

A tribute to teachers . . .

MOLDERS OF THE FUTURE

by Margaret O'Rourke

Most folks well worth the money
have statues carved in stone.
But teachers mold their monuments
in living flesh and bone.

The student who goes out in life
and makes well know name,
Admits unto the heart of it all,
some teacher shares the fame.

I never hear a pianist
with talent true and rare,
But in the shadows I can see,
a teacher standing there.

No skillful doctor ever saved
the lives of human kind,
Without the seeds some teacher stored
within the fertile mind.

No actor, writer, carpenter,
no boxer, you'll allow,
Pursues his chosen field unless
some teacher showed him how.

Lawyers, doctors, engineers,
all who are beloved by men.
Remember what some teacher taught
and quote it now and then.

Yes, teachers mold their monuments.
They build them year by year.
Not like the ancient pyramids
so awesome and austere,

Which time and time will wear away;
but spurning solemn stone,
Our teachers mold eternally
in living flesh and bone.

