

A visual re-storying

Susanna Catharina

Maria Elisabeth

Petronella Isabella

Racheltjie

Maria Magdalena

Susanna Catharina





I shall not cease from crying out
Until you help me
Where shall I pour out my distress
I thirst for relief

Until you help me
My soul and body yearns
I thirst for relief
Is it to thee I must go

My soul and body yearns
Where shall I pour out my distress
Is it to thee I must go
I shall not cease from crying out





The wordless cry of my oppressed soul
Where would I find the strength
I bow, and want to bow deeper
To crawl out from under the weight of this burden

Where would I find the strength
I cannot escape from it
To crawl out from under the weight of this burden
Will death set me free

I cannot escape from it
I bow, and want to bow deeper
Will death set me free
The wordless cry of my oppressed soul











My lord and master
Deliver me from evil
My lord and master
My **Deliver me from evil**
My salvation
My eyes remain turned to you
My soul and bodily needs
My eyes remain turned to you
Deliver me from evil
My soul and bodily needs
My eyes remain turned to you
My retreat
My retreat
My soul and bodily needs
My salvation
My retreat
My lord and master



Gedaan

Gedienstig









Why do I not improve
Am I beyond instruction
My wounds bleed
Why do I weep

Am I beyond instruction
Why am I not happy in my oppression
My wounds bleed
Does my Father beat me in vain

Why am I not happy in my oppression
My wounds bleed
Does my Father beat me in vain
Why do I not improve



The Lord kn

She

men into the

In glory

Make me meek

First bake on one side

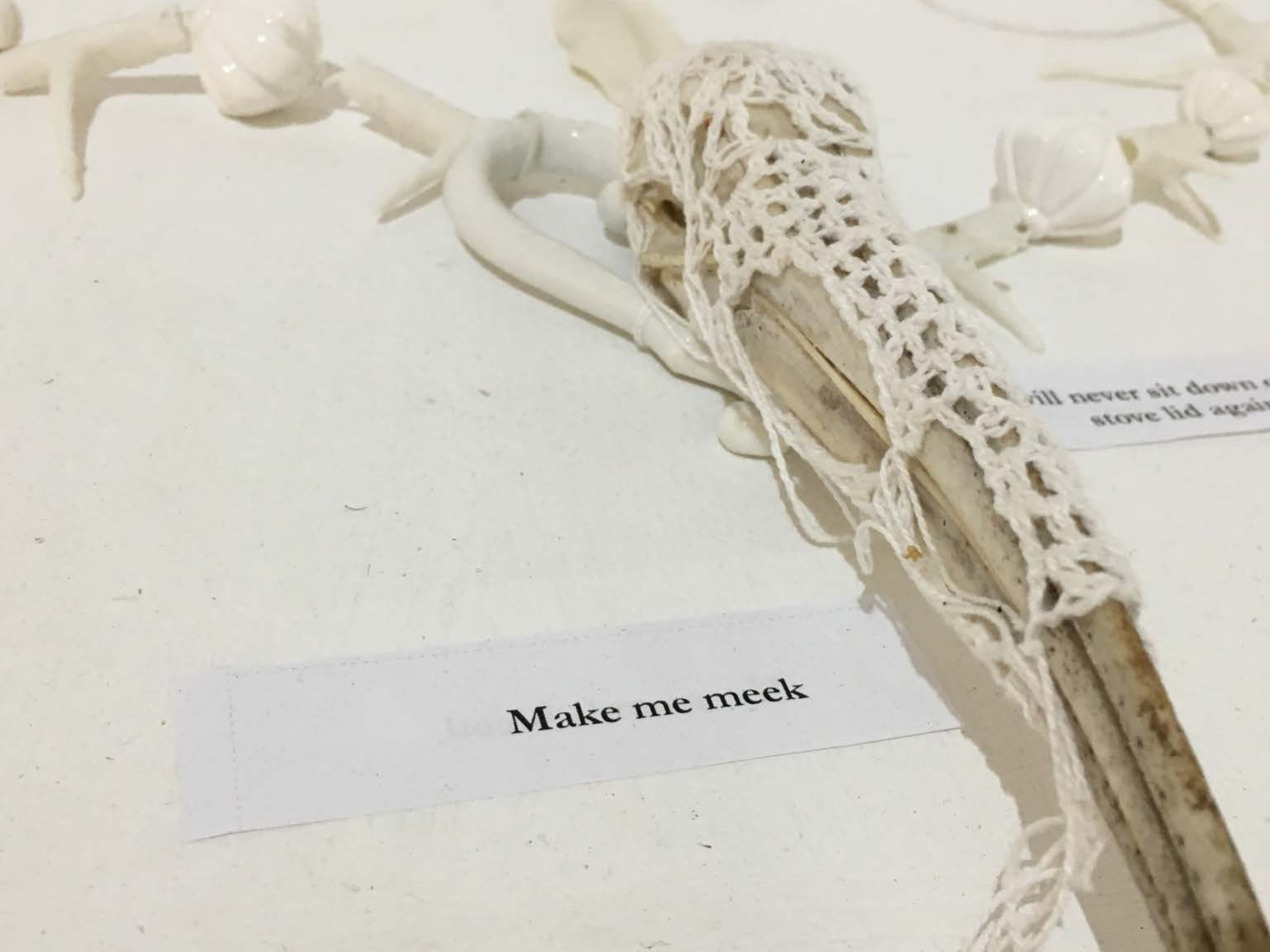
I trust in goodwi



meek


She will never sit down
stove lid again

To crawl out from under the weight of
this burden

A white ceramic figurine of a woman with a crocheted headscarf and a wooden stick. The figurine is positioned diagonally across the frame. The head is covered in a white crocheted net. The body is a simple white ceramic form. A wooden stick is attached to the back of the figurine. The background is a light-colored surface with a label that reads "Make me meek".

Make me meek

will never sit down
stove lid again



Destined to sacrifice

I am the poorest and most unworthy
Of all that crawls on earth
Take away my anger and wicked temper
Make me meek

Of all that crawls on earth
Deliver me from evil
Make me meek
A body bristling with sin

Deliver me from evil
Take away my anger and wicked temper
A body bristling with sin
I am the poorest and most unworthy

















Maria Elisabeth



L. shu



The supplement should be completely dispersed
Less cost of freight
Brighten your home
First bake on one side

Less cost of freight
Use a pot that has been thoroughly cleaned
First bake on one side
For a beast that has ingested poison

Use a pot that has been thoroughly cleaned
First bake on one side
For a beast that has ingested poison
The supplement should be completely dispersed











Her velvet soft skin inspires awe
I will be like a green olive tree
A brief recipe
To induce vomiting in a beast

I will be like a green olive tree
To you, o God, my thanksgiving
To induce vomiting in a beast
Do not knead or work

To you, o God, my thanksgiving
A brief recipe
Do not knead or work
Her velvet soft skin inspires awe















A brief recipe









For women
Order a tin today
The mainstay of any tea table
I trust in goodwill

Order a tin today
The picture of beauty
I trust in goodwill
A free start to losing weight

The picture of beauty
The mainstay of any tea table
A free start to losing weight
For women











skee

gebruik

moederloos

kuy

moederloos



It pleased the Lord of heaven and earth
We as knitters of baby garments
It is a real pleasure to solve the problems of my knitting friends
I trust in his mercy

We as knitters of baby garments
To take from us our dearest little girl
I trust in his mercy
At the young age of twelve years nine months and twelve days

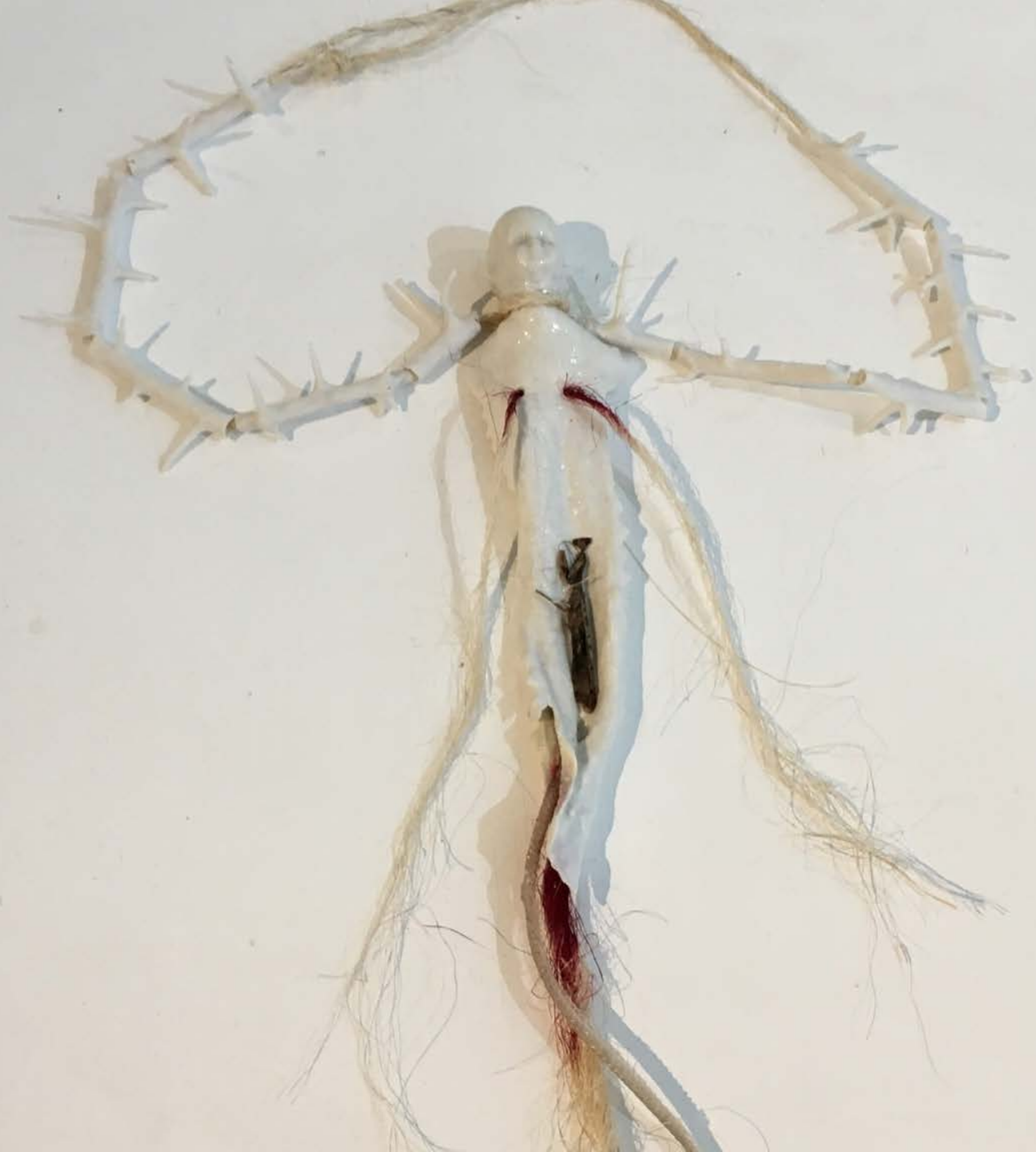
To take from us our dearest little girl
It is a real pleasure to solve the problems of my knitting friends
At the young age of twelve years nine months and twelve days
It pleased the Lord of heaven and earth







Petronella Isabella





I am paying the price
The Lord knows
I am lost and lonely
That we could simultaneously realise

The Lord knows
A part of me became lost
That we could simultaneously realise
I want to find that part of me again

A part of me became lost
I am lost and lonely
I want to find that part of me again
I am paying the price







Oh mother, where art thou
The depths of despair
With no sign of redemption
Has deserted me

The depths of despair
Within dark and desperate nights
Has deserted me
Heed my cry of despair

Within dark and desperate nights
With no sign of redemption
Heed my cry of despair
Oh mother, where art thou





I want to find that part of me again













O Moeder, hoor
Uit dieptes gans verlore
Van redding ver vandaan
My jammer klagte

Uit dieptes gans verlore
Waar hoop se laaste spore
My jammer klagte
In wanhoop my vergaan

Waar hoop se laaste spore
Van redding ver vandaan
In wanhoop my vergaan
O Moeder, hoor







Racheltjie





Under the whip of faith
Weak and inadequate
Hear my lamentation
My beloved

Weak and inadequate
Dearest to me
My beloved
Destined to sacrifice

Dearest to me
Hear my lamentation
Destined to sacrifice
Under the whip of faith









**I betrayed you
While I bleed
I give comfort
While I hurt**

**While I bleed
I sacrifice
While I hurt
I am strong**

**I sacrifice
I give comfort
I am strong
I betrayed you**













Maria Magdalena





She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again
She carries the weight of her mother and sister on her back
She could run most men into the ground
I am sorry I hurt you

I am sending you a recipe
She carries the weight of her mother and sister on her back
I am sorry I hurt you
While the black dog eats at her heart

She carries the weight of her mother and sister on her back
She could run most men into the ground
While the black dog eats at her heart
She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again















Oh mother, where art thou
Tread carefully
With Christ in your life
I see her win

Tread carefully
Why does my father strike me
I see her win
She feels no pain

Why does my father strike me
With Christ in your life
She feels no pain
Oh mother, where art thou









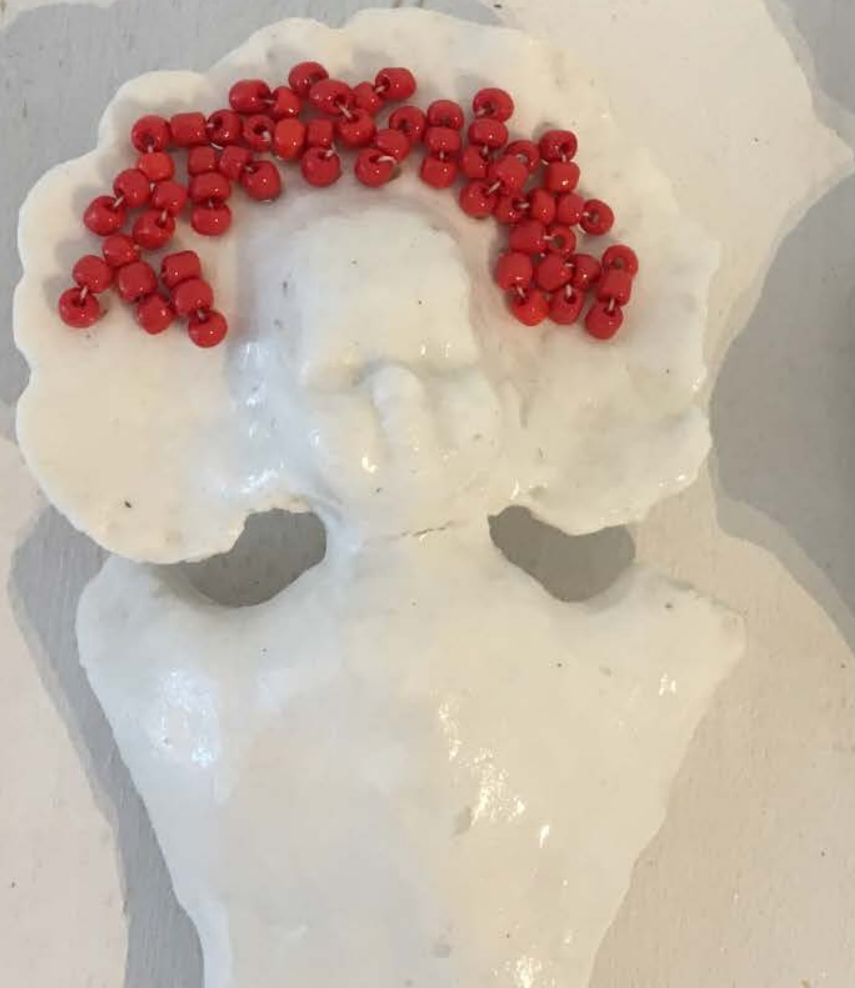


The shadow of her mother
She hides her weakness
She slays dragons
She hides her tears

She hides her weakness
She beats herself
She hides her tears
While washing the dishes

She beats herself
She slays dragons
While washing the dishes
The shadow of her mother











*She will never sit down on a h
stove lid again*



