



Two Sculptors Reflection

I dreamed I saw a studio and watched two sculptors there.

The clay they used was child's mind and they fashioned it with care.

One was a teacher – the tools he used were books, music and art.

The other; a parent, worked with a guiding hand, and a gentle loving heart.

Day after day, the teacher toiled with a touch that was careful, deft and sure, while the parent laboured by his side and polished and smoothed it o'er.

And when at last, their task was done, they were proud of what they had wrought.

For the things they had molded into the child could neither be sold or bought.

And each agreed they would have failed if either had worked alone.

For behind the parent stood the school and behind the teacher, the home.

Anonymous