ENOUGH IS A FEAST

A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Fip points to Jesus



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Adapted from the Lydia & Fip episode of the same name

Memory verse: John 6:35 (KJV)

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

Grace Team Academy

Fip points to Jesus



It was supper time in the farmhouse kitchen, and the lamplight was warm on the table. Mother served the stew; Lydia sat with her honey roll, and Fip the Pocket Fox sat on the table’s edge beside her plate. And little Phoebe, the baby sister, sat in her high chair close beside Lydia, reaching for her big sister — never alone.

In the basket under the cloth sat one special roll, tied with a loop of blue thread: Lydia’s tomorrow roll. Tonight, that roll was going to teach her what “enough” means.



Mother lifted the cloth for a moment so everyone could see the blue-thread roll, then covered it again — tomorrow’s breakfast, named and settled before the temptation started. Lydia’s own roll was already half gone.

MOTHER: “Supper, my helpers. One honey roll apiece tonight. The blue-thread roll is yours for tomorrow’s breakfast.”

LYDIA: “Mine is warm clear through — the crust sings when I tap it.”



The stew pot came round again, and Lydia held out her bowl. But her eyes kept travelling: to Father’s roll — the biggest of the batch — to Ariel’s slowly shrinking one, and to the covered basket.

MOTHER: "More stew, Lydia? There is plenty for a second helping."

LYDIA: “Yes, please. But Father’s is the biggest, and Ariel is saving half of hers. Mine is nearly gone.”



Ariel carefully wrapped half her roll in her napkin and set it by her plate like treasure — where it stayed in Lydia’s sight for the rest of the meal.

ARIEL: “I am saving my other half for breakfast. It tastes like a secret.”

LYDIA: “A secret I can see. And smell. And think about.”



At the open kitchen window, Hoot Scoot the owl settled on the sill outside, round eyes on the table, as if he had been invited. He spoke with warm sympathy — compliment first.

HOOT SCOOT: “Poor overlooked Lydia. A baker’s helper, with only one roll? Hardly just.”

LYDIA: “Hoot Scoot, on the windowsill, smelling supper.”



Inside, Mother had turned back to the stove. The covered basket sat between Lydia and the owl’s voice, and Lydia’s hand drifted toward the cloth.

HOOT SCOOT: “Eat the blue-thread roll tonight. Tomorrow can look after itself. Growing girls need more, not less.”

LYDIA: “It is mine. Tomorrow’s mine.”



Mother’s back was turned. The basket cloth lifted — and the blue-thread roll slipped into Lydia’s apron as she rose, Fip back in her pocket as she stood. She headed for the pantry door with her plate, casual as you like.

LYDIA: “One bite behind the pantry door. Nobody counts a roll that is already mine.”

FIP: “I will be in your pocket there. That is company for nobody.”



In the pantry doorway, among the shelves of jars, the roll was out of the apron, the blue thread half-untied in Lydia’s fingers, raised halfway to her mouth. And Lydia stopped, and told the truth about her own body.

LYDIA: “My mouth says more. My tummy says — actually, it is full.”

FIP: “Then what is pulling that thread loose?”

LYDIA: “The wanting part. It shouts louder than the full part.”



Fip lifted his chin and answered the wanting with the honey verse — this roll was honey-sweet, and the verse was written for exactly this hand, this minute.

FIP: “The word names that wanting: ‘Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it.’ (Proverbs 25:16)”

LYDIA: “Sufficient. Enough, before enough turns on me.”



Then came a knock at the kitchen door. Mother opened it to Eli Amos, the elderly neighbour, lantern in hand, his coat dusty from the lane. Across the room, Lydia stood in the pantry doorway, the roll hidden again in her apron.

MOTHER: "Mr. Amos! Come in. You look half-starved."

ELI: "Cart broke on the lane. I missed my supper mending the wheel. I'll not trouble you."

LYDIA: "He has had no supper. Not later. Now."



Mother settled Eli at the table with a bowl of stew — stew, but no roll left to give him. On the sill, the owl leaned in with his last play for the roll.

HOOT SCOOT: “A grown man, with a house of his own. Do not let a knock steal it.”

LYDIA: “His plate is empty. My apron is not.”



Across the room, Eli bowed his head over the stew, saying grace for a meal with something missing from it. In the doorway, the roll was back in Lydia’s hands — and Fip answered hunger itself with the Lord’s own words.

FIP: “Hear how Jesus answered hunger: ‘But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ (Matthew 4:4)”

LYDIA: “Not by bread alone. Not even by honey bread alone.”



The roll was still in Lydia’s hands, and her face was in the real fight now — the cost, named out loud. Fip listened, not interrupting, and then answered with the plain measure of contentment.

LYDIA: “If I give it, tomorrow is plain bread. Ariel keeps hers, Father got the biggest — why must I have less?”

FIP: “Hear the plain measure: ‘And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.’ (1 Timothy 6:8)”

LYDIA: “I have food, and clothes, and a home. I am full, and forgetting it.”



Lydia came out of the pantry doorway and stood before Mother with the roll in both hands, in the open, in the lamplight — and told her exactly what she had done before she asked to do the right thing.

LYDIA: “Mother, I hid my tomorrow roll in my apron and nearly ate it. May I give it to Mr. Amos?”

MOTHER: "That was your breakfast, Lydia."

LYDIA: “I know. Plain bread tomorrow. I choose it.”



Lydia set the blue-thread roll on Eli’s plate herself; the thread came off in her fingers as she stepped back. Mother’s hand rested on her shoulder.

ELI: "I cannot take a child’s tomorrow, little miss."

LYDIA: “You can, sir. I have had my enough tonight.”

MOTHER: "Then it is freely given, Mr. Amos. Sit and eat."



As supper ended, Ariel unwrapped her napkin and held her saved half-roll out across the table toward Lydia — one last, kind little temptation. And Lydia refused it as gently as she had refused the owl.

ARIEL: "Take my saved half, Lydia. Please."

LYDIA: “No, love. That is yours. I am learning enough.”



Morning. Clear light on the breakfast table: plain bread and butter on Lydia’s plate — no honey roll — and Ariel’s saved half on Ariel’s plate, and the empty basket between them with the blue thread looped over its handle. Lydia ate without one glance of grumble at her sister’s plate.

LYDIA: “Plain bread, butter, and a thank-you. Better than I feared.”

FIP: “Contentment has a flavour of its own.”



In the cottage doorway in the morning light, Eli Amos passed on the lane with his mended cart and lifted a hand in thanks. The empty basket hung by the door, its blue thread bright against the wood. Lydia stood waving back, Fip riding in her pocket.

FIP: “From Jesus’ own lips: ‘And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.’ (John 6:35)”

LYDIA: “And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”

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

Fip points to Jesus.



Enough is a feast

Lydia’s tummy was full — but the wanting part
shouted louder than the full part, all the way to
the pantry door. Then a hungry neighbour knocked,
and tomorrow’s honey roll became tonight’s gift.

“I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me
shall never hunger.”
— John 6:35 (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