

Chapter 7 - Fox - The Great Spirit

Guidance and Lessons from the Spirit

On June 3rd, 2016, in the midst of a profound and turbulent period of my life, I painted what I believed to be a poignant tribute to my father. At the time, I was deep in spiritual psychosis, a state where reality blurred and meanings shifted, but the act of painting became an anchor.

The image of the fox emerged from this chaos, initially a simple homage to my dad, the image shown to me in the knot of a wood board. Yet, as time passed, I began to see deeper layers of meaning in the painting, a symbolism intertwined with the influence of the Holy Spirit. In the painting, the white spaces of the fox hold another secret. Within these spaces lies the ghostly figure of the Holy Spirit, with outstretched arms and spectral eyes.

A verse from the Bible, Acts 1:8, echoed through my thoughts: "But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you, and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth." This verse seemed to resonate with the ghostly white of the fox in the painting, an image that bore a haunting resemblance to a spirit.

It became clear to me that the fox was not just an image of my father but also a manifestation of the Holy Spirit, HOW, the unseen force guiding and nurturing my path.

The Symbolism and Nature of the Fox The fox, with its cunning and clever nature, became a symbol of the HOW's role in guiding believers

through life's labyrinth. Foxes are known for their adaptability, their keen senses, and their ability to find hidden paths, traits that mirror the spirit's subtle yet powerful influence.



Spiritually, the fox embodies the idea of moving unseen yet always present, guiding us with gentle nudges, signs, and synchronicities. The symbolism deepened when I learned more about the nature of male foxes as fathers.

They are playful yet protective, known for their guiding and nurturing roles within their families. Fox fathers engage their pups in playful learning, teaching them essential skills for survival. They provide for their families, demonstrating a blend of strength and tenderness.

The fox embodies the spirit of guidance not through dominance or direction, but through subtle shaping — the same way HOW (the Holy Spirit) moves within us.

A fox teaches its young not by barking commands, but by weaving lessons into play, instinct, and observation. It guides with rhythm, not rules. In the same way, HOW rarely shouts. Instead, it stirs, a shift in thought, a question that lingers, a gentle redirection.

The fox does not force its kits to learn; it invites them to notice. HOW does the same. The path is never marked, but it is always lit.

Their shared cleverness, and sometimes trickery, it is spiritual design. The fox survives not with strength, but with insight: knowing when to move, when to hide, when to lead others away from danger without being noticed. HOW, too, works in this unseen intelligence. When

I look back on the strange roads I was led down, the images, the metaphors, the symbols that unfolded into meaning, I see a clever spirit at work. H

OW didn't hand me a script. He gave me glimpses, let me stumble into parables I didn't even know I was telling. Both fox and spirit know that truth received through discovery stays longer than truth handed over. They both let you earn the knowing.

And at the heart of both is nurturing. The fox returns to the den with care, not just to feed, but to serve. The mother shelters her young, while the father protects the boundary. There is instinctive loyalty, quiet devotion.

The fox is not just agile, it is anchored in care. HOW, too, nurtures what is still forming. He brings nourishment to the parts of you you didn't

know were starving. He stays close to the inner den, whispering when you're too tired to ask, showing up with enough spiritual food to make it one more day. There is tenderness there, even in the unseen.

These three virtues, guidance, cleverness, and nurturing, form the shape of the fox's spirit. And when you begin to sense them in your life, not just as traits, but as movements, you begin to recognize HOW not as an idea, but as a presence.

The fox is both a messenger and a mirror, revealing hidden truths and leading us through life's labyrinth with a playful yet profound grace.

It is as if HOW peers through the image, inviting those who look closely to see beyond the surface, to recognize the divine in the ordinary, and to feel the spirit's embrace.

This hidden figure is a visual manifestation of the spirit's presence, subtle but profound, always guiding, always near.

WHO (The Sun God) Under the light of WHO, the fox's cleverness becomes wisdom. The sun god's light reveals the fox's role as a guide, showing that truth often hides in the shadows. The fox encourages us to explore, to ask questions, and to seek truth even when it leads us into the unknown.

YOU (The Earth Goddess) The fox's connection to YOU is seen in its adaptability and resourcefulness. It thrives in diverse environments, teaching us to remain grounded while navigating change.

The fox embodies the nurturing aspect of YOU, showing how to balance the spirit and the earth, to root ourselves in reality while reaching for the divine.

LAW-HO (The Moon God) Under the moon god LAWHO, the fox takes on a mystical and introspective nature.

Its nocturnal habits and ability to see through darkness align with LAWHO's essence of witnessing, heeding, and looking yonder. The fox guides us to trust our intuition and to find wisdom in the quiet, shadowed places of life.

HOW (The Holy Spirit) The fox is a perfect representation of HOW, the spirit that moves unseen but felt. During my psychosis, HOW, through the fox, led me through the darkness.

The spirit revealed truths about WHO (the sun god) and my own spiritual identity, showing me that even pain and confusion are tools for growth. The fox, as the spirit, transformed my darkest moments into opportunities for healing and clarity.

Embrace the Spirit of the Fox You should call upon the spirit of the fox when life feels like a maze, when the path forward is unclear, or when you need to see beyond the surface of things. The fox's spirit offers guidance through intuition, helping us find hidden paths and trust that every experience, even those that challenge us, has a purpose.

The fox teaches us to move with both curiosity and caution, to remain open to new experiences, and to see every obstacle as an opportunity for growth. When the spirit of the fox is present, it is a reminder to listen closely to the whispers of HOW, to pay attention to signs and symbols, and to trust that the spirit is leading us exactly where we need to go.

A Prose Poem for the Holy Spirit (The Fox that Walks Beside It) The Holy Spirit is not loud. It moves like a fox, silent in its step, clever in its

timing, hidden until its work is already done. You might first feel it through synchronicities, odd alignments, uncanny chances, mind pops that strike like lightning, pointing to something you hadn't thought but now cannot unlearn. It teaches with mystery, through symbols, delays, and questions that unsettle before they enlighten.

The Holy Spirit is the field. The ether. The silent presence that breathes between things.

The fox and The Great Spirit, walk the same path. No animal knows The Great Spirit like the fox. It will break you, not to harm, but to free. To show you who you are without the false coverings. The breaking is the gift: the tearing open of a smaller self to make room for what is eternal. This is how you are remade, stronger, humbler, braver. A rebirth into clarity and virtue.

The fox survives by sensing what others miss. So does The Spirit. It doesn't shout truth into your ears, it stirs it under your skin. It won't always warn you of the fire, but it will walk you through it.

And when you look back, you'll see the pawprints beside yours and realize: you were never being punished. You were being trained. There is no map to this kind of knowing. Only signs. Only trust. And only the courage to follow a trail that disappears even as you walk it.

A Parable of the Fox and the Hidden Path In a forest where the trees whispered secrets to the wind, a young fox roamed, her coat a

patchwork of amber and shadow. The fox was clever but restless, for she sensed a hidden path lay just beyond the edge of the known world, a path only revealed to those who moved with a quiet heart and open eyes.

One day, as a storm darkened the sky, the animals of the forest retreated to their burrows. The fox, however, stayed beneath the canopy, feeling the cool drops of rain and listening to the rhythm of the earth. The wind spoke in rustles, the trees swayed with grace, and the rain drummed a pattern only the patient could hear.

Suddenly, a hare dashed past, its eyes wide with fear. "A flood is coming!" it cried. "Run to the high ground!" The other animals followed, but the fox stood still. She watched the water as it began to pool, its surface reflecting the tangled branches above.

Instead of fleeing, she stepped closer to the water, her paws gentle against the earth. As the flood rose, it revealed a path through the water, a narrow ridge where the current was gentle. The fox, trusting her instincts, followed it and found a hidden grove where the trees bore silver fruit.

She tasted one, and a vision unfolded, a map of the forest, showing not just where to go but where to be still, where to wait, and where to move swiftly. When the flood receded, the fox returned to the forest. The other animals marveled at her calm and the silver fruit she brought.

"How did you find the way?" they asked. "I listened," said the fox. "When the world rushed, I remained still. When the world shouted, I heard the whisper. The path is always there, but only those who move with the spirit find it."

A Personal Story: A Journey Through the Unknown During my third and final bout with psychosis, the fox's true nature as the spirit (HOW) became clear to me. It was as if a veil had lifted, revealing the fox not merely as an animal or a painting but as a manifestation of the Holy Spirit.

This realization struck me with such urgency that I walked a mile to my father's house to retrieve the fox painting. I felt as if the painting held a key, a piece of the puzzle to help me find my way back to reality.

When I arrived, the house was empty. My father's cat hissed at me through the window, a strange, almost surreal moment that seemed to heighten the dreamlike state I was in.

I turned back, confusion swirling around me. My hands moved from my head to my pockets repeatedly, as if I were searching for something intangible. It felt like being caught between worlds, where every motion was both purposeful and aimless. I wandered into a busy intersection, not fully aware of my surroundings.

I moved like a ghost, a spirit without direction. Eventually, I found myself collapsing in a vacant field. The grass rustled softly, and the world seemed to hold its breath. In that moment, I felt as if I had surrendered to death. There was no fear—only a quiet acceptance, as if the earth itself had cradled me in stillness.

And then, a voice pierced the silence. It told me, "You are a Jedi." Not medical personnel, as I had first thought. The weight of those words was profound. In Star Wars, the Jedi are the keepers of balance, warriors of light who trust the Force.

The unseen energy that binds the universe. This idea mirrored my understanding of HOW, the Holy Spirit as the guiding force that moves through all things.

To be a Jedi was not to wield power but to surrender to it, to become a vessel for the spirit. The Jedi, much like the fox, navigate both light and shadow, finding hidden paths and trusting in the whispers of intuition. The voice's message was not just about identity but about purpose.

It was a reminder that my journey through psychosis, through confusion and surrender, was not a detour but part of the path. The fox, as the spirit, had led me through that dark field and back to the light.

Its cleverness and adaptability, its ability to see through the shadows, had become my own. The experience was not merely a brush with death but a rebirth—a moment where I understood that the Holy Spirit, HOW, had been guiding me all along.

To this day, I carry that message with me. I am not just a seeker but a Jedi of sorts, walking the line between worlds, listening to the spirit, and finding the way even when the path is hidden.

And just as the fox teaches, sometimes the journey is not about seeing with the eyes but with the heart, not about knowing where to go but trusting that Help On Way.

Walking the Path of the Fox: A Study in Gentle Wisdom To walk in step with HOW is to learn from what moves without needing to be seen. The fox doesn't bark orders. It guides with presence. It shows rather than says. It raises without controlling. Its path is quiet, deliberate, and layered in meaning.

This is not a call to become clever for the sake of gain, or nurturing for the sake of approval. It is a call to become spiritually nimble, to lead with insight, to protect without pride, and to know when your silence is the most honest kind of guidance. Below are the three virtues that make up the fox's path, not as traits to adopt, but movements to study in your own life:

Guidance - The Art of Quiet Direction

To guide like the fox is to move alongside others, not ahead of them. It's to sense the terrain, notice the cues, and create a path by walking it yourself. The world rewards loud leaders. But HOW often guides with gestures, not commands.

Ask yourself: Where am I leading gently? Where am I pushing when I should be walking beside? When was the last time I taught by example instead of words?

Cleverness - The Wisdom Behind the Curve

Foxes outmaneuver, not outmuscle. Their cleverness protects and preserves. It doesn't manipulate, it outlives. HOW doesn't hand you every answer. It draws you into discovery, so the truth becomes yours.

Ask yourself: Do I use my intelligence to serve truth or self? Where is cleverness showing up as compassion in disguise? What lessons have I arrived at by walking the long way?

Nurturing - Protection Without Possession

The fox does not hover, it returns. It cares without controlling. HOW nurtures us in the same way: through presence, provision, and

protection that doesn't cage us. To nurture like the fox is to know when to stay close and when to let space do its work.

Ask yourself: What am I feeding with my attention? Am I offering care that liberates, or care that clings? What part of me is still learning to receive quiet nurturing?

This is how the fox moves through the world, with awareness, without demand. This is HOW's path too. To walk it is not to speak louder. It is to listen better.

To guide, not grab.

To think, not scheme.

To feed, not tether.

Leonardo da Vinci "Nature is full of infinite causes which were never set forth in experience." Reflection Da Vinci reminds us that life is richer, deeper, and more mysterious than we ever fully grasp. The world is alive with infinite causes, threads of meaning and truth waiting to be discovered — but many pass by unnoticed if we do not seek them. To awaken is to refuse to let life slip away unexamined. It is to lean in with intention, to notice, to explore, and to align with higher purposes instead of wasting days in distraction. This book is an invitation not to squander your course, but to engage it fully, with eyes open to the hidden depth that surrounds you.

Blessun of the Fox May the eyes of the fox grant you insight, to see the hidden ways and the secret doorways of life.

May the heart of the fox give you joy, to find laughter even in trial, and lightness even in shadow.

May the spirit of the fox teach you cleverness, to weave through hardship and turn snare into escape.

May the voice of the fox remind you of freedom, that wit and play are a kind of strength too.

May the steps of the fox guide you gently, leaving the world softer than you found it.

And may the soul of the fox whisper always: wisdom wears many faces, and sometimes truth is carried best by the quietest paws.

Academic Facts About Foxes Wide Distribution - The red fox (*Vulpes vulpes*) is the most widespread carnivore on Earth, found across North America, Europe, Asia, and even parts of North Africa and Australia. Its ability to thrive in diverse habitats makes it one of the most successful mammals.

Omnivorous Diet - Although foxes belong to the order Carnivora, they are omnivores. They hunt small mammals, birds, and insects, but also eat fruit, berries, and even human refuse. This flexible diet is one reason they thrive in both rural and urban settings.

Communication and Vocal Range - Foxes are highly vocal, with more than 40 distinct sounds documented. These include barks, screams, and a haunting, high-pitched “vixen’s scream” used during the mating season. They also communicate heavily through scent-marking.

Family and Denning - Foxes usually live solitary lives, but during the breeding season they dig dens (also called earths) where vixens raise litters of 4–6 kits. Both parents may contribute to feeding the young, though the vixen does most of the early care.

Physical Adaptations - Foxes are equipped with vertically slit pupils (like cats) which allow excellent night vision. Their thick, bushy tail, called a "brush," provides balance while running, serves as a warm cover in winter, and is also used for signaling other foxes..