

I HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED THE RACE, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH. – 2 TIMOTHY 4:7

A MOTHER, A DISCIPLE, A LEGACY OF FAITH

On **February 11th, 2026**, my mother, **Indra Kumari Khadka**, went to be with the Lord at the age of **87**.

My earliest childhood memories of my mother are memories of work and care for our family. Life in our village was simple and often difficult, yet she carried the responsibilities of family life with quiet strength. I remember early mornings when she would ask me to **drink milk straight from the goat**. She always made sure we had what we needed.

Life in our village was not easy. There was no electricity, and there were **no shops nearby**. Many necessities had to come from far away. My father and other villagers would once a year travel a many-day journey **to Tibet to bring back salt and other supplies**, and during those times my mother stayed behind to care for all of us children.

There was also no school in our village. Later, my father took me to southern Nepal to live with my aunt so I could attend school. It was there, during my school years, that I came to faith in Christ. When my father heard about my decision, he became very upset when I visited home during summer vacation. At the age of eleven, I left my village permanently and lived in a children's home for the next seven years. Looking back today, I can see how God used those difficult circumstances to shape my life, while the example of my mother's perseverance and strength continued to influence me.

She worked constantly. One of my vivid memories is watching her wash clothes the traditional way—boiling them with ashes and then beating them clean with sticks. It was hard physical work, yet she did it faithfully for our large family. Sometimes my father would cut a lamb for meat, and since there were no refrigerators, the meat had to be salted so it could last longer. We would eat it for many days. As a child, after eating the same meat again and again, I remember saying, "I will never eat meat again!" I also remember walking through snow barefoot without sandals to visit my uncles for 5-6 hours on the other side of the mountain villages. Those were difficult conditions, yet they shaped our lives and taught us endurance.

My mother was also a courageous woman. Once, she told us how a small tiger came to take one of the goats, and she bravely ran and snatched the goat back from the tiger.

When I returned to the village many years later, I realized how remote our childhood home truly was. Only in 2019 did a road finally reach our village, something we could never have imagined when we were growing up.

She was the **mother of 10 children, grandmother of 13 grandchildren, and great-grandmother of 3 great-grandchildren**. My father passed away in 2012, and in many ways, she continued to be a steady strength for our family.

One of the things that marked her life most clearly was her faith and daily prayer. Before the day began, she would spend time in prayer. No matter how much work was waiting for her, she sought the Lord first. Her faith was not loud or public, but steady and real. In every sense, she lived as a true disciple of Christ.





Many years ago, I had the privilege of introducing my mother to Jesus and baptizing her. Over time, she became part of the small team that helped start two fellowships in Kathmandu: Mhepy Fellowship and Phutung Fellowship. She later served as a leader in both churches at different times. She never preached a sermon, yet her life preached every day. People respected her quiet wisdom, her prayers, and the calm strength she carried during difficult moments. She served people faithfully and always remained humble.

In 2005, she moved to the children's home and began helping care for the children. Her work was simple but deeply meaningful. She cooked food for children, planted vegetables, cared for goats and cows, and made sure the children had milk each day. Through these simple acts of love and service, she became part of the team that helped raise hundreds of children at the children's home. In the last two years of her life, she lived with Alzheimer's disease. She knew all her children. One day, she suffered both a brain stroke and a heart attack and was taken to intensive care. Soon after, she peacefully went to be with the Lord.

At that time, I was in Norway. I left immediately when I received the news, but by the time I arrived in Nepal, the funeral was already being prepared. In Nepal, it is not common to keep the body long after death. When I landed at the airport in Kathmandu, I went straight to the funeral. Hundreds of family members, neighbours, and friends had already gathered at the church and at the house. I quickly changed my clothes and went directly to the service.



Over the two days—during the funeral, cremation, and memorial gathering—around 1,000 people came. Many family members travelled from different parts of the world, and others came from the remote mountain villages where our family originally came from. People spoke highly of her life and shared stories of her kindness, her prayers, and the quiet encouragement she had given them over the years. In the midst of grief, it was a privilege for me to share the Gospel. I spoke about the hope we have in Christ—that death is not the end, that my mother has gone to her eternal home, and that one day she will be raised with a glorified body.

Not everyone in our extended family is a believer, and some follow traditional **Hindu mourning rituals**. Because of this, some relatives could not enter our home or greet

us for 13 days. According to tradition, the close family observes 10–13 days of mourning, performing prayers and rituals for the soul. For one year after the death, weddings and celebrations are usually avoided. One year from now, many relatives and neighbours will gather again for a memorial service. My prayer is that there will once again be an opportunity to share the Gospel and the hope found in Christ.

My mother never stood on a stage and never sought recognition. Yet her life quietly shaped churches, children, and communities. Through the fellowships she helped nurture, the children she helped raise, and the family she loved, her influence continues through many lives and generations. Her story reminds us that **God often builds His kingdom through people who serve faithfully and humbly. Though she lived a quiet life, the legacy she carried continues to shape lives, churches, and generations—and the seeds of faith she planted will keep bearing fruit long after her race on earth is finished.**

-Sudip Khadka

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