

Wolf

Cree: The Escape Artist
New Kids on the Block
Remembering Rachane & Boots

Spring 2013
wolsanctuary.net



Letter From the Director

Dear Supporters:

Since our last newsletter, *Wolf* has been faced with many challenges, ranging from the grief of loved ones passing to the joy and challenges of the arrival of new animals that faced hopeless futures were it not for *Wolf*.

Our hearts still ache from the passing of Boots and Rachane. Arkte clearly missed Rachane deeply, verbalized by her woeful, wistful howls. Her healing has included the company of our new resident Cowboy; his journey to *Wolf* is described in this newsletter. Matoskah is now a "roomie" with Cree, who has become our feistiest and most challenging new resident to date. Cree has presented us with many trials and, speaking for myself, has aged me about 10 years. She is such a beautiful wolf dog and we are so grateful that she has found peaceful repose at *Wolf*. Additionally, we recently rescued a perfectly stunning companion for Kasota. His name is Drake. His heartrending story is also in these pages. He is an irresistible gentle giant that all will come to love.

In this newsletter you will also read about JJ's emergency trip off the mountain and her recovery at the same luxury resort where Mucqua now resides. What JJ may lack in physical stature she fully compensates for in attitude. She is one little spitfire. It was a great privilege getting to know JJ better during her convalescence, though she may beg to differ.

I am excited to announce our new staff member Cary Rentola. Cary comes to *Wolf* with an impressive background in non-profit public and media relations, event planning and management, fundraising, social media and traditional marketing, community outreach and relations, sponsor and donor relations, grant writing, and volunteer management. Cary's title is Director of Marketing and Community Outreach. We look forward to Cary's injection of new and exciting ideas for *Wolf*.

Additionally we have two interns to assist us at *Wolf* this summer, Emma Echtermeyer and Dani Gilbert. Emma's focus is on event planning and marketing. Dani's focus is in the areas of animal care, facility maintenance and fire mitigation. Their youthful exuberance is absolutely exhilarating.

In closing, I lost my best friend, constant companion and son, Bailey, to an aggressive cancer called Hemangiosarcoma. Everyone who knew Bailey loved him. He was such a sweet, sweet soul. I was blessed to have him in my life and my heart is broken by his passing.

From all of the staff and residents of *Wolf*, past and present, we thank you for helping us to make *Wolf* a safe haven for the precious lives that have found life-long sanctuary at *Wolf*.

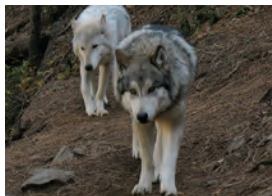
Gratefully and Humbly Yours,

Shelley



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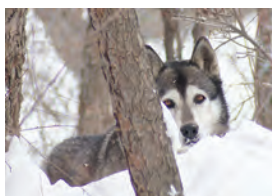
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American Sanctuary Association, Accredited
Community Shares of Colorado, Member

Mission: To improve the quality of life for all wolves and wolf-dogs.

Strategic Objectives:

- Rescue - Save captive-bred wolves and wolf-dogs whose guardians are no longer able to care for them.
- Sanctuary - Provide a lifelong home at *Wolf* that takes into account each animal's physical and emotional needs.
- Education - Provide the public with information about wolves (both wild and captive) to help foster a greater understanding of them and their value.

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A Knight in Shining Armor

- C. Camara

As a little girl I dreamed of wolves and of knights in shining armor and as adolescence escaped me, the lack of both in my world was ever-present. Until Rachane.

He stood behind his companion Arkte the first time I saw him, dark browns and blacks sweeping across his fur a stark contrast to her frosty white coat. He was strong, his shoulders broad and sturdy as if he could carry any burden, but his eyes held a shyness endearing to gaze upon. However it wasn't until Rachane returned from being away from the Sanctuary for four weeks because of the High Park Fire that I got to witness the depth behind those eyes.

I found myself outside of Rachane's enclosure frequently for observation, and assigned myself a particular rock to return to each time. I was courting him in hopes that he would become comfortable with my presence. One morning in October he took to placing himself about five feet away from me, lay down and stared. There was nothing resembling the shy wolf I had once seen; everything about those eyes screamed confidence and over the next few weeks he slowly closed the five-foot gap until he was beside the fence.

I had earned the gift of trust and from then on worked even harder to preserve it. We developed a routine and soon enough he was trying to shove Arkte out of the way if I arrived with goodies, as if he was a shield.

Over the next three months I was privy to his courage and grandeur, becoming accustomed to his daily antics and majestic nature. Each day was a surprise, the most memorable being when he licked me through the fence and seemed so astonished that he began to scent-rub the chain link. That was an unforgettable moment and it happened one week before he passed on January 31, 2013.

I worry about forgetting him, an animal that has touched me so deeply. Then, I remember that knights have become immortal images. So if I forget the twinkle of his eye or the regality of his step, I can pick up a storybook and flip the pages on Lancelot and King Arthur. And rather than dream of these knights in shining armor I will dream of Rachane, my knight.



Cree: The Escape Artist

Cree has proven to be one of *Wolf*'s most challenging residents.

We first heard about Cree from an animal control officer in Arizona in early March of 2013. She was reported roaming near an Indian reservation in New Mexico. Authorities were able to capture her using a baited rubber leg hold trap. She was transported to a veterinary clinic in Arizona that had agreed to house her while DNA tests were run.

Why wait for DNA tests, we wondered? She very clearly looked like a high content wolf dog in her photos. The explanation we received was shocking: the Arizona Fish and Wildlife Department wanted to know if Cree had any Mexican Grey wolf content. The Mexican Grey is a highly endangered subspecies. If she did, she would be euthanized.

It made no sense. Why would they seek placement for a canid that wasn't a Mexican Grey, but would automatically euthanize a wolf or wolf dog originating from a critically endangered subspecies? While the solution to the problem was disturbing, their reasoning appeared sound.

If she was part Mexican Grey wolf, they did not want to risk her mating and thus contaminating the wild population with dog genes, additionally endangering the integrity of an at-risk subspecies. Further complicating the issue is the regional argument that there are no pure Mexican Greys left. Since wolf dogs are not protected under the Endangered Species Act, they would be subject to hunting. Removing wolf dogs from the population is one way of ensuring that the Mexican Grey wolf would remain protected by the Endangered Species Act.

We disliked the situation but understood the reasoning behind it, so we told the officer that if her DNA results came back negative for Mexican wolf, we would

take her. For nearly three weeks we waited anxiously to hear about the DNA analysis. Finally we received the call... Cree is a Northwestern wolf cross, and so was being released to us.

In two days we were on the road to get her.

It was clear from the outset that Cree was not comfortable around humans. It was a long, anxious drive back to *Wolf*. We had originally planned to bring Cree to the Sanctuary for a few days before getting her spayed, but the trip back convinced us that it would be less stressful in the long run to get her spayed before releasing her than to try to catch her up again later. Cree was taken directly to a clinic for a 6 a.m. surgery and oral check-up on Saturday April 6th.



It was then that we learned that our two-year-old girl was actually closer to eight, and had lived a very rough life. Her teeth were worn with many dead or broken. She had an umbilical hematoma and the beginnings of ocular sclerosis.

We returned to the Sanctuary and carried her kennel into the catch area of her soon-to-be permanent home with Matoskah. She cautiously exited the kennel and began exploring. We gave her some fresh meat, and

by early evening she appeared to be settling down. Cree was finally safe. We breathed a sigh of relief.



It was a short sigh. The next morning she was found testing the fence corners of the containment area, and within minutes, as a staff member was returning to her enclosure with some mild anti-anxiety medications, she went over the top, almost cat-like, dropping gracefully to the ground and running up the mountainside. Less than 24 hours after arriving and only a day since her spay, Cree had done the one thing we had never had happen at *Wolf*: climb a fence and run.

Following our protocol, we sent out a search party, alerted the authorities and neighbors of the escape, and began making modifications to the enclosure. We propped open her enclosure gate, set out some more meat and a wildlife camera, and waited.



The next morning the meat was gone. Reviewing the infrared images, we were doubtful at first, but after a careful comparison between them and the few photos we had taken of Cree the day before, the evidence was clear; Cree had returned. Additionally, the

time stamps on the photos indicated that she had stayed in or near the enclosure for nearly six hours!!

We were at once supremely relieved and ecstatic. Frantically we continued with our modifications to the enclosure with a three foot overhang, while consulting with a wildlife biologist on how to best recapture Cree. Eventually we designed a very simple and delicate mechanism involving the gate, a piece of string, some fishing line and a big piece of meat. Any creature picking up the meat would snap the fishing line, thus closing and barring the gate. Since she is so fearful of humans, we decided to wait until morning to check on the results. Again we set up the camera, and waited.

That night it started to snow.



Our eagerness turned to dismay the next morning when we found the gate still open and the meat gone. The snow had frozen the trip wire on the gate, leaving it propped open when the line snapped. Camera images showed that it was indeed Cree and not the local coyotes that had taken the meat.

We set the trap again. Nearing the enclosure that morning, we felt a rush of excitement and concern. The gate was closed but Cree was gone. There was physical evidence of her activity. Traces of fur were found on the newly-installed overhang.

We set out meat again.

This time when a commotion was heard from her enclosure area at about 10:30 p.m., the overnight caretaker went out immediately to investigate. Sure enough, the trap was sprung and in the dim light of a headlamp Cree could be seen pacing the enclosure. We had caught her. In the morning one of the staff members radioed back a joyful call; "Cree is in the enclosure with Matoskah!"



We were joyful, yet there was no time to rejoice. Cree was clearly in command of the enclosure. Our strategy was to keep her immediate environment calm, her stomach full, and a distant but watchful eye on her activity.

From our vantage point on the opposite slope, it was wonderful to see her moving around in the enclosure, following Matoskah or curling up to sleep near him when people weren't around. Keeping nearby human activity to a minimum, we continued to watch and feed her. Each day of monitoring would bring a sigh of relief to see her moving about the enclosure, and we continued to research the possibilities to ensure her long-term containment.

Enter Dr. Mark Johnson, a wildlife veterinarian from Montana who is an expert in wild animal capture and immobilization. Under his guidance we planned to catch up Cree and move her to a secure area while we improved the entire enclosure with the help of The Colorado Wolf and Wildlife Center, Mission: Wolf, and other local volunteers. Doctor Johnson arrived just in

time for our biggest snow of the season. We struggled to move ahead as planned, but after three straight days and as many feet of snow on the ground, we had to admit defeat. Dr. Johnson flew back home and Cree's move was rescheduled.

With the weather improving we decided to work on the enclosure with Cree still in it. Closely watching Cree from our hiding spot we began shoring up the fences, first with just a few people and limited time, gradually increasing the amount of people and labor over the next few days. At first Cree was very nervous, circling around the fence line. Before long, however, she seemed to grow accustomed to the human activity and became less active herself, eventually even lying down with Matoskah to watch all the fun we were having. Progress!



More snow arrived with the folks from Mission: Wolf and the CWWC who had come to assist us with their guidance, materials and labor. We plunged (or shoveled) ahead with construction, picking up some invaluable lessons along the way. We were just about ready to move Cree—but not for the next big snow, this time about two feet of the heavy spring variety. Through all of this, thankfully, Cree has stayed with us, circling, sleeping, eating and watching.

Still nervous around people, Cree appears to be settling into a routine while we continue ahead with our plans for her long-term care. In the meantime, it appears the bond she has formed with Matoskah is strengthening. It seems that she is gradually warming to the fact that her needs will be met by her careful, considerate, respectful human caregivers at *Wolf*.



Facts & Tracks

Pax

Birthday: 14 February 2010

Given Sanctuary: 01 September 2010

Companion: Sasha

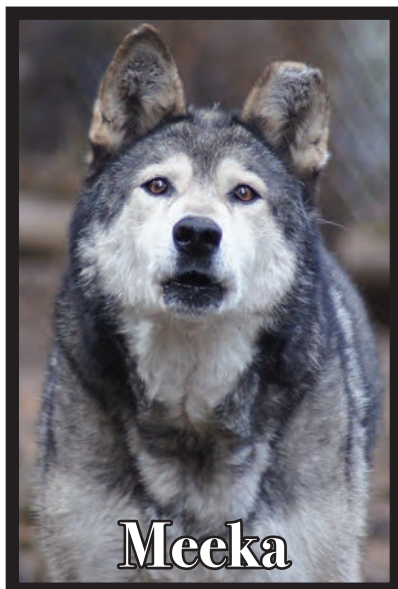
Likes: Car rides, being petted, standing on people, fence fighting, going for walks, barking

Dislikes: Not being in the lead while on walks, being left alone, being ignored

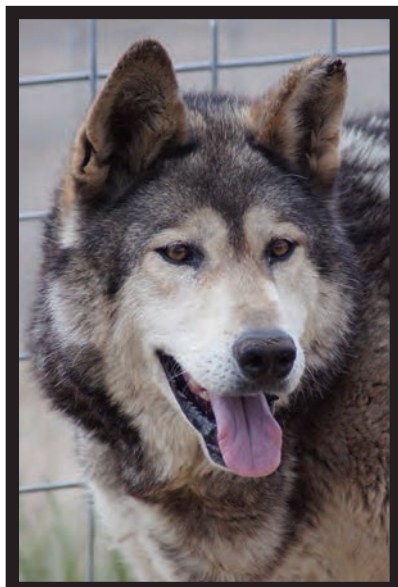
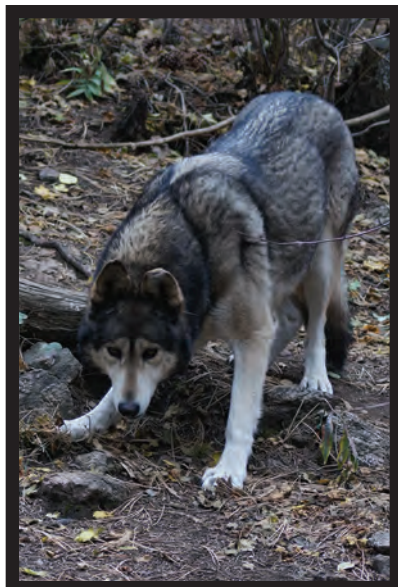
Favorite Food: Cheese

Fun Fact: When taken out for a walk, Pax will head straight for the first vehicle in sight in hopes of going for a car ride and will proceed to make his way past every vehicle until he has exhausted every possibility.

Personality: Pax is a white fur ball of psychotic energy, constantly running his enclosure and looking for trouble. Labeled as a wolf-dog at a German Shepherd rescue, Pax was chosen specifically by Sasha as her companion, and continues to charm his way into everyone's hearts.



Meeka



Meeka

Birthday: 26 March 2000

Given Sanctuary: 28 July 2000

Companions: Tala & Tonka

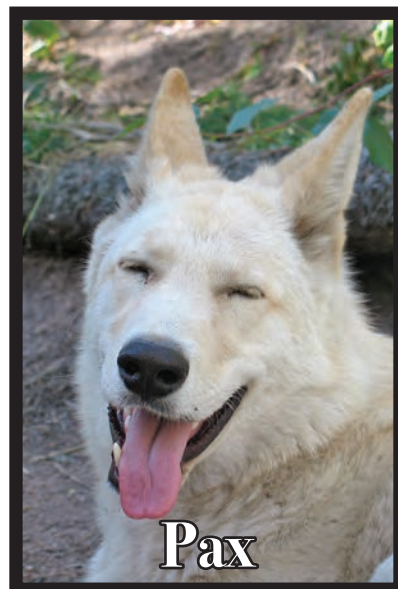
Likes: Barking, sleeping on top of her fire den, watching her caretakers prepare meats

Dislikes: Humans in her enclosure, having to wait for her caretakers to finish preparing meat

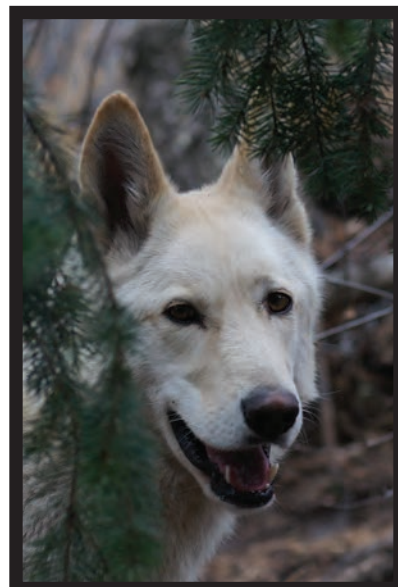
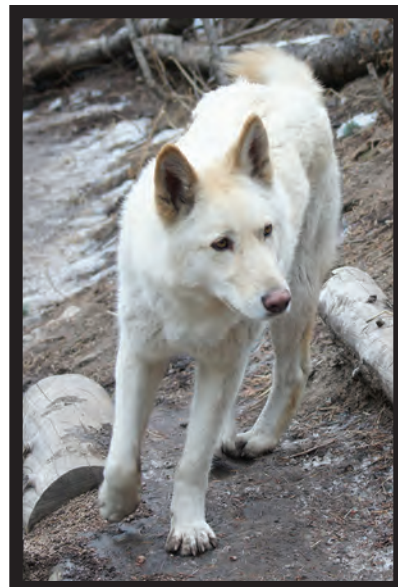
Favorite Food: Wet dog food

Fun Fact: Though Meeka likes to bark at her caretakers, she is often the first one down for treats in the morning.

Personality: Meeka is a loud, defensive female who is usually barking at her caretakers whenever they are near her enclosure. After being abandoned on WOLF's doorstep with her two siblings, Meeka quickly assumed the alpha position and is the boldest of her companions.



Pax





Tunyan & Sigmund



JJ - Only Little on the Outside

- K. Silva



JJ is one of 18 wolf dogs rescued in June of 2006 in what has become known as the WideAwake rescue. Her former name was "Happy," and she may not have made it here if it weren't for two wonderful women in Wisconsin, who found her tethered to a tree with a heavy chain biting into her neck. She was definitely NOT happy, and she received her new name in honor of and gratitude to those benevolent women.

For two years, I was one of a handful of volunteers who cared for JJ and the WideAwake pack at their temporary location prior to being moved to the Sanctuary. I got to know each of them very well, and they eventually came to trust me in their various ways. One day, out of the blue, JJ decided I was her human, and the bond remains strong to this day. She's adopted a few new humans over time, but remains wary of most... or maybe she's just pacing herself.

On the morning of February 23, I received a courtesy phone call from *Wolf*. JJ was injured and had been taken to VCA Veterinary Specialists in Loveland, CO for emergency treatment. While no one actually witnessed the incident, the sounds of one were heard by someone working nearby. What most likely occurred was an over-excited fence discussion between JJ, Odin, Tunyan and Sigmund in which Odin unintentionally caused injury to his beloved JJ. She had a significant laceration across the inside crease of her left elbow, with smaller lacerations and puncture wounds in her armpit area. Her fifth toe was dislocated and the web-

bing between it and the fourth toe was torn.

Fortunately, none of the wounds were deep enough to affect a major artery or muscle tissue. JJ received stitches, antibiotics, pain medication and a very impressive bandage. The location of her injuries in motion intensive areas meant there was a high risk of stitches pulling apart, significant leg swelling and infection which would require further surgery. The vet's recommendation was to keep her in a clean, dry, quiet environment to reduce that risk and promote healing. Winter conditions and daily activity at the Sanctuary couldn't meet that criteria, so she was moved to a location where many of the animals stayed during the High Park Fire evacuation...a luxurious heated indoor run with available access to a covered outdoor run, round the clock nursemaids with whom JJ was most comfortable to keep her stress level as low as possible, and Mucqua as a neighbor for canine companionship.



I hadn't seen JJ for some time, and upon arriving for my first nursing shift, she greeted me with a good tonsil cleaning followed by a not very subtle request for belly rubs. She was an outstanding patient for all her nurses, allowing us to wash her wounds and apply compresses...feats we thought impossible given her wild nature. We took short naps together, with my leg serving as her pillow and her back as mine. She was read to and serenaded by soothing voices... including sweet Mucqua's. The quiet, quality time spent with her was clearly therapeutic for all, and I marveled again

Since putting Odin on a diet it has become difficult to get JJ enough food ... instead of eating, JJ prefers to wear her food.

at the progress this little wolf has made. There was a time when it was believed she'd been too traumatized to ever trust a human. What I see now is quite different. She's a survivor, she overcomes, and she has a sense of humor.

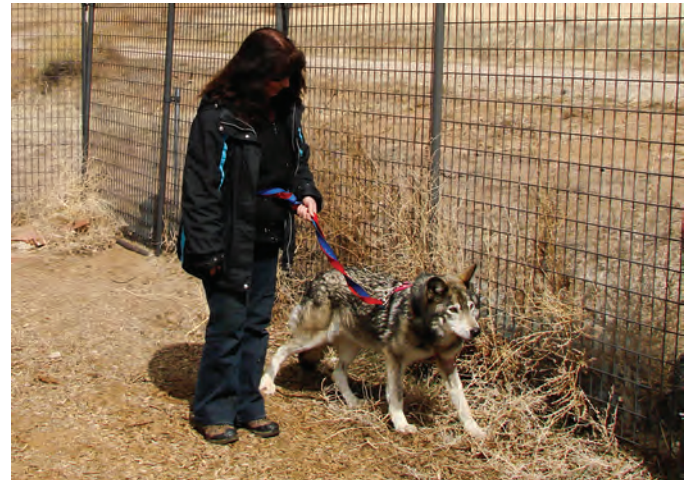
One day, JJ taught Marla and me the importance of treat presentation. Marla scooped a wad of liverwurst out of the package with her hand, but JJ wouldn't take it.

I'm in the habit of cutting it into rectangles for easier distribution to multiple animals. When Marla offered JJ a rectangle of liverwurst instead, she consumed it immediately. Similarly, previously opened string cheese is not acceptable...it must be opened no further than a foot in front of her and broken into the appropriate sized pieces. A delightfully amusing lesson it was, for all of us! JJ seemed to rather enjoy all this coddling from her humans. When her paw was no longer too sore to walk on, she occasionally forgot which one she was supposed to be holding up for maximum sympathy and attention.

JJ's physical healing progressed quite well, and the better she felt, the more restless she became. She was ready to go home to Odin, who was missing her terribly. The day before her planned return to the Sanctuary, a wildfire was sparked not far from the foot of Rist Canyon. With only 5% containment, high winds in the forecast and the High Park Fire experience still feeling like yesterday, the move was postponed.



To offset the disappointment for JJ and humans alike, and in order to provide her with more physical activity and emotional enrichment, the idea of taking her for a walk inside the large fenced yard came about. She has observed with curiosity some of the more social animals at the Sanctuary walking around with humans attached, but JJ had never been physically attached to anything since that horrible chain was removed from around her neck seven years ago. It was my shift, and I was comforted by the knowledge that there was a pair of Kevlar gloves on site, though I didn't use them.



One of JJ's missions in life, apparently, is to absolutely astound humans by doing things they'd never believe she'd do. The harness went on with only a warning snap when the strap came near her armpit, the leash was fastened around my waist, then to the harness without further objection, and JJ had her very own attached human! A few laps around the inside of the building, then into and around the yard behaving as though only the sights and smells were new to her, for almost an hour. Daily mission accomplished, JJ!

A week later, JJ arrived back home at the Sanctuary. Odin was ecstatic, and he wouldn't let JJ out of his sight! The only visible remnants of her injuries are shaven fur patches and a toe slowly returning to its original position. JJ remembers, though, and doesn't want a repeat. She's very happy to be back with Odin, but doesn't hesitate to let him know it's definitely NOT OK to poke his nose into her armpit! She's considerably smaller, but can take him down in the blink of an eye. There's a much larger, confident alpha animal inside JJ's little body!



Boots As My Teacher

- S. Shaffer

For nearly four years, I started each day at the Sanctuary in anticipation of what Boots and Lena would do.

In the last three months my day began and ended with the same question in mind but, sadly with Lena's passing, it was revised to, "what would Boots be up for?"

Last night and today the question was replaced with a huge hole, as heavy as any weight I've ever lifted, as once again the universe has been jarred off its axis.

It's amazing how the absence of my big, black beautiful friend can be so overwhelming, considering how reticent he was to socialize to any degree. Today, the mountainside looked all wrong and almost bare. Kasota showed little interest in her favorite treat. Boots' friends and neighbors, Pride and Lance, weren't to be found in their favorite nook by their enclosure fence, close to their friend's favorite spot.

Though it only took a mere six months or so for Lena to find a comfort level and follow close by or sit within a foot or two of me, it was over two years before Boots would sit and not bolt when I spoke to him, and would come half way down the enclosure when I was nearby. The catalyst for the change in behavior was apparently my interaction with Frackette next door when she lost her companion, Beowulf. I'd get her a special treat and she'd lie down close by as I did daily chores in her enclosure. Eventually, Boots started to come down close to where we sat, to watch and listen to me chatter about whatever. He'd finally found a comfort level and was brave enough to take that very huge step. Alas, the comfort zone never extended to my singing; both Boots and Lena would book for the top whenever I tried to sing to them...everyone's a critic!

Boots, and Lena epitomized the mission and programs of *Wolf*: they were rescued from deplorable conditions and treatment at the hands of humans, they found sanctuary and they educated this old, dense human in respect, love and patience...lots of patience. This was his home, and it was not up to any human to expect that he come closer, do more or act differently, until he was damn well ready to do so.

He must have wondered about the wisdom of his decision last year when I stopped in the middle of the road with my jaw hanging to the ground, trying to process what I was seeing and questioning whether I was hallucinating...Boots and Lena sitting side by side at the bottom gate as I approached. Boots didn't come down that far most of the time, but each time was a gift of trust and it warmed my entire being to know that he had attained some degree of peace and comfort in his home. And that is what a sanctuary really is for these beautiful critters, and there are so many special critters here now, and to come, that will need the same patience that Boots taught me.

I'll always miss "my boy" and his beautiful relationship with his long time companion Lena. I'll always remember the way he wrapped his body around hers during last year's fire evacuation to comfort her and keep her safe.

I will always remember so many special friends that have passed over the last dozen years and hopefully, when it's my turn, Boots and Lena will be there to welcome me.

Cowboy & Drake

The New Kids on the Block

Little is known of Cowboy's past.

Cowboy was first discovered in June of 2010 with a frayed rope around his neck, cowering beneath a truck after a summer storm just outside of La Porte, Colorado. Emaciated and dehydrated, he could barely lift his head as his champion crawled under the truck to try to coax him out with a can of wet dog food.

Cowboy's champion, a caring animal advocate, called the Larimer Humane Society to pick him up and requested that he be returned to her if he could be saved. Luckily for him, he was soon returned to her. She worked tirelessly with him for two and a half years to help build up his strength and she fully earned his trust.

Unfortunately, 2013 brought about changes in her life. She found that she was no longer in a position to be able to care for Cowboy. Despite all of her best efforts, she remained the only human that Cowboy was willing to interact with. This meant that adopting him out to another family would be nearly impossible for him. She began to look for alternatives and contacted *Wolf*.

Having recently lost our sweet Rachane, Arkte was in need of a suitable companion. We listened to Cowboy's story and requested that his champion bring him up to the Sanctuary. Each enclosure has a "catch area" at the front for the purpose of veterinary visits, introductions, or any situation that requires that we have an animal temporarily held in a smaller space. We placed him in the catch area of Arkte's enclosure and stepped back to watch. Cowboy explored this new space eagerly and greeted Arkte at the fence with tail wags and sniffs. We became excited that this was going to work.

Unfortunately, we didn't anticipate how Cowboy would react once his champion drove away. For four agonizing days Cowboy avoided Arkte, consumed instead with keeping a nervous eye on the new humans that always seemed to be around and watching the road in the direction his champion had gone. We worried about his emotional wellbeing. We began to doubt whether he was going to be happy as a companion for Arkte.

On the fourth day a caretaker entered the enclosure to sit with him. She talked to him and petted and scratched him lovingly, trying what she could to draw him out. Cowboy was ready. The extra attention worked and he was responsive.

The following day Cowboy was nowhere to be seen. We went to look for him and found him in the doghouse at the top of the run, with Arkte sleeping nearby.

Since then we have watched him exploring his new enclosure with avid interest. He is spending more and more time with Arkte, and sometimes even comes down to watch curiously as the humans work nearby.

Cowboy and Arkte are now just beginning to take comfort in each other's company. We hope and believe that this somewhat tentative beginning will develop into a strong bond between them.



Cowboy has developed a fondness for treats and will greet his caretakers at the fence with an enthusiastic spin and tail wag.

He's lean and tall with long, sinewy legs and a lustrous black and silver coat. His eyes are radiant and focused. His profile is noble and he walks quietly and carefully in exploration of his new enclosure.

Meet Drake, *Wolf's* newest resident.

Drake came from private placement in the Rocky Mountain region. He had a strong and loving bond with his devoted caregiver, who hand-raised him from a pup, and two female wolf companions that lived with him in a fenced enclosure near his human family. They lived happily together for eight years, until tragedy struck.

An ill-informed individual decided that it would be good idea to return the wolves to the wild and cut a hole in Drake's fenced enclosure. The two females were hit by cars on the highway and killed. Drake remained safe but he was grieving, distressed and lonely. Soon another hardship fell on the family. The land where Drake lived was being sold. Drake's caregiver was forced to move and look for a new job in a new state, several thousand miles away.

After much consideration, Drake's caregiver made the difficult decision to do what was best for Drake. He called *Wolf* and inquired about placement. While sanctuary placements are hard to come by with so many animals in need and very few openings, and though *Wolf* is no exception, the timing of this inquiry worked in Drake's favor.

Kasota, an older sanctuary female, recently lost her companion Boots to a sudden illness that took his life. Kasota was forlorn. She missed Boots terribly. She exhibited signs of weight loss and anxiety. *Wolf* needed to find Kasota a companion who was middle aged and had a gentle spirit.

Drake's age and gentle temperament seemed the perfect match for Kasota. He had lived very successfully with two other female wolves. He was not food aggressive, and he did not exhibit strong dominance with other wolves. He was social with people and enjoyed human companionship.

Drake was introduced to Kasota on a sunny spring day in April. He was cautious at first, staying close to the humans who provided familiarity and comfort to the lanky boy. When his caregiver of eight years left, staff and volunteers stayed, walking the enclosure with him and hand feeding him elk meat until he relaxed. Kasota was eager to greet him and approached several times, wagging her tail and licking at his face. Uncertain with the attention, Drake held himself aloof. Kasota let him have his space, staying near but passing by without touching until he began to calm down.

When staff and volunteers left the enclosure to allow him and Kasota to make their own introductions without distraction, however, Drake realized for the first time that his long-time caregiver was gone. He paced and dug at the fence, looking for his person. Staff members returned with more meat, and once again Drake calmed himself. He then decided to explore his new enclosure on his own, unaccompanied by humans.

Over the next few days he remained fairly aloof toward his new caregivers, spending his time at the top of the enclosure with Kasota, pacing, and watching the road. While we can see that he misses his human companion who raised him, we are also seeing him slowly relax and come to terms with his new situation. We are certain that he will soon find acceptance and joy with his new surroundings and with the sweet companionship of Kasota.

With loving assistance and enduring encouragement from staff and volunteers, Drake has found his forever home at *Wolf*.



A Special Thanks to Walmart

We are ever grateful to work with an amazing variety of people and personalities who support *Wolf* in myriad ways. This quarter we are proud to feature our amazing supporter Mr. Dan Speed, General Manager of the Walmart Distribution Center at 7500 E. Crossroads Boulevard in Loveland, CO.



• What might we be surprised to know about you?

I was born in Mobile, Alabama in 1950 and lived there into my thirties. I came to Colorado for the first time when I was 18 and, after seeing Colorado and the Rocky Mountains, I knew then that someday I would live here.

• What has surprised you most about working with *Wolf*?

The thing that has always surprised and impressed me is the dedication of the people who work with *Wolf*. Everyone seems to have a strong belief in what they are doing and a real passion for the animals.

• What is your favorite part about your job as the General Manager?

My favorite part of the job is seeing people come here in their late teens or early twenties and watching them grow up in the building. We have many 20 year Associates who came here early on, and now have children of their own working here.

• If you weren't in this position, what would you be doing?

I have been in Logistics for over 40 years so it is difficult to remember if I ever had any other plans! As a very young person, I did want to be a Veterinarian.

• Why do you support *Wolf* when there are so many worthy nonprofit corporations in the area?

We support many nonprofits in Northern Colorado in addition to *Wolf*. We continue our support of *Wolf* because animal welfare is important to us and because the work needs to be done to help abandoned wolves and wolf dogs.

• What is your personal philosophy on what should be done about wolves and wolf dogs being kept as pets?

Thanks to the education that *Wolf* offers, I know that wolves are not like dogs. Dogs very much want to please us whereas wolves have their own agenda that is tied to their strong instinct for survival. Wolves and wolf dogs are not good pets.

• We recently did a presentation at your staff picnic with two of our Ambassador animals. Tell me about that. How was it received? What sort of feedback did employees give you? Were there any stand-out moments?

Everyone was very impressed with your Ambassador animals and with the knowledge of your volunteers. One of your volunteers gave about a 20 minute talk on wolves and the work that *Wolf* does to provide for wolves and wolf dogs. The presentation was very well received and generated lots of positive comments. The main thing everyone wanted to do was to come up and pet the Ambassador animals, but that was not possible with 250 people in the audience!

• Do you have a favorite memory involving dogs, your own pets, wolves or *Wolf*?

I cannot remember a time in my life when I did not have a dog. I have had everything from mixed breeds from the animal shelter to purebred dogs. I currently have a 17 year old Border Collie mix that came from the Larimer County Humane Society over 15 years ago. She is blind and deaf but I would not trade her for any dog on earth. She has been too good for too long to think about letting her go.

**Dan Speed has been
working with *Wolf*
since 1995.**

**Currently, Walmart
donates 95% of all the
dry kibble and canned
dog food that is fed to
the wolves everyday.**

Volunteer Spotlight

Kelly has been volunteering with *Wolf* for two years. She is currently pursuing a law degree at the University of Wyoming. Kelly is extremely committed to the animals. In addition to being a sanctuary caretaker volunteer, Kelly is also our social media assistant.

Place of Origin: Greeley, Colorado

Furry Companions: My two cats Sidda and Coffa

Likes: Traveling whether actual or via books and movies, and any new experience I can find

Dislikes: Homework and closed minds

Favorite Food: Grilled Cheese and Tomato Soup

Describe one volunteer experience that has terrifically impacted you:

Just one?? But there is one every week! Scent rubs, kisses, shy ones inching closer to receive treats from a spoon (or almost,) poop-of-a-different-color, seeing the growing confidence as relationships are built between human and animal. Meeka coming just a bit closer and barking for minutes just to make sure I know she is closer, touching her for the first time, Pax hugs, Kiki smiles, naps with Sigmund, Arkte grumbles, Tunyan scent rubs, Tate and Makoce sharing, Rajan's butt dance, and always, always howls that reach all the way to my soul and it sings along.



Kelly Owen

Betty has been volunteering with *Wolf* for over two years. Retired, Betty enjoys knitting and traveling the world in addition to her weekly volunteer visits to the Sanctuary. Her dedication to the animals is greatly appreciated and she is always willing to take a new volunteer under her wing and show them the ropes.

Place of Origin: Born in Iowa City, Iowa. Moved to Boulder, CO at the age of 1

Furry Companion: Dame Liebe von Meike, a German Shepherd. She is 13 years old who thinks she is going on 3, which is OK with me!!

Likes: Traveling, meeting new animals, seeing new things and learning new ways

Dislikes: Housecleaning, particularly vacuuming!

Favorite Food: Grapes and most any fruit



Betty Stewart

Describe one volunteer experience that has terrifically impacted you:

I don't think I can pick one particular experience that has impacted me. Rather, I think there are a whole bunch of fantastic wolves here and a very knowledgeable staff to work with and to learn from. I have spent hours listening to them, watching and learning safety practices and techniques for myself, for others and for the wolves we are here for. Every time I come, I leave with a smile from one wolf or another's antics of the day, so every time is different. Hopefully I can continue to learn for a long time to come.



Wolf Sanctuary

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Wolf

Spring 2013

Wolf



When: June 1st, 2013

5:00 pm - 10:00 pm

Where: The Ranch Events Complex

1st National Bank Building

Loveland, Colorado

Tickets: \$50.00 Individual

\$450.00 Table of 10

Info: www.wolfsanctuary.net

media@wolfsanctuary.net

Extra! Extra! Read All About It!

Local artist Rosetta will create a specially designed bronze sculpture for this year's Annual Waltz for the Wolves auction, right before your very eyes!

Rosetta has exhibited both nationally and internationally and has completed corporate, public and private commissions, receiving numerous awards for her work.

Get your tickets early! Be sure to stop by and watch as the sculpture unfolds while you enjoy an evening filled with wonderful food, great fun and terrific entertainment.



Visit rosettasculpture.com for more information. See you at the Waltz!

