



Photo by Pat Colton

FOR LUCAN, WITH THANKS AND LOVE

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Some friends lift our hearts in a very special way.

Lucan was such a friend to many. He walked gently in the world. And that gentleness touched all who met him—young and old alike. It was a serenity and freedom of spirit that made him a nearly perfect representative even of wild wolves, though Lucan knew nothing of the tundra home that should have been his.

He did know the friendship of humans, but it was another relationship that was most important in his life. For Lucan and Clementine were companions in the truest sense. They grew up together, shared the role of elders among Wolf Haven's wolves—watching all that happened from the top of a mima mound that gave them a perfect vantage point. Time stole Clementine's eyesight, and she came to rely on her other senses and on Lucan more and more. And often, they would just relax together in comfort upon their grassy knoll. It was from this perch that Lucan would often lead Wolf Haven's wolves in a howl with his rich, deep song.

Lucan's long, low howl became a whisper as his body aged but his spirit remained young. The last month or so of his life, even the strength for whispering was lost.

Compassion, however, allows us to listen.

Late in the afternoon, at the close of a summer's day in 1994, Lucan told us it was time, and we loved him enough to listen.

Looking into Lucan's eyes—he looked right back. Those captivating eyes were still filled with warmth and wisdom. For so long he had fought, never giving up. Wolves insist on life—they are survivors.

On this day, however, there was a certain tiredness behind Lucan's gentle eyes. Not even his ageless spirit could belie the brittle frailty that had stolen his physical strength.

Clementine seemed to understand. She knew when to stay by Lucan's side and when to give him the peace that only solitude can bring.

Lucan had enriched so many lives—now it was time to think only of him—to give back and to let go.

We stayed with Lucan as Dr. Jerry Brown treated him one final time. Jerry had known Lucan and Clementine before they arrived at Wolf Haven. He had seen to their needs for more than 15 years, and his

compassion was never stronger than it was in this last service—the last gift he could give to an old friend.

Many of Lucan's friends came to honor him. He was buried on a mound much like the one he loved so in life—surrounded by pines and fir trees.

We seldom realize the value of a gift when we first receive it. The passage of time highlights the value of the experience.

Lucan's gentle nature—the wisdom and warmth reflected in his eyes enriched the lives of many—human and wolf. For his very presence has done more to teach people what a wolf truly is and to instill in them respect than all our words can ever do.

And so, Lucan still walks gently in the world, honoring the past and enriching the future—and still lifting our hearts in a very special way.



*Stay with us one last time tonight
Spend one last evening here
Lie close now by the firelight
So we may feel you near*

*Your time here has slipped fast away
Now it's time we let you go
We celebrate your life tonight
With the candles' burning glow*

*When our fire begins growing dim
Slip away among the trees
Sing to us one last goodbye
Carried back on evening's breeze*

*Before you is the path laid down
By those who've gone before
Gentle spirit, rise and follow them
Find your home with them once more*

*May our candles help to light your way
And love warm you through the sky
We who stay will carry on
So your song will never die*

