Written July 17, 2003
By Sam Weaver

Francis Come Home

Francis's earth bonds
Are letting go
Flesh is giving way
To release her soul

Her flesh was really
Just rented space
Till her spirit soul
Could receive God's grace

It's alright now
For her flesh to fade
She received Jesus
The rent is paid

Jesus is saying
Daughter step through
Your spirit body
Is waiting for you

Your soul's no longer
Imprisoned within
And you will never
See sickness again

The time is fulfilled
And the way is clear
Francis come home
Your Johnny is here