Winter weather at Foxfire Farm always tells tales of natural history. This past week, we had snow and rain mixed, followed by freezing temps, with underfoot crunch resulting. Creatures normally unseen left evidence of their presence, such as this coyote paw print in the snow.

For the last two afternoons, we have watched the most beautiful young fox come to hunt moles and voles in the pollinator meadow. A skillful pounce has each day met with success, the fox trotting off with tails and feet all dangling down-o. At just-about-dark today, we watched the hunt from the house, our Jack Russell Chipper, going berserk and singing his excitement from the kitchen. After the fox had gone past the canine zap fence, I let Chipper out, and he raced all around, to no avail, wishing he had the nose of a hound. I went to the stable to feed ponies, while Chipper ran about, feigning competence. Clearly he presented no threat. I looked down the field in front of the stable, and there sat Reynard, watching me do barn chores.

I treasure being the after-dinner entertainment for a well-fed fox, and having a day of wonder undiminished by COVID19.

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