THE RIBBON AT THE SCHOOL GATE

A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Fip points to Jesus





The Ribbon at the School Gate

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Adapted from the Lydia & Fip episode of the same name

Memory verse: Luke 6:31 (KJV)

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

Grace Team Academy

Fip points to Jesus



It was a bright school morning, and Lydia had a goodbye hug to give first.

“Mind Mother till I’m home, Phoebe,” she said, squeezing her baby sister tight. Phoebe squeezed right back, the way she always did.

In the big front pocket of Lydia’s jacket rode Fip the Pocket Fox, his head and front paws out, ready for the day. Off they went down the lane to school.



At the school gate, something fluttered on the top bar — caught there, snapping in the breeze like a little flag.

LYDIA: “Fip, look! Caught on the gate — fluttering like it was waving at me!”

Lydia reached up and lifted it down, very gently, with both hands.



It was a ribbon — silk, real silk, with the tiniest roses. Lydia ran it between her fingers. Then she touched her own ribbon, plain and frayed right through, and her face fell a little.

LYDIA: “Oh, Fip — this is Ruth’s. The one she wore on Sunday.”



FIP: “And whose hair is bare this morning, Lydia?”

LYDIA: “Ruth’s. And look at mine — frayed right through, plain as string. Hers would sit on my Sunday dress like it was made for it.”



On the gatepost, silent as if he had been waiting all morning, sat Hoot Scoot the owl. He tilted his great round head.

HOOT SCOOT: “Made for it. My very thought, darling.”

LYDIA: “Hoot Scoot. I might have known you’d be sitting on this gate.”



The owl spread one soft wing toward the empty lane. There was not a soul in sight in either direction.

HOOT SCOOT: “Finders keepers — the oldest law in the schoolyard. You found it fair and fluttering, with not a soul around to say otherwise.”



HOOT SCOOT: “And Ruth, bless her, has ribbons to spare — a whole drawer of colours. Heaven clearly blew this one to you. Tuck it away, clever girl.”

Lydia’s school bag hung open at her feet. Her hand — almost by itself — began to move the silk toward it.



Then, an inch from Fip’s nose, her hand started tucking the ribbon into the top of her own pocket instead. Lydia froze.

LYDIA: “Just — just till Sunday. Then I could lose it back near her desk. Nobody would ever —”

FIP: “Lydia. Look at what your hands are doing.”



Lydia drew the ribbon back out and held it in the open, where both of them could see it.

FIP: “If Ruth found your ribbon on this gate — your only one, frayed as it is — what would you beg her to do?”

LYDIA: “Bring it back. I’d beg her to bring it straight back.”



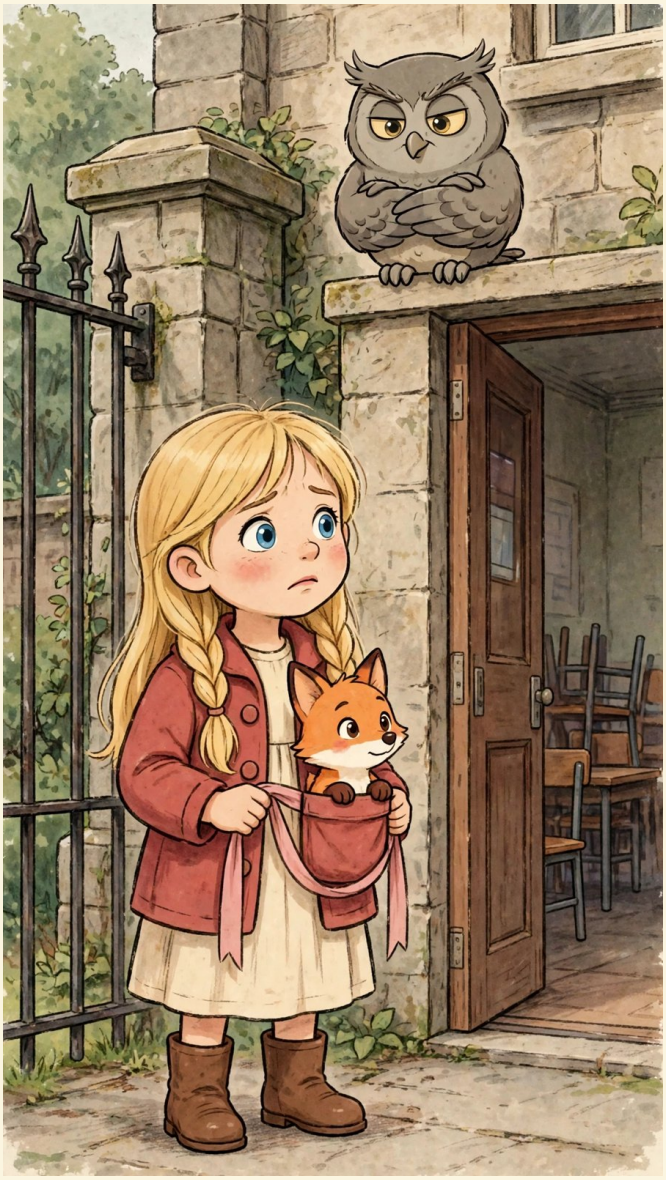
FIP: “Then hear the short, plain Word first: ‘Thou shalt not steal.’ (Exodus 20:15)”

LYDIA: “Keeping isn’t stealing. Is it? I didn’t take it off her head.”



The owl leaned down, close and kind, like a favourite uncle.

HOOT SCOOT: “Exactly. Found is not taken, child. And ask yourself — would she hand back yours? She would not. Not this one. Not in a hundred Sundays.”



From the school door came a faint sound — someone was inside already, moving chairs.

FIP: “Would she, Lydia? Or is that his voice guessing for her, so yours can stop listening?”

LYDIA: “I don’t know what Ruth would do. I only know she’s probably looking everywhere right now.”



FIP: “It is written: ‘Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but righteousness delivereth from death.’ (Proverbs 10:2)”

LYDIA: “It wouldn’t profit. It would itch. Every time I touched my hair, I’d know.”



HOOT SCOOT: “Pretty speeches, fox. But Sunday is coming, and string is string. A girl is allowed to want one beautiful thing, isn’t she?”

Lydia looked down at her own plain ribbon, stirring in the same breeze that had brought the silk one. She did not answer the owl. She answered the wanting.



FIP: “Jesus said it plainer than either of us: ‘And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.’ (Luke 6:31)”

LYDIA: “What I would want. That’s the whole sum, isn’t it?”

Lydia lifted the ribbon up in the light — and turned toward the school door.



At the school door stood Ruth, her hair loose and her eyes red, turning back for one more look down the lane. Lydia ran the last steps, the ribbon held high, Fip riding in her pocket.

LYDIA: “Ruth! Ruth, wait — look what the gate was keeping for you! I found it. I nearly — oh, Ruth, here. It’s yours.”

RUTH: “I thought it was gone! I looked all along the lane — I cried at the pump and everything!”



On the school step, Lydia knelt to tie the ribbon in Ruth’s hair. Fip sat on the step beside her — out of the pocket while she knelt.

RUTH: “You could have kept it. Nobody saw you find it. I know you love this one.”

LYDIA: “I do love it. That’s why my hands shook. Will you let me tie it in? Properly, like Sunday?”

RUTH: “Yes. And Lydia — your frayed one. Tomorrow I’ll help you stitch its end, neat as new.”



At the end of the school day, Ruth waved from the lane, the silk ribbon flashing once in her hair. Lydia’s own frayed ribbon was still in hers — and somehow, it did not feel plain any more.

FIP: “Our verse to keep, from Jesus’ own lips: ‘And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.’ (Luke 6:31)”

LYDIA: “‘And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.’”

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

Fip points to Jesus.



What would you beg a friend to do for you?

That is what Jesus tells us to do for them — even when the beautiful thing is already in our hand, and nobody saw us find it.

“And as ye would that men should do to you,
do ye also to them likewise.” — Luke 6:31 (KJV)

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

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Fip points to Jesus