

## The Dash

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 her date of birth  
And spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years.  
(1934 – 1998)

For that dash represents all the time  
That she spent alive on earth...  
And now only those who loved her,  
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 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'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?