

The Spirits of "HOME PLACE"

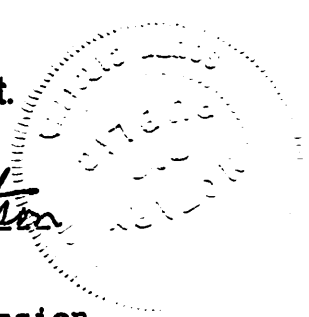
On the morning of January 12, 1994 I was awoken around 2 AM with the feeling that someone was staring at me. I'm sure that everyone, at one time or another has had that eerie feeling and knows what it feels like. I awoke to find a man standing beside my bed looking at me. He was a stately man about 5'9" or 5'10" tall and weight about 175 to 180 pounds. He was dressed in clothing from around the turn of the century with the long coat, the trousers, the bow type tie and a beard. He was white translucent but everything about him was very distinctive. So after, what seemed like forever, but actually was just a few seconds I asked him, "what do you want?" Then he just vanished. He just totally disappeared. I told my husband about it and described him. Then about 10 days later my husband, a friend (Tom Hicks), and myself went to the museum to do some research on our house. I was looking at a book of letters that had been written during the Civil War. When I turned the page I thought my heart would stop. There he was, a picture of the man who had appeared before me at my bedside. I took the book and hurried over to the photo copy machine and photo copied the picture of him. I didn't say anything to anyone. When we left the museum and got outside I pulled the picture out of my folder and showed it to my husband and Tom. I told them, "this is the man, this is the man who woke me!" Then my husband said, " that is the man you described to me!" The man was Gen. John Bratton! Gen. John Bratton died on January 12, 1898 supposedly in our house. Now I know that he did die in our house for what reason we do not know, as of yet.

A couple of years ago, early in the morning, my husband came in our bedroom turned on the light, shook me and woke me up. He told me, "you have to get up!" I said, "why?" He said, "you have to get up, now!" The urgency in his voice frighten me. So I got up, went and got a cup of coffee. He had been up for sometime. I asked him, "what's got you so spooked?" For the longest time he kept saying "nothing" and looking up the stairhall from the den. He finally told me that he saw a short woman go from our bedroom across the stairhall to the living room. He thought it was me and couldn't figure out why I was going in the living room without getting my coffee first. He really thought that was strange. So he walked up the stairhall to see what I was doing and found that the woman he saw was not me, I was still in bed asleep. He really panicked and that is why he woke me so abruptly.

On another occasion, I was in the library working on the computer and my husband was in the den watching TV. I was laying out a new design for our kitchen/den room on the computer. I started smelling the sweet smell of gardenias. It was very strong, so I turned to look behind me but I did not see anything or anyone. Right after I smelled the gardenias my husband said, "She's on the move." I said, "what?" He came in the library and told me he saw a woman walk out of the library into the stairhall. She was wearing a ankle length gown or dress and stood about 5 foot tall and weighed 120 to 130 pounds. At the same time he saw her the smell of gardenias was gone. My husband is the only one who has seen her but has never seen her face. We do not know who the woman is but we do know that Sallie Gaither Martin died August 26, 1936 in this house. - *211 South Garden St*

(The above story was sworn to and before me on this 8th day of February, 1995.

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Blanche C. Robertson

Blanche C. Robertson
Notary Public for the
State of S.C. My commission
expires *02/30/2000*-----

