

From a talk, “Tears, Trials, Trust, Testimony” by President Thomas S. Monson,
First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
https://www.lds.org/ensign/1997/09/tears-trials-trust-testimony?lang=eng&_r=1

Lessons from the past can quicken our memories, touch our lives, and direct our actions. We are prompted to pause and remember that divinely given promise: “Wherefore, ... ye are on the Lord’s errand; and whatsoever ye do according to the will of the Lord is the Lord’s business.”

Such a lesson was recounted on a radio and television program many remember with fondness. The program was entitled Death Valley Days. The narrator, known as the Old Ranger, seemed to come right into our living rooms as he would tell tales of the West.

On one program, the Old Ranger related how the glass was obtained for the windows of the St. George Tabernacle. The glass was manufactured in the East. Then it was placed on a ship in New York that sailed forth on the long and at times perilous journey around Cape Horn and up to the west coast of America. The precious glass, stored in cartons, was then transported to San Bernardino, California, to await the overland trek to St. George.

David Cannon and the brethren in St. George had the duty to go to San Bernardino with their teams and wagons to retrieve the glass, that the tabernacle of the Lord could be completed. One problem: They needed the then-astronomical sum of \$800.00 to pay for the glass. They had no money. David Cannon turned to his wife and to his son and asked, “Do you think that we can raise the money, that we might obtain the glass for the tabernacle?”

His tiny son, David Jr., said, “Daddy, I know we can!” He then produced two cents of his own money and gave it to his father. Wilhelmina Cannon, David’s wife, went through the secret hiding places that all women have in their houses. Her search produced \$3.50 in silver. The community was scoured for money, and at length the sum of \$200.00 was accumulated — \$600.00 short of the required amount.

David Cannon sighed the sigh of despair of one who had failed although he had tried his best. The little family was really too weary to sleep and too discouraged to eat, so they prayed. Morning dawned. The teamsters gathered with their wagons and teams, prepared to undertake the long journey to San Bernardino. But they had no \$600.00. Then there came a knock at the door, and Peter Neilson from the nearby community of Washington entered the house. He said to David Cannon, “Brother David, I have had a persistent dream that I should bring the money I had saved to expand my house—bring it to you, that you would have a purpose for it.”

While all of the men gathered around the table, including little David Jr., Peter Neilson took out a red bandanna and dropped gold pieces, one by one, upon the table. When David Cannon counted the gold pieces, they totaled \$600.00—the exact amount needed to obtain the glass. Within an hour the men waved good-bye and, with their teams, set forth on their journey to San Bernardino to retrieve the glass for the St. George Tabernacle.

When that true story was told over Death Valley Days, David Cannon Jr. was then 87 years of age. He listened to the story with rapt attention. I believe that in his mind he once again heard those gold pieces, one by one, dropping upon the table as astonished men saw with their very eyes the answer to their prayers.