

How One Mouse Family's Bravery Changed History

Dear Church Folks,

My Grandmouse thought that you might like to hear the story of how my family got to be church mice. You see, my family didn't start out as church mice. They were just regular farm mice in the beginning. It happened like this. A long time ago, my family lived in the farm house at Squire Perley's farm. (He's the man I am named after.) My family lived in the farm house with Squire Perley and his wife, and their children, and a lady named Chloe who lived with them, too.

Squire Perley and his family got together everyday and said their prayers out loud together. My family would sneak under the Squire's chair and listen to the family say their prayers and read the Bible. One day Chloe saw us under the Squire's chair and she let out a shriek right in the middle of the Squire's prayer.

My family thought they would get kicked out of the house for causing a ruckus during prayer time. But, the old Squire just said, "Any mouse who wants to listen to the Lord's word is welcome under my chair." So after that, every night at prayer time, my family came and sat under the Squire's chair.

Down the road from the Squire's farm, the Squire and a bunch of other folks were working on building a new church. They had to work really hard all day on their farms and in their businesses but they wanted to have a house for God where they could all get together and sing hymns and pray together. So, they worked away at it until finally the day came when it was all ready for the folks to have church there.

Now the only problem was that the church didn't have any church mice to take care of things when the church folks weren't there. So, Squire Perley looked under his chair one night and he saw his farm mice listening to the scripture reading, and he had an idea. He asked those mice if they would like to move to the new church and be church mice!

Well, they didn't know what to say. They had been farm mice their whole lives. They only knew how to be farm mice. They knew where to find grain

that the horses dropped. They knew where the barn cats liked to hang out, so they could stay away from them. They knew when the Squire's family was sleeping so they could clean up all the crumbs. But, they didn't know anything about being church mice.

The Squire told them that being church mice was a very special job and only certain mice got chosen for the job. He said they would have to work hard to learn how to be good church mice. Then, they would have to work hard to do all the jobs a church mouse has to do like cleaning up crumbs and keeping the candle wicks chewed to the right length. Well, my family thought about it for days and finally they decided that if the Squire thought they would be good church mice, then they were willing to give it a try.

So, the next Sunday morning the Squire helped the mice get into the wagon with the rest of the family. All the mice brought with them was their blankets and a picnic lunch. They burrowed down into the straw to stay warm and safe. It was a long ride in the wagon and they tried to take a nap. But, they were too excited. When they all got to the church, the Squire put the mice into his coat pocket and carried them into the church where they started right in learning how to be church mice.

My Grandmouse says that you never know what God has planned for you. Sometimes it's something that seems really hard at first, like leaving your home and learning how to be a church mouse, but then it turns out to be something wonderful, like getting a new home and a job that's really important...like being a church mouse.

That's all for this week!
You'll see me soon but not if I see you first!
Your friend,
Perley