

Whose Child is This?

"Whose child is this?" I asked one day
Seeing a little one out at play.
"Mine", said the parent with a tender smile
"Mine to keep a little while.
To bathe his hands and comb his hair,
To tell him what he is to wear,
To prepare him that he may always be good,
And each day do the things he should".

"Whose child is this?" I asked again,
As the door opened and someone came in.
"Mine", said the teacher with the same tender smile.
"Mine, to keep just for a little while.
To teach him how to be gentle and kind,
To train and direct his dear little mind,
To help him live by every rule,
And get the best he can from school".



"Whose child is this?" I asked once more,
Just as the little one entered the door
"Ours", said the parent and the teacher as they smiled
And each took the hand of the little child
"Ours to love and train together.
Ours this blessed task forever."

~Author Unknown

Compiled by Patricia A. Edwards, Ph.D

