

## Unity

I dreamed I stood in a studio  
And watched two sculptors there,  
The clay they used was a 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, 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 parent labored by her side  
And polished and smoother 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 agrees they would have failed  
If each had worked alone.  
For behind the parent stood the school  
And behind the teacher, the home.