

August 13, 2024

Daily Reflections



Center for Spiritual Development

YOUR WORDS ARE SWEETER THAN HONEY

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Today's First Reading

The Lord GOD said to me:

As for you, son of man, obey me when I speak to you:

be not rebellious like this house of rebellion,

but open your mouth and eat what I shall give you.

*It was then I saw **a hand stretched out to me,***

in which was a written scroll which he unrolled before me.

It was covered with writing front and back, and written on it was:

Lamentation and wailing and woe!

He said to me:

*Son of man, eat what is before you; **eat this scroll, then go, speak to the house of Israel.***

*So, I opened my mouth, and **he gave me the scroll to eat.***

*Son of man, he then said to me, **feed your belly and fill your stomach** with this scroll I am giving you.*

I ate it, and it was as sweet as honey in my mouth.

He said:

Reflection

When you read Ezekiel's account, it's easy to get an impression of him as a very dramatic person. But reading the verses a second time, from the beginning of the second chapter to where the Spirit entered in Ezekiel, my impression changed. I often say, **with God, everything is possible**. There is no hyperbole in that. With faith in God, one can go from simple to dramatic, from direct to metaphorical, from moving to striking to surprising. **With God, anything can happen; possibilities are endless.**

God invites us to grow in richness from his words. With hands outstretched to us, God encourages us to hear, digest, ponder, reflect, take courage, and live out the Word. **The Spirit is within us**, making it possible for us to speak and live the Word. Taste the word of God and it is good. **"I ate it, and it was as sweet as honey in my mouth,"** says the reading. It is echoed in Psalm 119 today: "How sweet to my palate are your promises, **sweeter than honey to my mouth!**"

Reading that line, I thought of the comparison to honey, how bees produce honey. I googled the actual process: The bees suck the nectar from the flowers, fill their stomachs, return to their hives, and **pass the nectar through their mouths to other bees who chew the nectar and then pass it on to the next bee**. Their enzymes mix with the nectar each time they pass it along, and that's what makes the honey sweet. **Think about that process for a few moments.**

Isn't the honey process like immersing ourselves in Scriptures, reflecting on the words, and sharing them with others through conversation and the way we live?

I remember my time working as a senior accountant at a Fortune 500 world headquarters. The work culture was hard, competitive, cut-throat, and brutal. We worked long hours and during period closes, the team spent three to four days working from 8 am to the wee hours of the next morning, sometimes going home just to take a quick shower and change clothes to be back by 8 am again. It was then that I found my love for the Scriptures. To maintain good mental health, I took short lunches, drove to a nearby park after lunch, and read the scriptures, especially the Psalms. In immersing myself in the Word, I found wisdom, comfort, refreshment, and life. It was also during this time that

I flourished in my parish ministries. Through that experience, I learned **God gives us the grace** to speak and act the Gospel of love through closeness and loving devotion to God's Word in Jesus. **Clinging to the Word of God gives joy, delight, encouragement, hope, and peace to our weary souls so we may be life for others.**



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For Pondering

- What would you have done if you were in Ezekiel's shoes and God handed you the scroll to eat?
 - In what instances have the Scriptures provided you with delight, gratitude, comfort, refreshment, or life? How?
 - Think of an instance where you passed along the Word of God and helped give life to another. Look at how God worked in that moment -- and give thanks to God.
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For Prayer

*Lord, You are more precious than silver
And Lord, You are more costly than gold.
Lord, You are more beautiful than diamonds
And nothing I desire compares with You.
Oh, who can weigh the volume of knowing You
And who could charge the worth of who You are?
Oh, who can count the blessing of loving You
And who could say just how great You are?*

**EXCERPTS FROM LYRICS OF MORE PRECIOUS THAN SILVER
SONG BY STEFFANY GRETZINGER**

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