

A Fox & A Final Draft



Last March, deep in the woods outside Leydon, MA on a brisk predawn walk, I had my first encounter with a gray fox. It was quite dramatic as it bounded down the ice crusted hillside, capturing my attention as we appeared to be the only two creatures up and active early that morning. There was one brief moment when we both locked eyes and then, in a split second, she was off on her way.

That happened to be the opening day of my Gemmotherapy Practitioner Weekend Retreat so I could not help myself from searching for the meaning of a fox encounter.

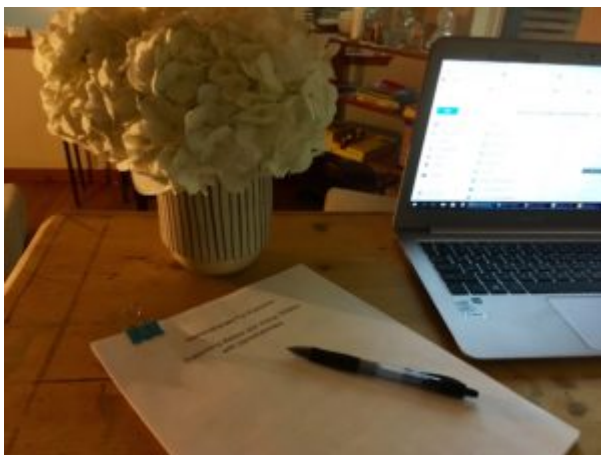
Here is one source I found and certainly worth reflection:

Fox medicine involves adaptability, cunning, observation, integration, and swiftness of thought and action. These traits may also include quick decisiveness, and sure-footedness in the physical world. If Fox has chosen to share its medicine with you, it is a sign that you are to become like the wind, which is unseen yet is about to weave into and through any location or situation.

Following the beautiful retreat weekend, I returned home carrying with me the magic and blessings bestowed and dove into working on my next book with a focus on Gemmotherapy for babies. That's when another gray fox began making it's

appearance. Each dawn as I made my way back to my office for a writing session, it would appear out our front window as if checking to see that I was up and going. At first it seemed by chance but then on the days I would miss it in the morning it would appear as we ate our evening meal, just long enough to look into our dining room window. This continued and my book progressed. I could not help but became fascinated with the sightings. We all speculated on where it made its home, fairly sure the overgrown garden of a nearby empty house was the logical spot.

So now we come to this past weekend and the time I had set aside to work through edits on my final manuscript.



Taking a break late in the afternoon between spring downpours, I carried some boxes out to our recycling bins and came face-to-face with none other than “my” fox.

“Well hello there,” I say, because isn’t that what one always says when surprised by a wild animal? As I stepped forward toward the bins I realized the fox is there to block my path. Any further movement is withheld by its territorial bark. Wow. “Well, that’s curious,” I think as this is actually my back garden, but I wasn’t inclined to argue so I cautiously backed away.

Returning to my office with windows open to that same back garden, I see the fox disappear behind the garden shed and

wood pile and hear the unmistakable sound of baby kits. The head of a second fox now appears. **It seems that in all my gazing out the front for the singular fox each day, I had missed the fact that there was a whole family residing within 20 feet of my office!**

Thus, receiving my own personal lesson in the obvious skills of the fox.