



### Unity

I dreamed 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 and  
music and art;  
One was a parent  
with a guiding hand  
and a gentle loving heart.

And when at last  
their work was done  
they were proud of  
what they had wrought,  
for the things they  
had worked into the child  
could never be  
sold or bought.

And each agreed she  
would have failed  
if she had worked alone  
For behind the parent  
stood the school,  
and behind the teacher  
stood the home.

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