



Museum Hours

The museum and research facility are currently closed for the duration of the

Public Health Emergency

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We are here to help you!

We may be closed for tours, but we are here to help you with research and to help answer any questions you may have.

If you have a research question please email

ghsarchives@gmail.com

Or call us and leave a message and we will return your call on Thursdays or Fridays.

August

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Modern Times

Update Your Slides to Today's Technology

Last Friday I spent the day with cousins from northeast Ohio. Part of the reason for the visit was to pass along items my late grandmother had willed to a family member. My grandparents were from a completely different time. My grandfather was born in 1899 and his wife, my grandmother in 1909. I suspect times were much simpler then. I recall stories that my grandmother shared with me in the last months of her life. As a young girl her family did not have running water in their home. The only toilet was the outhouse, and there was no electricity. Grandmother's only light in the middle of the night was her oil lamp that ultimately stayed with me when she passed away in 2012. Yes, my grandmother lived to the ripe old age of 102.

I adored my grandparents and mostly my grandmother, but did not get to spend much time with them growing up since she and grandfather moved to Florida in the late sixties. Yes, we had our two-week spring break vacations, spending one week at Sanibel before it became a vacation destination, and the second week with my grandparents in Ft. Lauderdale. Those trips were magical and our mode of transportation was our Ford LTD station wagon that would allow all six of us to pile in with plenty of room for coolers, camping gear and luggage while towing our camper behind us.



While visiting with my cousin, she in turn had several items to send home with me. A box of china, a box of silver and my favorite treasure - a metal box. I knew exactly what was in that box and I began to smile with pure joy. You see, that box held a few hundred slides of photos taken with a 35 mm camera so many years ago. The one catch is that my cousin said she did not have a projector that would allow me to view these memories. I happily told her that I just so happened to own a slide projector.

The next morning I awakened and couldn't wait any longer. I went downstairs and retrieved the projector and a carousel to put the slides into. Within a few minutes it was



up and running, showing images that were taken by my grandparents from the fifties to mid sixties.

For the next few hours my sister and I were taken back in time. Most of the pictures were from vacations my grandparents took to Florida in the fifties. But our favorites were the ones that showed our grandparents, parents and eventually four Weaver children.

Viewing the slides brought us much joy and laughter for those few hours. They took us back to when we were young children and revealed to us parts of our grandparents' story that we never knew.

That's what pictures do: They tell a story. They take us back. They remind us.

I imagine that you, too, have slides sitting in metal storage containers waiting to be viewed, for stories to unfold and for smiles, laughter and maybe a tear or two. I encourage you to find those slides.

Here at the Granville Historical Society we have the technology and the tools to help you view your slides in the comfort of our facility, or to electronically reproduce them.

Please consider reaching out to us so that we can help transport you back in time, to recall memories and to learn more of your family's history.

History is why the Granville Historical Society is here — to tell our story, the story of Granville and how we came to be. We do it with letters, pictures, stories and things like tables, chairs, tools and children's toys.

~ Jodi Weaver Lavelly