



PILGRIMAGE TO  
THE CROSS

PSALMS  
FOR THE SOUL

*Maria Egilsson*

Easter is an event that underscores our living. it is the breath that gives life to our souls. This truth is the air we breathe and Easter's hope is what anchors our spirit and settles our minds; His body broken for you and for me. Communion with the living Christ is our daily bread.

Father, in divine love You lead  
Us to silent places where Your absence  
Is like a deafening echo that presses against the soul.  
With trembling confidence we cling to what we know because we cannot feel.  
Our sight is fixed upon that "God-forsaken" cross  
Where Your Son knew  
That in the darkest hours  
Are the deepest works.

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# A NIGHT OF WATCHING

Quivering strings  
Play across the soul  
As they feel  
The song of heaven  
Voices giving praise  
In this swell  
Of worship

That crests  
And peaks  
Like waves across  
An ocean  
A giving of thanks  
Amidst the pain  
And the sorrows;  
The constructs of  
Everyday life

A crescendo  
Of unveiling joy  
In these last hours  
Of the holiest week  
Forever remembered  
As in gathering shadows  
He laid aside His robe  
And knelt low

To wash the weary  
A Servant bent  
In the dust  
Of earth

Sounds of eucharist  
A sweet symphony  
As the bread is passed  
Broken  
On this night of watching  
In communion

The unfolding once again  
The Passion  
The mystery of Love  
That presses through death  
To life

*"Yet not my will, but yours be done."*

*Luke 22:42*

# REMEDIED BY GRACE

When life holds  
Like barbed wire  
Twisted and sharp  
Rusted and corroded  
It is love that bears  
And believes all things

When the heart  
Is gripped and pierced  
By barbs that pain  
In their gritty grasp  
Of a sin not one's own  
It is grace spiked to a tree  
That carries scars  
For our healing

Resurrected Life redeems  
The language of the soul  
Bitter barbs removed  
And remedied by Grace  
Wounds are covered with  
A love never spoken  
Before in this place

Forgiveness frees  
The sinner and the saint

*Surely He has borne our griefs  
And carried our sorrows;  
Yet we esteemed Him stricken,  
Smitten by God, and afflicted.  
But He was wounded  
for our transgressions,  
He was bruised for our iniquities;  
The chastisement for our peace  
was upon Him,  
And by His stripes we are healed.  
Isaiah 53:4,5*

# NEVER FINISHED

Sacred strings of beauty  
Reverberate with the refrain  
Over empty places  
So in need of Love  
In the deep places  
Where the soul breathes  
In dark ruined spaces  
That tear open  
When in triumph  
The song is heard  
"Jesus paid it all"  
A living resurrection  
Of faith  
Rises in truth from the dark  
"It is finished"  
But I am never  
Finished with the cross

*Morning by morning he awakens;  
he awakens my hear to hear  
as those who are taught.*

*Isaiah 50:4*

# HAUNTING ECHOES

When there's no standing still  
In a life that moves  
Like a storm tossed sea  
A soul finds quiet spaces  
When eyes close  
Cocooned in dark  
In silent covenant  
With the Christ  
On the cross  
Yet out of the tomb  
And God on the throne  
Yet dwelling with man  
"Emmanuel"  
The One who catches  
Every falling tear  
With nail scarred hands  
Who fills empty  
Hearts with haunting echoes  
Of eternity  
That becomes a siren  
Song of hope

*What a God we have!  
And how fortunate we are to have him,  
his Father of our Master Jesus!  
Because Jesus was raised from the dead,  
we've been given a brand-new life and  
have everything to live for,  
including a future in heaven—  
and the future starts now!  
God is keeping careful watch over us  
and the future.  
The Day is coming when you'll have it all—  
life healed and whole.  
I Peter 1:3-5*

# A MOTHER'S CRY

A mother's cry  
Strangled tight  
Pierces the darkened sky  
As a Son hangs  
Upon that  
God forsaken cross

Aching heart  
Voice lost  
From the tears  
Of prayers  
Which cover the tomb  
Of a wounded heart  
Like stones  
Hardened  
With pain and hurt

Where the beams cross  
On the splintered wood  
The crux of Grace  
Will rise  
Mary did you know  
What is dead  
Will resurrect  
And a heart ripped asunder  
Will rejoice once again  
As the stone is rolled away

*“And Mary said,  
My soul does magnify the Lord,  
and my spirit has rejoiced  
in God my Savior.”  
Luke 1:46, 47.*

# WHERE HIS WHISPER DWELLS

I stand in the still  
With hands  
Open wide  
Liquid heart brimming  
As tears fall  
In the solitude  
Where His whisper dwells  
What is invisible is now seen  
As quiet before His word  
The place of great struggle  
Becomes a forging furnace  
Of transformation  
As this soul encounters  
A past redeemed  
By One despised  
And rejected  
By blood shed  
On the altar of God

*“Could it be any clearer?  
Our old way of life  
was nailed to the cross with Christ,  
a decisive end to that sin-miserable life  
What we believe is this:  
If we get included in Christ’s sin-  
conquering death,  
we also get included in his  
life-saving resurrection.”*

*Romans 6:6-11*



# WRITTEN IN THE DUST

He bends to draw hieroglyphics  
In the dust and grime  
That covers the heart  
Of the one living  
In this world  
Of shame  
A new story He writes  
A whisper of themes  
Like love, hope and grace  
With an ending that makes a fresh start  
And in the midst of the accusers  
He writes forgiven  
Upon her head

*But Jesus bent down and started to write  
on the ground with his finger.*

*When they kept on questioning him,  
he straightened up and said to them,  
“Let any one of you who is without sin  
be the first to throw a stone at her.”*

*Again he stooped down  
and wrote on the ground*

*“Then neither do I condemn you,”*

*Jesus declared.*

*John 8:7,8,11*

# LEAN INTO LOVE

Runs through your fingers  
The things you can no longer hold  
So lean into Love  
Cling to that cross  
And lay the wounded  
Heart down  
In the beams  
Of that slivered wood  
Scarred with iron spikes  
Nail pierced Grace  
Will never release  
Its grip  
So open your hands  
To worship  
And know  
What is ripped  
And torn  
Will one day rise  
Again

*When anxiety was great within me,  
your consolation  
brought joy to my soul.*

*Psalm 94:19*

# HEARTS HELD OUT

Hearts held out  
Like empty cups  
In the greying twilight  
Thirsty for the One  
Who sees  
The forgotten  
The unwanted and unwashed  
From the shame  
That shrouds  
A soul that waits  
Bowed at the bare feet  
Of a God  
Who kneels to wash  
The stains away  
With blood red tears  
Spilled from the side  
Of Love  
And an empty heart  
Now full  
Finds its voice  
And sings again  
In the night  
As the stars shine

# A SPLINTERED CROSS

In the hollow of the dark  
The shadows lay long  
Across the emptiness  
That must be walked  
A path marked with unmasked pain  
Tight with fear  
We walk to the places that strip  
The soul to the barest essence  
With a splintered cross  
At the epicentre of a vortex  
Turbulent in its relentless  
Pursuit of bleeding humanity  
The God man pleads  
With hands pierced, outstretched  
To these ones whose hearts are laid bare  
A call to walk in this Way  
Ready to follow  
In life and in death

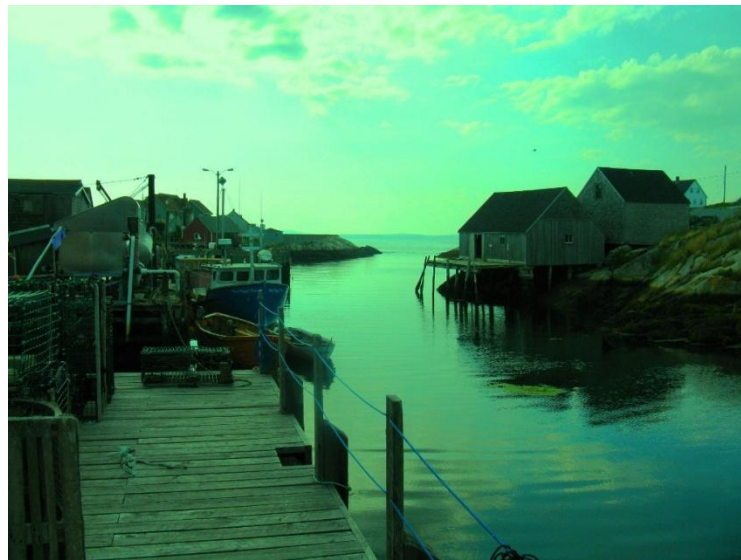
# THE DROPS FALL

Souls need cupping  
Where the wounds  
Intersect with the crux of Grace  
In the hurt of the heart  
Healing is found  
Where the beams cross  
And He comes  
Setting free the one  
Caught in the mire amidst tears  
Of shame  
And pain  
Of life that compresses  
And crushes  
Sometimes  
And into the cupping  
The drops fall  
And flow  
Down from Calvary  
The sweetest red  
From a heart  
That whispers  
Eternal love



Maria Egilsson is the author of the ebook *Soul Care, God's Way*, available at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) and [Faithwriters.com](https://www.faithwriters.com).

Maria is passionate about issues women face and their relationship with God. Her heartbeat is for women to see themselves as God sees them and to discover and pursue their God-given destinies. Maria has learned how to find deep satisfaction in the Word of God. Through many desert places, God has proven He is faithful over and over again.



*Dedicated to Norma Carroll, my muse, my mentor, my biggest cheerleader. Thank you!*