Unity
By
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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 and 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.

Parent-Teacher Partnership Poem
Westerville City Schools
Huber Ridge Elementary, 2015