

POEM

The Dash

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 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
That 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 can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
To consider whats 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 eachother with respect
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering this special dash
Might only last a little while.

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

MUSIC

Fields of Gold

Eva cassidy

Poem
Don't Be Too Sad

I've lived my life,
I've tried my best.
The memories I hold dear
And experiences I have known,
Of happiness and tears,
The love of my family,
The care of my friends,
The good times I've shared
Right to the end.
I've travelled life's byways,
Seen children grow up,
Experienced life's living
And drunk from love's cup.
I leave you with memories,
With thoughts of you all,
I'm no longer with you
But your mind will recall,
The good times we shared,
The laughter we had,
Please cherish these memories
And don't be too sad.