



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, with guiding hand, and gentle loving heart.
Day after day the teacher taught,
with a touch that was deft and sure
while the parent labored close nearby
and polished and smoothed it o'er.
And when the teaching task was done
they were proud of what they had wrought
For the things they had molded into a child
could never be sold or bought.
And both agree they would have failed,
if each had worked alone.
For behind the parents stand the teacher,
and behind the teacher, stand the
HOME.

With Love's
Class of 2014