

The Cupcake Story

Many years ago we moved to a new neighborhood. Our children were playing ball in our backyard when some neighbor kids came over to play. The kids cautioned our children, “Be careful not to let your ball go over the fence. The old lady over there will come out and give you “what for” and she’ll keep your ball.” We heard from other neighbors, as rumor had it, Mrs. S. thought she was better than the rest of us so we went about our business, not paying much mind to Mr. & Mrs. S. We watched as Mrs. S. waltzed down their front walk in her fur coat, all dressed up, and out the gate where Mr. S. was waiting in the car. On occasion we would see Mr. S. outside polishing his shoes or doing something around the yard. When he noticed us he would smile but when Mrs. S. was cleaning her windows or shaking rugs she never looked our direction. We were thankful there was a woven fence between our places.

After a few months we learned that Mr. S. died suddenly from a heart attack and often we could hear Mrs. S. crying. We felt sad and wanted to give her our sympathy but with everything we had heard and observed we just let it go.

Easter Day was growing near and our oldest daughter, Sis who was probably 10 years old at that time, came to me, “Mother can I make Mrs. S. some cupcakes and take them to her?” I looked at her with hesitation, put my arm around her, and said, “If you really want to - I guess it would be o.k.”. Sis made the cupcakes from scratch, no cake mix in those days, then she frosted and decorated each one. She had lined a box and put the pretty cup cakes inside. I watched as she cut some pieces of paper and wrote on each one then slipped the folded papers between each of the homemade cupcakes.

I watched her go through the gate and up the walk to the house. I prayed, “ Oh Lord please don’t let Mrs. S. be mean to my little girl”.

Sis was gone a long time and I was getting worried. Finally here she came skipping up our walk, “ Oh mother, Mrs. S. was so happy with the cupcakes and she liked the Bible verses I had put between each one. Mrs. S. asked me if my sister and I had dolls. We could bring them over and she would knit them some clothes and teach us to knit.” And in time she did.

One day the telephone rang and to my surprise it was Mrs. S. She invited me to come over for coffee and have a piece of her rhubarb pie. The pie was delicious and as she wrote the recipe for me we visited and got acquainted. Soon we became friends.

When I was working away from home and our girls were home alone, Mrs. S. would often come over to help the girls or show them how to do “this or that”. She was a good neighbor.

Even after Mrs. S. moved from our neighborhood she often came to visit. Several years later she made a trip to her native Switzerland and she wrote and sent us postcards to let us know she was thinking of our family.

Our other neighbors were surprised to see what a change there was in Mrs. S. and I knew that my little girl with the big heart made the change with her homemade kindness.