



Princess Lilypad, the literal mother of many of Wolf Haven's wolves, and the second-oldest captive wolf on record, died on April 8. At such an age, just one month shy of her 19th birthday (possibly even her 20th), every day Lilypad remained with us was a gift... Her death came as a shock to Animal Care staff.

We used to jokingly call her Wolf Haven's "Energizer Bunny", since she just continued tottering on and on. She'd already survived several of her children, and we were sure she was determined to outlive them all.

In her last year, arthritis had almost completely immobilized her right hip; her muscles had atrophied and she had become almost completely deaf. Yet Lily evinced the strongest, fiercest will to

live that I have ever seen in any animal — four-or-two-legged.

This is not to say that she only lived because she refused to die. Lilypad still found plenty of pleasure in life.

THE PASSING OF WOLF HAVEN'S MATRIARCH

A Tribute to Princess Lilypad

JUDY LOEVEN, ANIMAL CARE STAFF

On the days when we were blessed with some sunshine, she enjoyed sleeping in a sunny spot. Her sense of smell and taste were still strong, so she was able to relish a highly varied diet. In fact, she seemed to enjoy keeping us all on our toes, wondering what she might choose to eat that day and trying to find new foods with which to tempt her. After breakfast she would take a constitutional around her enclosure to round out a peaceful day.

Lily appreciated the interesting things to smell which we also give to the other wolves for environmental enrichment, and would sometimes groan her pleasure as she rubbed her face in sage or nutmeg.

Sometime during the weekend of April 4-5, Lily ruptured a disk in her spine, either from a fall or perhaps from her efforts to get up on her feet. By Monday evening she was partially paralyzed and unable to lift even her head. Still, her determination to fight death reigned. Our veterinarian wanted to give her every chance to win this fight. She did not appear to be in any pain, for which we were all very grateful, but she began refusing food. Her old body was completely worn down, even though the spirit within still remained strong. She was given a sedative first, so that when she was put gently to sleep, she felt no pain or fear.

Princess Lilypad was an extremely special lady to all of us. Everyone in Animal Care spent a great deal of time during the past year seeing to her comfort and pleasure. The love that she gave us in return far outweighed our combined efforts. With that love and many fond memories in our minds, we laid her to rest beside Noah. She has left an empty place in Wolf Haven that no other wolf can possibly fill. We will remember, love and honor her in our hearts for all time.

L
I
L
Y
P
A
D
,
S

L
E
G
A
C
Y



Gris Gris



Little John



Gyrene



Kiowa



Tahoma



Morning Star

Lilypad is survived by these wolves from a 1984 litter (above) with her first mate Benoni, and a 1988 litter (right) with Noah



Cris

Animal Care

The Passing of Wolf Haven's Matriarch

by Judy Loeven, Animal Care Technician

Princess Lilypad, the literal mother of many of our wolves, and the second-oldest captive wolf on record, died on April 8. Although since at her age, just a month shy of her 19th (or possibly even 20th) birthday, every day she remained with us was a gift, still her death came as a very difficult shock to Animal Care staff. We used to jokingly call her Wolf Haven's Eveready Bunny, since she just continued tottering on and on and on. She'd already survived several of her children, and we were sure she was determined to outlive them all. In her last year, arthritis had almost completely immobilized her right hip; her muscles had so atrophied that she consisted of little more than bones, tendons, and skin; and she had become almost completely deaf. Yet Lily evinced the strongest, fiercest will to live that I have ever seen in any animal—four- or two-legged.

This is not to say that she only lived because she refused to die. Lily still found plenty of pleasure in life. On the days when we were blessed with some sunshine, she enjoyed sleeping in a sunny spot. Her sense of smell and taste were still strong, so she was able to relish a highly varied diet. In fact, she seemed to enjoy keeping us on our toes, wondering what she might choose to eat that day and trying to find new foods with which to tempt her. After breakfast she would take her constitutional around her enclosure to round out a peaceful day. Michael Wyatt discovered that she occasionally still liked "hunting" her own food, so we began throwing tidbits into the enclosure for her to find on these walks. Before or after meals—in fact, almost any time of the day that we happened by while she was awake—a scratch behind the ears or a gentle

massage of her neck and shoulders were the high points in her life. Lily appreciated the interesting things to smell which we also give to the other wolves for environmental enrichment, and would sometimes groan her pleasure as she rubbed her face in some sage or nutmeg.

Sometime during the weekend of April 4-5, Lily must have ruptured a disk in her spine, either from a fall or, at her age, perhaps just from her efforts to get up on her feet. By Monday evening she was partially paralyzed and not even able to lift up her head far enough to get a drink of water. And still her determination to fight death reigned; she continued to eat well and to drink while we held her head. Dr. Brown, our veterinarian, wanted to give her every chance to recover if this was a temporary condition, so we gave her extra medication and time. By Wednesday morning, however, it was obvious that she was not going to win this fight. She did not appear to be in any pain, for which we were very grateful, but she began refusing food. Her old body was completely worn down, even though the spirit within still remained strong. Dr. Brown gave her a sedative first, so that when she was put gently to sleep, she felt no pain or fear.

Princess Lilypad was an extremely special lady to all of us. I have spent a great deal of time during the past year, along with Michael and Jack, seeing to her comfort and pleasure. The love she gave us in return far outweighed our combined efforts. With that love and many



fond memories in our minds, we laid her to rest beside Noah. She has left an empty place in Wolf Haven that no other wolf can possibly fill. We will remember, love, and honor her in our hearts for all time.