***Two Sculptors***

***In your hand***

***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, music and art.***

***One a parent, who worked with***

***A guiding hand, and a gentle loving heart.***

***Day after day the teacher toiled***

***With a touch that was deft and sure.***

***While the parent laboured by her side***

***And polished and smoothed it o’er.***

***And then at last their task was done.***

***They were proud of what they had wrought.***

***For the things they had moulded into a child***

***Could neither be sold nor bought.***

***And each agreed that they would have failed***

***If they had worked alone.***

***For behind the teacher stood the school.***

***And behind the parent the home.***