

Fresno, California and Val Raymond Johnson's Miracle Healing

Some time in the mid-1970's Gloria and I lived in Fresno, California. We had three of our four children. The oldest, Val, was about five and was sick with what appeared to be a cold or the flu. The odd thing was he was sleeping constantly and even fell out of bed. Gloria asked me to give him a blessing; I gave him a priesthood blessing and thought I was told to take him to the hospital and the doctor would know how to help him. I said the words that came into my mind, and thought this seemed like an odd blessing.

The night was cold and foggy, which was common in the winter in the San Joaquin Valley. We were broke, as usual, which added to our fears, but Gloria and I took him to the emergency room. We seemed to wait a really long time to see the doctor. When he saw us, he thought Val had a cold and sent us home. The room seemed dimly lit and fairly large, almost like he was preparing to leave, which makes me wonder if we were at the hospital or another medical facility. As we walked out of the room I was frustrated and prayed, "Father in Heaven, you told us to come here, and the doctor would know what to do. We are leaving, if he is going to help us it needs to be now, or we will be gone," because we are almost out the door. We were a few feet from the exit door when Gloria said, "There is something wrong with the baby. He does not have a cold and does not have the flu. We have had to carry him everywhere, because he is that exhausted." Then the doctor said, "Wait, just a moment. I can try one more thing, but it may be a waste of time." He pressed on young Val's thumbnail and saw that it did not return to RED afterward. "Let me run a simple blood test," he said. He took the blood and returned in a few moments with what he called good and bad news. Val had Valley Fever and would have died in another day or two if he had not caught it, but it is easily treatable.

"He had Valley Fever. It attacks the red blood cells and presents like a cold, so we rarely catch it, but it is fatal. I just had a thought that maybe your son had it, so I did the tests," he said. "It turns out that it responds to antibiotics very easily, if we realize that he has this illness."

Val got the injection of antibiotics and recovered nicely. As I reviewed this with Gloria, my wife, she remembered that the doctor said he had a really rare blood disease (maybe not Valley fever), that usually had to be treated with a blood transfusion, but he did something different for Val, possibly because he caught it early. You can tell that this happened a long time ago and memory has faded.