



Parish of St Peter and St Paul

ARCHDIOCESE OF WESTMINSTER

THE PRESBYTERY
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First Sunday of Advent (Year B) 3rd December 2023

SUNDAY MASS: 9:45am & 12noon

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

CONFESSIONS: Mondays 12-12:30pm (and on request)

HOLY HOUR: Thursdays 7-8pm (animated by HAKUNA eucharistic group)

“this kind of demon can only be cast out by prayer”

We will have a **whole-night adoration to pray for peace.**
From **7pm**, Thursday 7th December, to **7am** of the following day,
the Immaculate Conception, 8th December

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We will implore the Virgin Mary, **Queen of Peace**
to offer solace and hope to those who are suffering,
to inspire the leaders of nations to seek paths of peace,
to reconcile all her children, seduced by evil, blinded by power and hate

(sign up your name on the board)

“Watch yourselves; Stay awake; Pray at all times”

These are the *ingredients* of our Christian life and in these three weeks of Advent we are called to live them in a more ‘intense’ way.
Come to Confession, Mondays 12-12:30pm, or by request on other times.
Come to pray, to adore the Blessed Sacrament, to say the Rosary.
Come to Mass, listen to the Word of God, receive his graces.

***I shall soon advertise a Christmas Programme
with Mass times***

Christmas Cards on sale next Sunday after Mass

SCAN to GIVE
You can scan this QR
code for your weekly
Sunday donation.
Thank you.



Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary

<< ... I still had some good-bye visits to make and the one to Baron de Bussieres kept coming to mind, as an unwelcome obligation that I had needlessly imposed on myself. Happily, I had not asked his address, and having such a fine excuse delighted me... I was on my way to buy my seat in the coach for Naples, but in leaving a bookstore I ran into a servant of the father of Baron de Bussieres, who greeted me and stopped me. I asked him for the address; he answered, "Piazza Nicosia 38". So, then I had to, whether I wanted to or not, make the visit. Nevertheless, I resisted twenty times more. Finally, I scribbled a note on my visiting card and set out. I looked for Piazza Nicosia, and after a lot of detours and circles, I finally arrived at number 38. De Bussieres spoke about the grandeur of Catholicism, I responded with ironies and accusations. Finally, he said to me, "Since you detest such superstition and since you are such a strong and enlightened spirit, would you have the courage to submit yourself to an entirely innocent test?" "What test?" "To wear an object that I will give you... Here! It is a medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The proposition, I confess, stunned me with its childishness. My first reaction was to laugh, shrugging my shoulders, but the thought came to me that this scene would provide a delicious chapter to my travel journal, so I consented to take the medal, as a memento to offer to my fiancée. No sooner said than done. The medal was put around my neck, not without difficulty, because the cord was too short. Finally, by pulling, I got the medal on my chest, and I burst out laughing. "And now," he said, "you must complete the test. You must every morning and evening recite the *Memorare*, a very short but very efficacious prayer that Saint Bernard composed to the Virgin Mary."

"Enough of this idiocy!" I begged de Bussieres to stop there, all the while making fun of him... My interlocutor insisted: he said that in refusing to recite this short prayer I was rendering the test invalid... so I said, "Okay! I promise to recite this prayer. If it does me no good, at least it can do me no harm!"

We parted, and I went to spend the evening at the theatre, where I forgot all about the medal and the *Memorare*. Before leaving the next day, I packed my bags, then I sat down to copy the prayer, which went as follows:

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help or sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee O Virgin of virgins and Mother; to thee do I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

I copied these words mechanically, not even paying attention. I was tired, it was late, and I needed to get to sleep. (...) Having again reserved a seat for Naples, I was to leave on the 22nd. Inconceivably annoyed, I continued to murmur the perpetual invocation. In the middle of the night of January 19, I woke up and I saw right in front of my eyes a huge black cross of a strange shape, without Christ. I tried to chase away the image, but I could not. I eventually fell back asleep, and the next day when I woke up, I did not think any more of it. On January 20th, leaving the cafe, I saw the carriage of Baron de Bussieres. It stopped; I was invited to climb aboard for a drive. The weather was superb and I accepted with pleasure. Then de Bussieres asked me if he could stop for a few minutes at the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, which was nearby, for an errand he had to do. He suggested that I wait in the carriage, but I preferred to get out to see the church. The Church was small, poor and deserted; I think I was pretty much alone. No piece of art attracted my attention. I walked, mechanically, looking around, without stopping at any particular thought. I remember only a black dog that ran and jumped around my feet... then the dog disappeared, the whole church disappeared, no longer saw anything ... or, rather, O my God! I saw only one thing!!!

I was there, prostrate, bathed in tears, my heart beating out of my chest, when de Bussieres recalled me to life. I was unable to reply to his sudden questions, but finally I grabbed the medal I had left around my neck, I bathed with kisses the image of the Virgin pouring forth rays of grace. "Oh! It was really she!"

I didn't know where I was; I felt so entirely changed, I thought I was another self. I tried to find myself and couldn't. The most intense joy burst in my soul... >>

Last Monday it was the Feast of 'that' Miraculous Medal, depicting Mary Immaculate. The above is an extract from Alphonse Ratisbonne written account of his conversion. We will have an **all-night adoration** of the Blessed Sacrament from 7pm on Thursday 7th December to 7am on Friday 8th December, **Feast of the Immaculate Conception**. No great pieces of art in our small Church either, maybe a fox staring at you may stand in the way... come, pray, repeat the *Memorare*, our life can change too!

In hunc.

Father Ivano