

# The Dash

by Linda Williams

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 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 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?

## *In Loving Memory Of*



*Kenneth C. Miller, Sr.*

*March 20, 1926 ~ January 3, 2026*

Plumer-Overlease Funeral Homes  
Brad Plumer, Audrey Bell ~ Directors  
[www.plumeroverlease.com](http://www.plumeroverlease.com)



*Kenneth Charles Miller, Sr., a proud member of America's Greatest Generation, passed peacefully into heaven on January 3, 2026, at the age of 99. Kenneth was born March 20, 1926, to Bernard and Mary Cycelia Dunzar Miller in Meridian, California, the 9th of 11 children.*

*From his earliest days, Kenneth embodied the industrious spirit that would define his generation. Growing up in California, he delivered newspapers and worked in his brother's orchards, always finding ways to contribute and earn his keep.*

*When his country called, Kenneth answered without hesitation. On April 27, 1944, at just 18 years old, he reported for his physical examination to enter the Army. After basic training in Tacoma, Washington, he endured an eleven-day train ride to Newport News, Virginia, followed by a harrowing ocean voyage to Italy—eleven days and twelve nights of seasickness that he shared with fellow passenger Red Skelton, who was equally miserable.*

*Serving with the 401st Engineers, Kenneth helped assemble and install pontoon and Bailey bridges across war-torn Italy. When the troop's cook was killed, Kenneth volunteered, drawing on his experience washing dishes at the Santa Ana Air Base. He learned to cook on the fly, feeding his fellow soldiers as they advanced to Udine, Italy. There, he and a buddy flipped a coin—tails meant Japan instead of Germany. As they prepared to ship out, word came that the war was over. Kenneth completed his service at Camp Polk, Louisiana, and Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he attended Bakers and Cooks School before returning to civilian life.*

*Back home, Kenneth's entrepreneurial spirit flourished. He painted houses, raised rabbits and chickens, owned racehorses, and eventually moved to San Diego where he operated bars and pool halls while buying, renovating, and selling houses—a "house flipper" decades before it became a television phenomenon. A California-to-Kansas trade brought him to a ranch on Bow Creek, and he fell in love with his adopted state.*

*In Kansas, Kenneth became a fixture of the community, owning and operating the Pla-Mor Pool Hall and Cafe (which he renamed K & V Cafe) and Ken's Pizza. Through it all, he remained a devoted St. Louis Cardinals fan, his loyalty to the Birds on the Bat never wavering through the decades.*

*Kenneth's greatest joy was his family. He treasured living near his children and grandchildren, delighting in every visit and reveling in their stories, activities, and antics. When he lost his eyesight in 2024, he made the difficult transition to Solomon Valley Manor. Though the adjustment was challenging, he was blessed with amazing caretakers who helped him settle in, and he found contentment in his final months.*

*Kenneth is preceded in death by his son, Donald, and all his siblings except one sister, Christine Helen Putziger.*

*He leaves behind his son, Kenneth C. Miller, Jr. (Linda) of Oceanside, California; daughter, Addie M. Foster (Edward) of Stockton, Kansas; nine grandchildren; and seventeen great-grandchildren who will forever cherish his memory.*

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF**  
**Kenneth C. Miller, Sr.**

**1926 - 2026**

**FUNERAL SERVICE**

*Plumer-Overlease Funeral Home ~ Stockton, Kansas*  
*Monday, January 12, 2026 at 11:00 A.M.*

**MINISTER**

*Pastor Chad Pritchett*

**MUSIC SELECTIONS**

*"He Walked on Water" ~ Randy Travis*  
*"Love Without End, Amen" ~ George Strait*  
*"God Bless The U.S.A." ~ Lee Greenwood*

**CASKET BEARERS**

*Tim Miller   Chris Miller   Cody Foster*  
*Joshua Foster   Gabriel Miller*

**INTERMENT**

*Bow Creek Cemetery*  
*Rural Glade, Kansas*

**MILITARY HONORS**

*Fort Riley Honor Guard*  
*Stockton VFW Post #5525*

**BUGLER**

*Tobias Wood*

**MEMORIALS**

*Solomon Valley Manor*