

Servant of God Sybil Kathigasu
(Malaysia/Dutch East Indies [Indonesia]) 1899-1948

Nurse and Midwife trained in Kuala Lumpur.

*Provided nursing and midwifery care in Ipoh and Papan, Perak, Malaya.
Courageously and compassionately cared for local people & “guerillas”.*

*Severely tortured by the feared Kempeitai, Japan military police,
during their occupation of Malaya during World War II*

Following the liberation flown to England for medical treatment.

*Awarded the British Crown’s George Medal by King George VI
at Buckingham Palace for her bravery.*

Died from septicemia due to wounds sustained from a brutal kick to the jaw.

Sybil Medan Daly was born on September 3, 1899 in Medan, Sumatra, then part of the Dutch East Indies (now known as Indonesia). She was the fifth child and only daughter born to Joseph and Beatrice Matilda (Martin) Daly. Her father was an Irish-Eurasian planter and her mother was a French-Eurasian midwife.²

Sybil most probably completed her nursing and midwifery training at the Kuala Lumpur General Hospital (KLH). Nursing education at KLH began with the establishment of the hospital in 1870. The history of nursing in Malaysia began from the year 1800, with the formation of the East India Company when hospitals for the sick were established in Penang and Singapore.

Nursing of the sick was carried out by Catholic nuns and later by British nurses from England. At this time, every state in Malaysia established and organized its own “on-the-job training” for nurses. Lectures in theory and practice were given by the English matrons or assistant matrons, sister and doctors at the hospital level. They sat for their own state examination and the standards varied from one state to another. Upon completion of training, they were promoted to Staff Nurses and later, if considered suitable, would become Senior Staff Nurses. The emphasis of nursing practice then was on patient care in hospital which was mainly on the curative aspect.⁷ Under the British Nightingale model classes in anatomy, hygiene, bandaging, lots of ward cleaning and a 6-month midwifery add-on training. There was a 3-year apprenticeship as “probationer nurses.” At this point they live in hospital quarters under the British Matron. Nursing students had to be single, age 18-25.⁸

While practicing nursing and midwifery at Kuala Lumpur General Hospital in British Malaya, she met a Hindu man, Dr. Armugam K. Pillay, a Malayan Tamil Indian and graduate of the Singapore Medical School. He converted to her Catholic faith and was baptized Abdon Clement Kathigasu. Abdon and Sybil were married on January 7, 1919 at St. John’s Church in Bukit, Nanas, Kuala Lumpur.

They had four children: Michael (1919) who died within 19 hours of his birth, William Pillay born in 1918, whom they adopted; Olga (1921) and Dawn (1936).



Her husband established a private practice at No. 141 Brewster Road, Ipoh, Perak, British Malaya (now Jalan Sultan Idris Shah). Sybil joined him in 1921 with Olga, William and her mother, Beatrice. The doctor provided medical care for miners and local villagers in the clinic while Sybil provided nursing care via house calls and attended to women in labor.

On December 15, 1941 as Sybil headed to Chemor, a little town ten miles north of Ipoh to visit a maternity case, she “noticed several aircraft circling like hawks above the hills.”³ As she finished caring for her maternity case, the husband of her patient returned from Ipoh pale with fear and worry and notified her that Ipoh has been bombed and the streets indiscriminately strafed with machine gun fire from the Japanese airplanes. Warned of the dangers of returning, she rushed back to Ipoh to find out what had happened to her children and husband. Though the children were well, her husband had suffered a deep flesh wound in his right groin from shrapnel and had lost a good deal of blood. After ensuring that he was cared for at the local hospital, Sybil found the children and moved them to a garage in the suburbs which they believed that, in the event of a bomb, would provide greater safety than their house in the middle of town. The garage had facilities for cooking and washing and Sybil had stored food there.

Sybil was devout and prayer, a constant companion, would be even more so over the next four years under the Japanese Occupation of Malaya. Knowing that the children were safe and her husband cared for in the hospital, Sybil records in her memoirs:

On my return to the house in Brewster Road I felt all at once unutterably weary—exhausted mentally rather than physically by the terrible events of the day, though it was still early. There seemed so much to do that I was at a loss where to begin. I went upstairs and kneeling down prayed to God for guidance, and for strength to do His will in whatever trials I might encounter, and as I prayed I felt the tension relax. After a few moments I felt refreshed and stronger.”

Soon, they decided to evacuate the area because Ipoh was continually subjected to bombings and machine-gunning without discrimination between military and civilian. While driving, Japanese airplanes appeared over the hill and they quickly detoured to the small town of Papan and sheltered under the trees of a rubber plantation beside the road. This turned out to be providential because a friend of one of their companions, Barh, lived there and offered them half of his house at No. 74 Main Street, Papan, Kinta, Perak, Malaya. It was here that they established another clinic to care of the local people. Doctor, as Sybil called her husband, eventually returned to Ipoh during the occupation, reopening his medical practice, and Sybil remained in Papan.

Sybil recorded a difficult maternity case she attended during the bombardment. The mother of nine children had been in labor for five days in windowless attic. Sybil ordered part of the palm-leaf room removed to allow air and light to enter. After several hours, as the mother was soon to deliver, airplanes were heard overhead. Sybil records:

the plane dived over the house and a deafening clatter of machine-gun fire. At the moment when it was most necessary to concentrate all my attention on what was taking place in the tiny attic I found myself waiting with every nerve for the shattering impact of bullets. However, the danger passed; all went well, in the end, with mother and child. We learned later that the target of the Japanese attack had been a party of Australian soldiers retreating down the road nearby.³

Ultimately, the Japanese Occupied of Malaya from 1941 to 1945. During this time, Sybil Kathigasu displayed extraordinary courage. While living in Papan, she secretly aided anti-Japanese resistance fighters by providing medical treatment, medicines, food, and information. Sybil also helped operate a hidden radio transmitter to receive Allied broadcasts, in fact during the occupation they had a total of five radios. This, and caring for the resistance fighters were acts that placed her in constant danger, as such activities were punishable by severe torture or death under Japanese rule.

All of Sybil's children, as well as the owners of the home helped in the dispensary: welcoming patients, cleaning bottles for medicine, dispensing medicine, cleaning the dispensary, fetching instruments, swabs and towns during surgical procedures. "We made it a rule that the poor, and those who had lost everything, should be treated free. Others were charged according to what we estimated they could afford to pay."³

The following will describe Sybil's spiritual encounter with Jesus, devotion to prayer, and some of the extreme tortures she experienced. Most is in her own words from her autobiography "*No Dram of Mercy*" available online at the link in the references:

In her memoirs, Sybil describes a mystical experience that she had in January 1941 as Jesus prepared her for the agony she was going to have to suffer:

One night in the middle of January, tired out with worry and without hope for the future, I fell into an exhausted sleep. It was during the early hours of the morning that I awoke, feeling a gentle tap on my feet. As I opened my eyes I was dazzled by a vision of the Sacred Heart before me. Overwhelmed by a feeling of awe and love, I arose and knelt by my bed, murmuring: 'My Lord, and My God.' And His voice said to me: 'My child, you must be ready to pay the supreme sacrifice, for the glory that is to come. 'My Lord, I cannot. . . ' I whispered. "You can, and will, for I the Lord command it. I will be with you and will give you strength.' A great fear came over me as I answered: 'I will pay the supreme sacrifice, my Lord. I promise this in Thy name.'

As the last rays of His brightness were vanishing, my mother awoke. "Who were you talking to, Bil?" 'I was dreaming, Mother,' I answered, for I did not want to frighten her by telling her the truth. But I knew within myself that I must be willing to face death if my God willed it. He Himself had come to warn and strengthen me. And I was fortified through all the trials that lay ahead by the knowledge that all that was taking place was ultimately part of a divine pattern beyond our human comprehension.

After this, I hung a picture of the Sacred Heart on the plank wall of our shabby dispensary. This I found an aid to prayer, and a reminder of a world beyond the tangible, material one which so often, in this room, pressed upon us. The picture had also a more practical purpose. Behind it we bored a hole through the wooden wall, so that, by lifting the picture, we could look out without being seen.

Although, at the outset, the Japanese forces were instructed to behave with courtesy and consideration towards the local population, with a view to winning their loyalty, this policy of the High Command was not always followed at the lower levels. In the early days, no less than in the years that followed, neither person nor property were safe from brutal and marauding hands.³ The greatest danger at this time was that besetting young women and girls. Sybil's daughter Olga was twenty years old at the time. Fearing for her safety, Sybil recorded in her memoirs,

I dressed her in an old pair of trousers belonging to her father, and a torn shirt, then smeared her face with touches of mud and charcoal. When questioned by the Japs I told them that Olga was my young brother—deaf, dumb and an idiot. They would glance with disgust at the pitiful figure, then turn away.³

Notified that the anti-Japanese resistance fighters, living and operating in the hill, had members who were sick and wounded and were requesting assistance from Sybil, she readily agreed to help. And so began their clandestine procedure. If she received a note during the day indicating treatment was needed, at about eight in the evening, there would be three taps on the back door which indicated the arrival of the patients from the hills. Sybil reports that, "Only when their complaints had been dealt with would we sit down to supper. The meal over, we would invariably gather for family prayers.³ Prayer was an integral part of their daily routine.

Sybil decided that if the Japanese ever discovered that she was treating the opposition forces or listening to the radio that her life would be at risk. However, she was determined that no harm would come to other members of the household. The guerillas offered to evacuate her and her family from Papan in 1943 when it appeared that the Japanese may have been informed of her activities. However, Sybil did not want the towns people to suffer the wrath of the Japanese. She made it her mission to ensure that the Japanese would be satisfied with the death of one. As she prepared for her arrest, she records,

I knelt before the crucifix and prayed to Him who suffered on the Cross to fortify my faith and give me strength, As I felt two small arms round my neck, and Dawn's voice saying, 'Mummy. I love you very much. If they take you I will always come too. Jesus will help us.' Such words, from my baby daughter, so tiny, weak and fragile, gave me courage and strength. They were as a sign to me that my prayer had been heard.

In 1943, Sybil was arrested by the Japanese military police, the Kempeitai. She was imprisoned and subjected to brutal torture, including severe physical abuse, which left her permanently injured. Despite the suffering she endured, she refused to reveal information about the resistance or those she had helped. Eventually, she was released, but her health had been irreparably damaged.

Every method was used to make me speak. In the end my whole body seemed one great throbbing pain. I screamed and yelled at the top of my voice, but when at intervals my torturers stopped after repeated their questions. I stuck doggedly to my denial and my torments were resumed. At length I fell to the ground through the weakness and did not move even when they continued to kick with their heavy boots. I was dragged to my feet and carried into the waiting-room, where I collapsed in the middle of the floor and lost consciousness.

The Kempeitai, the feared military police of the Imperial Japanese Army, took over Sybil's interrogated. Sybil records in her memoirs,

But you treated them [the Anti-Japanese resistance fighters] when they were sick.' 'I had to. They threatened me with death.' "You are lying. Tell us the truth at once or it will be torture for you. It was. They gave me the usual ferocious beatings and whippings and devilish tortures, but my constant prayers were answered and I received strength to persist in my denial until unconsciousness brought welcome release.

Sometimes Yoshimura tried a different approach, allowed me to sit down while he spoke kindly and reasonably about my folly, and called for iced water and coffee at frequent intervals. But on the whole, blows and finches, with other more elaborate tortures, formed an unvarying background of pain. Every day I spent long periods on my knees in my cell, praying for the strength to withstand the worst that the Japs could do to me. While undergoing the agony of torture I called aloud on the Sacred Name of Jesus. Without His assistance I could never have survived

When called for interrogation, I would leave my treasured rosary given to me when I made my First Communion—safely hiding in my cell. One day, however, I forgot, and it fell from my pocket as I collapsed to the floor under a savage blow. A Japanese soldier lifted his heavy boot to crush it underfoot, but I was too quick for him. Placing my hand over the rosary, 'Dare you.' I said, looking up at him, He turned away and I replaced the rosary in my pocket. Weeks went by in this way, but the Japanese made no progress.

Flesh in places and an ugly purplish color where there was still skin, Every movement of my limbs was agony and I could scarcely sleep or eat. At length the weary process came to an end. I

was presented with a sheet of typewritten notes and told to sign my statement. This I refused to do until every word had been read out to me, and the many insertions made by the Japanese, which I had never admitted, deleted. Only when this was done did I sign each sheet, and then wrote out for Yoshimura a list of the names of all those who had lived with me in Papan.

When William was discovered with a radio and admitted under interrogation that they had had a radio in the dispensary, questions changed from treating the resistance forces to the radio. Fortunately Sybil discovered prior that Yoshimura knew of the radio so she was ready. When questioned Sybil admitted,

‘Five[radios] altogether, Officer,’ I replied. ‘He flung down his pencil and seizing his cane banged me on head with it. “Are you mad?” he shouted. ‘Five! What have you done with them all? I was never saner’

Later during her imprisonment and repeated interrogation, Sybil records:

Soon after this we received the daily ration of rice and water, and I felt stronger. ‘I am going to pray,’ I told the occupants of the cell. ‘Won’t you all join me? We all worship one God, though we call Him by different names, and He alone can save us.’

So we all knelt down in humble adoration and supplication praying together. ‘O God, maker of all things and of all men, our tormentors and our enemies as well as our friends and ourselves, we beseech Thee for the strength to bear our trials. We cannot know Thy purpose, but we pray Thee to keep us faithful to Thee to the end.’ Our prayers became a regular feature of life in Cell Three; every morning, noon and night we knelt together.

The next day, the 17th November, 1943, is one that I shall never forget as long as I live. My interrogation began at eight o'clock in the morning and continued until late evening. I doubt my ability to give an adequate impression of the methods used and the effect those methods had on me. I could not hope for mercy; it was as inaccessible as the moon. The chief feeling was of utter helplessness; my fate was governed by the incalculable caprice of my tormentors. Both physical and mental pain were employed to force out the truth. In addition every effort was made so to confuse me with sudden changes of subject, constant repetitions and covering of ground exhaustively gone over many times before, and sheet inconsequential lunacy, that I almost contradicted myself and fell into the various traps laid for me by the way. A clear head and a quick wit were invaluable allies, but not easy to maintain when I was throbbing with pain from head to foot.

Yoshimura used every torture he could devise to break down my resistance and make me say something which would incriminate the Weaver boys. I pray constantly for strength to persist.

Yoshimura brought Sybil’s daughter Dawn to the prison. When Sybil rushed towards her daughter, she was rudely pushed back and tied to one of the pillars. Yoshimura screamed at Sybil to tell him about the guerillas or he would burn her daughter before her eyes. They beat Sybil in front of her daughter until she could scarcely stand but hung limp. They then tied a rope around Dawn’s chest, threw the other end over a branch ten feet from the ground and hauled her up, her hands tied behind her back, into the tree. The tree was swarming with ants which crawled all over and bit Dawn. They then spread glowing coals on the ground below her daughter’s feet and threatened to burn Dawn alive. Sybil accused them of being cowards to torture and kill a little child. In response, they furiously rained blows on her head and shoulders. Scarcely feeling the pain, Sybil stated, “I prayed as I had never prayed before. ‘Holy Mother of God, have mercy,’ I repeated over and over again; Jesus of Heaven, save my children. Spare my baby, O Mary; don’t let my Dawn die.’ Just then a Japanese officer she had not previously seen arrived, gave sharp commands and both she and Dawn were released. Sybil ran and scooped Dawn in her arms. She turned to Yoshimura,

You'll pay for your crimes when Malaya is British again!' I said. He rushed at me in fury, knocked me to the ground with one blow of his fist, then kicked me savagely in the face as I lay helpless at his feet. I slowly got up, staring at him as I did so and he lashed out with his cane at Dawn, catching her on the forehead. She did not utter a sound, and at once his mood changed. He sat down at the table and drew Dawn on to his knee. She sat motionless and refused to look at him. *(This blow to the jaw would ultimately cause Sybil's demise).*

As word passed in the prison that family members and friends had been released from prison, Sybil did not hesitate to utter the most heartfelt thanks to Heaven for the mercy show to her and her child. She spent many night in prayer. Her whole body ached with the beatings she had received, the side of her face, which had suffered the impact of the sergeant's boot, caused her great pain. She writes, "It throbbed with every beat of my pulse, sending spasms of sharp agony through my head." In the morning feeling calm she was yet again distressed by the presence of husband. Yoshimura ordered young the doctor's hands tied behind her back with one length of rope and the other was thrown over a branch about 15 feet from the ground. The doctor had to remain on his tip toes or the rope would pull back his arms placing the full weight on the muscles of his shoulders. They screamed at Sybil to speak. When they could not break her they cut him down leaving his hand tied behind his back sitting in the hot sun, with a guard over him and left for their midday meal. She begged the officer for water for her husband. The officer insisted that she kiss his boot three times for this favor, which she did. Sybil thought that though this was humiliating to her, it was more degrading to him than her. Throughout her interrogation and imprisonment, Sybil continued to take responsibility for all activities and claimed innocence and ignorance of all her family and neighbors. Yoshimura continued to berate, torture and interrogate her. Another session went as follows:

Do you know what I am going to do if you won't co-operate? I am going to have your husband and your little daughter tied together to an iron bar and roasted before your eyes. What do you say to that?' 'I cannot prevent you from committing such a crime if you are determined on it. You people have all the power in this country and can do what you like. But I cannot tell you any more than I have told you already.'

My words seemed to throw him into a frenzy of exasperation. First he picked up a light cane and thrashed me with that. Then, finding it inadequate, he seized from the floor a heavy wooden bar and beat me about the back and shoulders. As I reeled and staggered under the force of his infuriated violence, a severe blow caught me squarely on the spine. I felt an acute spasm of pain throughout my body, and fell to the ground in a dead faint. After what seemed an age I came to and found myself being half dragged, half carried to my cell.

Next day the pain in my spine was intense and there seemed to be no strength left in my legs. It was all I could do to place one foot before the other when called for interrogation, and I felt I was very close to the limit of my endurance.

The accusations read against Sybil recorded in her Memoirs as follows:

"You are accused, first,' he said, 'of acting as a spy on behalf of and in co-operation with the enemy agents in Malaya. Second, of giving medical attention and other assistance to the Communist guerillas and outlaws. Third, of possessing a radio set, listening to enemy broadcasts and disseminating enemy propaganda. Each of these charges carries a death sentence.'

As Christmas approached, Sybil described the pain she experienced and her reliance in prayer:

At this time, the pain in the lower part of my spine was increasing daily, and I found that, try as I would, my legs would no longer support me. I later learned that Yoshimura's savage blow had fractured the lumbar vertebrae, and that this fracture had caused a partial paralysis. At the moment, however, I asked the wardresses not to let the Doctor know anything about this, as it would only worry him unduly. By Christmas I could no longer stand or walk unaided.

As Christmas approached, I found comfort in a book of prayers to Saint Anthony which Matron Stephens gave me, warning me not to let the superintendent see it. To celebrate the feast, she also sent me a small piece of cake. As I lay in my cell, I heard the bells from the church of Saint Joseph nearby ringing out their message of hope and thanksgiving.

Two days later, the 23rd February, Matron came into my cell to tell me that my trial was to take place that afternoon. Judge Kusaka was to hold court in the prison office at two o'clock. 'Be brave,' she said, 'we're all praying for you.'

When she had left the cell, I took out my prayer book with its picture of Saint Anthony, and, kneeling before it, supported by the wall of the cell, said the following prayer. 'Great Saint Anthony, please intercede for me with the Infant Jesus to give me the strength and courage to bear bravely what God's Holy Will has ordained for me. Let me face death, if I must, in the spirit of the Holy Martyrs. But if I am spared to write a book about what I have undergone, I promise that the proceeds from the sale of the book shall go to building a church in your name, in Ipoh, and, if there is any over when the church is completed, to the relief of the poor and suffering, whatever their race or religion. Please help me, Saint Anthony.'

Sybil pleaded guilty to her charged and when asked

'Have you anything to say?' I had resolved to play the part of a penitent sinner, in the hope that it might suit the Japanese Government to make a show of clemency in a case which had aroused so much public interest.

'My lord,' I began, 'I am a miserable cripple; I have an aged and helpless mother, a grown-up daughter and a small child. I throw myself on your mercy, though I know I do not deserve it. I know that you, my lord, are a man of deep sympathy and understanding. If you cannot spare my life, I beg you to spare my husband, so that he at least can support my mother and the children when I am gone.' As I finished speaking I burst into a flood of tears, burying my head in my arms on the table before me. Still sobbing I was carried from the court-room, back to my cell in the women's section.

When placed in solitary confinement which was very difficult for Sybil, however, she was sustained by prayer and ultimately transferred to the hospital. She records:

...solitude was hardest to bear. Even to hear the sound of my own voice was a relief, so I talked to myself, prayed and sang aloud. I knew the Stations of the Cross and the Litanies by heart, and said the Rosary on my ten fingers; prayer was a great consolation and a source of strength.

The next few weeks passed in an agony of suspense, and I heard no further news, only rumors. There was talk that the Japs would execute all their prisoners in a wholesale massacre before committing suicide themselves. Then in the first week of August I heard that the guerillas had left their hills and were fighting the Japs in the open. The end, I felt, was near, though I could not tell what it would be.

The 14th August was the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, a day of fasting and penitence. I gave my morning meal of kangee and my midday sweet potatoes to the prisoner who brought me the water for my bath, and ate only the evening meal of rice. The Feast of the Assumption also I kept as best I could, and seemed to receive assurance in my prayers that all would yet be well. "The Japanese capitulated on the 15th August, 1945," it read, "Until the arrival of the British military authorities, the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army will take charge." I waved the leaflet in the air, sang, cheered and shook hands with the wardress and my fellow prisoners until we were all exhausted. In the evening, when the bells sounded for Angelus, I thanked God in prayer that the long struggle had at last ended, and for His mercy to me. I prayed also to Our Lady of Lourdes, asking her to complete my liberation by restoring to me the power to walk, and promising to make a humble pilgrimage to her shrine.

At the hospital all pretense of my being a prisoner was dropped. Doctor Chelvam welcomed me and wrung me warmly by the hand. 'Please will you do something for me, Doctor?' I asked. 'Certainly.' 'I want you to send a message to my children to say that I am here and would like to see them as soon as possible.' "Very well, Mrs. K, I will see to it at once.' I went on to ask for a

bath, as I wanted to go to church right away. I had a warm bath with the help of the kind nurses, and dressed myself in my second dress which, though ragged, was at least clean. Then, a piece of torn cloth over my head, I was carried by two attendants to the church. At my request they lifted me from my chair at the door of the church, and left me to make my own way, painfully on all fours, up the aisle to the altar. Here I prostrated myself in thanksgiving and humble devotion, and here the good Father Cordiero at length found me.

After the Japanese surrender in August 1945 and the liberation of Malaya, Sybil Kathigasu was flown to England to receive specialized medical treatment for the injuries she had sustained during her imprisonment. While in Britain, she recorded her experiences in her autobiography, *No Dram of Mercy*, published in 1946. Her account provided a powerful testimony of civilian resistance and personal sacrifice during the war.

In 1947, in recognition of her exceptional bravery and endurance, Sybil Kathigasu was awarded the George Medal. The medal was presented by King George VI at Buckingham Palace in London, making her the first woman from Malaya to receive this honor. The George Medal is a British decoration for bravery created during World War II and instituted on 24 September 1940 by King George VI to recognize “acts of great bravery” primarily by civilians. The editor of Sybil’s autobiography writes:

Sybil Kathigasu’s story was to have a tragic ending. Doctors struggled for two years, with a measure of success, to restore her to health, but the sufferings she had endured at the hands of the Japanese finally proved too great. Gradually her partial paralysis yielded to treatment, and the great day came when she walked unaided. Fulfilling the vow she had made in prison, she went as a pilgrim to Lourdes. Full recovery seemed in sight and she made eager preparations for her return to Malaya. But in May 1949 she fell ill again; a succession of painful operations had failed to check the spread of septicemia from her fractured jaw, and on the 4th of June she died.

Sybil Kathigasu’s health continued to deteriorate and she died on 12 June 1948 in Lanark, Scotland, as a result of complications from her wartime injuries. She was only 49 years old. (There is some discrepancy about her date of death, and the Diocese of Penang and the Catholic Church are adopting 12 June 1948⁶; *No Dram of Mercy* records June 4, 1948). The following year, her remains were returned to Malaya, where she was reburied at the Ipoh Roman Catholic Cemetery (St. Michael’s Church cemetery in Ipoh, Perak, Malaysia). Today, she is remembered as a national heroine and a powerful symbol of courage, resilience, and the vital role of women in wartime resistance.

His Eminence Cardinal Dato’ Seri Sebastian Francis, Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Penang, officially initiated the process for the beatification and canonization of Sybil Kathigasu on July 1, 2024.⁴

Since January 2025, Rev. Fr. Aloysius Tan, the parish priest of St. Michael Church, Ipoh has been holding prayers at her gravesite. These prayer sessions are held on the 12th day of every month drawing around 20 faithful.

If any prayers are answered or documents to be shared, please contact Jennifer Duarte, via email address at: road2sainthood.sybil@gmail.com or send a postal mail to Sybil Kathigasu Prayer Group c/o Church of St. Michael, 24 Church Road, 30300 Ipoh, Perak.⁵

References

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Note: This biography is for all desiring to grow in holiness and follow His Holiness Pope Pius XI address to 2000 nurses assembled at Castel Gondolfo on August 27, 1935 for the II World Congress of Catholic Nurses (www.ciciams.org / www.nacn-usa.org): *to first and foremost bring the Christian supernatural, Christ to our patients, bring salvation to souls*. May it also help nursing students with your Nursing History course. Sources above. This biography will be added to: Diana L. Ruzicka, *The Book of Nurse Saints, 2nd Edition*. The first edition is available at www.lulu.com/spotlight/Ruzicka or www.nursesaints.com