The Gingerbread Boy

and the Gift of Kindness



A story about slowing down to love others

A little note for grown-ups

This is an original imaginary story inspired by Jesus' teaching to love our neighbors. The gingerbread characters and their conversations with Jesus are fictional.

Read together, enjoy the repeated rhyme, and look for the small ways kindness grows throughout the story.

Story and illustrations created with AI assistance.
Personal reading edition • 2026

For little hearts

with big kindness to share.

Let's begin…



One snowy morning, a baker made a little gingerbread boy with bright eyes, white hoodie, and a great big smile.

When the baker opened the oven, he hopped off the tray!



“Run, run, as fast as you can!” he called. “You can’t catch me. I’m the gingerbread boy!”

Out the door he dashed, his sneakers going tip-tap, tip-tap down the road.

At the village gate, he passed a boy sitting beside a broken cart.

“Will you help me gather my apples?” the boy asked.

But the gingerbread boy was already racing around the corner.

“No time!” he shouted. “I’m much too fast to stop!”

Near a little garden, he passed a woman carrying a heavy basket.

“Could you open the gate?” she asked.

But the gingerbread boy hurried on.

“No time! No time!”



At last, he reached a hill. Beneath an olive tree sat Jesus, sharing bread with a few friends.

The gingerbread boy planted his feet.

“Run, run, as fast as you can!” he began.

Jesus smiled.



“You’ve come a long way. Would you like to rest?”

The gingerbread boy blinked. Nobody had offered him a rest before.

He sat on a smooth stone beside the tree.

“I’m the fastest cookie in the village,” he said.



“What have you seen on your journey?” Jesus asked.

“A boy with some apples. A woman with a basket. A garden gate.”

The gingerbread boy looked down at his white hoodie.

“The apples were all over the road,” he said quietly. “And the woman couldn’t reach the latch.”

Jesus listened.

“I could have helped,” the gingerbread boy said.

“You can still go back,” Jesus told him.

So the gingerbread boy jumped from the stone and ran down the hill.



This time, when he reached the garden, he stopped.

He climbed onto a flowerpot, stretched his little arms, and lifted the latch.

“Thank you!” said the woman as the gate swung open.



Next, he found the boy gathering apples.

The gingerbread boy pushed them toward the basket, one by one.

Some apples were bigger than he was!

One apple rolled backward and knocked him into a pile of leaves.

The boy laughed.

The gingerbread boy laughed too.



Together, they gathered every apple.

The gingerbread boy brushed the leaves from his white hoodie.

But one little leaf stayed stuck to his back.

By sunset, the gingerbread boy had returned to the olive tree.

“Did you win your race?” Jesus asked.

“I forgot to have one,” said the gingerbread boy. “I was helping.”

Jesus smiled and made room beside him.

The gingerbread boy sat down with a happy sigh.

Tomorrow, he would run again. But he had a new rhyme:

“Run, run, as fast as you can—
then stop and lend a helping hand!”

Kindness keeps going

And whenever those little sneakers went tip-tap, tip-tap, the gingerbread boy kept his eyes open for someone who might need a friend.

Talk together:
Who needed help in the story?
How did helping change the gingerbread boy?
What kind thing could you do today?

The End