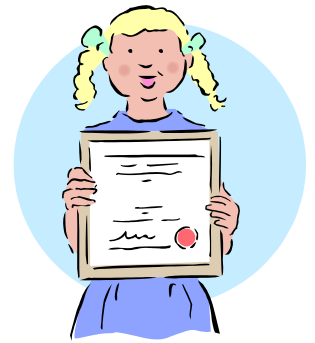


Inspirational / Humorous Stories

Parent / Teacher Poem

By Ray A. Lingenfelter



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.

