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THE DASH - A great poem for funeral sermon



The Dash

by Linda Ellis

I read of a reverend who stood to speak
at the funeral of his friend.
He referred to the date
on her tombstone
from the beginning... to the end.
He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the 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 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 lived and loved
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
You could be at "dash mid-range"
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,
show appreciation more
and love the people in our life like
we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect,
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 pleased with the things they say
about how you spent your dash?

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