The Power of a Cookie

by

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My mother always tells me to "find importance in the small things." Throughout my life, I have discovered that the tiniest gestures often make the biggest differences. Even though the old cliché tells us "not to sweat the small stuff," I find that paying attention to the details that define a person often reaps the greatest reward.

I believe in the power of a Donut Bank butter cookie. While many may scoff and dismiss my statement as the result of an overactive sweet tooth, my reasoning runs deeper than a simple sugar craving. That seemingly insignificant cookie symbolizes the great love my parents show me and highlights their willingness to display their affection.

Growing up, I always anticipated Saturday mornings, not because they symbolized the official start of the weekend or the latest Bugs Bunny episode, but instead because I always awoke to find a white parchment bag sitting on the kitchen counter. Every Saturday, my father went on his weekly doughnut run, coming back with a box full of chocolate long johns and raspberry-filled doughnuts. My mom, dad, and sister loved these puffy pastries and powdered cakes, while I, on the other hand, detested them.

Aware of my aversion to doughnuts, my father always brought me back a butter cookie, decorated with either pumpkins, Christmas trees, yellow smiley faces, or whatever other symbol the current season brought. Wrapped up neatly in its own little bag, the ordinary cookie sat alongside the box of doughnuts every Saturday morning, waiting for me to wake up and experience its joy. Every time I gobbled up my weekly treat, I knew that my father loved me enough to think about what made me happy and do his best to furnish me with that bliss.

Even today, those butter cookies still hold a special place in my heart. A few weeks ago, I experienced an extremely stressful day, so I frantically called my mom and ranted about locking my keys in my car and ripping my favorite pair of shorts. Later that afternoon, when my mother walked through the front door, my eyes caught a glimpse of a white Donut Bank sack. As soon as I opened the bag and found a purple and yellow cookie with a flowery design sitting in the bottom, my troubles fell off of my shoulders because I realized my mom loved me enough to pay attention to what made me happy and tried her best to show me her love and support.

Little gestures like this one, such as calling an old friend on her birthday, sending a card to my grandmother just to tell her I love her, or even smiling at a stranger, appear on the surface as insignificant actions that, in the long run, carry no importance. I believe, however, these small signs of affection, such as a Donut Bank butter cookie, possess the power of creating the greatest joys in life.