

# *Two Sculptors*

I dreamed I saw a studio  
And watched two sculptors there.  
The clay they used was a 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 labored 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

*I look forward to working with you to  
bring music into the life of your child!*