

## *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 slent 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 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 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.