

The Power of Memory

“I can only note that the past is beautiful
because one never realises an emotion at the
time. It expands later, and thus we don't have
complete emotions about the present, only about
the past.”

— Virginia Woolf

Once I had a big dream. A dream in which I saw myself in my childhood. For example, when I was five years old. A little Caucasian girl, with golden hair, with ringing laughter, who grew up under the southern sun. I dreamed to see myself running through the meadows like a fluttering butterfly which is enjoying every second of its short life. The sense of freedom, infinite happiness of carefree childhood will continue to live in my mind during my whole life. Once I had a dream. A dream in which I saw myself in my adolescent. As a person whose carefree laughter mingled with the more restrained one. To see me as a person, who was on her way to create her personality. I realised the only way to fulfil this dream is to dive into the depth of my memories because it is the only thing that processes information in the mind. Human memory is a fabulous thing, it is because of the ability to remember. Memories will follow us during our entire life. The power of memory is strong. It fills our mind with not only pleasing “pictures” but also with things, which may disturb us and cause harm to our future. Memory is like a doorway. Getting in any trouble, I believe, that everyone who believes in God, raises his hands and prays: “God, please open doors for me.” If doors open for him, he will experience doors as the most beautiful things. If not, he will always remember doors as horrible things. This is how memory is created. Have you ever asked yourself, where and when your memories begin?! This is a question which allows thinking about your “I am/I was”. Based on your memories you create your personality. But if some memories, bad or good, will be dominant in your head, you will never be receptive. All sense of being human, all the possibilities of being spontaneous, all the possibility of exploring new terrain in one’s life gets obliterated because of memory. The very basis of civilization is memory. Intelligence itself

would not have led to civilization. Memory is important. Humans write and talk about the existence of the Earth, which is 4.54 billion years old. We have science, history, culture, technology, etc. It is all about memory. Even not going that far. Our parents learned something from their parents, they transmitted it to us, and we will transmit that to our children. Memory has the power to create a culture, develop civilization, observe our present, and tell us about things, feelings, emotions of the past in the future.

Another ability of our memories is to create a personality, maybe a strong personality. Based on our memories we take the next steps into the future. Everyone makes mistakes in his life. We fall and rise. We lose our way, but not our hopes and beliefs. The power of the memory is to remind us about the mistakes, which were done now or in the past. Memories change a lot of things in our life...

Memory as a source of power

„Things end but memories last forever “

To my lovely reader, I would like to tell about the small “corner of paradise”, about Georgia country, where my memories begin. Georgia is a country in the Caucasus. In my imagination, even the name Caucasus has the same power as its mountains itself. People of the Caucasus are taught to be strong from childhood. And once you feel that you are strong, you will never fail in your life, therefore childhood memories play an important role in our life. Mankind is bound to the place where he was born, even if the living conditions are not sufficient for a “normal” life. The taste of the water, the smell of morning dew will never be comparable with something else. Georgia is a multicultural country. Maybe this sounds inappropriate to my reader. A small developing country, which is multicultural.... Georgia has a unique and ancient cultural heritage and is famed for its traditions of hospitality and cuisine. Over the centuries, Georgia was the object of rivalry between Persia, Turkey and Russia and was annexed by Russia in the 19th century. On 9 April 1991, shortly before the collapse of the Soviet Union, the Supreme Council of Georgia declared independence after a referendum held on 31 March 1991. But independence still does not mean freedom. Every child in Georgia growth up with a strong personality. In the blood of every Caucasian child exists a desire to protect the Home from the “enemy”. I grew up in the southern part of Georgia, where 90% of people are ethnic minorities. I belong to them... Compare to the developed countries, in the developing country

being a representative of an ethnic group is not an easy issue. You do not belong to the domestic society of your country, because of the lack of communication and integrity, you are a separate group just “belonging” to that country. But I still call Georgia my homeland, because my best childhood memories are from there. When I close my eyes, in my memories and imagination I see my wonderful Georgia. So colourful, so wonderful, so fresh. I understand that my biological origin and attachment to that place are two different worlds. In this situation, I ask myself: “Who am I? How many persons are in one body? Do I have one identification? Or I am just a person with a strong personality?!” On the one hand, I will save the sweet memories of my childhood in a wonderful country, in the small corner of paradise. On the other hand, these memories will make me strong, to save my identity, to have a strong personality and always after falling to be able to stand up and take the next steps into the bright future. Memories from childhood and adolescence are impressed more strongly than memories in adulthood. With time, in the period of globalization, many things have changed. The next generation lives another time and creates their memories.

Memories that haunt us from generation to generation

„Types of memories are different. As we see, there are memories, which we remember with pleasure, there are memories, which give us power in our life. Unfortunately, there is also a memory, which is possible to forgive, but impossible to forget “

To make it more precise to my reader, the story in the following paragraph has become a reason why I was born in Georgia and lived in an ethnic minority.

On April 24, 1915, the leaders of the Ottoman Empire in Turkey began the systematic murder and deportation of all the Christian Armenians living the historical territory of Armenia. Campaign of deportation and mass killing conducted against the Armenian subjects of the Ottoman Empire by the Young Turk government during World War I (1914–18). That campaign was a deliberate attempt to destroy the Armenian people and, thus, an act of genocide. These cruel memories, which our grandparents, our parents transmitted to us through the storytelling, books, movies and songs are impossible to forget. The word genocide reminds of several saddening visions. We see starving, crying, dying children, lying on barren land with their skinny, sick, skeleton-like bodies. These are all memorable visions of a cruel historical

reality. That is what happened to many children during the genocide. Babies were killed outright or perished during their long marches without food or water. Many children were tied to one another and drowned in rivers. They were thrown down from the cliffs; thousands were even burned after pouring gas over them. In light of overwhelming evidence, children were murdered systematically during the Armenian genocide. Unfortunately, these memories will haunt us from generation to generation. Even if the whole world will recognize the Armenian Genocide, even if the territories of historical Armenian will be given back, Armenians will never forget 1.5 million killed people. This is the power of memory! In a globalized world, we have to forgive the murderer, because one century is gone, and we cannot blame the young generation for something they are not guilty of. As the Armenian Genocide caused widespread emigration that led to the settlement of Armenians in various countries in the world, every year millions of Armenians pray for the souls of innocent people. We remember and pray, we forgive, but we never forget.

The nature of a human being is created in a way that people continuously transmit any information from generation to generation. The film “The Promise”, which is in German translation “Die Erinnerung bleibt” was premiered on September 11, 2016. This film is an excellent example of love, friendship and loosely connected relationships between people of both nations. The film is about a love triangle, immediately before the Genocide. Does not this mean that our ancestors could leave nice memories of two neighbour countries?! Why even after 105 years the descendants had to carry the severe memories in their mind and inform their children about it because in the adulthood every Armenian mother sends her son to serve in the Armenian army, although she knows that it could be the last meeting with her son. No one is born racist; nobody knows what is or who is an enemy. We are taught about genocides, wars, empires from history, from the books. From this point, our future is in our hands. If we want to have a “healthy” generation, we must take care of our present time. Everything we teach and show to the next generation will be transmitted to the next generation. This is how the hierarchy of nature works. Once we teach our children to respect everyone, to love his “enemy”, we can be free of violence, cruelty, riot, abuse forever. “Memories of happy experiences — especially ones that involve social interaction — seem to benefit people because they reshape how we see ourselves for the better.”

As we see the power of memory has a mental influence on mankind. There is evidence that people with depressions may remember unhappy times. Memory is invisible, at the same time

it shows us all colours of our past time. It lives with us every day, every moment, every second. Every moment of our life turns to memory. Our mood, our actions have also some connection with the memory. Remember something that made you feel happy. Immediately you change your mood, you smile, you get positive energy. Conversely, sad memories make us more depressed.

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On that note, I close the page of my memories. Memories, which are bright, colourful, full of happiness and joy. Memories, which make me strong in every moment of my life. They give me the power to go ahead and make the right decisions. Memories which make me sad, but also give the power to pray for everyone and the peace in the world....