



SACRED  
CONVERSATIONS

CRY OF THE SOUL

*Maria Egilsson*

Father, we are so very needy of Your grace. Shadowed by concern we come to Your throne to sit at Your feet knowing that we do not walk this path alone. You are our anchor, our hope and the very breath we breathe.

Your love is amazing and it surrounds us with songs of deliverance.  
In the love light of Your eyes our soul finds its home.

Your promises cover us with peace.

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# FATHOMLESS DEPTHS

Love that stumbles  
But keeps on giving  
And growing  
Open eyes  
Open heart  
Hands outstretched  
As a living sacrifice  
Palms raised with praise  
This sinner  
He now calls saint  
Softly a love  
Has woven a cord  
That cannot be broken  
Day in and day out  
The weight of love  
Pulls deeper  
Into fathomless depths  
Living loved  
In a life filled with  
Beauty and matchless grace

*I pray that you will be able to understand  
how wide and how long and how high and  
how deep His love is. I pray that you will  
know the love of Christ. His love goes  
beyond anything we can understand. I pray  
that you will be filled with God Himself.  
Ephesians 3;18-19 NLV*

*Your light has shone into my darkness.  
2 Corinthians 4:6 NIV*

# SACRED CONVERSATIONS

Daring to converse with the Holy One

With broken pleas

Of unspoken needs

A painful walk

But I am His and He is mine

Windows of my soul

He has washed with His precious blood

Spilled from a broken and splintered cross

His love is slowly unveiling me

This one so needy of His grace

Beautiful in the love light

Of His eyes

As I kneel at the hem of His garment

Eternity matters

In the here and now

For I am a soul wrapped in frail humanity

In this sacred place where angels whisper

*“And you are of Christ, and Christ is of God.” 1 Corinthians 3:23 NIV*

*See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are! The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him. 1 John 3:1 NIV*

# A QUIET POOL

Father, You come walking upon the waters  
of the sorrows of my heart. In Your  
Presence the cresting waves are calmed  
and stilled. Your voice calls to me over the  
waters, bidding me come.

With trembling steps, I launch out into the  
deep. Your nail-scarred hands catch me as I  
stumble across the shifting sand.

Your peace flows like a river into my  
heart. The raging sea becomes a deep quiet  
pool. My rest is found in You.

*“Come to me, all you who are weary and  
burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my  
yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am  
gentle and humble in heart, and you will find  
rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and  
my burden is light.” Matthew 11:28 NIV*

# CANVAS OF THE HEART

Words follow this weary traveller like a  
mantra of sorts that tumble and turn as the  
day trembles between dusk and dawn

Black ink flows over all the broken pieces of  
a heart that is kissed with Grace. Pages  
turn in this tattered journal that has seen so  
much of life

A new song is penned as eternity burns this  
living soul with wonder and my soul beings  
to shout the whispers of a life lived between  
the sacred and the ordinary

Feeble etchings on the canvas of my life  
attempt to paint a portrait of a costly love  
that took my place upon a rugged cross

From life to death and back again, this One  
who knows my name splashes of tears  
mingle with the ink blotting out the stain of  
shame and cover the pages of parchment  
scratched with guilt.

*“You've kept track of my every toss and  
turn through the sleepless nights, each tear  
entered in your ledger, each ache written in  
your book”. Psalm 56:8 The Message*

# GOD COMPOSES

God composes  
On a cold clear night  
With words hurled into darkness  
Whispers of eternal things  
That set in motion  
A dancing place of jubilation  
With splashes of light  
The turning of moments  
The passing of time  
Shapes in the shadows  
Dance in His glory  
Moments suspended  
And the chaos is silenced

*“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters. And God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light.”*  
*Genesis 1:1-3 NIV*

# ENCIRCLED THOUGHTS

Softly lapping waves ripple rays of silvery moonlight across my toes as I sit by the water's edge. Night falls like a velvet shadow across the canopy of space.

Diamonded studded stars shyly show their splendour as they twinkle down at me.

Scooping up sand, I hold their warmth for a little while and then release the cooling grains slowly between my fingers. Quietly the sand falls like time from a bottle.

Funnelled mounds remind me of the time that passes so slowly, heart beat by heart beat until time itself is no more.

Encircled are Your thoughts towards me this night. They surround me. Your heart beats with mine. We are one as I hide myself in You. You, the Overseer of the Universe, think about me, continually. Your full attention is towards me. There will never be a moment in time when I am not on Your mind. And when the sand clock of time finishes the measure of my allotted days, your thoughts will still be with me even as I see Your precious face.

*When I view and consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars, which You have ordained and established, What is man that You are mindful of him, and the son of [earthborn] man that You care for him?*

*Psalm 8:3-9 AMP*

*How precious also are Your thoughts to me, O God! How vast is the sum of them! If I should count them, they would outnumber the sand.*

*When I awake, I am still with You.*

*Psalm 139:17-18 NASB*

# CHAPTER 2

## HEALING RAIN



# RAIN WILL COME

Father, dawn breaks as the morning sun  
Attempts to shine through darkened clouds  
In sweet surrender I wait.

The rain will come again  
Heaven's downpour will wash away  
The dust of things not used

What unbridled delight fills my punctured  
soul as I feel the drops begin to fall upon  
my face.

My head is anointed with oil and my lips  
with new wine and I hear the sound of  
abundance of rain

Let it rain

Let it rain

*“ Rejoice, you people of Jerusalem!*

*Rejoice in the LORD your God!*

*For the rain he sends demonstrates his  
faithfulness.*

*Once more the autumn rains will come,  
as well as the rains of spring.*

*The threshing floors will again be piled  
high with grain,*

*and the presses will overflow with new  
wine and olive oil.” Joel 2:23-25 NLT*

# HEALING RAIN

The rain beats a soft melody against the window pane of my soul. I am soothed and calmed by its gentle sound

The rhythm of the falling rain rises up as a song of hope that quenches the thirst of this weary pilgrim

The autumn and the spring rains  
I lift my hands to catch the falling drops  
Like quicksilver they pool and overflow  
pouring down like oil over my head

The rain is a healing balm that fills every empty place. My soul sings in harmony to its legato beat

Showers of words pour from His word  
refreshing my soul. The years of the locust  
are over

*“The LORD says, “I will give you back what you lost to the swarming locusts, the hopping locusts, the stripping locusts, and the cutting locusts...” Joel 2:25*

*“As they pass through the Valley of Baca, they make it a place of springs; the autumn rains also cover it with pools.  
Psalm 84:6 NIV*

# EMPTY PLACES

Empty places, stark and bare, beckon my soul to “come”. As far as the eye can see is a valley strewn with white-washed bones. I too stand naked in this place, unclothed of all outward adornment. No mask. No pretence. Intent of the heart are exposed to the glare of the Mediterranean sun. How great is my need of sustenance. How parched my soul.

Yet, in this dry and barren plain, I realize once again how deep my need of God. I have nothing outside of Him. Life experiences are His tools to shape, to mold and yes, even to shatter. But this one thing I know, the waste places of my heart, He will fill.

Stripped of the crutches of inspiration when the muse is silent, I will my soul to worship. Worship defines the most innermost being of this humble handmaiden. I will stand and offer a sacrifice of reverent praise to my King.

The fruit of my lips are like honeyed wine as sweet songs rise like perfumed incense to the One who sits on heavens throne. The crescendo of worship within my soul is like the sound of clapping waves as they break

forth from the banks that no longer can restrain them.

Waters from the crystal sea stream down from the heavens flooding my soul until they gush forth out of my belly like living waters imbued with a holy light. The valley of dry bones is no more. The desert blooms again.

*John 7:37-38 (NIV)*

*On the last and greatest day of the festival, Jesus stood and said in a loud voice, “Let anyone who is thirsty come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as Scripture has said, rivers of living water will flow from within them.”*

*Hebrews 13:15 (NIV)*

*Through Jesus, therefore, let us continually offer to God a sacrifice of praise—the fruit of lips that openly profess his name.*

# DROPS OF DEW

Father, in the desert season we pray for healing rain to fall. Oh, how we long to be in pastures of green once again.

But in this dry and barren place there is a work that You want to do within the deepest core of our being.

You send drops of dew to nourish us in the dawn of each new day knowing that this thirsty soul will seek You for more.

Within this desolate place we find You an oasis for our soul Your daily care preserves our spirit and gives us life.

*Job 10:12 AMP*

*You have granted me life and favor, and  
Your providence has preserved my spirit*

# A GENTLE BREEZE

Your word ushers in

The sweet aroma

Of Your holy Presence.

Like a gentle breeze

It ripples across

The waters of my soul.

Your Presence makes itself known

In every fibre of my innermost being.

Gently the moving water

Washes away

The darkness of the night

As morning light dawns.

Sunlight dances

Across the water

As joy rises once again.

*Psalm 36:8 AMP*

*“They relish and feast on the abundance of Your house; and You cause them to drink of the stream of Your pleasures.”*

*Ephesians 5:26 AMP*

*“So that He might sanctify her, having cleansed her by the washing of water with the Word.”*

# DESERT BLOOMS

Swirls of sand gently blow within this desert place. But no longer do I feel the sting of their touch for within this wilderness I have found the One whose love fills the thirsting of my soul. He offers His grace as a shelter from the heat of the sweltering noonday sun.

He bids me stand as upon my fingers He fastens castanets shaped from marbled shells. Music rises within my soul, the song of the redeemed. My fingers beat out time as the Lord of the Dance bids me to follow Him.

He shows me the steps to take across the desert sand. I will not stumble nor will I fall. Beneath each step, rivers of living water shimmer to the movement of drumming feet.

Rhythms of a heavenly beat proclaim the glory of the One who has ransomed me. Flashing fingers make the music of the castanets rise to a crescendo as words of praise stream like a waterfall from my lips. His goodness has caused the desert to bloom once again.

*Jeremiah 31:3,4,9,1 ESV*

*“..I have loved you with an everlasting love; therefore I have continued my faithfulness to you.*

*Again I will build you, and you shall be built, O virgin Israel! Again you shall adorn yourself with tambourines and shall go forth in the dance of the merry-makers.*

*...I will make them walk by brooks of water, in a straight path in which they shall not stumble...*

*They shall come and sing aloud on the height of Zion, and they shall be radiant over the goodness of the LORD, over the grain, the wine, and the oil, and over the young of the flock and the herd; their life shall be like a watered garden, and they shall languish no more”.*

# CURTAIN OF DOUBT

Pitch black night  
Where a soul wrestles  
To reach out  
Touching the One  
Who never leaves.  
Ever.  
Whispered truth meets  
In words still unspoken  
Within a heart  
That struggles to believe  
The staggering love  
Of a life laid down  
In sacrifice  
The curtain of doubt  
Is pulled back as  
Redeeming blood  
Spans the distance  
Transforming  
An aching heart  
That waits for better things.

*Revelation 21:4 NKJV*

*“ He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away.”*

# FLICKERING FLAME

The candle wavers  
Like the one who feels  
The frailty  
From the weariness  
Of this world  
Full of empty places  
It is only His love  
That can save  
As the dark  
Wrestles with the light  
A never ending arc  
Of intertwined moments  
Of grief and joy  
Yet in this flickering flame  
The things of the world  
Fall away  
And a soul ignites  
Catching the fire  
Of a Love that burns  
Long into the dark

*I want to know Christ and the power of his  
resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in  
his sufferings, becoming like him in his  
death... ~ Philippians 3:10*

# SILENT RETREAT

Softly, silver stars  
Slowly descend  
Across this vast space  
Of the velvet night sky  
Their canopy  
Becomes a cloistered place  
Of silent retreat  
Where a soul sings  
Wordless songs  
Of praise  
Until the dawning  
Of the morning light.

*Praise be to his glorious name forever; may  
the whole earth be filled with his glory.*

*Amen and Amen.*

*Psalm 72:19*

# SHELTERING SHADOW

Sheltering shadow  
Of His wings  
Covers this secret place  
Where a shattered soul  
Settles to hear  
The Voice  
Who speaks the language  
Of the heart  
In the midst of all the noise  
And stillness falls

*"The Lord is near those who have a broken heart." Psalm 34:18*

*Psalms 91:4 "He will cover you with His feathers, and under His wings you will find refuge; His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart. You will not fear the terror of night, nor the arrow that flies by day."*

Psalm 33:3 “Sing a new song of praise to him..”

Father, You have orchestrated our lives according to Your own design. In the looking back may we see how the discordant pieces have been woven into heavenly potential. The dark places being used to deepen the notes so that now they resonate with a desire for You. Your hand moves across the strings of our heart and chords, once broken, begin to play a new song.

*Maria Egilsson is the author of the ebook Soul Care, God’s Way. To learn more about purchasing the complete Soul Care, God’s Way, go to [www.thewoman2woman.com](http://www.thewoman2woman.com). The book comes with worksheets that will help you apply the concepts covered in each chapter. This book can be used for personal use or adapted for a weekend workshop.*

*Maria Egilsson 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.*