

The Gingerbread Girl

and the

Purr-fect Surprise

A sweet story of faith, hope,
and unexpected blessings



At school in Sugarplum Village, Miss Sprinkle asked, “Who would like to tell us about their pets?” “My puppy can roll over!” said Benny.

“My bunny loves carrots!” said Molly. “My parrot can sing!” said Oliver. Ginger listened quietly. Everyone seemed to have a pet. Everyone, that is, except her.



More than anything, Ginger wanted a kitten—with bright eyes, a pink nose, and the sweetest little meow. She would call her Cookie.

They would play with yarn, cuddle under blankets, and watch the snow fall. There was just one problem. Ginger was allergic to cats.



Whenever Ginger visited a friend with a kitten, her nose tickled and her eyes watered. Then—“AAAA-CHOO!” “I know how much you want a kitten,” Mama said gently.

“But we have to keep you healthy.” Ginger understood. She really did. But understanding didn’t make her wish disappear.



After school, Ginger stopped at the pet-shop window. Three tiny kittens tumbled over one another. One pressed its nose against the glass.

Ginger pressed her hand against the window. “I wish you could come home with me,” she whispered. With a heavy little heart, she went to visit Grandma.



Ding-a-ling! The bakery bell jingled. Inside, everything smelled of cinnamon, warm sugar, and freshly baked cookies. “There’s my sweet little gumdrop!”

Grandma called. Then she noticed Ginger’s face. “What’s troubling your heart?” Ginger climbed onto her favorite stool and told Grandma about her biggest wish.



“Grandma, does God hear every prayer?” Ginger asked. “Every single one, sweetheart.” “Even little prayers about kittens?” Grandma hugged her close.

“Yes. You can tell Him when you’re sad, too. His love is always with you—even when an answer looks different from what you hoped.”

Grandma opened her flour-dusted recipe book. Inside was a favorite verse. “God can do more wonderful things than we could ever imagine!”



she read. “That’s based on Ephesians 3:20.” Ginger thought about that. Grandma smiled. “Now, how would you like to help me bake?”

Together they rolled out gingerbread dough. Grandma found a cutter shaped like a tiny kitten. “It’s perfect!” Ginger squealed. They made pointed ears, little paws, and a curly tail.



Ginger added white frosting whiskers, chocolate-chip eyes, and a pink candy nose. “She looks just like the kitten in my dreams.”

Before the kitten went into the oven, Ginger folded her hands. “Dear God, I’m still sad that I can’t have a kitten. Thank You for Grandma and for letting us make this one.



Help me notice the good surprises in my life. Amen.”
Neither Ginger nor Grandma noticed a tiny golden sparkle above the oven.

DING! The timer rang. Grandma set the tray safely on the counter. A warm golden glow filled the bakery. “Meep!” Ginger blinked. Grandma blinked.



“Did that cookie just… meow?” A tiny paw reached over the tray. Then another. Two chocolate-chip eyes blinked—and the gingerbread kitten stood up!

The kitten stretched, curled her frosting tail, and leaped into Ginger’s arms. Ginger waited. No tickle. No watery eyes. No sneeze! “Grandma!



I can cuddle her!” The kitten rubbed her candy nose against Ginger’s cheek and purred. Grandma laughed with delight. What a wonderfully unexpected surprise!

“I know exactly what to name you,” Ginger said. “Cookie!” Cookie chased a peppermint, tumbled into flour, and curled up inside a measuring cup.



Ginger giggled until her sides hurt. She wasn’t thinking about what she couldn’t have. She was too busy loving the little friend right in front of her.

Later, Cookie fell asleep in Ginger’s lap. “I never imagined a kitten like this,” Ginger told Grandma. “Life can hold lovely surprises,” Grandma said.



“And when things are still hard, God loves us just as much.” Ginger stroked Cookie’s cinnamon-colored ears. “I’m thankful for her. And for you.”

The next morning, Ginger’s hand flew up at school. “I have something special to share!” She opened her pink basket. Out popped two pointed cookie ears. Then two chocolate-chip eyes. “MEOW!” “A gingerbread kitten!” gasped the class. “But I thought you were allergic!” Molly said. Ginger smiled. “This kitten is a little different.”



“Where did she come from?” asked Benny. “My grandma’s bakery!” Ginger said. “I couldn’t have the kitten I imagined, and that made me sad. Grandma listened, and we made something together.” Cookie twirled her curly tail. “Then came the sweetest surprise,” Ginger giggled. “A friend with frosting whiskers!”

That night, Cookie curled beside Ginger’s pillow. “Dear God, thank You for hearing me when I’m sad. Thank You for Grandma, for Cookie, and for loving me every day.



Amen.” Outside, stars twinkled over Sugarplum Village. Inside, a happy girl and her kitten drifted off to sleep.

A Little Sprinkle of Scripture

“God can do more wonderful things than we could ever imagine!”

Based on Ephesians 3:20

The End

