

25th March 2022

Sweet

**“You live in a different world from me, Mr Overton,
a sweeter and healthier one.”**

Arthur Conan Doyle, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, ‘The missing three-quarter’

I don't have a sweet tooth. I can enjoy a good dessert or a bar of chocolate well enough, but I don't have cravings for sweetness. I'm a lover of savouries, and a buffet of savoury treats is my downfall. I do, however, understand people's desire for sweetness, and appreciate the use of "sweet" as a metaphor for good things. Whatever world Mr Overton, Sherlock Holmes' companion, lived in, and whatever the comparisons with his own might be, Holmes had decided Overton's world was sweeter.

In Psalm 19, the Psalmist is waxing lyrical on the Glory of God.

*The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands.
Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they reveal knowledge.
They have no speech; they use no words; no sound is heard from them.
Yet their voice goes out into all the earth, their words to the ends of the world.*

Writing this, I can hear the wonderful anthem by William Boyce, *The Heavens Declare the Glory of God*, ringing in my ears. And I can feel the Psalmist stretching for words to conceptualise what he's experiencing. It's so great, so wonderful, so amazing, that, just as the heavens don't have the words, the Psalmist doesn't either. It's just all so remarkable.

And then ... he hits on something he and his hearers can relate to.

*The precepts of the LORD are right, giving joy to the heart.
The commands of the LORD are radiant, giving light to the eyes.
The fear of the LORD is pure, enduring forever.
The decrees of the LORD are firm, and all of them are righteous.
They are more precious than gold, than much pure gold;
they are sweeter than honey, than honey from the honeycomb.*

Better and brighter than the most precious thing, tastier and sweeter than the sweetest thing ... "Have you got that?", the Psalmist is asking. *This*, my friends, is the Glory of God. This is trust in the greatness of God.

I don't have a sweet tooth. But when it comes to the Glory of God, if sweetness is the choice, then I'm right there with the best of them.

A prayer for today

*Sweeter than honey? Tastier than the best savoury? More precious than gold?
What's your best way of conceptualising the Glory of God?*