

## MOLDING LIVES

Neither the author nor the title of the following poem is known to this editor, however there is a lesson contained in it that all parents should take note of. We as parents have a grave responsibility in the training of our children and this short poem expresses better than I ever could the seriousness of this responsibility.

I took a piece of plastic clay  
And idly fashioned it one day;  
And as my fingers pressed it still,  
It moved and yielded to my will.  
I came again when days were past;  
The bit of clay was hard at last.  
The form I gave it still it bore.  
But I could change that form no more.  
I took a piece of living clay  
And gently formed it day by day,  
And molded with my power and art,  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.  
I came again when days were gone;  
It was a man I looked upon.  
He still that early impress wore,  
And I could change it never more.

Parents have in their power to mold young lives as they please. This is an awesome responsibility that is laid upon our shoulders, but it is ours nevertheless. There are many things in this life which depend on the way in which we mold these lives: the church, the community, and the country, just to name a few. When we realize this are we still so unconcerned about where our children are and what they are doing. One of the basic causes of the trouble in our country today is the unconcerned attitude of parents toward the training of their children. Only when the parents of the land wake up to their God given responsibility will the church, community, and country be as they should be. Consider such passages as: Prov 22:6; 13:24; 19:18; 22:15; 23:13, 14 and Eph 6:4. We as parents must realize that we are molding the future generation, and that once it is molded it cannot be changed. Sobering thought, isn't it?

(JLH)