

The Container of Memory at Hancock Dr.

There is no doubt that for 3 generations of those related to the Patriarchy and Matriarchy of Demosthenes and Maria Stathis, that we have all been “remembered” and all in one place at 132 Hancock Dr., depicted as we are in varying stages of our lives through the walls, halls, rooms, and boxes of stuff thereat.

But what happens when “this too shall pass” as all things must in time, and Hancock Dr. itself represents to all who were remembered there, only a memory in itself?

A memory is an encapsulation of sensory experience: the sounds, the images, even (in smaller measure) the touch, smell and tastes therein, and higher than this, memories, encapsulations of ideas explored and emotions experienced.

Hancock Drive has been the container for all this over so much time, over the lives of so many.

Good writers can bring to life the experiences that touch upon all this; keeping the memories preserved through words. Also, a ‘picture can convey a thousand words,’ and there is, of course, audio and video conveying directly that which is aimed at being preserved.

Households tend to disperse among the progeny the dissipated aggregate held by the progenitor, and the center of such for the memory of all tends ‘to be scattered abroad.’ That’s better than all being lost forever. But strings that have tied those varying elements together, now spread among many, are cut, and over time understanding coming through connections is certainly destined to be non-extant and what is left to posterity is only knowledge of what is before them, that which is then to them, unconnected to anything else, or only vaguely known to have these connections, connections sometime before that have become lost.

This Web-Site aims to preserve those connections, and have some semblance of the container for so long held at 132 Hancock Dr., held in place and so be accessible herein to all.