

Pie-Crust Cabins

By Sara V. Olds

(Based on a true story)

"For health and strength and daily food we praise thy name, O Lord" (Children's Songbook, 21).

Robbin watched as Dad measured flour, salt, and shortening into a bowl. After adding a little water, he started stirring the dough together.

"Can I help?" Robbin asked. "I want to make sure we make enough logs to make a *huge* house this year!"

"Sure, you can help," Dad said. "But it doesn't matter who builds the biggest house. We make log cabins to help us remember the blessings we have."

Robbin's eyebrows pinched together as she watched. "But you always tell us about the amazing house you and Mom built the first year you were married."

Dad looked over at Mom and smiled. "There's never been one like it since." As he started rolling out the dough, he said, "As fun as our little crust cabins are, do you remember why we make them?"

Robbin nodded. "But tell me again."

"A very long time ago," Mom began, "long before even Grandma and Grandpa were born, there was a

young family. They lived on a farm. It wasn't an easy life. They had to work very hard. One year their daddy had to go away and find work so they'd have money to buy food. He left his wife and three daughters all by themselves."

"My great-grandma was one of the daughters, wasn't she?" asked Robbin.

Mom nodded. "That's right."

Robbin inched around the table so she could see Dad better. He cut the dough into thin strips and put them on

a cookie sheet. Then he slid them into the oven.

Mom went on with the story. "Well, Thanksgiving came and there was hardly anything to eat. Your great-great-grandmother felt sorry for her sweet little girls. But she had an idea. She took—"

"Flour," said Dad.

"And salt," said Robbin.

"And shortening," said Mom with a nod. "She made pie crust. Then she cut it into long strips. And then she took some cream from their cows and whipped it up. On Thanksgiving morning she and the girls used the pie crust and cream to make small log cabins."

Dad came over and leaned on the counter. "And we make our log cabins every year to remind us of the many blessings Heavenly Father has given us."

"And because it's fun!" said Robbin.

Mom and Dad laughed. "Yes, it is."

Dad checked the pie crust. The white strips he'd put in the oven had turned a beautiful golden color. "Done!" He slid the piecrust "logs" onto a rack to cool.

Robbin sniffed the freshly baked pie-crust logs. They smelled warm and delicious.

Later that day Robbin's cousins came over. Mom brought out a large plate piled high with logs ready to use. She put the plate next to a bowl of whipped cream. All the children hurried to the table.

"Wait!" said Mom. "Before you begin, who can remember the story of the log cabins?"

Robbin felt happy inside as one of her cousins started telling the story. They had a house and plenty of food. She was glad they had a special way to celebrate all the blessings Heavenly Father had given them. ♦

The author lives in Oregon, USA.

This tradition was Robbin's favorite part of Thanksgiving.

Know what's fun? Starting a new family tradition!

Like starting Thanksgiving in October with our friends in Canada!



My little brother drew a picture of us holding hands. He wrote, "I love you, Cate!" I taped it to my door. Soon he made another picture for my door. On Thanksgiving, I was wondering what I was most thankful for when I saw my door with the pictures on it. *I'm thankful for my siblings, I thought, especially Henry.*

Cate L., age 9, Utah, USA

