

Remembering our friends and co-workers

This evening will mark the third year anniversary of the plane crash that took the lives of our co-workers and friends. For those of you who didn't have the opportunity to interact with or know Tom, Eric, Leslie, or Josh, they all played a role in defining our culture and contributing to make Two Rivers Marketing what it is today.

Shortly after the accident I ran across "The Dash Poem," written by Linda Ellis. I've added in the dates of our friends and co-workers and would ask that you take a moment of silence and reflection to remember their "dash" and what they meant to each and every one of us.

The Dash Poem

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 their birth and spoke of the following date with tears.
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

Tom, 1965 — 2006
Eric, 1975 — 2006
Leslie, 1979 — 2006
Josh, 1983 — 2006

For that dash represents all the time 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 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 is being read with your life's actions to rehash,
would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?