

Kidscape Parents Can Be Teachers Too.

*I dreamt 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 and the tools she used
Were books and music and art
One was a parent with a guided hand
And a gentle loving heart
Day after day the teacher toiled
With touch that was deft and sure,
While the parent laboured by his side
And polished and smoothed it over
And when at last their task was done
They were proud of what they had wrought,
For the things they had moulded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought,
And each agreed they would have failed,
If they had worked alone
For behind the parent stood the school
And behind the teacher the home.*