

Welcome, and thank you all for coming to celebrate with us this Eucharist of the Resurrection and Thanksgiving for our sister Monique Boils (Doudou for the family)

Monique was born in Africa in 1941 and lived there for nearly 50 years, in Congo as a child with her family, as a lay woman with the African fraternities in Burundi and then most of her life as a Religious of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph in Burundi and Cameroon.

On leaving Africa for her final return to Belgium, at the age of 60, Monique wrote in a farewell letter:

"A deep sense of gratitude prevails in my heart: a bond has been forged over nearly 50 years of living in Africa, with those "of every race, language, people and nation" with whom I have walked... simply..., with whom I have sought, day after day, the Face of the One who loves us infinitely and who attracts us all with an infinity of paths and experiences that have been for me sometimes deeply rejuvenating water points/ sources, sometimes passages into the desert forcing us to dig deeper... in the plain as in the mountains, in the green valley as in the desert.

But that's not all... The pilgrimage for me will soon continue on another continent. Soon "I will return to Belgium", a country that I know so little about because I haven't really lived there. May I go in with eyes, ears, and an open heart to attempt this new adventure in love. »

Yes Monique, since 2002 you have lived this new adventure for nearly 20 years in Molenbeek where I had the chance to welcome you. You wanted a discreet, simple integration in a neighborhood with a high immigrant density.

You worked as a volunteer at "La Porte Verte" mainly for helping children after school, and also at "Meeting", a center for asylum seekers.

In the neighborhood you were appreciated for your kindness, your listening, your spirit of service.

When you realized that you were sick, you courageously decided to go to a nursing home.

Courageously, you faced, the slow and long deterioration, of which you were well aware.

Charles de Foucauld's prayer of trust and abandonment has surely accompanied you all this time;

... "Father, I abandon myself into your hands... »

Your pilgrimage on earth has come to an end..... Monique, our sister, Monique, my friend, discreet, faithful, prayerful, we now entrust you to the merciful Father in whom you had placed all your trust,

He was waiting for you at the threshold of His Eternal House.