

Pahana

**“He was known as the
wolf who couldn’t howl,
but he always tried.”**

Ursula Davis,
Animal Care Assistant/Membership

PAHANA. His name means “lost white brother” and he was lost for a long time, but I think he found himself here at Wolf Haven International, where he spent the last 3 years of his life. He was living among other wolves, he shared an enclosure with his sister Mehina and he got to be a wolf.

Pahana was so scared when he first came to us; he didn’t know how to behave like a wolf or interact with his kind. His sister Mehina was the one to teach him. She was gentle with him, as if she understood that he didn’t know how to be a wolf.

Left: Giving it his all, Pahana does his very best. Below: Pahana’s sister and companion, Mehina. JULIE LAWRENCE PHOTOS.



Right: The Pahana we'll
all remember: JULIE
LAWRENCE PHOTO. Below:
Honoring Pahana's life.
PHOTOS BY
DIANE GALLEGOS
AND CINDY IRWIN.

"... the wolf who was chained in a house, all alone."



Before being rescued by Wolf Haven, Pahana lived alone in filth, unable to move around. FILE PHOTO.

The first time I saw Pahana, I was amazed at his stature and his beauty. He was very unsure about people, but slowly got used to having visitors in the sanctuary. In the beginning, I thought he didn't like me... he seemed to get very agitated every time I came near his enclosure. Pahana would growl, bare his teeth and run along the fence line, so I backed off. It didn't take me long to figure out that the opposite was true; he was talking to me. In his special way of communicating, Pahana was telling me to come over and say "Hi."

I often knelt down next to the fence and quietly spoke to him until his voice would get soft. He always came up to the gate and stood right next to the chain link and demanded to be scratched anytime I walked past his enclosure. When we needed to scrub his tub or bucket, I didn't need hot dogs to distract him, all I had to do was kneel down and talk to him. He was my friend; I could have sat there forever.



Pahana was loved by many and was a tour favorite. Visitors connected with him as they were told his story – the wolf who was chained in a house, all alone. He was known as the wolf who couldn't howl, but he always tried. He was a great teacher and touched countless visitors. He made people cry and he made them laugh.

He made me laugh a lot; every time I saw him I smiled and I like to think he did too. Pahana was happy here; even when his health started to fail, he looked content...at peace.

Then it was time to give him back to himself. In my heart when I saw him go, he looked back at me and he laughed at my sorrow, knowing it would pass. And he told me clearly that it is okay, and he is happy.

Pahana will always be part of Wolf Haven International, his spirit can be felt here, and he is all around us. Good bye, friend. 🐾

Honoring Pahana

Pahana was buried on a mound with other members of his family. Staff, volunteers and other friends gathered to honor Pahana's life and share the sorrow of his passing. I think he would say this to all of us who stop and feel sadness:

*"Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there; I do not sleep.*

*I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain;
I am the gentle autumn rain.*

*When you awaken in the morning's
hush, I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star-shine at night.*

*Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die."* 🐾