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## **Little Davey Beats Big 99**

**David & Goliath**

based on 1 Samuel 17

by **Ralph Milton**

*Social scientists often tell us that sports, especially team sports, is ritualized warfare. Whether or not that's true, some of the older Hebrew scriptures read like the sports page of our local newspaper – who beat who and by how much.*

*The most famous of those legendary battles is the one in which the shepherd boy David kills big Goliath. I can imagine that story being told in the pubs by the guys, arguing about how big Goliath was, just the way they do in sports bars today. So it occurred to me that we could tell that ancient legend using the metaphor of a Stanley Cup hockey final.*

"Hey Davey! Do your old dad a favour will ya?"

"What does the old buzzard want this time?" David wondered. Two weeks ago he'd asked David to look after the sheep. "Asked," was the wrong word. "Told," was more like it.

David hated sheep. Dumbest animals in the world. Good for only two things...to get clipped and to get eaten. "Just like those older brothers of mine," Davey thought. "They're fat and stupid, but they get to have all the fun. I have to stay home and look after these dumb animals."

David kept looking for the day he could get out of little jerk-water Bethlehem and play in the big leagues. "All I need is just one good chance. One big break!"

In the meantime, Davey lived with his fantasies and did push ups and sit ups and worked on his hand-eye coordination. He'd pump up his Reeboks, grab his sling shot and zip a rock through the hole of a bagel at 50 paces. Davey was good, and he knew it.

And he didn't mind telling his older brothers. His brothers? Well, it's better I don't tell you what his brothers said about Davey.

"Davey," said his Dad.

"What now?" Davey groaned.

"None of your lip, punk."

Davey and his dad had a good, normal, father-son relationship.

"Get your lazy backside in gear and take this lunch over to your brothers. Then come right back, y'hear, and tell me what the score is."

"All right!" yelled David. He'd been itching to get into that war against the Philistines. The Israelites were down 3-0 in the series but Davey was absolutely sure they'd win if they'd let him play. So what if he was underage. Maybe this was his chance.

"Hey dudes! What's happening?" David asked as he walked into the war camp. "What's the score?" But he could see for himself. Nothing was happening. All the jocks were sitting around looking like they'd all just been benched. Which is what it amounted to.

"Score? It's Philistines zip, Israelites zip. It's all tied up. We've had two sudden death overtime periods, now we're into the one-on-one shootout. If we blow that, we blow the series."

"So what's the problem?"

"Problem? Take a look at that Philistine over there. The big guy wearing number 99. His name's Goliath. Would you go one-on-one with him?"

"Jeez," said David. "What a jock! Look at them triceps. But hey, I could ring his bell!"

"Smart ass! You're half his size. Go back to the bush leagues and grow up."

David was a cocky little character. Off he went to talk to the coach Saul. "Coach, look, I know I'm small, and I'm from the bush league, but I've got some moves that big old 99 out there doesn't know. He's big, but all those steroids make him slow. I'm smaller, but I'm smart and I'm fast."

"And modest too," muttered coach Saul.

But he didn't have a lot of options. All the guys on the front of his bench were freaked by this Goliath. "Go for it," said Saul. "Put on my pads and my helmet."

David tried them on. Polystyrene helmet. Solid gold jock strap. "Too big and too heavy, Saul baby," said David. "I gotta be free to be me."

Saul was on the verge of treating this twit to a knuckle sandwich, but he just shrugged. He had his back to the wall. It was this kid or the minors.

So David went out one-on-one against big Goliath. Goliath almost split a gut laughing when he saw the kid coming up against him. Little Davey deaked Goliath right out of his socks, put a move on him he'd never seen before, and WHACK! Goliath had a terminal headache. Game over.

Israelites 1. Philistines 0. Final score.

Davey became an instant superstar. Everybody's hero. The media fought for interviews. Scouts lined up to offer contracts. Advertisers lined up to offer endorsements. Young women and a few men lined up to offer him...never mind.

David's dad sent a message. "Hey, come home Davey. You've got sheep to look after here." The message David sent back to his dad was, well, candid.

Coach Saul went home, poured himself a stiff drink.

And threw up.

This kid, he knew, was nothing but trouble.

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,  
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