

How could they raise enough money to finish the tabernacle?

“I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them” (1 Nephi 3:7).

David heard a horse trotting into the yard. He knew that sound—Father was home! The door opened, and Father walked in.

“I have some good news,” Father said. “The glass for the tabernacle has arrived in California!”

David felt like cheering. Everyone in their town of St. George knew about the tabernacle windows. The tabernacle was being built so the Church members in Southern Utah could have a place to worship. But the tabernacle didn’t have glass for the windows yet. They had to order it all the way from New York.

New York was a long way from Utah. Father had drawn out a map with charcoal to show David. David had traced the long line the glass had to travel by boat from New York all the way to San Bernadino, California. That’s where it was now. From there it still had to be brought the last 300 miles by wagon to St. George.



WINDOWS before Winter

By Paula Hunt

(Based on a true story)

Father was in charge of leading the wagon team to California and back. “The glass is waiting for us, but we still need \$800 to pick it up.”

David eyes got wide. He had never even heard of that much money!

“Do you think we can raise the money?” Father asked, ruffling David’s hair.

“Of course we can!” David answered. He ran to his room. In minutes he came back and handed a two-cent piece to his father. It was all he had.

Over the next few days, David’s family pulled together \$3.87. They knew it wasn’t very much. But they also knew that if Heavenly Father wanted the Saints to build a tabernacle to worship in, then He would provide a way. They prayed for His help.

News soon spread throughout the pioneer community, and everyone gave all they could to the window fund. But when Father counted up the money on the last night before the trip, it was only \$200.

“Maybe you should wait till spring,” Mother suggested. “Perhaps we could have the money by then.”

Father shook his head.

“No, we have to go now. Otherwise the building will be unprotected from the rain and snow all winter. We can’t let it be damaged.”

That night they prayed for help again. They had done all they could. But it wasn’t enough. David’s father decided to start the journey to California anyway. He had faith that somehow things would work out.

Before first light, the wagon team pulled up outside David’s house. The other travelers joined David’s family inside for a prayer. Father pleaded with Heavenly Father for help.

A knock at the door startled them. When Mother opened it, a man walked in. He said his name was Peter Nielsen, and he was from a nearby town called Washington.

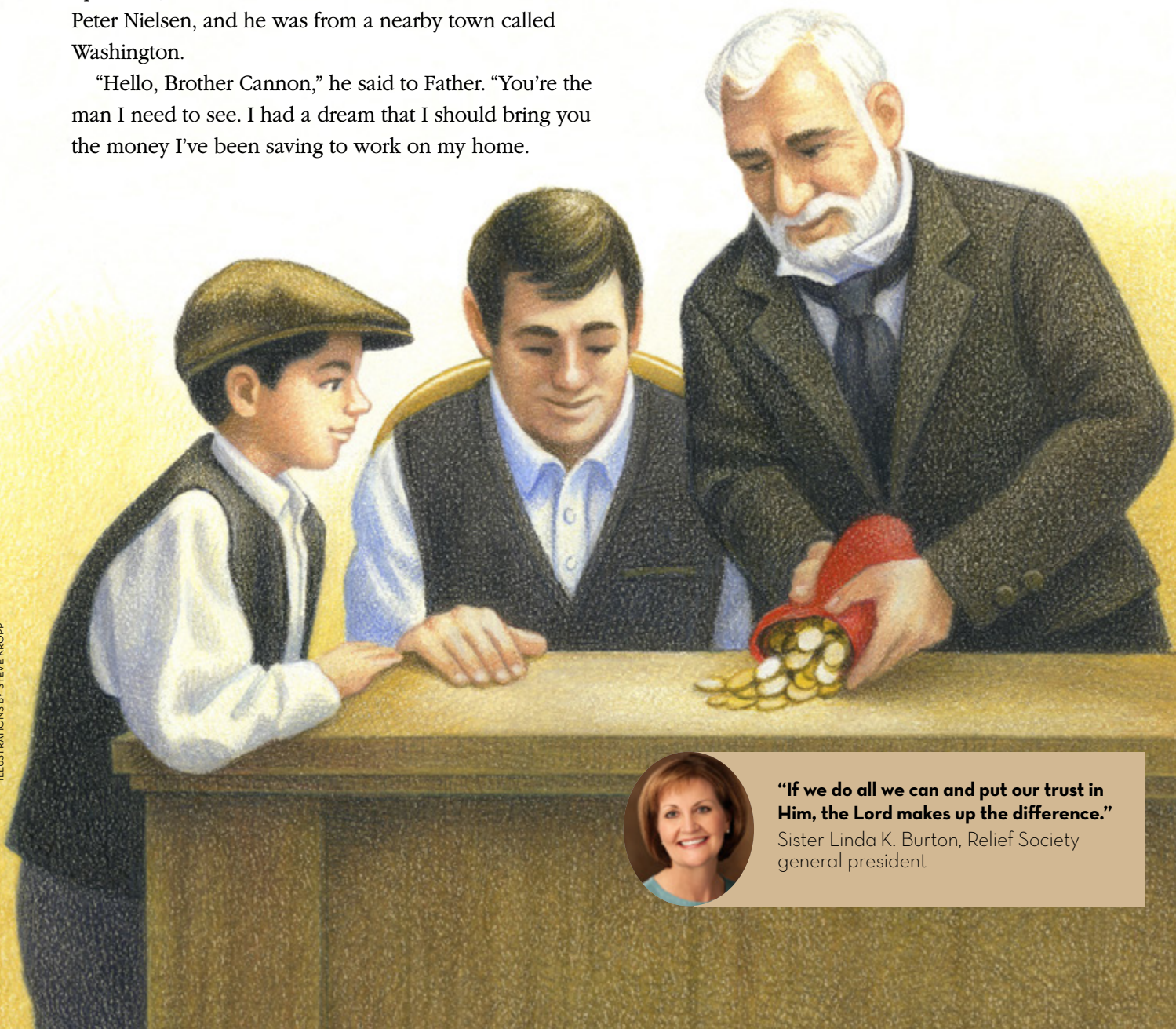
“Hello, Brother Cannon,” he said to Father. “You’re the man I need to see. I had a dream that I should bring you the money I’ve been saving to work on my home.

I know that for some reason you need it, and God wants you to have it. Here.”

Brother Nielsen untied a red handkerchief and poured gold pieces onto the table until a big pile lay there. Father counted the coins one by one. \$600! With the \$200, it made \$800. That was exactly the amount they needed to go and get the glass for the Tabernacle! Right away they prayed to thank Heavenly Father.

Within minutes the team was heading west. As they left, David knew without a doubt that Heavenly Father had provided a way for them. ◆

The author lives in Idaho, USA.



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“If we do all we can and put our trust in Him, the Lord makes up the difference.”

Sister Linda K. Burton, Relief Society general president