

The Dash

**I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of his friend.
He referred to the dates on his tombstone
From the beginning...to the end.**

**He noted that first came the date of his birth
And spoke of the second with tears.
But he said that what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.**

**For that dash represents all of the time
That he spent alive on earth.
And now only those that loved him
Know what that little line is worth.**

**For it matters not how much we own,
The cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.**

**So think about this long and hard...
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time if left
You could be at 'Dash Mid-Range'.**

**If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and what's real.
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.**

**And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more.
And love the people in our lives
Like we have never loved before.**

**If we treat each other with respect
And more often wear a smile.
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while.**

**So, when your eulogy's being read
With your life's actions to rehash.
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?**

- by C. Linda Ellis