

I would like to begin with a poem entitled "The Dash" by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend

He referred to the dates on her tombstone
From beginning to the end

He noted that first came her date of her birth
And spoke the following date with tears,

But he 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 that 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?

For a few moments, I would like to share how a very special lady spent her dash. For Iris Yetiva Beard Hill, her dash was between April 27th, 1906 and January 29th, 1985. In 1925, she was brought to Berry by her new husband. Their new home was one room above the kitchen at Hill Hall. Their hopes of moving into an apartment in Friendship Lodge became void as the building burned a short time before completion. Several months later, they did get to move into an apartment in Pilgrim Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Hill had two sons. Rodney who lives with his family in Jacksonville, North Carolina and is here with us today, and his brother William Larry who passed away in June of 2005. In recalling her life at the boys high school, she said regretfully that she never had a close association with Miss Berry other than when she would bring guests to the dining hall; however, she would share an amusing story that took place when she made a visit with a group on the mountain. She said that she noticed a boy with a bucket of water, and every few minutes, he would pour the water in a crack in the floor. After this happened several times, she asked why he was doing such a silly thing. His reply was that the sill under the floor was on fire and he was trying to keep the fire down until after supper. Mrs. Hill continued to supervise at Ford Dining Hall even after the girl's high school closed in 1956.

How do you honor someone's memory that touched so many lives? Many high school girls were fortunate enough to have had Mrs Hill for a supervisor. Her influence of a job well done instilled a quality work ethic in so many. For most of us who worked for her each assignment was a learning experience supervised with love. Patsy Hunt McLeod fondly remembers learning how to cut up a whole chicken, and how to make cottage cheese. Robbie Barber Adams recalls Mrs. Hill's insistence that every girl be and do the very best in all things, and in return, a hug or a pat- on -the- back often followed. Dean Pritchett Herndon was ready to go home very quickly during her first semester after scrubbing all the garbage cans. She said that she could go home and work at the Dairy Queen. Mrs. Hill convinced her that she needed someone to operate the soft ice cream machine in the basement. Dean got the job. Mrs. Hill also played Cupid by introducing Dean to a young man named Bobby Herndon who later became Dean's husband. Jean Conner Kenny remembers Mrs. Hill being strict, but fair. When I was asked about my memories of Mrs. Hill, my mind began to travel back to the days of hard work in the kitchen and dining hall, but Mrs. Hill's nurturing spirit seemed to lessen the load. For me and many other girls, Mrs. Hill was our Mom away from home

Martha Berry had "Recipe For The Day" which is appropriate for the memory of Mrs. Hill, and it reads

"Take a dash of water cold and a little leaven of prayer, a little bit of sunshine gold dissolved in morning air, add to your meal some merriment and a thought for kith and kin, and then as prime ingredient, a plenty of work thrown in. But spice it all with the essence of love and a little whiff of play: let a wise Old Book and a glance above complete the well spent day."

My life has been blessed by knowing Mrs. Hill.

Thank you,
Nan Barnette