

# *The Dash*

*By Linda Ellis*

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

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

*For that dash represents all the time  
That she spent alive on earth  
And now only those who loved her  
Know what the 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 is left  
That can still be rearranged.*

*If we could just slow down enough  
To consider what's true and 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've 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 is being read  
with your life's actions to rehash  
Would you be proud of the things they say  
About how you spent your dash?*