandary. In 1996, I had been diagnosed with autoimmune liver disease. My own body was slowly rejecting my liver. I was able to continue working, taking blood tests every month, until finally I was put on a transplant list. I went on sick leave, and I was on the waiting list for a liver for three years.

My older son, Paul, found out about living donor transplants, where half of the donor's liver replaces the entire diseased liver. He wanted to give me half his liver; however, I said, "No, no,

no.” For a year, we waited and debated. When I approached death’s door, so to speak, Paul insisted on setting a date for his donation.

I still hadn’t agreed. I spent sleepless nights agonizing and weepingly, begging God for direction about what to do. One morning I woke up (yes, I must have slept) with the answer. Of course, God was going to be in that Operating Room, protecting both Paul and me!! How could I doubt it?

The transplant, on June 23, 2004, was a success. Paul ran a marathon four months later and I was on the road to recovery.

O Lord my God, I thank you for hearing me,
for saving my life,
for saving my soul.

I cried out in the night to you, Lord,
What should I do?
I fell asleep weeping.

My Lord, you woke me in the morning,
an answer given to my prayer,
a yes to new life.

O Lord my God, you will be there,
with us, in that room and in my life forever,
with us through any ordeal and in our lives forever.

The following verses have helped me through many troubled times, especially when I was very weak before the transplant and certainly afterward. These words assured both Paul and me that our perishable bodies will be renewed, that they are not the most important thing about us. Indeed, "Death, where is thy victory?"

I Corinthians 15: 51-57 (NRSV)

Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed.

For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

“Death has been swallowed up in victory. Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?” The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Listen to the related hymn, [I Surrender All](#)

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