

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 she used
Were book, music, and art.
The other, a parent, worked with a guiding hand
And a gentle, loving heart.*

*Day after day, the teacher toiled with touch
That was careful, deft and sure.
While the parents labored by his side
And polished and smoothed it o'er.*

*And when at last their work was done
They were proud of what they had wrought.
For things they had molded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.*

*And each agreed they would have failed
If each had worked alone,
For behind the parent stood the school.
And behind the teacher, the home.*

