

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 the date of her birth
And spoke of 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 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 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?*

Linda Ellis

*Funeral Arrangements Entrusted to
Smith's Funeral Home*

Parrsboro, Nova Scotia

www.smithsfuneralhome.com



Kenneth R. Campbell

1931 - 2009

CAMPBELL, Kenneth R. - 77, of Parrsboro, Cumberland Co. - With heavy hearts we announce the death of a beloved husband, adored father and very special Pa. Ken was born in 1931 in Clarksville to John Reginald and Edna (Bulmer) Campbell. He was the fourth youngest of five children, Joyce (Scott Keith), Rae (Winston Meehan), Bernard (Ada) and Malcolm. He spent many happy hours being a part of his many nieces and nephews' lives. He will now be able to once again be with his mom and dad and his brothers. He married Joyce (Wilton) who he met in Toronto and quickly decided that she was the love of his life. They had two children in Toronto. David was the first to arrive in 1962, followed by Diane in 1964. He worked in Toronto for a period after they were married and then decided that it was time to go back to Nova Scotia where he joined his brother Bernard in the grocery business. He stayed in Upper Rawdon until 1972 when an opportunity to purchase a store in Parrsboro arose. He moved to Parrsboro and opened Campbell's Red & White. He built a very strong business with his best friend, Joyce. He loved his store and serving the public. His devotion to the community was endless as he held offices in the Parrsboro Lions Club, Parrsboro & District Board of Trade, and Trinity United Church. His volunteer efforts never went unnoticed as he and his very dear friend Mel (Sinn) could be seen very early summer mornings out watering the town flowers or barbequing chicken on band day with Ron (Levy) or tending the canteen with Elmer (Ling) during Old Home Week. He sold his business, Ken's Grocery & Meat Market, to his daughter Diane in May 1993. He was happy about this as he could still go in and straighten shelves and talk with everyone. He was happy to have the extra time to devote to his love of gardening and landscaping at his home in Greenhill. He was also very happy to have the extra time to spend with his grandchildren. Malcolm was the first to arrive for David and

Audra, then Christopher and Sarah from Diane followed by a brother, Nicholas for Malcolm. His grandchildren meant the world to him and he was their Pa. He loved to rock and hold them and was very involved and a special part of their lives. He had many health issues in his life and showed himself to be a true fighter. He overcame pancreatitis, diabetes and open heart surgery. He spent his last year at Gables with Alzheimer's disease but never stopped "working" in his store, gardening or caring for people. He was always smiling and was affectionately called 'Papa' by the staff. Visitation 2-5 p.m. Sunday [May 17, 2009] in Smith's Funeral Home, Parrsboro. Funeral services 2 p.m. Monday [May 18, 2009] in Trinity United Church, Parrsboro, Rev. Sandra Riddell officiating. The family respectfully requests family flowers only. Donations may be made to Trinity United Church, Parrsboro or to a charity of your choice.

Family and friends are invited to the lower level of Trinity United Church, Parrsboro immediately following the funeral service for a time of fellowship and refreshments.



The family would like to take this opportunity to thank the Rev. Sandra Riddell; organist, Jeannie Trider & choir; soloist, Frank Hartman; the Circle of Friends for providing the reception; friends and neighbours for their support and expressions of sympathy, and to all who are present today.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Romans 8:31, 35, 37-39
John 14:1-6

SPECIAL MUSIC: *Precious Lord, Take My Hand* [Frank Hartman]

HOMILY

PRAYER

THE PRAYER OF JESUS

Our Father, who are in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
forever and ever. Amen.

SPECIAL MUSIC: *Spirit Open My Heart* (Choir)

HYMN: *Nearer My God to Thee* [VU # 497]

COMMENDATION

BLESSING

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES

GREETING

PRAYER

HYMN: *Abide With Me* [VU # 436]

WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE

Sarah & Christopher Colpitts
Ron Levy

SCRIPTURE

Micah 6:6-8

Psalm 23 (A Paraphrase)

God is my Shepherd,
I have everything I need.
You let me rest in fields of green grass,
and lead me to quiet pools of fresh water.
You give me new strength.
You guide me in the right paths.
Even if I go through the deepest darkness
I will not be afraid, for you are with me.
Your shepherd's rod and staff protect me.
You prepare a banquet for me,
where all my enemies can see me.
You welcome me as an honoured guest,
and fill my cup to the brim.
I know that your goodness and love
will be with me all of my life;
and your house will be my home,
my whole life long.