

A CLASSY  
LADY  
CREATING

# Classy Cakes



WRITTEN BY  
BOB DYE

I'm not a cake guy. My wife, on the other hand, seemingly loves every type of cake on the planet. Big cakes, small cakes, cakes with fruit that probably shouldn't be in cake—she loves them all. Good thing she has the metabolism of a sixteen-year-old track star. Meanwhile, I gain three pounds just by *looking* at frosting.

But when our daughter-in-law's birthday rolled around, I needed a special cake—something that would make my wife's "oohs" and "ahhs" sound like an underreaction. So, I wandered onto the website for Classy Cakes by Lori. What I found there was nothing short of jaw-dropping. Wedding cakes that defy gravity and sculpted specialty cakes that make you question your own eyesight. One looked like a Louis Vuitton handbag. Another, like a perfect plate of tacos al pastor. I half expected one to look like my mortgage statement—because nothing strikes more fear in a grown man than that.

So who's the creative genius behind all this sugar-coated sorcery? Meet **Lori Hopkins**.

Lori moved to San Antonio in 2010 with an accounting degree in one hand and a collection of family recipes in the other. (Now that's what I call a balanced portfolio.) A year later, she moved to Austin to care for her mother, who was battling stage-three cancer. That part hit home for me—as a three-time cancer survivor myself, I know what that kind of love, patience, and grit requires. Caregivers are the unsung heroes of the fight.

But let's get back to the cakes before I start tearing up on my keyboard.

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Lori's creations are something out of *The Great British Bake Off* meets Ripley's *Believe It or Not*. She once made a full Texas barbecue spread—except every single item, from the brisket to the sausage links to the shiny green pickles—was cake. Cake! The attention to detail was mind-boggling. The "char marks" on the brisket? Cocoa powder. The "smoke ring"? Raspberry jam. She even nailed that weird little translucent middle part of the dill pickle that looks like tiny seeds. It's the sort of thing that makes you question your life choices: "Have I really been eating brisket all these years when I could have been eating cake that looks like brisket?"

Then there's the LSU ice chest cake—complete with crushed-ice texture, beer cans (all edible), and enough school spirit to make even a Longhorn say, "Geaux Tigers!"

But what really sets Lori apart isn't just  
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her artistry—it's her heart. Lori has a deep-rooted desire to give back. She regularly provides desserts for patients at Texas Oncology, knowing that chemotherapy can turn every meal into a culinary guessing game. Sweet treats—especially ones with a bit of flair—help patients actually taste something again. And she doesn't just drop off the cakes and run. She visits the infusion rooms, chatting with patients, offering a smile, and sometimes a shoulder. Having been there myself, I can tell you that a warm conversation and a slice of cake can be just as healing as medicine.

Food, after all, is our universal love language. It brings us together. It reminds us of the chaos and comfort of childhood kitchens—



where moms, grandmothers, aunties, and that one know-it-all cousin all argued over whether it needed “a pinch more salt” or “just a little more time in the oven.” And heaven forbid anyone admits they got their recipe from a magazine.

Lori's community spirit goes far beyond the kitchen. When she's not covered in powdered sugar or fondant, you might find her out mowing the lawns of elderly neighbors. Yes, you read that right. The Cake Lady mows lawns. I imagine her showing up with a pink lawnmower and a buttercream smile. But make no mistake—it's no small gesture. Acts of kindness like that are huge, especially for those who can't easily care for their own yards.

What's even better is that Lori involves her husband and son in everything she does. It's a family affair of giving. As a father of two amazing sons myself,

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I know what a lifelong impact those early lessons of service can have. When kids see their parents giving without expecting anything in return, it plants something deep and lasting—a quiet pride in being useful to others.

Whether she's teaching cake-decorating classes to kids and adults in the community, dropping off desserts at the oncology center, mowing a lawn for a neighbor, or crafting a four-tier wedding cake that would make a pastry chef weep—nothing seems to slow Lori down.

In a world that often feels rushed, distracted, and all about “me,” Lori Hopkins is a gentle, frosted reminder of what it means to create beauty *and* do good. Her cakes may be made of sugar, but the woman herself? Pure gold.

So yes, I plan to swing by **Classy Cakes by Lori** in the next few days to place my order. I'm thinking...something elegant, maybe even gravity-defying. And who knows—maybe she can make a cake that looks like me: sturdy, a little crumbly in spots, but still holding together with plenty of frosting and faith.

After all, if anyone can make *that* look classy, it's Lori Hopkins.