

Instant Download



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, stands the  
HOME.