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A Cream Puff Dilemma

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A Cream Puff Dilemma

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cqslZQATsy8>



"Whatever is good and perfect is a gift coming down to us from God our Father..."

JAMES 1:17

Lauren Daigle's song Let It Be A Hallelujah captured this week perfectly: "In every breaking moment. In every blessing that You give - Let it be a hallelujah..." As her birthday approached, I searched for a cream puff to no avail. She would have been fifty-nine, my precious daughter. Seven years had passed since she went home to be with the Lord. Her favorite dessert? A simple cream puff. As a child, she tagged along on countless fishing treks with her two brothers. Worms, hooks, and the smell of lake water never seemed to bother her. But one day, I decided it was time for something just for her. No fish. No bait. Just mother and daughter. We drove downtown to a bakery and sat across from one another, forks in hand. Whipped cream and flaky pastry replaced fishing poles and tackle boxes. We laughed as powdered sugar dusted our lips. Over the years, that simple dessert became our celebration. A cream puff meant delight. It meant time together. It meant love. So this year, I searched every grocery store and bakery in town to honor her memory. Not one cream puff could be found. Reluctantly, I gave up. But God had other ideas. In the middle of my search, another celebration was unfolding. I met her best friend, Megan, for lunch—someone I hadn't seen in over a year. Megan walked into The Spice of Life restaurant glowing... and very pregnant. Blessing number three was on the way for her sweet family. We celebrated. We laughed. We cried. Still no cream puffs. Scripture reminds us that God delights in blessing His children with unexpected joy—often exceeding what we ask or imagine. In Isaiah 65:24 (NLT) we read, "I will answer them before they even call to me..." And James 1:17 (NLT) tells us that

"Whatever is good and perfect is a gift coming down to us from God our Father..." Her birthday arrived. Nothing extraordinary—just a mother's heart quietly longing to remember. At our weekly community lunch that day, the room buzzed with chatter. "What's for dessert?" someone asked. My heart nearly stopped when the answer came: "Cream puffs. Big, huge ones." Tears filled my eyes. I hadn't told a soul about my search. I hadn't asked anyone to make them. Yet there they were—golden, beautiful, filled with cream and memory. It felt as though the Lord whispered, "I didn't forget. I know your heart." And He wasn't finished. The next morning, my phone chimed. Megan had delivered a healthy baby girl—on my daughter's birthday. Her name? Daisy. Blessings times two. Hallelujah. Perhaps your heart longs for something far greater than a cream puff. Perhaps it aches for healing, restoration, direction, or peace. And yet, whether our request feels small or monumental, it matters to God. Nothing is too simple. Nothing is too complicated. He sees. He hears. He answers—sometimes before we even call. A cream puff may seem insignificant in the grand design of heaven. But to a grieving mother, it was a love note from God. And Daisy's birth was a reminder that while one life is remembered, another begins. In every breaking moment. In every unexpected gift. In every whispered reminder that He is near—Let it be a hallelujah. Because the same God who numbers the stars also knows when you're searching for a cream puff.

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