



Two Sculptors

I dreamed I saw a studio and there were two sculptors there
The clay they used was a child's mind and they fashioned it with care.

One was a teacher and the tools she used were books, music, stories, and art.

The other, a parent, worked with a guiding hand and gentle loving heart.

Day after day, the teacher toiled with a touch that was careful, skillful, and sure,
While the parent labored by her side and polished and smoothed it over.

And when at last, their work was done, they were proud of what they had wrought.
For all 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.

Anonymous