



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.

Ray A. Lingenfelter,
Elementary Principal