

## Why We Believe in Chiropractic

Charles Johnson; Yvonne Johnson

This article was written by Charles and Yvonne Johnson, the parents of Steven Johnson, DC, just after Steven began his practice.

Dr. Johnson became a chiropractor because his life was saved by chiropractic. His dedication to helping others is his expression of thanks for having been exposed to others who have unselfishly used their talents to perform a service to their fellow man.

Steve was born on June 10, 1957, in a small hospital in Rochester, Pennsylvania. At birth he displayed some problems with breathing. He had pneumonia seven times by the age of 6 months and in his second year the doctors didn't know how to help him. He became allergic to penicillin which had been the cure-all antibiotic of the time. We finally had a doctor tell us that Steve would not last another winter in the cold climate of Pennsylvania. I left my job and we moved to the San Fernando Valley in California where the winters were not harsh. Steve's sister was born in New Mexico on that journey. We named her Yvonne Rachelle, but Steve being 16 months old, immediately called her Sissy.

Steve was always a little pale and had a voice that was much too deep for his size and age. Doctors were not much help as he continued to worsen as time went on. When he was two years old, his little sister (and best friend) Sissy died in what was called a crib death. At that time Steve was displaying the same symptoms as Sissy, so we requested an autopsy including blood work and lung samples to be run so that the doctors could compare them with Steve to help determine what was wrong with him.

The very same week that Sissy died, Steve was rushed to Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. He had gone ashen and had very labored breathing, the same symptoms as his baby sister had. The doctors diagnosed him as being asthmatic and admitted him to the hospital for observation.

My wife had read an article in the Readers Digest, "The Valley of Death," about a new disease which later became known as cystic fibrosis. She took particular note that the symptoms were exactly the same as we had observed in Sissy and our beautiful baby boy Steve.

On the next visit to Children's Hospital, my courageous wife brought the new information that she had found to the attention of the doctor that was seeing Steve. The next thing we knew, he was run through a multitude of tests and found to be in an advanced stage of cystic fibrosis. The diagnosis was changed on all of his records from an asthmatic to that of fibrocystic. He would spend the better part of the next three and a half years in and out of that hospital as an outpatient, and was entered many times when he would just stop breathing.

They started a cystic fibrosis clinic and more children were brought in, some in very advanced stages, and others that were just becoming symptomatic. It was depressing for my wife to take Steve to the clinic each week, only to learn that another one of the children had died.

A regimen of diet and medication was established and overseen by my wife. The diet was not fun for a small boy: no chocolate, milk products, sweets, jellies, peanut butter, or french fries. The

medication was the expensive part, but worth every penny as we began to find things for ourselves that helped our young son to hold his ground. My wife followed the regimen to the letter, and did not give in to the lament of the other mothers: "He's going to die anyway, why not give him anything he wants?" We never could understand why they were willing to meet death half way. Steve and his mother put on a valiant fight for his life. We prayed for strength and it was given to us.

Because there was no financial aid for families with fibrocystic children at that time, a fund raising documentary for Children's Hospital was filmed about two young boys and their terminal problems. The one hour TV film was shown on CBS in 1962. It documented the lives of our son Steve (five years old), and a five year old black boy who had sickle cell anemia. The very last statement made in the movie was, "By the time this movie is shown, this child (Steve) will be dead."

Just about that time, I hurt my neck on the job and the doctors wanted to do a spinal fusion. I told them no, and decided to try a chiropractor. I chose one with a good reputation, Dr. Dorothy Williams of Port Hueneme, and she turned out to be the best thing that happened to Steve in a long time. After she had adjusted my neck, she mentioned to my wife and myself that Steve looked very ill. I said yes he is, but did not mention his condition. Dr. Williams asked if she could examine him. I told her she certainly could.

After a brief physical examination and some palpations she announced that our son had a pancreatic and lung problem, that the vertebrae were locked where the nerves break out of the spinal column and feed the pancreas, stomach, and lungs. She then asked if she might try an adjustment to see if it would help him, which of course we allowed. This wonderful woman then worked very hard to adjust his vertebrae, which were locked in an adverse position. Suddenly, they went into place with a loud sound, she then looked relieved and smiled. She asked if we would bring him back on my next visit. We agreed.

During the week until my next visit, we began to notice significant changes in Steve. He seemed to be getting some color back in his face, and he began to eat better. He didn't seem to have as much trouble in breathing. Dr. Williams remarked about the healthier glow to his face. His adjustment had only moved slightly, so she readjusted his spine and said that he should only come back if we notice a negative change.

Steve steadily grew stronger and the symptoms subsided. Of course my wife watched him closely and kept on giving him vitamins and the best of foods, keeping him on his special diet, but we were not making the emergency trips to the hospital any longer. Finally, we got a call from Children's Hospital. They had noticed that he was no longer coming in for emergency treatments, so they assumed that Steve had died. Since tomes were written on Steve, and our entire family, they wanted to know about the final stages before death to complete their records.

"Steve is alive and doing very well, thank you," my wife told them.

Immediately they scheduled an appointment to do a complete physical and run tests. You have to remember that this beautiful child slept in an oxygen tent every night and never out of range of a resuscitator for over three years.

When we arrived several doctors were called into the clinic and took turns examining him and could not believe that this was the same Steve that they had previously seen. He had grown taller and put on weight. He was indeed looking very well. The excitement was at a carnival level with the doctors, nurses and interns elated at this apparent success. When they asked my wife what she attributes this miracle to, she said that a chiropractor had made a spinal adjustment, from then on

he had been on the road to recovery.

Of course that put a damper on the party atmosphere. They said that they didn't want to publicize this isolated incident as it might bring false hope to others. "It's probably a temporary remission," they said. The doctors all agreed that it truly was noteworthy but that they doubted that the chiropractor had helped.

Steve continued to grow healthy and strong. All medication was stopped, the only thing we gave him was the best vitamins and nutrients that we could find and kept him on his rigid diet.

Two chiropractic adjustments had put our son on the road to a healthy life.

Well Steve is now 36 years old. He opened his chiropractic office on March 2, 1992. He is 6'1" tall, hardly a picture of the week young boy of his early childhood. He has not forgotten who helped him when he needed help, his mother, his father, and his chiropractor.

We feel that if left up to medical doctors alone, Steve would have died years ago.

I remember a statement attributed to the great Thomas Edison: "The doctors of the future will give no medicine, but will interest his patients in the care of the human frame, in diet, and in the course and prevention of disease."

We are now here in the future, living to tell the world.

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