

AN ADMINISTRATION

Frequently I was called upon to visit the homes of the ward members for various services to the sick. One of which was administration. One of which was the Harold Johnson family at 21st and Harris. This couple and children were very faithful L.D.S., a large family living in a small home. He was president of the Elder's quorum in the 20th Ward. He came frequently for advice in church, family and financial affairs, a very loyal church member and personal friend. He was full of faith. One instance stands out above all others.

The family had considerable illnesses. On this occasion of which I write. Their youngest child, perhaps 1½ to 2 years old was very ill. They called their family physician who in turn called in a baby specialist. It was at the time when sulpha and penicillin drugs were being introduced. The baby was taken to the hospital and sulpha prescribed. The child responded very well and was returned home with instructions by the baby specialist that sulpha should be continued, whereas the family physician said sulpha should be discontinued. The parents did not know what to do because of the conflict of instruction.

The father phoned me about 8 p.m. (the evening was dark) and told me of the conflict of instructions saying that, "They did not know whose instructions to follow, but if you will come up and administer to the child we will know what to do". I consented.

This placed a great responsibility on the Lord and me. It scared me badly. What was I to tell the parents. I prayed and I prayed. I lingered somewhat at home while I went to my bedroom and consulted with the Lord over and over again before I left the home.

I had only a block to walk which I did very slowly, praying for help every step of the way. When I knocked on the door I was very scared but humble. The child lay in a low crib at one side of the livingroom. We talked briefly, the father repeating the conflicting instructions given by the doctors, but that through administration I would be able to give them the answer. This frightened me the more.

The father had the family kneel in prayer, afterward he said that he would anoint with the oil and asked that I seal the anointing. When it came my turn I was nearly trembling so I proceeded slowly but cautiously choosing my words when to my astonishment the words came, "In the name of Jesus Christ we command the disease to depart never to return to the child". Then I did tremble for what had I done by such a command? We finished the prayer, rose to our feet and the father said, "Thanks Bishop, now we know what to do". They did not ask me what to do.

I returned home praying all the way and much of a very sleepless night asking God to recognize the administration. Sulpha was withheld from the child who fully recovered. The family moved from the ward.

Nothing was said until some years later. I was attending General Conference in Salt Lake City when on the Tabernacle grounds I met Harold Johnson and a lad at his side. We greeted each other and without comment Brother Johnson said, referring to the boy, "Bishop this is my nine year old son who was ill years ago and you administered to him. He recovered and has never had a sick day since". The boy grinned. We commented what the Lord can and does do for those who faithfully follow his instruction.



Arias G. Belnap, 1972