THE NAME THAT STUCK

A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Fip points to Jesus





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A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Adapted from the Lydia & Fip episode of the same name

Memory verse: Ephesians 4:29 (KJV)

All Scripture is from the King James Bible (KJV).

Grace Team Academy

Fip points to Jesus



It was a bright school-day morning, and the three sisters walked the school path together: Ariel, the older sister, carried the school books; Lydia carried her tin cup, with Fip the Pocket Fox riding in the big front pocket of her jacket; and little Phoebe, the baby sister, held Lydia’s hand the whole way — never alone.

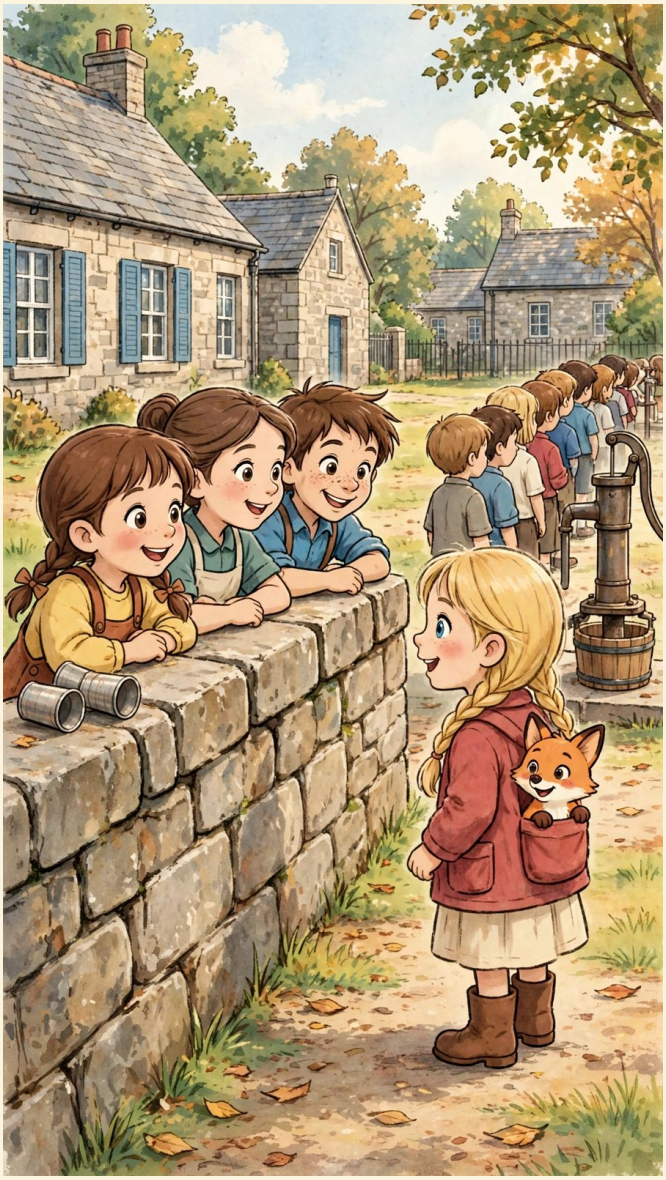
Lydia was the funny one, the well-liked one. Everybody in the schoolyard waited for her laugh. That very morning, her laugh was going to be asked for — and what she did with it would matter more than she knew.



At the school pump, the children queued with their tin cups, and the pump handle squeaked. Miriam stood ahead of Lydia, holding her cup in both hands, and her words came slowly.

MIRIAM: “Please — I — I only want a drink before the bell. Just a drink.”

LYDIA: “Take your time, Miriam. The bell hasn’t rung yet.”



By the schoolyard wall, Naomi, Ruth, and Thomas leaned together, cups forgotten. They called Lydia over with a secret too good to keep.

THOMAS: “Lydia! Come here! We’ve made up a name for her — but it needs you.”

NAOMI: “Everything’s funnier when you say it. The whole yard waits for your laugh.”



Close by the wall, with Miriam at the pump across the yard, Thomas unveiled the name — and the plan.

THOMAS: “Mumble-Mouth Miriam! Say it when she comes past. Say it and laugh — it’ll stick forever!”

LYDIA: “Forever’s a long time for one joke, Thomas.”



On top of the wall, as if he had been there all morning, sat Hoot Scoot the owl. He tilted his great round head and complimented Lydia on the very gift being aimed at Miriam.

HOOT SCOOT: “The funny one, the loved one — that’s you, sunshine. One little joke keeps you in the middle of the laughter.”

LYDIA: “It’s only words. She might not even hear.”



Miriam filled her cup and turned to carry it past the wall, careful with every step. The whole yard watched Lydia’s face, and Lydia felt the laugh rise in her throat, ready-made.

RUTH: “Here she comes. Go on — say it now.”

LYDIA: “I — everybody’s looking at me. If I don’t, they’ll think I’ve gone dull. Or proud. Or—”



But Fip, in her pocket, was looking up at her — not at Miriam. And he asked the question she was avoiding.

FIP: “Before the words — the girl. Tonight, in the quiet, what will your words still be doing to her?”

LYDIA: “Still… sitting on her. Like a stone she didn’t choose.”



Fip lifted his chin and spoke the Word about the tongue, plainly, while Miriam stood with her cup and no idea what hung on this minute.

FIP: “It is written: ‘Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.’ (Proverbs 18:21)”

LYDIA: “Death and life. In a nickname. That’s… heavier than a joke, Fip.”



The owl leaned down at his smoothest, and poured out his kindest-sounding poison.

HOOT SCOOT: “She’ll forget it by supper — probably. Will you be the one sour face, over a mouthful of air?”

THOMAS: “Lydia. Now. She’s nearly past.”



Miriam was three steps away now, her cup trembling very slightly. And Lydia said her real fear out loud — not of the yard’s anger, but of its silence.

LYDIA: “If I don’t say it, I’m out — no place saved, nobody calling me over. Being liked is the best thing I’ve got.”

FIP: “Is it? Or is it only the loudest thing you’ve got?”



Then Fip answered the owl’s “mouthful of air” with the Lord’s own words about idle words — and the yard’s waiting quiet deepened.

FIP: “Jesus weighed idle words Himself: ‘But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.’ (Matthew 12:36)”

LYDIA: “Give account. Even of a joke. Even of one word.”



At the pump trough, Miriam’s cup tipped and spilled in her nervousness. And Lydia made her choice in action before she made it in words: she knelt, pumped a fresh cup, and spoke Miriam’s real name clearly and kindly, loud enough for the whole yard. Fip sat on the trough beside her while she knelt.

LYDIA: “Miriam. Here — a fresh cup, Miriam. You asked so patiently. Will you walk in with me?”

MIRIAM: “You said my name. Just my name. Like it’s a good one.”



Lydia stood and walked in beside Miriam — Fip back in her pocket as she rose. Behind them, the cost landed at once, and in public.

THOMAS: “Fine. Be dull, then. Nobody’s saving you a place at dinner, Lydia.”

LYDIA: “I heard him. Let it sting where it lands — on me, this time. Not on you.”



On the school porch steps, after the bell, Miriam held her empty cup like something precious — and gave Lydia, slowly and with great effort, the sentence she had been carrying.

MIRIAM: “At home, Mother calls me Miriam when I’m brave. You were the first one here.”

LYDIA: “Then it won’t be the last time you hear it kindly, Miriam. I promise.”



In the dinner hall at midday, the noise and laughter rolled — and Lydia’s usual place at the long table was taken. But at the far small table, Miriam was waving her over with both hands.

MIRIAM: “Lydia! I kept the end of the bench. It’s not the big table, but— it’s ours, if you want it.”

LYDIA: “I want it. Move your cup, Miriam, I’m sitting here.”



At the small table, over two plates, Lydia was silly about the pump handle, the way she always was — and Miriam laughed: a real laugh, the first one.

LYDIA: “The pump handle squeaked so loud, I nearly apologised to it.”

MIRIAM: “You talk to everything. That’s why your words matter — people listen to you.”



On the school porch at going-home time, the pump yard empty and golden, Fip lifted his chin for the verse about what mouths are for — and Miriam listened like it was being said over her as a blessing.

FIP: “Our verse to keep: ‘Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.’ (Ephesians 4:29)”

LYDIA: “Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.”



At the school gate, the two girls walked out together, Miriam walking taller than she had walked in. Fip popped up proudly in Lydia’s pocket and waved one tiny paw at the children watching.

MIRIAM: “Same time tomorrow, Lydia? At the pump?”

LYDIA: “Same time tomorrow, Miriam. I’ll be there.”

FIP: “Fip the Pocket Fox — your pocket companion in Christ!”

Fip points to Jesus.



What are our words for?

One laugh from Lydia would have made a cruel name stick for years. She let the laugh die instead, spoke Miriam's real name with kindness — and her words ministered grace to the hearer.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."
— Ephesians 4:29 (KJV)

Lydia & Fip storybooks bring each Lydia & Fip episode to the page: Fip, Lydia, Ariel, and baby Phoebe — and the Word that answers every temptation.

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Fip points to Jesus