



"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 HE 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 LABORED 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 MOLDED INTO THE CHILD
COULD NEITHER BE SOLD OR BOUGHT.
AND EACH AGREED THEY WOULD HAVE FAILED
IF HE HAD WORKED ALONE,
FOR BEHIND THE TEACHER STOOD THE SCHOOL
AND BEHIND THE PARENT, THE HOME."

By Cleo V. Stewart
Parent Involvement Is a Necessity—Not a Frill