

Pollard Cemetery

I have walked in hundreds and hundreds of cemeteries, and I have never felt or seen anything spiritual or unearthly. I believe that many people are just afraid of death and equate cemeteries to the unknown so therefore they can let their imagination run wild. I've always felt comfortable in a cemetery.

One day in 2009, I was Pollard Cemetery in Escambia County, Alabama doing some research and transcribing stones when I noticed something. From the minute I arrived, I felt like somebody was watching me. I tried and tried to ignore the feeling and concentrate on the task at hand, but after forty five minutes or so, I couldn't keep ignoring this strange sensation. I am very methodical in my transcription and go in a certain pattern so as not to lose my place. But finally when I could take it no more, I began walking toward a section of the cemetery that was surrounded by an old iron gate. It was as if I was being pulled or beckoned in that direction. The closer I walked to that collection of stones, the better I felt. It's very difficult to explain. I entered the gated area and walked directly to a single old stone.



Aaron N. Johnson, died July 8, 1888 aged 73 years. And then I realized that the odd feelings had just vanished. I smiled to myself and even said “Not sure what you’re trying to tell me Mr. Johnson, but ‘Hello’”. I turned and walked away a few steps and then I thought, “I wonder...”

My mother’s Johnson family came from South Carolina to Alabama around 1900 and settled in the Pleasant Home area of Covington County. I had no knowledge of any of the Johnsons being in this area prior to that. My great-great-great-grandfather was named William Knoxie Johnson, born and died in South Carolina. However, he had a brother named Aaron Noel Johnson who was born in 1814 in South Carolina. Could this be the same Aaron N. Johnson?

After returning home I started researching this Aaron N. Johnson and my hunch was confirmed. Aaron N. Johnson had left South Carolina in the first half of the 19th century and settled in the Pollard area.

Was it a coincidence that I was drawn to his grave that day or was my Fourth Great Uncle Aaron Noel Johnson letting me know he had been there the whole time?