Joint Appeal in Religion and Science and called for swift action to protect Earth's environment. The emphasis was joint responsibility for the "stewardship of Creation." Another exemplification is in the newly formed Center for Respect of Life and Environment, a division of The Humane Society of the United States. The purpose of the Center is "to promote coordination and unification of the efforts of those who are concerned about the life and beauty of planet Earth." Among its goals is "the coming together of the animal-protection movement with those addressing global environmental issues." On its board of directors is Thomas Berry, whose book, *The Dream of the Earth*, in the Sierra Club

Nature and Natural Philosophy Library, profoundly tells of the Earth Community. Other board members in addition to persons from the Humane Society are: Andrew Kimbrell, a Washington attorney well known for his action in environmental matters, Fred Kirschenmann, a farmer active in organic and sustainable agriculture who has Ph.D.'s in political science and theology, Dr. Elizabeth Lawrence of Tufts University with interests ranging from veterinary care of animals to anthropology, and Dr. Jay B. McDaniel, a professor of religion and author whose books bring together animals and the environment in a theology of reverence for life, an ecological spirituality.

Little Fox

Little fox,
Whelped in a shrinking wild.
Ravenous cub, tearing at meat
Brought to the den
By older, wiser kin.
Playtime,
Measured in months,
Before you face
The strife, the dangers,
And the grim reality of life.
At nature's best, the warming sun,
Rustling leaves, fern-sprinkled ground,
The vagrant and diverting sounds,
A thousand scents to tantalize
A young and curious snout.
Assuaging hunger pangs,
Small prey to seize,
So plentiful in spring
And easy victims to your quick, sharp fangs.
At worst, the cold, harsh winds
Of winter.
Rains and snow

Combine with countless pitfalls
Even for the wary ones.
Somehow you survive
In your lonely way,
Sprinting over fields,
Running just to stay alive,
Foraging for your pound of sustenance a day,
Trying to outpace the hammering hooves,
Eluding baying dogs
Who, following your scent,
Are exhorted on by men
Bent on a senseless kind of sport.
Then, rest and safety in your lair
Until a hunger sends you forth once more.
It happens.
One swift step, a snap,
A leg is pinned.
The trap is closed.
And now
The predators who want your skin,
Violating all the rules of nature,
Win,
Little fox.

Betty Clayton