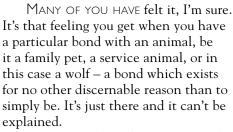


Above: Cricket (front) and Spruce in winter, 2011; at left (top): Cricket in the spring of 2006; below: Cricket in the fall of 2007. Julie LAWRENCE PHOTOS.

Cricket

Erik Wilbur, Animal Care Specialist



I care for each and every one of the animals at the sanctuary. But I would be lying if I said that some wolves haven't had more of an impact on my life than others. Often I feel bad admitting this if someone asks me if I have a favorite wolf. After all – they are *all* my friends and I care for them all the same. There should be no favorites. But again, there are those few who pull on your heart strings just a little bit more, whether you like it or not.

Again I would be lying if I said Cricket pulled on my heart strings just a little bit more. Cricket pulled on my heart strings a lot. Why? I don't know. She just did. Maybe because of all her goofy antics. Maybe because of her sweet and playful personality. Maybe because it was hard to miss that plump little girl tromping though the grass.

But maybe... I shouldn't think about why. Trying to qualify and quantify a relationship only takes the magic away.

Cricket was such a special girl, not just to me, but to all of us. Cricket had nothing but kind intentions to us all. And she was always happy. I'll never forget that face that I was lucky enough to see every morning, with tail wagging frantically, ears pinned back, and eyes full of affection. That's not something you soon forget, or should ever take for granted.

Cricket, you meant more to me and everyone here than you know. The sanctuary is not, nor will ever be the same without you. Missing you, sweet little "Tigit."

