

Unity

I dreamt 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 books, music, and art.
The other, a parent—working with a guiding hand,
And a gentle loving heart.

Day after day, the teacher toiled
With a touch that was deft and sure.
While the parent labored by her 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 each had worked alone,
For behind the teacher stood the school,
And behind the parent, the home.

- Author Unknown