

In praising squirrels, and their relocation

Donna Schaper | Apr. 1, 2014 Eco Catholic

My husband said to me, "Don't worry, Donna, it is a good trap."

The trap was in the back of the car, holding the fifth black squirrel we had captured this winter. The squirrel population in New York City has had a rough winter and brought their trouble straight to my small garden.

I know, people shouldn't have gardens in New York City. Blame my parsonage. Moreover, people shouldn't have squirrels digging out and eating all their perennials. Thus, we had to take emergency measures.

The Havahart trap is set with a peanut inside it. The squirrel goes for the peanut, saving the perennials. The trap shuts tight on the squirrel. Three neighbors phone animal protection services. Three other neighbors start singing songs of praise, loudly, as their small visible gardens and expensive perennials are also going the way of the peanut. We split the cost of the trap with those able to praise.

We drive the squirrel, who is weeping in anguish, to the East River, where we set it free. They only plant wild grasses along the East River -- not tulips or daffodils. But the squirrels don't like grasses; they prefer baby lettuces, lavender and perennials.

Repeating this exercise five times has caused me consternation more than anguish.

You probably think this is an April Fools' joke. It is not, unless you are a tree hugging squirrelist. Where I live, I will join my neighbors in praising the Lord for both the life of squirrels and their eradication.

A prayer:

When we find ourselves in a good trap, in one that causes us to compete with others, animal and human, assure us, Spirit of the Tame and the Wild, the Garden and the urban wilderness, that we are who we are and that you can still stand us. Amen.

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