



Carol Ann Garcia

January 20, 1941 - January 3, 2025

Carol Ann Garcia, 83, passed away peacefully on January 3, at Epiphany Pines Senior Living.

She was born January 20, 1941, in Minneapolis. Preceded in death by her husband, Joe Garcia, her parents Marie and Leon Gooding. She is survived by her children Joe Garcia and Rosey Vieira (Garcia) and grandchildren Zoe Garcia, Andre and Alonso Vieira, and her siblings Jeanne Bauer (Gooding) and Bruce Gooding.

Carol grew up in St. Louis Park, MN and attended Academy of Holy Angels high school. After graduation, she attended St. Mary's School of Nursing, Minneapolis and became an RN. Soon after she entered the Franciscan Sisters of Little Falls, Minnesota and was there for several years. After leaving the convent, it was then that her life changed. She met her future husband, Joe at a ballroom dance. They married and lived in Minneapolis for several years and had their first child Joe. In 1974 they moved to Orizaba, Mexico and had their second child Rosey shortly after. Carol passionately volunteered at the local parish and provided health care to those less fortunate. She made many friends and spent countless happy hours with family and in the community. After her husband's passing in 1991, she returned to Minnesota, working as an RN, volunteering with the church and spending time with family and friends.

Visitation will be held at 9:30 a.m. followed by Catholic Mass at 10:30 a.m. on Tuesday, January 21 at the Church of the Epiphany, 1900 111th Ave NW, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. Father Paul Hedman, will preside.

After the service, a Funeral Luncheon will commence after Mass at the church.

Carol will be buried this spring at St. Mary's Cemetery in New Trier, MN.

In lieu of flowers, contributions can be made in her memory to Catholic Charities Twin Cities. (<https://cctwincities.org/donate/>)

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 21. 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM (CT)

Church of the Epiphany (Coon Rapids)
11001 Hanson Boulevard Northwest
Coon Rapids, MN 55433

Mass of Christian Burial

JAN 21. 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM (CT)

Church of the Epiphany (Coon Rapids)
11001 Hanson Boulevard Northwest
Coon Rapids, MN 55433

Tribute Wall

LI

“ Carol was my sister Kristin's mother in-law, so there were many Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays over the years where Carol was present with the family. During those holiday celebrations I had many opportunities to talk with her. She always took the time to ask how I was doing, and seemed to really enjoy having conversations with others. She was a very pleasant person to be around. My thoughts and prayers are with Carol's family during this time.
Lisa

Lisa - January 21, 2025 at 12:33 AM

JB

“ I have been told that I adored my older sister, so much so that when she “ got into trouble “ I would cry. I have also been told that even at an early age Carol was very social. When we were at a restaurant she was not content to visit with the waitress, she also went into the kitchen to see the cooks! Carol included me in some of the adventures with her high school friends. I especially remember a trip to a riding stable (I loved horses),and they were old enough to drive! She also shared her friends from Nursing School with me. I felt quite “ gown up “. I am forever grateful to her for helping me on my faith journey. She was never “ preachy “, but our discussions would sometimes raise questions in me. So I would find myself searching for the truth, and the deeper I went the more I grew in my love of God. Carol: your Pilgrim journey on earth has now ended, Jesus awaits! Thank you for being my sister. Jeanne Bauer

jeanne Bauer - January 19, 2025 at 01:36 PM

BG

“ My earliest memory of my oldest sister was when I was maybe 3 years old. I was under the impression that males were Lutheran and Females were Catholic because of my parents religious beliefs. Carol, with the help of my other sister, Jeanne, decided that I should become Catholic. They provided a comfortable place under a table complete with pillows and proceeded to show me various religious cards until I decided to become Catholic. To be honest, I probably agreed so that I could get out from under that table and go play.

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Bruce Gooding - brother

Bruce Gooding - January 16, 2025 at 11:07 AM

“ I woke up Saturday morning to the stark reality of life scrolling across my social media feed: an extended family member had passed away. Aunt Jeanne’s sister by marriage, Carol, a lovely woman whose eyes were forever dancing with a mischievous light, had left this world.

As a child, I regarded her as a courageous, adventurous spirit. She had met a Mexican man attending the University of Minnesota, and together, they took a leap of faith—marrying and moving back to Mexico to start a family, to build a home. Now, that, I thought, was real love. To meet someone from a different land, marry them, and have the courage to believe you can return to their homeland to begin your lives together.

Carol lived her life steeped in faith, not just in God but in the very fabric of existence itself. I’ve always admired those who possess any kind of faith—faith in themselves, in others, in the universe, and in God. It takes a special kind of soul to rise each day with that kind of conviction.

I didn’t know Carol as intimately as many others in her life did, but I’ve always held a deep respect for her unwavering faith. Life threw her a curveball when her husband passed away at a young age, forcing her and her teenage children to return to Minnesota and restart their lives.

Her son Joey and daughter Rosy were always beacons of warmth, their smiles as bright as the sun; they were gracious, intelligent, and delightful to converse with during those family gatherings where the extended clan mingled and shared stories.

They grew up, married, and raised their own children in Minnesota—children who mirrored their parents’ charm, happiness, and intelligence.

In her later years, Carol resided in a senior living apartment

adjacent to a Catholic chapel. She often remarked on the convenience of having that sanctuary close by, especially during the unforgiving Minnesota winters.

Our conversations were few and far between over the years, but I remember her inquisitive nature—always asking questions, genuinely curious about my life. With age, I've come to appreciate the listeners of the world, and I strive to emulate that curiosity myself.

There's something profound about simply stopping to listen—to the morning birds, to the silence of a chapel, to the world around us as we truly smell, feel, and sense each moment of our lives.

What the world needs now, more than ever, is a greater capacity for listening, an abundance of faith, and the courage to pursue whatever we love, no matter where it leads us.

My heartfelt condolences to Carol's family and everyone who had the privilege of crossing paths with her on this journey of faith.

Peace be with her.

Ken Bradley - January 08, 2025 at 04:09 PM