

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 there used
Were books and music and art;
One a 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 parent labored by the side
and polished and smoothed it o'er.
And when at last their task was done,
they were proud of what they had wrought,
For the things they had molded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.
And each agreed they would have failed
If they had worked alone.
For behind the parent stood the school,
And behind the teacher, the home.*

Author Unknown