



Mark Hamilton Dyott

JUL 30, 1932 - JUN 28, 2011



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Mark Hamilton Dyott, age 78, passed away on Tuesday, June 28, 2011. Found and Sons Lee Funeral Chapel of Manassas is handling the arrangements.

Online condolences may be expressed to Mark's family at www.foundandsons.com



JF

Jim Foley posted:

25 Dec 1980 (Thu; date of event): Persis Dyott to Bill [WWF] and Ruth [RCF] Foley; Christmas card [National Trust for Historic Preservation 30 AP 17]. (Note: Mrs. Dyott was our back-yard neighbor in Merrick, NY.) Christmas & New Years, 1980 (is it possible!) from Persis Dyott---To dear Ruth, Bill & family, Your news from Orem, Utah, with new address as of April '78 sounded so cheerful – although like you I know there is a certain sadness of having left dear Merrick [LI, NY] which harbored us with our children with much of safety and grace for so many years. When I occasionally return there for a church meeting of old friends, I'm so glad to see that much of its rustic, distinguished for age buildings, and families of varied races and religions – but the same tastes (talents) that harmonize – still prevail. It [i.e., Merrick] really still is "one-of-a-kind" except for our section along Merrick road blocks and [that being] just store after store. Old houses now, all around the USA, seemed doomed – except for the Preservation Society ones – even the well-to-do find their maintenance too out of date, all roofs, chimneys, gables, lack of bath to each [bed-]room, picture windows, huge kitchens, living and family rooms, and modern 3-4 car garages! [JPF footnote: When I was young, the section of Merrick, NY, where I lived, had huge mansions – seemingly one on every corner along Merrick Road and part-way up Merrick Avenue. However, as Mrs. Dyott wrote, one-by-one, they were demolished and sub-divisions or stores were erected in their places. Mrs. Dyott owned one of those mansions – a huge, three-storey house, with maybe twenty (or more!) rooms, and a separate barn and garage, on many acres of land. After the death of her husband (George), and the maturation and departure of her sons (Mark & Mike), she sold the house and moved into a smaller home further out on the island. Her Merrick house was demolished, and in its place was built a huge Post Office building with a large parking lot, and 14 homes surrounding Berfond Court – a street created on that property.] As for charm and historic surroundings, you have found them again (as I finally did [further out on Long Island]) there in Utah – ancient home of your Mormon religion – its beauty of the ages of canyon, clear skies, desert and verdure; and you would have belonged to them through your true Beliefs, you're feeling for beauty (I remember your taste in one lovely Christmas card after another sent to me – and extra special ones kept for decoration by me). I heard from [your son] Jim [JPF] – Captain! – and thought Jim was something of a Capt. even when young and I called on him to help me while emotional little Sally [my niece] tried to accept being parted from her family while visiting me and it was so hard to distract her by some entertainment or companionship. Jim seemed to take the place so wisely and especially understandingly, as you once wrote he did when things were hard for you, too. Butch [WDF] had something of this wisdom, too, and I am so glad he has been rewarded with success in his way of life, too. [JPF footnote: Mrs. Dyott is generous in her praise. Sally was similar in age to me, and it was summer and I didn't have much else to do. During that time, I'd go to Mrs. Dyott's house – which was in back of our house, and Mrs. Dyott and I would play canasta together, hour after hour, in her kitchen eating area. Even though I was just a young boy, she'd invite me to return, day after day, and we'd play cards and talk. She was lonely. Her sons were grown and in college, and her husband, George, was an explorer who was absent from home many years at a time. (I'm sure I've mentioned this elsewhere, but I can't remember where.) George was the first person to film large cats (lions and tigers) swimming, etc. It was only when George became ill and was dying, that he returned home and Mrs. Dyott cared for him until his death. Therefore, during the summers, I was her only daily, casual outlet and sounding board, and she'd talk to me the entire time. When we got thirsty



Tribute Wall

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JF

August 18 at 6:11 AM

JF

Jim Foley posted:

Dear Mrs. Mark Dyott, Here's another letter:===== 20 Dec 1980 (Sat; postmarked): Persis Dyott to Bill [WWF] and Ruth [RCF] Foley; postcard. (Note: Mrs. Dyott was our back-yard neighbor in Merrick, NY.) Dear Ruth, When I read of "western migrations" ever increasing from the east to west, I think of your family (except for Jim [JPF]? - Captain - Chaplain! - down south [in Ft. Polk, Louisiana], instead - when I heard from him last year - is all so happily and usefully contributing to our dear country's need for integrity and Belief in a Cause. The gift to others of themselves and all that is good and true. It is a comforting thought to me - such a worrier when ideals seem lost). [My son] Mark's wife - after ten years dialysis = calcium loss, bones breaking - now three transplants and third in doubt. So sad but hope all. Persis D.P.S. Nine-plus pleasure summer visits for [my son] Mike - Space Shuttle Specialist Research, Palmdale, CA; and Mark (Mobil S. W. Dist. Computer Head & George B. D. Dreading winter, too. Good!

August 17 at 8:36 PM

JF

Jim Foley posted:

Dear Mark's wife, You don't know me, but most likely Mark was my neighbor in the 1950s in Merrick. If so, I send my love at this sad time. Though I was just a young boy at that time, I spent many, many days, weeks and months with his mother, Persis; going to her house nearly every day in the summers, my brother and I playing with her sons in their spacious northeast yard (which separated our house from theirs). The things I remember most about Mark and Mike: 1. One of them would sit on the roof of his house (which house was next to our back yard) and play the trumpet in the morning. 2. I also recall that both Mark and Mike showed Butch [WDF] and me how to play "frizbee" - which, at that time, was done using metal beer trays. Mark and Mike and (my brother) Butch and I would go in the Dyott's northeast lawn and throw the beer trays back and forth to each other. 3. The four of us would mow the northeast lawn and play baseball. 4. Butch and I didn't see Mark and Mike most of the year, as they were in college; therefore, our memories of them were mostly in the summers and when Persis would share with our mother the things her sons were doing. I have only a couple of photographs of Persis and her property (though none of Mark and Mike), but many more memories of Persis and the house and property. (If you want, e-mail me at foleyjp@juno.com and I'll send the photos.) Love, Jim Foley (formerly at 3 Orr St, Merrick, NY 11566)

July 18 at 2:39 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Mark by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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