



Sr. Monica Shingde

03. 11. 1953 to 18.11. 2025

“Well done, good and faithful servant;
enter into the joy of your Master.” *Mt 25:23*

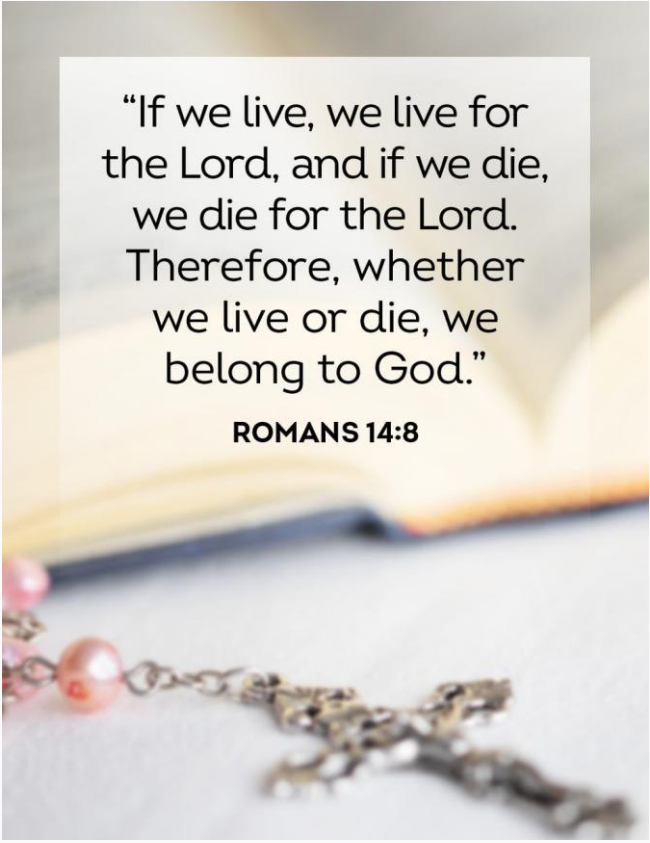
**Province of St. Francis Xavier
India Centre**





"If we live, we live for
the Lord, and if we die,
we die for the Lord.
Therefore, whether
we live or die, we
belong to God."

ROMANS 14:8



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Provincial's Tribute

A Tribute for Sr. Monica Shingde

“Well done, good and faithful servant... enter into the joy of your Master.” (Mt. 25:23)

With hearts full of gratitude to God, we remember and celebrate the life of Sr. Monica Shingde, a woman of simplicity, service, and healing compassion. Her passing leaves a void in our community, yet her memory continues to inspire us with the fragrance of her faith and the warmth of her love.

Sr. Monica lived among us as a sister, friend, and companion in Christ. Those who shared life with her knew her as a gentle soul, deeply rooted in trust and communion. She carried within her hands a gift of healing, and countless poor and suffering villagers sought her presence to ease their infirmities. Her touch was not only physical but profoundly spiritual—bringing comfort, hope, and peace to those weighed down by life's burdens.

Born of tribal roots, Sr. Monica never forgot her people. She embodied their resilience and carried their struggles in her heart. With a smile that radiated kindness, she reached out to the weak, the distressed, and the forgotten. She listened patiently to their tales of woe, offering not only remedies but also the balm of understanding and compassion. Her life was a living testimony to the Gospel call: *“Whatever you did for*



one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me." (Matthew 25:40). In her simplicity, she revealed the grandeur of God's love. In her service, she mirrored Christ the Healer. In her care for the poor, she became a channel of divine mercy.

We thank God for entrusting Sr. Monica to our Province and for the years she spent in faithful service to the sisters and the people placed in her care. Her legacy is not measured in achievements but in lives touched, wounds healed, and hearts uplifted.

As we commend her soul to the Lord, we pray: *"May the angels lead you into Paradise; may the martyrs welcome you, and may you find eternal rest in the embrace of the God you served so faithfully."* Sr. Monica Shingde's earthly journey has ended, but her spirit continues to walk with us—reminding us to serve with joy, to listen with compassion, and to love with simplicity. **Grateful to God for her life, we acknowledge her self-gift with hope and thanksgiving.**

Sr. Monica walked as Ruth, steadfast and true,
In fields of service, God's love shone through.
Like Mary, she pondered with a heart so still,
Listening deeply to the Father's will.

Her hands, like Martha's, laboured with care,
Yet lifted in prayer, they taught her to share.



Like Hannah, she waited through sorrow and tears,
Trusting the Lord through the silent years.

Blessed was she, a vessel of grace,
Reflecting Christ's love in every place.
We give God the glory for her life of love,
a life of simplicity and suffering, like a dove.

God bless and reward her and welcome her
Into His bosom devoid forever, of pain or fear.
Adieu Sr. Monica, till we meet in heaven for sure.

Sr. Audrey D'souza
Province Leader



Sr. Monica Shingde: A Healing Heart Remembered

“Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of your Master.” *Mt 25:23*

Peaceful and serene was your style—available to everyone all the while, and very sensitive to the needs of all. A life of simplicity, humility, and compassion; the Canossian charism well lived.

Monica, I had the opportunity to live with you in Divine Providence. You were the nurse of the community—a heart full of love and a special gift of healing touch. Yes, you had the gift and grace of healing power in you. The simple people of Patni village near Halkarni used to come in search of their



“Monica doctor,” as they lovingly called you. I remember an incident in the community parlour of Divine Providence.

I have fond memories of you, dear Sr. Monica, taking care of our “Mountains of Gems” of Divine Providence. When I was given the mandate as the community leader at Divine Providence, we had several elderly mothers. Monica was our nurse, and she was a great support to me in looking after these mothers and the orphan girls who were sick.

I admired her love, resilience, and endurance in taking care of the sick, especially our orphan girl Vincy. She was a person very difficult to handle, and she had a diabetic wound which was very bad. No one could stand near her because of the seriousness of the wound and her behaviour. Monica used to clean her wound with so much love and remove the maggots from it without showing any repugnance. That was indeed a heroic service! In this manner she took care of all the sick—be it a sister, an orphan, or a school student. In spite of her own body aches, pain, and suffering, she was very sensitive to others, especially in her concern for her family members too.

Monica suffered silently. She was not one to express loudly or demand what she wanted, but very gentle in her ways. For the last few years she suffered immensely, and now and then she used to share. She shared in the sufferings of Jesus Crucified for the suffering humanity. Thank you, my dear Monica. Intercede for our Province. May you enjoy eternal bliss!

Sr. Annie Urumpel



A Poem for Sr. Monica

You walked among us softly,
With steps that carried pain,
Yet no one ever heard you sigh,
Nor utter harsh complaint.

Your hands were always ready,
Your heart forever kind,
You saw the needs of others
Before your own in mind.

A quiet light you gave us,
A star that never dimmed,
Shining through your sacrifice,
Through love that never thinned.

You served with silent courage,
With patience, calm and true,
Teaching us by simple deeds
What faith and mercy do.

Though now you rest in heaven,
Your gentle ways remain,
A fragrance of God's presence
That time cannot contain.

Dear Sister, you have shown us
How holiness can be—
Not loud, not grand, not mighty—
But lived in humility.



We carry now your memory,
A beacon soft and bright,
Guiding us with tenderness
Into God's eternal light.

Sr. Elsa Sebastian
St. Joseph's Convent



SR. MONICA SHINGDE - "An Angel of Peace"

Sr. Monica was truly an angel of peace and tranquillity, always wearing a gentle smile and offering a kind word to everyone she met. She suffered from acute arthritis and endured immense pain for many years with remarkable patience and courage.

I came to know Sr. Monica only in June 2024, when we started the Extension Community here. She was brought to this place for treatment. Despite her suffering, she actively participated in all community activities and willingly helped with household chores. She even assisted in the OPD by entering names in the register. Though she was receiving all possible treatments, her pain gradually increased, and we could see her health slowly deteriorating.

Adding to her suffering, one day while she was lying on the bed and opening a flask, she accidentally spilled hot water on her back and was badly burnt. This incident further intensified her pain. By September, she became bedridden and was no longer able to move.



She was a poor eater, and we had to feed her constantly. Gradually, she stopped eating solid food and began taking only soft food. In time, even that was reduced to liquids. Eventually, she refused to open her mouth for any intake. However, whenever I went to her with Holy Communion, she would open her mouth with a broad and peaceful smile.

Monica was a kind, gentle, and loving person. One remarkable quality she possessed was that she never spoke ill of anyone and always interpreted situations positively. When the pain became unbearable, she would softly tell me, "It's paining too much. Please give me a painkiller." It was a joy for me to look after her and feed her, even on her last day. That morning, she took three spoons of porridge and then firmly closed her teeth, as if to say, "Enough." Sometimes she would wink and say, "Give me that lime juice," and I was always happy to fulfil her simple wishes. I truly enjoyed being with her and caring for her, almost like a nurse.

It was unimaginable to see how she bore such intense pain so silently, except when the nurses came to clean her. She was truly a model to imitate. On her last day, after giving her a sponge bath in the morning, she lay quietly, as though preparing to depart. Around 11:00 a.m., we called the doctor, who confirmed that her condition was critical. We informed Sr. Audrey, her relatives, and the sisters of the community.

We all gathered around her in prayer as her breathing became heavy. By 12:30 p.m., her breathing grew slower and slower, and at 1:00 p.m., like an angel of peace, she gently flew into the bosom of her Eternal Father. We scarcely realized the moment she passed away.



May Sr. Monica remain for all of us a shining example of suffering borne with patience, humility, charity, and loving service. I sincerely thank everyone who assisted her during her illness, especially in her final days. My heartfelt gratitude goes to all the doctors, sisters, and nurses, especially Sr. Cecily Augustine, who took great pains to ease her suffering.

May Sr. Monica intercede for us and enjoy eternal bliss.

Sr. Annie Joseph



She Walked Gently, Yet Her Footsteps Echo Eternity

She walked in silence where the poor would cry,
With healing hands and eyes lifted to the sky.
No crown she sought, no praise her heart would claim —
Only to serve in Jesus' saving name. On 18th November 2025, **Sr. Monica Shingade**, a devoted Canossian Sister, was gently called home to her Eternal Reward — to the God she loved and served with a simple, steadfast, and generous heart. Born on 3rd November 1953 at Patilpada, Savaroli Village, Talasari, she was the beloved daughter of **Janki and Jethia**, devout and faith-filled Catholic tribal parents. Growing up among six siblings, she absorbed from her early years the values of prayer, sacrifice, and deep trust in Divine Providence. Her simple Adivasi roots became the sacred soil in which God quietly formed a heroic woman.

Sr. Monica completed her primary schooling at **Nirmala Adivasi Vidyamandir, Savaroli, and Gyanmata, Talasari,**



and her high school studies at **Nirmalamata High School, Manickpur**, a Canossian institution. It was here that the missionary zeal of the Jesuits and Canossians touched her heart and awakened within her a longing to belong completely to God. Answering Christ's invitation — "*Come, follow Me*" (Matthew 19:21) — she pursued Nursing at **St. Elizabeth Hospital, Mumbai**, preparing herself to meet Christ hidden in the suffering. After completing her studies, she served at **Dayanand Hospital, Talasari**, a Canossian healthcare ministry, where she cared for the poor and sick with loving dedication. She joined the **Canossian Daughters of Charity**, making her First Commitment in 1988 and her Final Commitment on **8th December 1994**, entrusting her life wholly to God under the tender mantle of Our Lady. Her life beautifully reflected the words of **St. Magdalene of Canossa**:

"We must make ourselves totally available to the poor, making ourselves like them."

Sr. Monica served with unwavering devotion in various missions across **Maharashtra, Dharampur, and Karnataka**. Self-sacrificing, gentle, loving, hardworking, slow yet steady — her presence brought peace wherever she was sent. Her smile was her signature; her silence, her strength.

Despite her painful struggle with arthritis, she never retreated from service. Instead, she learned and practiced herbal



medicine, comforting the suffering while quietly carrying her own — like Christ who bore His Cross without complaint.

In her daily life, she lived the Beatitude: *“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”* (Matthew 5:7)

and today, heaven joyfully proclaims;

“Well done, good and faithful servant.” (Matthew 25:21)

Her life also echoed the wisdom of **St. Teresa of Calcutta**: *“Not all of us can do great things, but we can do small things with great love.”*

Sr. Monica embodied this truth — performing ordinary tasks with extraordinary love.

Now, freed from pain and every earthly limitation, she rests in God’s eternal light.

“The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.” (Wisdom 3:1)

She leaves behind a legacy of quiet holiness, tireless service, and Canossian charity.

Her hands once soothed the broken, sick, and poor,
Now heaven’s gate has opened wide its door.
She served in love, in silence, and in grace —
Now rests forever in her Lord’s embrace.

Theresa Joseph Kalarickal



Faithful Servant of God's Love

Sr. Monica Shingde was a humble village girl whose heart belonged entirely to God. Throughout her life, she dedicated herself to the Lord with deep faith and unwavering commitment. Serving in various missions, she cared lovingly for the poor, the elderly, and the sick. Compassionate, courageous, hardworking, and committed, she lived a life marked by simplicity, humility, and profound kindness.

Her journey was one of selfless giving — always ready to serve, never counting the cost. We thank God for the precious gift she has been in our lives and for the example of love she leaves behind.

Sr. Rosa Dmello

Talasari



Sr. Monica Shingde – A Friend of the Poor

I had the privilege of working alongside Sr. Monica Shingde at Halkarni, where her life shone as a living testimony of compassion and pastoral care. Each morning at 8:30, she opened the dispensary doors to the poor, welcoming them with patience, gentleness, and love. She listened not only to their physical ailments but also to their family struggles, joys, and sorrows—sending them away with hearts lighter and burdens halved.

For countless women, she was a mother, mentor, and consoler. No one was ever turned away, no matter the hour.



With a prayer, a word of encouragement, or a simple, thoughtful gesture, she became a beacon of hope to all who approached her.

Her service did not end at the dispensary. In the evenings, she visited the sick and homebound, tending to their wounds and restoring strength with her tender hands. To the people of Halkarni, she was another Mother Teresa or Florence Nightingale—always smiling, always doing good. Her presence remains etched in their hearts with deep gratitude.

From her, I learned the true meaning of commitment: to love the poor deeply and embrace all with a compassionate heart. I can describe her thus: **“Sr. Monica Shingde — a humble flame of faith and service, guiding hearts toward God’s light.”**

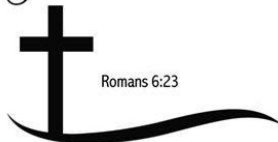
Thank you, dear Sr. Monica, for leaving an unforgettable mark on the lives of the poor. May your selfless love continue to inspire generations.

Sr. Clarine D’Silva

Mahim



...the **gift** of God is
eternal life through
Jesus Christ our **LORD.**



Romans 6:23



A Gentle Dove

Simplicity was your hallmark,
A quiet grace in all you did.
Your sweet smile reflected
The beauty of God's own love.

Your attentive heart drew people near;
The poor and the wounded found comfort in you.
You were present — truly present —
And through you, many experienced God.

Faith in God was your shield,
Healing the sick through your tender care,
And giving you strength to suffer quietly,
Trusting fully in His plan.

Softly, you offered wisdom,
Seeing the face of Jesus in It —
The little ones most forgotten —
And in every suffering soul you served.

With patience and deep compassion,
You became a living inspiration,
A witness to God's loving reality
Alive among His people.

Remember us, dear Canossian sister,
As you rejoice in His eternal glory.
Intercede for us from above,
That we may live the charism of
St. Magdalene —



To love the poor, the humble, the needy,
Just as you lovingly did.

Sr. Sheela D'souza



A Silent Witness of Love and Endurance

I was truly privileged to live closely with our dear Sr. Monica this past year in our extended community of Talasari. She taught me many valuable lessons through the quiet testimony of her life. She seldom complained about her aches and pains, though her legs caused her great discomfort and she often relied on a walking stick for support. Her steps were slow, her movements gentle, yet her spirit remained unwavering.

Though she could not stand for long, she always helped us in the scullery with washing the plates. In fact, she was often the last to finish, meticulously washing and clearing the place with love and perfection. How deeply we missed this loving act of hers in recent months when she could no longer come to the community area, confined to her bed and unable to walk.

Having cared for my eldest sister Cleta in our hospital in Talasari last year, I personally understood the loneliness of a patient who longs for someone to simply say “Hi” or sit beside them. This moved me to visit our dear Monica every day. I would sit with her, praying aloud or in silence. At



times, I played Marathi hymns or songs for her. She would give me a faint smile and whisper, “Thank you.”

By the end of October, her condition deteriorated rapidly. She grew extremely weak, taking very little food. Her pain became intense—especially in her hands and feet. We often could not even touch her without causing her to cry out. It was heartbreaking to witness her suffering, and I frequently begged the Lord to have mercy on her.

Dearest Monica, we miss you dearly. We thank you for the profound lessons you taught us through your silent, enduring life. May God grant you the eternal reward for all the physical pain you bore so quietly, especially in these last months on your bed of suffering. Pray for us and intercede for all your loving Sisters. *Arrivederci in Paradiso.*

Meek and humble was your lifestyle
Openhanded and available all the while
Never an unkind word did you speak
Interested especially in the poor and the weak
Care and concern you always showed
Attentive to lighten everyone's load.

Your loving Sr. Flory D’Souza
(Extended Community of Talasari)



Healing Hands... Compassionate Heart...

“If you want others to be happy,
practice compassion.
If you want to be happy,
practice compassion.” — Dalai Lama

This is exactly how Sr. Monica Shingde lived her life's journey. Passionate about her healing ministry, she served without counting the cost. Her mission was to bring joy and relief to others through her healing hands and her compassionate heart.



Thousands of people experienced her touch of comfort and kindness. Like a true shepherd, she went in search of her wounded sheep, near and far.

With a broad smile, she faced every difficulty and struggle that came on her way. For Sr. Monica, others always came first. She truly lived up to the meaning of her name — Monica, meaning Mercy, and Maiya / Manik, meaning Diamond. Indeed, she was a shining diamond to the poor, the neglected, and the suffering.

During my time with her in the Halkarni community, I witnessed how the poor, the sick, and the elderly came not just for medicine but to see her, listen to her, and receive her healing touch. They believed she would bring them relief — and many times, I personally witnessed such moments of



healing. She lived and died entirely for others — a Sister of the Poor, a living saint with a radiant smile.

May God grant eternal joy to our beloved Manik. Sr. Monica Shingde — a person with a Golden Heart.

Sr. Monica Cardozo

Canossa – Andheri



Inspiration from Sr. Monica

Sr. Monica has been a great inspiration in my life. Living with her in the community gave me a new and enriching experience, allowing me to witness how lovingly and wholeheartedly she served the poor. She worked tirelessly, never concerned about time or the difficulties involved. I deeply admired her dedication and her unwavering commitment to helping others.

Through her example, I learned the importance of being truly present to people and serving them selflessly. When I saw her treat patients in Dharampur with such compassion, I was inspired to become a nurse myself. I am truly grateful for all that she has done and for the lasting impact she has made in my life.

Sr. Shalini D'Souza

Talasari



In Loving Memory of Sr. Monica Shingde

—A Tribute of Gratitude and Grace

As I pause to reflect on the many blessings God has placed in our lives, my heart fills with deep appreciation for the gift of Sr. Monica Shingde. She was a woman whose gentle presence brought peace, whose kindness touched countless hearts, and whose quiet strength inspired all who were blessed to know her.

Sr. Monica possessed a rare grace — a calm and welcoming spirit that made everyone feel valued and at ease. Her words were thoughtful, her actions sincere, and her smile warm. She lived with a simplicity that reflected her profound faith and total trust in God.

Even as her health declined, Sr. Monica remained steadfast. She carried her suffering with remarkable courage, choosing to meet each day — and each person — with a gentle smile. Her resilience was a powerful testament to her unwavering faith and her determination to live with dignity and grace.

Today, as we remember her life, we honour the values she embodied so naturally: humility, compassion, patience, and deep devotion. She served with a sincere and loving heart, touching lives in ways that will continue to echo for years to come.

As she rests now in God's eternal embrace, we hold her memory close and give thanks for the time we shared with



her. We ask Sr. Monica to intercede for us — that we may live faithfully, walk in God’s ways, and spread kindness, just as she so beautifully did.

Rest in peace, dear Sr. Monica.

Your life was a blessing, your presence a comfort,
and your memory will continue to guide and inspire us.

Sr. Maggie Rodrigues



Dear Sr. Monica,

You were a shining star whose gentle light guided and uplifted everyone around you. You lived with deep faith in Divine Providence, always placing the needs of others before your own. Even in moments of silent suffering, you never complained. I still remember your humble words: *“No one knows the pain in my knees, but those I care for are better than me.”* These simple words revealed the depth of your love, your strength, and your spirit of self-sacrifice.

You never raised your voice; instead, your calm presence, quiet strength, and soft-spoken words brought peace wherever you went. Your life was marked by patience, simplicity, and wholehearted dedication.

You reached out tenderly to the sick, the suffering, and the discouraged. You were always ready to serve—whether it was the young girls entrusted to your care or your fellow



sisters. Your hands were constantly engaged in acts of kindness, and your heart remained open to anyone in need.

You lived not for recognition but out of pure love. Your humility, compassion, and spirit of service have left a lasting imprint on all who knew you. Your life was a silent homily—teaching us the beauty of sacrifice, the strength found in gentleness, and the transforming power of quiet prayer.

Though you have gone to your eternal reward, the fragrance of your goodness still lingers among us. Your memory continues to inspire us to live with the same love, patience, and faith that you so beautifully embodied.

Sr. Elsa Sebastian

St. Joseph's Convent, Belgaum



A Loving Memory of Sr. Monica

We remember Sr. Monica with deep gratitude and affection for the love and compassion she showed to the poor, especially the patients she served in the various mission stations. She dedicated her entire life to the service of others, and her healing presence brought comfort and hope to countless people.

Sr. Monica was a shining example of simplicity, hard work, and quiet dedication. Her love for the poor and the marginalised was steadfast. She served with a compassionate heart, always ready to listen, to understand, and to bring relief. Her empathy touched many lives, and her service to



humanity will continue to inspire us to give of ourselves with love and kindness.

I especially remember her ministry in the Dharampur mission, particularly the mobile clinic in the villages. She treated patients with care and patience, and her service never ended with a single visit. Follow-up was essential to her, both with the patients and their families. Some patients needed daily care, and she would bring them from the village to the convent, looking after them personally until they recovered. While some of us may have struggled with the demands of such a commitment, Sr. Monica never complained; she continued her work tirelessly and wholeheartedly.

The people of Dharampur loved speaking to her in their own Warli language, and she delighted in understanding and responding to them. Even the boarders in Bilpudi—especially the little ones—felt at ease with her, able to express their thoughts and problems without the pressure of speaking English. Her simplicity was truly her hallmark.

May her soul rest in peace, and may her memory be a blessing to all who cherish her. May her example inspire us to live lives of service, simplicity, and compassion.

Sr. Bharti Macwan - Raigad



Quiet Hands, Healing Heart

In life's long field, where days go by and pass,
Sometimes we live **moments** meant to truly last.
They stay inside us, never to be lost,
No matter what the future's price or cost.

I share this feeling, having known a grace,
With Sr. Monica in that quiet place.
She was a healer, simple and so deep,
A touch of Jesus that her hands could keep.

She spoke few words, but when you sat right near,
You knew that God was present, banishing all fear.
The joy of being there, a happy time,
A peaceful moment, perfect like a rhyme.

As a kind nurse, she touched so many lives,
And eased the pain of those who barely strived.
She carried pain within her own true heart,
A humble woman who played a loving part.

Soft in her voice, she changed how people thought,
A heart for the poor, exactly as she ought.
No big loud things she felt she had to do,
Just small, kind things done with a joyful view.

To feel that peace — serene and gentle too —
A quiet calm, for me and all of you.
This moment shared, a treasure to embrace,
A simple feeling in this sacred space.

Thank you, Sister Monica, for all that you were to me...**Sr.
Mamta Avare**



Loved by the Poor, Remembered by All

Sr. Monica was a woman of few words—humble, simple, and deeply generous towards the poorest of the poor. She reached out to the needy with great love and took courageous risks while treating patients. Wherever she served, people appreciated her presence and deeply missed her when she was transferred to another mission. The people who travelled all the way from the Dharampur villages for her funeral were a true testimony of how much she was loved.

She was a silent sufferer who endured great pain with a gentle smile. Sr. Monica never complained about anything; instead, she gratefully accepted whatever was offered to her. Her heart was filled with gratitude, simplicity, and faith.

Through her life, she followed the Crucified Lord with unwavering devotion.

Sr. Cecily Augustine



Treasured it

More than a decade ago, our province magazine featured an article applauding a brave and enterprising nurse who catered to the simple rural patients with indigenous remedies that proved to be amazingly effective and cost cutting. Having read the article I proudly narrated the matter to my Dad who always subscribed to home-remedies and home-education. He got



greatly excited and prevailed upon me to write her a letter of appreciation.

Sr. Monica's joy knew no bounds on receiving this unexpected missile. She was truly ecstatic and smiled from ear to ear! She read the letter over and over again and preserved it for years, referring to it each time we met! "How nice of your Dad to write me this letter!" she would say again and again. And between us, there grew a special bond of affection. I was extremely happy to have the opportunity some years later, during a retreat at Canossa Ashram, to be able to serve her as she was finding it difficult to go up and down the stairs. God wanted her to know how much he appreciated her, and He gave me the privilege of conveying His beautiful message to her. "Well done, good and faithful servant; now enter into the home of my Father!!!!"

Adieu dear Sr. Monica! How well you lived your sisterhood!**Sr. Berlinda Dcruz**



With immense grief, I offer this eulogy for our dear Sr. Monica Shingde

Goodbyes are always painful, and life is never the same when someone so caring, simple, and humble leaves us for her heavenly abode.



Sr. Monica, a sister nurse and a native of Talasari, faithfully served the sick with great dedication. Her mission was the



healing ministry, which she embraced wholeheartedly—tending to the young and the elderly sisters, as well as the lay people in the dispensaries of Halkarni, Bilpudi, and various other places where she was called to serve. She was gentle, compassionate, and committed, offering her healing hands with unwavering sincerity.

Though burdened with her own ill-health, she continued to serve those in need, rising above her suffering with remarkable courage. Her steadfast belief in *suffering in silence* was truly admirable. Despite enduring a long and painful illness, she bore her cross with grace and quiet strength.

Such was our beloved Sr. Monica—endearing, loving, caring, and always ready to reach out to the sick and the needy. You remain forever in our hearts. Your light will never fade, for your spirit continues to live in the hearts of all those you touched. You are deeply loved and dearly missed. Goodbyes are not the end—they simply mean we will miss you until we meet again.

Rest in heaven's glory, dear Sr. Monica. Your memory will continue to live on.

Sr. Hyacinth Fernandes



A Silent Witness of God's Tender Care

Sister Monica was a humble, gentle, and soft-spoken personality, gifted in a special way with healing hands. She carried within her a rare gift of love, patience, and compassion, especially in caring for the sick.



My personal experience of her goes back to my days in Mahim. I had the privilege of living with her and witnessing, firsthand, the tenderness with which she cared for one of our ailing sisters. She accompanied her lovingly, faithfully, and selflessly right up to her final moments.

I truly believe that the God of healing was her constant companion and that He used her as His instrument of healing here on earth. Now that she is in heaven, close to Jesus, I pray through her intercession that she may continue to bring healing to all of us—especially to those who are sick and suffering.

Sr. Nainita Kankad



A Heart of Service and Compassion

Sr. Monica Singde was a simple, loving, prayerful, and humble sister. As a nurse, she cared deeply for the patients entrusted to her, carrying out her duties with great love and dedication. She was always cheerful and compassionate, bringing comfort to those who were suffering. Ever ready to help anyone in need, she touched many lives through her kindness and gentle service.

Sr. Faustina



Sr. Monica lived a life of deep holiness and virtue.

She was a truly self-sacrificing person who cared deeply for the sick, orphaned children, and especially for her fellow sisters. She always cared less for herself and more for those entrusted to her care. Sr. Monica dedicated herself fully and wholeheartedly to her mission.



She was kind, loving, and self-giving, and she possessed a healing touch that I myself have personally experienced. She would often go the extra mile to look after the sisters, even when she herself was suffering from illness. With remarkable patience, she bore her pain quietly, never drawing attention to her own struggles.

Sr. Monica spoke little, but she worked tirelessly. Her life was a silent witness of love, service, and endurance. Now that she is with our Heavenly Father, we humbly ask her to intercede for us.

Sr. Maggie Martis



A Silent Soul

It was a great privilege, Sr. Monica, to have you not only as my companion but also as a dear friend. As a nurse in our group when we first entered, I felt deeply reassured to have you with us. I would often say, *“If ever I fall sick, I know Monica will take care of me.”*

I was truly blessed to pay you a final visit and bid you goodbye. As I whispered into your ear, *“Monica, this is not our home. It is time to return to our Father’s house, and we shall meet there once again,”* your gentle, silent smile spoke a heartfelt goodbye to me.

I never once experienced a harsh word from her. Everything she did was marked by quietness and tenderness—even the prick of a needle in the care of patients was painless. Her life was a silent testimony of compassion, humility, and loving service.

Sr. Agnes Fernandes

Memories..





*"The eternal
God is your refuge,
and his everlasting
arms are under you..."*

~ Deuteronomy 33:27