



David and Mephibosheth

2 Samuel 9:1-11

Kasey stepped out of the office door and bumped into Scripture Guy striding up the sidewalk. "Look at this!" she said pointing to the latest edition of the newspaper. "They printed my latest story on the front page!" She read the headline and byline out loud. "The Philistine: Friend or Foe? The Philistine surprised King City this week when he was seen chatting on friendly terms with the Redeem Team. The question on everyone's mind is: 'Has the Philistine turned over a new leaf?'"

Scripture Guy smiled at her. "That is the question on my mind as well. Has the Philistine truly changed?"

Kasey held up a stack of mail. "Scripture guy! I think you are going to be surprised again. He sent you a thank you card! It says: 'Dear Redeem Team, Thanks for helping me change my ways, The Philistine.'" She gave him the mail. "And here's a whole lot of hate mail."

Scripture Guy flipped through the stack. "The Obliterator, Iron Cobra, The Steel Magnolia. We hate you, we hate you, revenge, revenge, blah, blah, blah. Hey, this one's for you!"

"It's from my Aunt Tillie back home! I'm her favorite niece!" Kasey hugged the letter to her heart for a moment and then read, "Dear Favorite Niece, Don't forget to look for your uncle. Remember, you promised. Love, Aunt Tillie." She folded the letter. "Wow, I wish I knew what to write back. He left our little town of Godly Acres for King City five years ago to try to sell his invention. We never heard from him again. When I moved here, I promised my aunt I'd look for him."

"You made a covenant," Scripture Guy stated matter-of-factly.

"I did?" Kasey asked.

"Yep," he affirmed, "just like when David and Jonathan promised to be kind to each other's families forever." He thought for a moment. "Of course, then Saul and Jonathan died in battle, so David became king."

"So, no one was left to see if David would keep his promise. David was off the hook!" Kasey determined.

Scripture Guy shook his head. "No, David's covenant was a forever promise and he was about to find a way to keep it through a man named Mephibosheth."

"God bless you!" she responded.

Scripture Guy laughed. "That was no sneeze. Mephibosheth was a real person. Let me get the Good News." As he reached for the Bible, the pay phone rang. He grabbed the receiver. "Hold that thought. Scripture Guy here.... Oh, I forgot about that. I'm on my way!" He hung up and turned to Kasey. "Forgive me, Kasey Carter. I promised my friend, Scoop, that I would help him move his office furniture and a super hero always keeps his promises."

As he disappeared, Kasey yelled, "Scripture Guy, you forgot to tell me where to look!" Kasey shrugged. "Oh well, I guess, I'll find it myself." She opened her Bible to 2 Samuel 9:1-11. "According to this, David went to Saul's servant, Ziba, and asked if there was anybody left in Saul's family that he could show God's kindness to for Jonathan's sake. Wow, David went out of his way to keep his covenant promise; he was a great friend. Ziba said Jonathan had a son named Mephibosheth who was crippled in both feet and could not walk. So, David had Mephibosheth brought to him. Mephibosheth must have been worried to have to go before the king." She read David's words, "'Don't be afraid,' David said to him, 'for I will surely show you kindness for the sake of your father Jonathan. I will restore to you all the land that belonged to your grandfather Saul, and you will always eat at my table.'" Kasey smiled to herself, "Wow, what a great heart King David had. No wonder God loved him so much."

"Alms! Alms for the poor! Could you spare some change for a poor man?" A raggedly dressed man had stopped beside her and was staring at her with pleading eyes.

Kasey looked up. "Hey there, poor guy. I'll help you. I think I have some change."

"Oh, thank you, kind lady. You are so generous." Suddenly, Philistine dropped his beggar's disguise and pointed his ray gun at her. "Now, hand over all your money!"

Kasey's hand flew to her mouth. "Philistine! You tricked me!"

"I know," cackled The Philistine, "it's so easy! Now, give me your purse!"

"But, I thought you were trying to change your evil ways!" said Kasey.

"Well, I was, I mean, I tried...but, it's not easy to make a living being a nice Super Villain!"

"Are you still working with the Obliterator to take over King City?" she asked.

Philistine's shoulders dropped in despair. "No...he kicked me out of our evil, secret hideaway. He said I was no longer evil enough to hang out with him. Now, I have to walk the streets begging for pocket change. This is no way for a super villain to live."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Kasey exclaimed.

"Don't be nice to me! I'm evil, remember?" Philistine muttered.

"Maybe you're just misunderstood," Kasey suggested.

"Maybe you're a knucklehead," Philistine returned.

Kasey froze. "Wait a minute. Only one person in my life ever called me a knucklehead. Uncle Phil, is that you?"

Philistine's face softened for just a moment. "Nobody has called me that in five years. Are you my favorite little niece, Kasey?!"

Kasey jumped up. "Uncle Phil! I've been looking for you! Come give me a hug!"

Philistine pushed her away. "Get off, get off, get off! I'm not used to shows of emotion."

"Uncle Phil, what happened to you?" Kasey asked. "You left Godly Acres to sell your invention. We never saw you again!"

"Yes, the Plutonium Heart. My greatest invention," he sighed. "A replacement heart that could run for a hundred years on a single plutonium chip!" Philistine bragged. Then his eyes narrowed. "I showed it to the King City Science Club, and they stole it from me! I vowed I would never stop until I got revenge on all of King City! But right now, I'd just like to get some lunch." He waved his gun again. "So, give me some cash so I can get a sandwich!"

Kasey glanced, annoyed, at the gun. "Uncle Phil, you don't need that."

Philistine looked sheepish. "Oh, you're right. Anyway, the batteries died and I can't afford new ones." He tucked it into his waistband.

Kasey opened her lunch box. "Here are some cupcakes you can eat, if you're hungry."

Philistine grabbed the vanilla and chocolate swirl treats and swallowed them in a few bites. "Thank you, but why are you being so kind to me?"

Kasey smiled. "You remind me of Mephibosheth, Jonathan's son. David kept his promise and invited him to eat at the king's table."

"Sounds fancy," Philistine said.

"Probably was," Kasey agreed. "The point is, God helped David keep his promise and now God is helping me keep my promise to Aunt Tillie."

Philistine squinted up into the bright afternoon sun. "Tillie? That name sounds familiar."

"It should; she's your wife and my aunt," Kasey reminded him. "Come on, let me treat you to lunch and we'll catch up."

"You sure are kind and giving," Philistine exclaimed.

Kasey smiled as she stood up and led her uncle to the local lunch counter. "What can I say? I give everything to honor my King!"