

Unity



I dreamed I stood in a studio
And watched two sculptors there.
The clay they used was a young child's mind,
And they fashioned it with care.
One was a teacher. The tools he used
Were books, and music, and art.
One parent with a guiding hand,
And a gentle, loving heart.
Day after day, the teacher toiled,
With touch that was deft and sure.
While the parents labored by his side
And polished and smoothed it o'er.
And when at last their task was done,
They were proud of what they wrought.
For this thing they had molded in the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.
And each agreed he would have failed
If he had worked alone.
For behind the parent stood the school
And beside the teacher the home.

~Author Unknown