

“He Was Gone”

David Cluff had a large family and lived in Nauvoo, Illinois. He was carpenter and a farmer and managed to prosper, but then he answered the call and served as a missionary in the eastern states.

Upon his honorable release, he returned to Nauvoo and his family with a desire to return to work in his cabinet shop, but in his absence his carpenter tools had worn out, and given the family's present poverty, getting new ones “seemed impossible.”

He was faced with a dilemma. He needed new tools to do quality work, but he had not the means to do that work to buy the new tools. He said to his wife, “Mother, I do wish I could get ahead enough to buy a set of tools.”



His son, Benjamin heard that comment. A few days later Benjamin happened to be playing in the street in front of their home. He and the other boys witnessed “A strange-looking man with a small pack on his back such as carpenters sometimes carry tools in as they go from job to job.” Benjamin observed that he turned through the gate and walked into his father's shop.

Curious, Benjamin followed the man in and heard him say to his father, “Don't you want me to make you some tools?” “Yes,” came the reply. “I am needing some tools very badly, but I don't know how I can pay you.” The stranger responded, “Never mind about the pay. Have you any seasoned lumber?” David Cluff pointed to some seasoned maple at the north end of the shop and the stranger went to work—for three weeks!

Benjamin said, “When this was done, he asked father if there was anything else he wished to have done. Father replied that he had fit him up in pretty good shape. Now, said father, “how can I pay you?” Now came the strangest part of the miracle, for when father asked the question, ‘How can I pay you?’ The stranger replied, “You can pay me the next time you see me.”

The stranger then picked up his tools, bid David goodbye and walked out. Young Benjamin followed him out and stood at the gate watching him walk away. He said,

“Before the stranger had gone fifty yards from the gate, my attention momentarily was drawn off, but resuming my gaze after the stranger, I was exceedingly astonished. The road was open. There was no corner, no tree, shrubs or any other obstruction that he could secrete or hide himself behind, but he was gone from my view.”

David Cluff took those tools and went to work building the Nauvoo Temple.



Source:

[https://www.familysearch.org/photos/artifacts/91897002?p=29415216&returnLabel=David%20Cluff%20Sr.%20\(KWJ6-TK8\)&returnUrl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.familysearch.org%2Ftree%2Fperson%2Fmemories%2FKWJ6-TK8](https://www.familysearch.org/photos/artifacts/91897002?p=29415216&returnLabel=David%20Cluff%20Sr.%20(KWJ6-TK8)&returnUrl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.familysearch.org%2Ftree%2Fperson%2Fmemories%2FKWJ6-TK8)

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