

## **The Dash**

the poem by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates  
on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears,  
but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those  
who loved them 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 is left that still can be rearranged.

To 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 lived your dash?