

When A Window Is A Mirror

Michael Card

Albert is a friend I know
Who walks a shuffling way.
And you must learn to read his face
For he hasn't much to say.
But he carries 'round inside himself
The knowledge he gives free.
If you look through, not at, his life
A whole new world inside you'll see.
When a window is a mirror,
You see two ways at one time.
You look outside and see the land,
The mountains left to climb.
But also you can see inside
Your face suspended there
Behold your face, and see your place
And understand why you are here.
Each time I gaze upon this boy
There's something moves inside
I see my own deformities
No longer need to hide
And through his life
I look upon my life a different way
This freedom that he gives for free
Means so much more than I can say
And Albert offers at no charge
The hope one life can bring
But what he freely gives us all
Has cost him nearly everything...