

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 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 his
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

he would have failed if he
had worked alone, for behind
the parent stood the school,
and behind the teacher,
the home.

Author Unknown

