

# There's a mouse in the house—and there's a Catholic saint who can help with that

We have a mouse. I should say, we *still* have a mouse.

More than a week into his stay, I'm starting to think we might always have a mouse. We don't just have signs of a mouse. We have an actual mouse. Every night between 8 and 10 p.m., he makes an appearance—or two or three. He explores the kitchen and the dining room. Sometimes he makes a rapid dash across the living room. You might think I'd be getting used to the idea of having the mouse around, but last night when I saw it, I screamed.

My scream startled the mouse—and the boys reminded me yet again that we are not supposed to scare the mouse. Apparently we want him to feel comfortable so we can catch him.



*That's the mouse. Just brazenly hanging out, while refusing to smile for my photo.* But it's not working. I don't know what that mouse is living off of, but he is not interested in anything in the traps. And yes, we have involved professionals—professionals who are returning today. Because if there is one thing I have learned in life, it is that professionals are professionals for a reason, and we should call on them for assistance.

Nonetheless, I am starting to believe the mouse might never ever ever leave. In desperation I Googled “life span of a mouse” the other day. In case you are wondering, a mouse lives about one year, but it can live two to three years in a controlled environment.

Our house is, fortunately, always out of control, but it's also heated and has plenty of food available. If I were a mouse, I would stay here forever. And yes, I am hoping it's just the one mouse—though I am not sure how to confirm that.

“We could put a nametag on him when we see him, and then we would know if we see another one,” one of our boys suggested. It's the best idea anyone has had. That's why we call the professionals.

The other night during bedtime prayers, I prayed: “And God, please take the mouse away from our house.”

“No, God,” our 7-year-old said, “please let the mouse stay because I really want a pet. And please make all the mousetraps magically disappear.”

I’m pretty sure this boy has God’s ear.

Meanwhile, after some research into patron saints, I have decided I am long overdue for beginning a novena to St. Gertrude of Nivelles, who happens to be—and not coincidentally, I believe—the patron saint of both mice and cats.



I can’t find a novena to this wonderful saint who shares a feast day with St. Patrick, so I’m writing one. (For a lovely selection of novenas you can have emailed directly to you so you can remember to pray nine days in a row, visit [here](#).)

***Novena to St. Gertrude of Nivelles***

*Dear St. Gertrude, you have long been venerated as a patron against rats and mice. Please intercede for us, we pray, and ask God to rid our home of all mice. We ask for your prayers as we work to reclaim our home as ours alone, free from mice and any other pests. May this time sharing our space with mice also strengthen us as a family and be fruitful for us spiritually, drawing us ever closer to our Father in Heaven.*

*Amen.*