

## **Experience of Zeke Johnson, 85 yrs. old in 1954**

I have been requested to relate an experience I had in 1908-09 in Blanding County, Utah. I was just making a home in Blanding and the whole country was covered with trees and sagebrush. I was working hard to clear the ground, to plant a few acres of corn.

We had five acres ready and had started to plant the corn. My little boy, Roy, seven or eight yrs. old, was there to help me plant. Then I covered the seed and plowed again. While I was plowing on that piece of ground I discovered there were ancient houses there, or the ruins of them. As I was plowing around I noticed that my plow had turned out the skeleton of a small child. The skull and the backbone, most of the bones, of course, were decayed and gone. Part of the skeleton was there, so I stopped immediately as the plow had passed it a little.

I turned and looked back against the bar of the plow between the handles. As I was looking at the little skeleton that I had plowed out, all of a sudden to my surprise I saw the bones wiggle and they began to change position, and to take on a different color. Within minutes there lay a beautiful little skeleton.

Then I saw the inner parts of the natural body coming in, the entrails, etc. I saw the flesh come on, and I saw skin come on the body when the inner parts of the body were complete. A beautiful head of hair adorned the top of the head, and in about a half minute after the hair was on the head it had a beautiful crystal decoration in the hair. It was combed beautifully and parted on one side.

In about half a minute more the child raised upon her feet. She was lying a little on her left side with her back towards me. . . as she raised up a beautiful robe came down over her left shoulder, and I saw it must be a girl. She looked at me and I looked at her for a quarter of a minute--we just looked at each other, smiling. Then in my desire to get hold of her, I said, "Oh, You beautiful child," and I reached out as if I would embrace her, and she disappeared. That was all I saw. I stood there wondering and thought for a few minutes. My little boy wondered why I was standing there, because he was down at the other end of the row anxious to come and plant more corn.

Now I couldn't tell that story to anyone because it was so mysterious to me. Why should I have had such a miraculous experience? I couldn't feature a human being in such a condition as to accidently plow that little body out and see it come to life; the body of a child five to seven years old, I'd say.

I couldn't tell that story to anyone until finally one day I met a dear friend of mine, Stake Patriarch Wayne H. Redd of Blanding. He stopped me on the street and said, "Zeke, you had an experience on this mesa you won't tell. I want you to tell it to me." Well, I told it to him. . .

I wondered and it worried me for years, as to why I was allowed to see such a marvelous manifestation of God's power. One day as I was walking alone with my hoe on my shoulder going to hoe some corn, something said, "Step under the shade of that tree for a few minutes and rest." This just came to me and I thought I would, so I stopped there and this was given to me.

It was in answer to my prayer. I had prayed incessantly for an answer as to why I was privileged to see that resurrection and I was told why. When the child was buried there it was either in time when the ground was frozen, and they had no tools to dig deep graves. If it were during the time of war, they couldn't possibly take time to dig a deep grave. They just planted that little body as deep as they could under the circumstances.

When it was done the sorrowing mother knew that it was such a little shallow grave, that in her sorrow she cried out to the little group that was present, "That little shallow grave. The first beast that comes along will smell her body and will dig her up and scatter her to the four winds. Her bones will be scattered all over these flats."

There just happened to be a man present holding the Priesthood (a Nephite or a Jaredite) I don't know which, because there had been both in this country. I've seen their houses and I know it. This man said, "Sister, calm your sorrows. Whenever that little body is disturbed or uncovered, the Lord will call her up she will live." Since that time I have taken great comfort, great cheer and consolation and satisfaction, with praise in my heart and soul. . . that it was I who uncovered that little body. Thank you for listening. I just can't tell this without crying. (signed) Zeke Johnson (son of Joel Hills Johnson)