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Death – Walk amongst the dead

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I decided that I would go to the Historic Oakwood cemetery. It is a little bit farther from my house, but it looked really pretty from the pictures I saw online. On the drive over all I could think about was ‘this was it’, this was the aspect of my death class that all my friends were heavily invested in.

To prepare for vibing in the graveyard I decided to bring both a rosary and a piece of Amethyst. My personal beliefs currently lie somewhere in between Catholicism and more wiccan/occult practices. While other people don’t see the intersection of these two beliefs, I see them clear as day. When I first got there, the sheer size of the graveyard shocked me. It seemed to go on forever. After driving through, it a little bit, I was able to park my car and begin my adventure.

I ended up coincidentally beginning my journey in the historic side. It looked almost identical to Arlington National Cemetery. This section was all different North Carolinians that had lost their lives or fought in the Civil War. I have family ties to both the Union and the Confederacy, and while going through the rows and rows of confederate soldier graves, I was hopeful that I would find one related to me. That did not end up happening, but I did see many graves of unknown soldiers. These were the most upsetting to me, because not only did something horrific happen to where the body could not be identified, the family will never have closure of knowing how, when, why, etc.

They had a small, covered, stone structure with seating inside. This was called the House of Memories. Inside there was a plaque for each war dedicated to the brave North Carolinians who lost their lives defending our country. Each of them was donated by either the Daughters of the Revolution or the Daughters of the Confederacy. This house was absolutely beautiful, and a part of me wanted to stay in there all day. It looked like something out of one of the Harry Potter films. I felt at peace there, and I even sat a while just taking everything in. I knew; however, I would have a very short paper if I did not continue my journey through the cemetery.

I walked through the rest of the historic part, and the second I set foot in the other part I started to feel claustrophobic. I had never really felt that before, and it was alarming. I had to keep reminding myself to breathe, and it was all just stones. I kept thinking back to when I was a child, and someone told me that if you held your breath when you passed a graveyard it would add a day onto your life. Do I actually believe this? No. Do I do it every single time I drive passed one? Yes.

Other than feeling suffocated, I didn’t really feel anything while walking through the normal part of the cemetery. When I was walking through the historic section I was filled with honor, pride, and awe. These people laid down their lives for what they believed in, am I strong enough to do the same if the need arises? Would these people be proud of where the country stands today, or would they be embarrassed about all the division and infighting? It made me hope that someday I would be put down in history for something incredible.

I really realized how big it was when I realize that I had no idea how to get back to my car. I had been walking around for about 30 minutes and was clueless as to which direction to go. I started to panic, and my mind instantly jumped to the conclusion that I had somehow managed to get to the backrooms and I would be stuck in this cemetery forever. After panicking for about 5 minutes, I realized that since my phone connects to my car via Bluetooth, it kept track of where I parked. Thanks to Apple Maps, I was able to make it back to my car.

Something interesting that happened when I was walking back through the hundreds of grave sites was, I got a sharp pain in my leg. It was right where my pocket was containing the rosary and Amethyst. The pain continued until I drove out of the gates of the cemetery. This could have been some kind of fluke, but it definitely had me freaked out. I also think it is important to note that I did not see a single person the entire time I was in Oakwood. It was just me.

On my way home, I opened my phone at a red light to play some music, but it opened to Instagram. Right as I left the cemetery, I found out that one of my really good friends from middle and high school’s mom had passed away. She had been battling ovarian cancer for about a year now. Today was the funeral, and I was able to experience first-hand what it was like at a multicultural event because they are Hispanic. I know that I had nothing to do with it, but a part of me wonders why there was such a time coincidence between me leaving the cemetery and my friend’s mother passing. In all actuality, I know there is no correlation nor could I ever do that, but it still sits with me.