



Parish of St Peter and St Paul

ARCHDIOCESE OF WESTMINSTER

THE PRESBYTERY
Fr. Ivano Millico, Parish Priest
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29th SUNDAY in Ordinary Time (A) 22nd October 2023

SUNDAY MASS: 9:45am & 12noon

WEEKDAY MASS: Monday & Friday 12.30pm; Tuesday & Wednesday 8am

CONFESSIONS: (on request)

First Holy Communion

Parents and children are expected to attend 9:45am Sunday Mass.

The enrolment will close at end of October. Speak with Fr. Ivano directly to take part.

Baptism

Do approach directly Fr. Ivano after Sunday Mass.

Confirmation

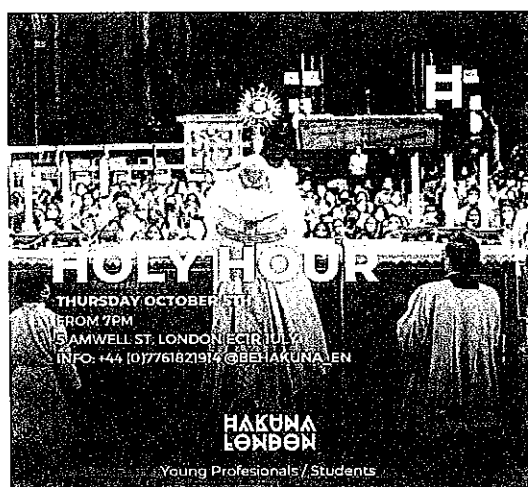
We have a two-years Programme. Any young person who is willing to join should speak with Fr. Ivano directly before the end of October.

Marriage Course

A 5-weeks course will commence early next year.

8:15-9:15pm Fridays: 23rd Feb, 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd March & Sat 23rd March afternoon.

Speak directly with Fr. Ivano for the enrolment form.



HAKUNA is a movement of Catholics in their 20s and 30s, who use music to pray, to sing, to show the beauty of life. They gather weekly for a holy hour of adoration, formation talks, charity and missionary activities.

A Eucharistic joyful movement, with Spanish roots, now in English soil.

Every Thursday at our Church,
Ss Peter and Paul, 7-8pm
Come



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It is late at night. Most of the Paris cafes have closed their doors and pulled down their shutters. Lights are reflected brightly in the wet, empty pavement. A taxi stops to let off a passenger and moves away again, its red tail-light disappearing around the corner.

The man who has just alighted follows a bellboy through the whirling door into the lobby of one of the big Paris hotels. His suitcase is bright with labels that spell out the names of hotels that existed in the big European cities before World War II. But the man is not a tourist. You can see that he is a businessman and an important one. He is a Frenchman, he walks through the lobby like a man who is used to stopping at the best hotels. He pauses for a moment, fumbling for some change, and the bellboy goes ahead of him to the elevator.

The traveller is suddenly aware that someone is looking at him. He turns around. It is a woman and to his astonishment she is dressed in the habit of a nun. If he knew anything about the habits worn by the different religious orders, he would recognize the white cloak and brown robe as belonging to the Discalced Carmelites. But what on earth would a man in his position know about Discalced Carmelites? He is far too important and too busy to worry his head about nuns and religious orders or about churches for that matter, although he occasionally goes to Mass as a matter of form.

The most surprising thing of all is that the nun is smiling and **she is smiling at him**. She is a young sister, with a bright, intelligent French face, full of the candour of a child, full of good sense: and her smile is a smile of frank, undisguised friendship. The traveller instinctively brings his hand to his hat, then turns away and hastens to the desk, assuring himself that he does not know any nuns. As he is signing the register, he cannot help glancing back over his shoulder. The nun is gone. Putting down the pen, he asks the clerk:

"Who was that nun that just passed by?"

"I beg your pardon, monsieur. What was that you said?"

"That nun, who was she, anyway? The one that just went by and smiled at me." The clerk arches his eyebrows.

"You are mistaken, Monsieur. A nun, in a hotel, at this time of night! Nuns don't go wandering around town, smiling at men!"

"I know they don't. That's why I would like you to explain the fact that one came up and smiled at me just now, here in this lobby."

The clerk shrugs: "Monsieur, you are the only person that has come in or gone out in the last half hour."

Not long after, the traveller who saw that nun in the Paris hotel was no longer an important French industrialist and did know something about religious habits. In fact, he was wearing one. He was a lay brother in the most strictly enclosed, the poorest, the most laborious, and one of the most austere orders in the Church. He had become a Trappist in a southern French abbey.

The thing that needs to be stressed about this story is that it is a true story. Few days later, the same man saw a picture of the very same nun in the house of some friends. They told him that her name was **St Thérèse of the Child Jesus**. Last week Pope Francis published a Letter on the 150th anniversary of her birth.

Watch out next time you walk into the lobby of an hotel or when waiting on a platform for your next train or while having your quick lunchbreak... the smile of Thérèse is a 'missionary smile', it attracts, it draws your soul where hers is drawn to, without constraint or effort, simply by attraction!

fr. Ivano

Fr Ivano