

## Tribute to DeVona Johnson

by Jack Stockwell DC

Here and there, now and then, God creates a giant among His children. He did that with DeVona Johnson. Standing just under five feet, whether measuring her vertical distance from the earth or the height of her soul, few people were capable of looking her in the eye. Always on guard against the constant winds of health care fraud and deception, she carefully prepared a weekly defense of some precious principles that has resulted in the increased health of thousands of listeners over the years. Never swaying from basic principles of natural health, she held strong upholding the precepts of healing and repair, presenting her closely held ideals and truths, only to see the announcements of "modern health care", with their "latest" discoveries, underscore and give validation to the very concepts she so passionately preached her whole life.

No Johnny-come-lately was she to the ideals of clean and vibrant living. She held these truths close to her heart even as she raised several children in a world gone derelict with the abandonment of what generations before her had learned about basic human nutrition and health. She would never "buy" into the latest fads, delivered almost daily from the world of pharmaceuticals and synthetic foods.

I have known DeVona for almost two decades going back to KTKK radio in Salt Lake City, Utah, when we both shared the same microphone and hogged the time from each other in a race to announce the latest findings in nutrition research that would always prove that food was and still is our best medicine. I still remember some of our earliest shows where she would be pushing raw, organic foods as our best way to regain health, in between costly commercials announcing the next multi-level company's discovery of some over looked part of a broccoli spear that

signing up in the business would save you from another curse of bad breath, bad jokes, and bad business investments.

DeVona always had a smile and a hug for everyone I ever saw her with. When it came to her fans, they would not leave her alone even when she was so tired she could hardly stand. When she came to my clinic for care or to just talk, other patients present would hear her voice and never having seen her before would jump up with outrageous excitement at a chance to meet and hug DeVona Johnson, knowing her voice as they knew their own name. I have seen anxious fans, meeting her for the first time, burst into tears that finally they could see the voice they had listened to for years, and on seeing such a short stature, would burst into laughter together with DeVona, that someone so short could sound so magnificently tall and powerful on the radio.

She wasn't all soft and rose pedals. She could get irritated over some new crazy, ridiculous, or hysterical idea right out of *Woman's Day* magazine, only to fall into laughter when the truth about that silliness became self evident on further review and examination by the "experts" at the FDA. One thing that will always stand out in my memory of her is this, no matter what you did or did not know and understand about the true principles of health and healing, she would always meet you where you were. Never a judgement. Never a laugh. Never a ridicule. She accepted all of us as her family. When I was around her I felt alive and was grateful thereafter she spent time with me, even if only on a phone interview. She loved, even the unlovable.

I will miss my friend. I will miss DeVona. Knowing that she has left this duality for the magnificent oneness from which she emerged is the only medicine I need to keep my heart from breaking.