THE NIGHT THE LANTERN WENT OUT

A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Fip points to Jesus



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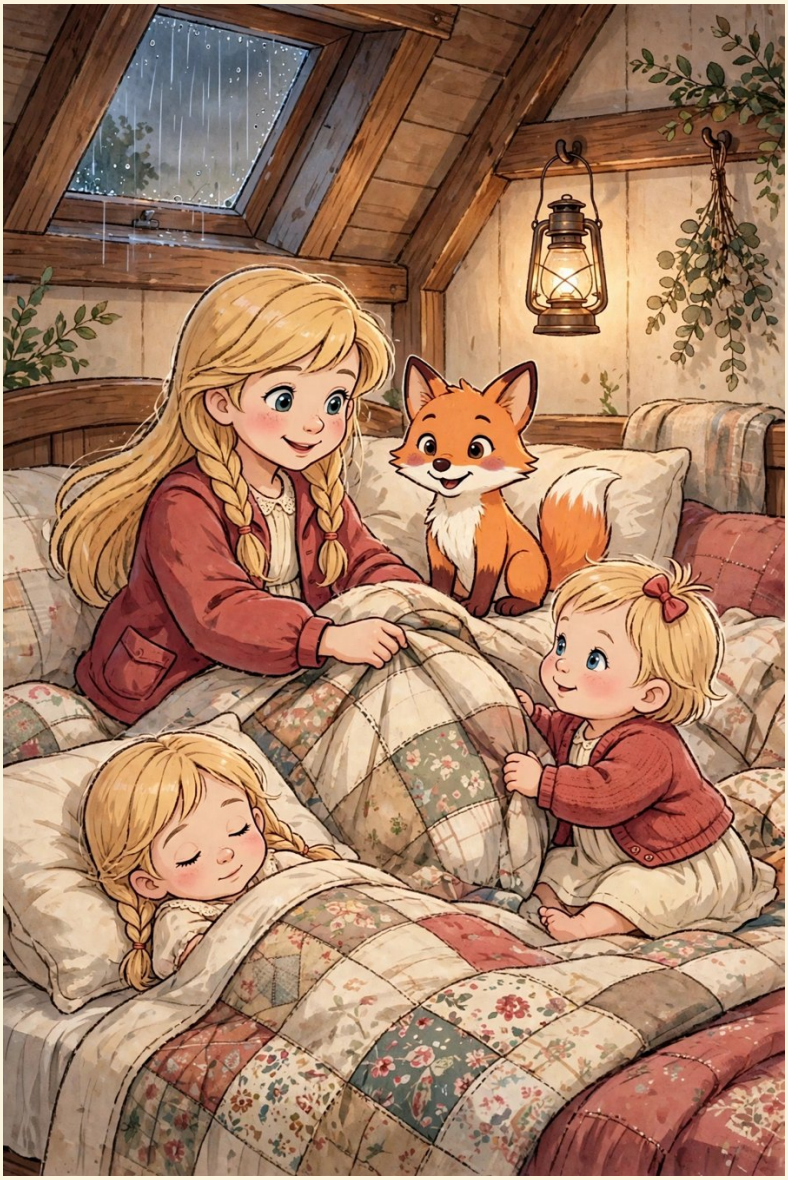
Adapted from the Lydia & Fip episode of the same name

Memory verse: Psalm 56:3 (KJV)

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

Grace Team Academy

Fip points to Jesus



It was bedtime in the farmhouse loft, and the lantern glowed warm and steady. Lydia tucked the patchwork quilt around the bed; little Ariel was already asleep, and baby Phoebe sat close beside Lydia, holding tight to her sister — never alone. Fip the Pocket Fox sat on the pillow, smiling.

Outside, the rain was beginning on the roof. Nobody in that warm room knew that tonight the lantern would go out — and that the peace would have to come before the light did.



The rain began to patter on the roof, and the first roll of thunder made the lantern flame lean. Lydia tucked Ariel’s quilt one more time.

LYDIA: “Sleep now, Ariel. Lantern’s lit, quilt’s tucked, I’m right here.”

ARIEL: “Sing the low one if the rain gets loud?”

LYDIA: “If the rain gets loud. Promise.”



Deep in the night the storm hit: wind, a cracked window banging — and a gust burst through and blew the lantern clean out. Total darkness fell, and Ariel woke with a wail.

ARIEL: “Lydia! The light’s gone! It’s all gone black! Make it come back!”

LYDIA: “I’m right here, Ariel. The wind blew it out. It’s only the lantern.”



In the dark, with Ariel crying beside her, Lydia’s own heart was pounding hard enough to say so. And she took her first wrong step: she pulled the quilt up over her own head, hiding.

LYDIA: “My heart’s banging. Ariel, hush — I can’t think with the crying and the black.”

ARIEL: “Don’t hide! Lydia, don’t hide from me too!”



On the rafter above the bed, a paler shape in the darkness: Hoot Scoot the owl, his round eyes catching a thread of storm-light. He spoke like tired common sense itself, soft and reasonable.

HOOT SCOOT: “Poor little moth. God has gone to sleep. Hide under your quilt till morning.”

LYDIA: “Gone to sleep? He — He wouldn’t. Would He?”



The owl finished the lie with its kindest hook.

HOOT SCOOT: “Ariel will cry herself out. Looking after her is grown-ups’ work, and they’re downstairs.”

ARIEL: “Lydia? Are you still there? Say something!”



Close in the darkness, Lydia’s hand found Fip on the pillow by touch — and Fip asked the question she was avoiding, quietly, like a teacher who knows the answer is close.

FIP: “Lydia. If God were asleep, whose hand would the rain be in? Whose arms is Ariel asking for right now?”

LYDIA: “Mine. And I’ve got my head under a quilt.”



Lydia threw the quilt back and acted before her fear left: she gathered Ariel against her side and held on — and only then asked for the Word.

LYDIA: “Come here, Ariel — right under my arm. Fip, tell me something true, bigger than the storm. My hands are shaking too much to think.”

FIP: “Then hold on to her, and hold on to this.”



Fip lifted his chin and spoke Isaiah’s promise over both girls, unhurried, phrase by phrase, like a lantern being carried into a room.

FIP: “It is written: ‘Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ (Isaiah 41:10)”

ARIEL: “He’s with thee. Even up here?”



Then a crash of thunder, nearer than before. Ariel burrowed in; Lydia flinched hard — and said her doubt out loud instead of hiding it.

LYDIA: “But listen to that! If He’s with us, why is it still so dark? Why can’t I feel Him?”

HOOT SCOOT: “Because the dark is the truth, child. The verse is only a pretty sound.”



But Fip answered the owl — and the darkness itself — with the Lord’s own declaration about who He is.

FIP: “Jesus answered that Himself: ‘Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.’ (John 8:12)”

LYDIA: “He is the light. Not the lantern.”



Lydia rose carefully, Ariel clinging to her hand, and pulled her dusty-red jacket on over her nightdress — Fip hopping into the pocket as she stood. And she chose out loud, standing in the dark she was still afraid of.

LYDIA: “I’m still frightened, Ariel — I won’t pretend I’m not. But I’m not hiding, and I’m not leaving you to cry it out. We pray and sing.”



At the bedside, Lydia knelt with Ariel kneeling beside her, hands folded because Lydia’s were. Fip sat on the bedside stool beside them. And Lydia prayed a child’s real prayer, naming the fear and the promise together.

LYDIA: “Dear Jesus, we’re frightened and the lantern’s out, but You are the light and You are with us. Hold Ariel — hold me holding her. Amen.”

ARIEL: “And thank You for my Lydia. Amen too.”



Back in bed under the quilt, Fip on the pillow, Lydia sang the low song she had promised — soft, shaky at first, steadying as she went. The storm was still there; but Ariel’s grip loosened, and sleep came.

LYDIA: “‘Jesus loves me, this I know’ — that’s you and me, Ariel. In the dark as much as the day.”

ARIEL: “Again, Lydia. Softly.”



The darkness was unchanged — but the room was at peace, and on the rafter there was nothing: only a soft wing-sound at the window, gone. Lydia whispered what she had noticed.

LYDIA: “Fip, it’s still pitch dark, and she’s asleep, and my heart’s gone quiet. The peace came before the light, didn’t it?”

FIP: “It did. Remember the order of that, Lydia.”



Then a warm glow rose step by step up the loft stairs — Mother and Father arriving with the relit lantern at last. Mother took in the scene, and Lydia told it plainly.

MOTHER: “Oh, my girls. The storm took every lamp in the house. Were you frightened?”

LYDIA: “I was, Mother. I hid under the quilt first. Then I stayed. We prayed and sang, and she slept — before your light came.”



Father set the lantern safely on its hook, and Ariel slept on. Fip, on the pillow, lifted his chin for the small verse for frightened times.

FIP: “Our verse to keep: ‘What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.’ (Psalm 56:3)”

LYDIA: “What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”

FATHER: “A verse to grow old with. Sleep now, both my girls.”



The loft was at peace: the relit lantern low and steady, Ariel asleep, the storm moving off into soft rain. Lydia settled down beside her sister — her eyes closing in a lamplight she no longer needed in order to be at peace — and Fip smiled softly at the children watching.

LYDIA: “Goodnight, Fip. He was awake the whole time, wasn’t He?”

FIP: “The whole time, Lydia.”

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

Fip points to Jesus.



The peace came before the light

The storm blew the lantern out, and the dark felt bigger than everything. But God had not gone to sleep. Lydia stayed, held her sister, prayed and sang — and the peace came before the light did.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”
— Psalm 56:3 (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