

SHADOW AND LIGHT

Music by Geoff Thurman

Words by Paula Carpenter & Mark Camden

Inside this heart, there is a crowd
One is humble, another proud
There's one who stands on solid ground
And one whose faith is falling down

One is made of sugar and spice
While another's virtue bows to vice
Ogres and angels share my heart
Sometimes the battle tears me apart

CHORUS

I am shadow, I am light
I am wrong, and I am right
Sometimes shining oh so bright
Sometimes fading into night
Though You see this war in me
You know all that I can be
I am precious in Your sight
You walk with me through shadow
and light

I am wise, I am a fool
A servant with a yen to rule
Good intentions and selfish schemes
A saint who soars on broken wings

Noble vision in narrow eyes
Contradictions side by side
Ogres and angels share my heart
Sometimes the battle tears me apart

Repeat Chorus

If I Had My Child to Raise Over Again

Diane Loomans

If I had my child to raise all over again,
I'd build self-esteem first, and the house later.
I'd finger-paint more, and point the finger less.
I would do less correcting and more connecting.
I'd take my eyes off my watch, and watch with my eyes.
I would care to know less and know to care more.
I'd take more hikes and fly more kites.
I'd stop playing serious and I'd seriously play.
I would run through more fields and gaze at more stars.
I'd do more hugging and less tugging.
I'd see the oak tree in the acorn more often.
I would be firm less often, and affirm much more.
I'd model less about the love of power,
And more about the power of love.