

HAUNTED ARIZONA DEADLY GRAVEYARDS

Haunted Arizona Deadly Graveyards: 13 Fatal Cemetery Stories
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Introduction

Arizona's sprawling desert landscape and historic towns are often celebrated for their natural beauty and vibrant history. However, beneath the sun-drenched surface lies a darker, more enigmatic side of the state's past. *Haunted Arizona Deadly Graveyards* delves into the chilling tales of those whose lives ended amid the eerie silence of Arizona's cemeteries. This book is not merely a recounting of tragic endings; it is an exploration of the haunting mysteries and lingering spirits that captivate the imaginations of paranormal enthusiasts and haunted historians alike.

Each chapter in this collection unveils a story of profound despair and the final, desperate acts committed in some of Arizona's most historic resting places. From the heart-wrenching farewell of John Moore in Greenwood Cemetery to the mysterious demise of Jim Chafin in Resthaven Park, these accounts paint a vivid picture of human sorrow intertwined with supernatural intrigue.

These cemeteries, now silent witnesses to these tragic events, carry an air of melancholy and mystery. They are places where history and the paranormal intersect, offering glimpses into the lives of those who, in their moments of deepest despair, sought solace among the dead. The stories are meticulously researched, drawing from historical records, newspaper articles, and eyewitness accounts to bring to life the final moments of these individuals.

For those with a passion for the paranormal, these cemeteries are more than mere burial grounds; they are potential hot-spots for ghostly activity. The echoes of the past resonate through these hallowed grounds, and many believe that the spirits of those who met their end in such tragic ways linger, their stories etched into the very fabric of these sacred places.

As you turn the pages of *Haunted Arizona Deadly Graveyards*, you will journey through tales of love, loss, and the inexplicable draw of the afterlife. Whether you are a seasoned ghost hunter or a curious reader, these stories will captivate your imagination and perhaps, just perhaps, make you wonder about the restless souls that might still wander Arizona's cemeteries.

Prepare yourself for an unforgettable exploration into the depths of despair and the supernatural, where each chapter uncovers a new layer of Arizona's haunted history, leaving you with more questions than answers and a sense of awe at the enduring mystery of life and death.



CHAPTER
1

John Moore
PHOENIX

John Moore, Phoenix

Greenwood Cemetery, April 25, 1924

John Moore was a man who had witnessed the transformation of Arizona from a rugged frontier to a budding state. Born in 1850, he arrived in Phoenix in 1867, seeking fortune and a new beginning. For decades, he worked hard, running a blacksmith shop near Five Points and later working for the Water Users Association. Despite his contributions, life had not been kind to John in his later years.

By the year 1924, at the age of 74, John found himself facing insurmountable financial difficulties. He had been living at the Union Hotel for eight months, unable to escape the despair that had gripped him. His wife Rebeca had passed away, leaving a void that only grew larger with each passing day. Alone and despondent, John felt his options dwindling.

On a warm April afternoon, John made his way to Greenwood Cemetery. The superintendent of the cemetery, having seen the elderly man walk through the gate shortly after 3:00 p.m., noted how John headed towards the southwest corner where his wife's grave was located. The family plot was a solemn reminder of the life he once had, and the love he had lost.



Greenwood Cemetery, section 22

As he approached the monument bearing his wife’s name, John leaned against it, seeking comfort one last time. He had brought with him a .25 caliber pistol. With a heavy heart and a clear resolve, he pressed the gun to his right temple and pulled the trigger.

The sound of the shot echoed through the cemetery, drawing the attention of two employees who quickly informed the superintendent. They hurried to the scene and discovered John lying in a pool of blood, his head resting against his wife’s grave. Despite their attempts to save him, John was later transported to St. Joseph’s Hospital, where he was pronounced dead.



Rebeca Moore’s gravesite

Back at the Union Hotel, a search of John Moore's room revealed a small handbag containing a farewell note addressed to Thomas McCubbin, the hotel proprietor. The note, written with a steady hand, read:

Dear Mack,

I leave to you all I have to pay for my room. I think you will find enough. Dispose of everything that I have left and pay the room rent and I think there will be enough left to pay Mr. Reynolds \$10.00. Thank you and the lady of the house for your kindness. They will not give me a chance to live and work, so goodbye. I have done my best trying. I am going on a long trip. I am not crazy, nor a coward, but what is the use? I have done my duty, so goodbye.

J. W. Moore

Inside his pocket, they found an envelope with the words, "Please let me rest here," scrawled on it. His belongings were few; a roll of bedding, two suitcases, and the small handbag. John's only known relatives were a daughter, Lydia, residing in Redding, California, and a sister in Oregon. Notification of John's death was promptly sent to them by the McLellan Undertaking Company, who had taken charge of his body.

John Moore's life, marked by perseverance and toil, ended in the quiet corner of Greenwood Cemetery. Though his final moments were filled with sorrow, he found solace in reuniting, in spirit, with his beloved wife.

The graves of John and Rebeca Moore are located at Greenwood Memory Lawn Cemetery in Phoenix. John was interred in section 25, while Rebeca's gravesite, where John took his life, is in section 22.



Rebeca Moore's tombstone, 33.453331, -112.111976



Greenwood Cemetery aerial view, 2024

Greenwood Memory Lawn Mortuary & Cemetery
2300 W. Van Buren St., Phoenix, AZ 85009

Afterword

As we reach the end of our journey through *Haunted Arizona Deadly Graveyards*, I want to extend my heartfelt thanks to you, the reader, for exploring these shadowy and storied corners of Arizona with me. This book is more than a mere catalog of haunted locations; it's a tribute to the lives once lived, the mysteries that linger, and the respect that must always be given.

Should you decide to venture out and visit any of the cemeteries featured within these pages, I urge you to approach these sacred spaces with the utmost reverence and consideration. Cemeteries are places of profound significance, where the echoes of the past meet the quiet of the present. Many visitors come to honor their loved ones, while others seek to connect with the spirits that may remain. Whether you are a curious explorer or a seeker of the supernatural, remember that compassion is key.

Be mindful of the grieving families who may be paying their respects during your visit. Their moments of sorrow and reflection are sacred, and your presence should always be respectful and unobtrusive. Additionally, if you choose to attempt communication with any spirits, it is both courteous and prudent to clearly say goodbye, ensuring that any lingering energies do not follow you away from the site.

Many of the cemeteries discussed in this book are located on private property. Therefore, please adhere to the designated visiting hours and any other guidelines set forth by the property owners. This ensures that these historical and hallowed grounds are preserved and respected for future generations.

I want to extend my deepest gratitude to the spirits whose stories have filled these pages. Though your lives ended in tragedy within these haunted graveyards, your lingering presence and the echoes of your pasts have become the foundation for this book. It is through your experiences that I have been able to delve into the mysteries and histories that make Arizona's cemeteries both eerie and fascinating.

Each one of you has left a lasting impression on these sacred grounds, and it is my hope that by sharing your stories, I honor your memories and shed light on the lives you once lived. Your stories have not only enriched this book but also deepened my understanding of the thin veil between the living and the dead.

Thank you for allowing me to be a part of your stories and for guiding me through the shadows. This book is as much yours as it is mine, and I am grateful for the opportunity to tell your tales.

This book is dedicated to my family. Without you, it would never have come to life. Thank you for putting up with me through the writing process and for your endless support. You are truly amazing, and I love you all dearly!

To my wonderful woman, your patience and love have been my anchor. To my kids – my big boy, thanks for bringing me all those bottles of pop when I needed them while pounding away on the keyboard. My little girl, thank you for sneaking me snacks that Mommy said I shouldn't have and for hanging out, watching and re-watching old episodes of *Twilight Zone* and *Are You Afraid of the Dark* with me. And to my teenage stepson, thank you for helping me get acclimated to the Arizona heat so I could get out and take the photos for the book. You are all my greatest source of inspiration and joy. To my estranged adult daughter, I hope one day we can bridge the gap between us. And to ~~the one-eyed feline pest~~, Jinxycat, for licking my face nightly and waking me up, reminding me to stay up late for just a few more hours, to work some more on the book.

A special thanks to my grueling summer job at the meat supplier, driving a semi-truck in over 115° heat with no air conditioner through the desert. Your misery funded this book, and for that, I am strangely grateful. Shout-outs to my acupuncturist and masseuse, thank you for alleviating the pain from the summer job and endless hours of writing. I appreciate you taking care of the aches and pains that my wife kindly avoided.

Lastly, to those of you still holding and reading books, thank you! While the stories within these pages might already be floating around the internet, you chose to support my work by buying this book. Your support enables me to continue researching and sharing these tales. Thank you for being a part of this journey.