

John Fitz Alan Howard - My Father, Pioneer, Physician of Body, Mind and Spirit

By his son, Lloyd Ellsworth Howard (1916 - 2006)

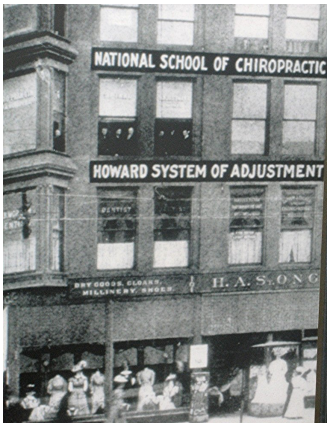


John Fitz Alan Howard

He was a physician skilled in the art of healing. He devoted his life in the study of medicine, surgery and related skills, as well as the natural healing processes of body, mind and spirit. People said there was healing in the touch of his hands, his voice, his words. They spoke of the miracle wrought with a paralyzed neighbor girl he restored to health with many hours of therapy, freely given, in evening hours, after he had returned home from his busy practice in downtown Chicago.

But as a boy I knew little of his formative work pioneering the American born profession of Chiropractic, drugless, therapy. Much more important to me was the love and devotion he gave to mother and the family, and his simple, yet powerful faith. Mother shared his faith and early struggles (and there were many) and loved him devotedly. Together they created a home that glows in the golden haze of memory as a “little bit of heaven on earth.”

My father, John Fitz Alan Howard was born in Salt Lake City, November 27, 1869. One of his early boyhood friends was George Albert Smith. Later these two would travel together as salesmen for ZCMI, cementing



a lifetime friendship. Both were destined to spend their lives in service to their fellowmen. George Albert Smith as missionary, Apostle, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints – John F. A. Howard as missionary, President and founder of *The National College of Chiropractic* (now is the *National University of Health Sciences*), a uniquely comprehensive system of chiropractic health care that has benefitted, and still benefits thousands each day throughout the world.



John Fitz Alan Howard and George Albert Smith

Father entered the life of work and service early. When eight years old, he was employed at ZCMI as a cash boy. His income was needed at home. He continued to work for ZCMI for the next seventeen years, getting his schooling in evening hours.



Harriet Spinks Brooks Howard

His interest in health care was fixed by the death of his still youthful mother when he was fourteen years old. “*Why do good people sicken and die?*” The boy brooded on this question. He determined to dedicate his life to discovering the secrets of restoring and maintaining health. Ultimately, he would become a physician who added new dimensions to the art of healing.

There is little doubt that his Mormon background greatly influenced his philosophy of health care. From the beginning he mistrusted the injudicious use of drugs and surgery. An independent thinker, he questioned many common practices of the day, and by 1906 had formulated a system of restoring and maintaining health – where possible – by the simple process of wholesome food, fresh air, exercise, proper rest and a positive mental attitude. Today, almost ninety years later, such health care is recognized as essential and popularly followed worldwide.

Privately, John Howard was a humble man with a simple, yet powerful faith. His worship was truth. He spent his life in pursuit of it. His religious training, coupled with his studies of life sciences, convinced him that the evolutionary process demanded intelligent direction. Intelligence was an eternal element. Its very nature was progressive, capable of increase. Who could measure the worth of great individuals who had caught the divine spark and lifted the human race? He had the same reverence and concern for the potential worth of human diversity that some, today, hold for the rain forests. How could you risk the loss of one potential creative human intelligence?

He believed this the best possible world for stimulating creative intelligence. “God left oil in the rocks, electricity in the clouds. He left the rivers unbridged, the forests unfelled, the towns and cities unbuilt, the laboratories unopened.” He left the songs unsung, the mysteries of health and happiness yet to be learned. He left the peace unmade. God left an imperfect world to imperfect man. Then he placed in the soul of man the dream of Utopia. The dream was prophesy. Individually, if not universally, it could become reality. There was a lot of heaven that could be realized right here on earth.

Father believed that a philosophy that taught people to love and serve one another was not only essential to enduring civilization and freedom, it was also important to enduring physical, mental and emotional health. People interested in helping others do not die of loneliness and self-pity.

He believed that kindness and helpfulness to others was synonymous with happiness. We children were taught not to quarrel, but to love and serve one another. And it worked. All of my brothers and sisters were wonderful to me, and to each other, and to their parents, through all the years of life. I reverence the memory of the joys we shared together.

Father believed that strong families and wise parents, who could teach these civilizing truths to their children, were the world’s greatest need.

But most important in my own memory is the devotion father gave to implementing these ideas in his own family. No matter how pressed with work and study, he regularly devoted an hour or two to be with the family at supper time – and what a happy and inspirational time that was. With the family seated around the big oval of the dining room table, father’s eyes would seem to caress each child. He liked what he saw. Faults were small, easy to overcome. Every one was bigger than their faults. That was the essence of being human - To have the intelligence to see your faults and the moral courage to overcome them. And equally important, the ability to see your strengths and cultivate them to serve your own needs and the needs of others.



Lloyd Howard

John and Drucilla Howard Family
in 1917.

Standing left to right: Alan,
Mark, Lucie, Jessie, Gordon,
Drucilla, John, John Richards,
On Floor: Winnie, Lloyd, Lora

