



The WolfWood Wayfarer

Fall 2013

WolfWood Refuge

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Welcome to our seventeenth newsletter!

Refuge: "A place of shelter, protection or safety."

I recently spent 2 weeks at the Mayo Clinic in Phoenix. I was sent there because the doctors thought I had liver cancer. I do not. I went through extensive testing, an operation, hours of waiting for results, multiple consultations, anxiety and pain. Through it all I was never alone. I was sheltered in a place of protection and safety. I was given refuge. My sister and daughter came with me, each leaving their jobs and families in the hands of people who cared enough to take on extra work to give them the freedom to be with me. My daughter found a massage place nearby. She bought an iPod and downloaded my favorite music. She drove us from place to place. My sister brought Monty Python movies and sat with me, touching the crown of my head for over an hour while I was in the MRI machine so I would not panic. A family friend gave us his house to live in while we were there, and his neighbor opened it up, gave us directions, helped us get our bearings and called everyday to check on us. My son worried, his partner was ready to offer part of her liver. My grandchildren sang me songs, my father and mother told me how much they loved me.

From a distance an entire school of children said a prayer for me in IL. In CA I was included in prayer circles. I was given a small book on biblical teaching for comfort. My granddaughter spent a long time picking out a special healing necklace of turquoise. Blue and purple goddess candles were lit. White light and positive energy were directed towards me. I was given a special carved white bear for health and protection. A place was held in this world by my woman's group while I went under anesthesia. Daily phone calls, texts, emails, cards and flowers were sent.

Craig stayed home, even though he wanted to be with me, so I would know the wolves would be ok in an emergency. Volunteers and friends redoubled their efforts to make sure that which I value most, WolfWood and the animals, would be taken care of in my absence. They allowed me to let that fear go and concentrate on healing. They protected my home.

All of these acts, and all additional acts unbeknownst to me, large and small, all of the gifts and blessings and prayers that were given are sacred. In all of that I was held, given refuge, was protected and safe. Encircled and intertwined in all of that love and concern was the song of the wolves, the warmth of their fur, the fire in their eyes. They were there with me too. They are sacred, and we give each other refuge.

So to all of my beloved ones, both two-legged and four-legged, to all of my ancestors and angels, to the Creator and the Feminine Divine, for all that gave me refuge, I am eternally grateful. And here is my special wish and prayer for you during this season and for the New Year.

May you receive many gifts and blessings. May whatever you find sacred give you refuge May you carry the wolf songs in your heart. May you be sheltered, protected and safe. May you know you are loved.



MEET OUR WOLVES

In each of our newsletters we feature some of our wolves.



Rufio



Little Timber



Topaz

Rufio, Little Timber and Topaz are the last three remaining wolves that we moved to our current location from Pagosa. They are all over 15 years old.

Rufio came from the Jicarilla-Apache reservation. He took almost a year to touch, but loves everyone now and is a favorite among the volunteers.

Little Timber is a male wolf that came from Virginia He has had many different packs and is living with Minnie.

Topaz is a male wolf that came to us from northern Colorado. He currently lives with Ipo.

All these boys have been with us over 11 years and have lived long and happy lives at WolfWood.

NEW ARRIVALS



This is Stella. She is under two and is a very sweet and bouncy puppy. She came from a private party in Aztec New Mexico who got evicted and could no longer keep her. She loves people and food! She rides well in the truck and walks on a leash. She is living with Adamma, who is much older, but they are very happy together.

KIDS AND CANINES



Ra and Paula interact with the public



Educational Program at the Refuge



A well attended weekend event at Hermit Park



Serena and Kady take care of Athena on her first trip as an ambassador animal.

As always, we had a very busy summer doing our important outreach programs. We did educational presentations at Five Branches Campground, Hermit Park, and Navaho State Park. Many youth groups visited the refuge including The Aztec Boys and Girls Club, Bayfield Family Center, The Girl Scouts, Durango Day Camp and others. Adult groups also made WolfWood a destination including the Caballo Women and the Mercury Group. The wolves touched many lives this summer.

THE NEW FENCE

Thanks to the Dalzells we are building a new enclosure for Billy, Sita and Ginger, the sub group that split off from the Alaska Nine Pack. Keith is frantically trying to beat the weather as volunteers give it their all to get everything ready. The pen will be located in the new section of the refuge. Dale built a road, cleared the ground and put in culverts. We have graveled and concreted, put in poles and cow panel, and the welding has begun. Sita is unimpressed by all the human effort as she looks on, waiting for her new big home to run with her brother and sister and where she can enjoy the spectacular view.



THE SECOND ANNUAL WOLFWOOD ART AUCTION



Hannah Shook sketching Ra and Tala



Stew getting ready to start the auction



Great Art



Good Food and Spirits

The art auction was once again a huge success. Even though the weather was bad and we had to move inside, everything went beautifully and we raised almost 50% more than last year! This great evening took a lot of hard work. We thank everyone who came and participated by attending and buying all the wonderful art. A very special thanks goes to the all the volunteers who worked so hard. Most of all I would like to thank Tanya, Stew, Darla, Barbara, Mary, Brian, Kelly and Keith, whose tireless efforts brought it all together and made it our best fundraiser ever.

54 Total Artists + 53 Sponsors + 40 Volunteers

2013 Art Auction Sponsors: Basin Printing & Imaging, Bread, Carnage Machine & Fabrication, Chimayo Stone Fired Pizza, City Market, Cuckoo's Chicken House, Cutting Edge Salon, Dancing Spirit Community Arts Center, Desert Sun Coffee, Digs Restaurant & Bar, Dr. Ronald Ritz, Durango Cyclery, Durango Discovery Museum, East By Southwest, First National Bank of Durango, Fox Fire Farms, Glow's Salon, Guido's, Hawkeye Graphics, Ignacio Floral, Irish Embassy Pub, Karlene Stange, DVM, KD's Caffè Latte, Kennebec Café, Lightning Communications, Liquor World, Lost Dog Bar & Restaurant, Maria's Bookshop, Nature's Oasis, Nini's Taqueria, Old Tymer's Café, Pet Haus, Pura Vida Cafe, Root & Branch Medicine, Roots Natural Foods, Serious Delights, Serious Texas BBQ, Schank House Bar & Grill, Signature Salon & Health Spa, SKA Brewing, Star Liquor, Steamworks, Sun glow Window Films, Treasure Auctions, Tuning Forks, Upper East Side Liquors, Wagon Wheel Liquors, Wildcat Liquors, Zia Taqueria, Zircon, Zukes, Zumba with Sara

OTHER NEWS and THANKS



The Yurt



New Propane System



Avalanche at the vet

There has been a lot of infrastructure work this fall at WolfWood. We have a new yurt that has been erected on a great deck. The Dunns and Dalzells have financed much of the fall improvements, along with everyone who lovingly contributes. For 10 years Craig has been lifting 100 lb propane tanks in and out of the truck every week to get filled, even in the winter. We finally got a large tank put in at the bottom of the hill so the propane company can fill it. No more running out of heat or hernias!

We also put in a road to the new pen section and graveled large areas to improve the drainage and mud situation. BP donated pipe again for the new pen.

We have enough food for the winter and our wonderful meat processors, the Coles, the Justices, and Morningstar Taxidermy keep the wolves supplied with lots of good meat. Shur Value in Ignacio continues to donate hamburger. No one goes hungry at WolfWood.

Our vet expenses continue to remain high. We have had eye surgeries, several cancer surgeries, elder care, medication expenses etc. More volunteers also had operations. Brian, LaVonne and Craig have all recovered well.

We have had wonderful visits from distant volunteers including one of our original-founding members, Glenn Raby. He is in awe of how far WolfWood has grown and improved, thanks to all of you. Paula was happy to have her parents, son and daughter with their spouses and all the granddaughters visit this summer.

Gratefully, all of our friends survived the floods in northern Colorado with their homes intact, although Don and Jeanette who were evacuated.

Ben is almost done with his first semester of school and will remain at the refuge until at least spring. His presence this winter will insure the wolves are well looked after.

Keith and Tanya have a wonderful dog from the Humane Society named Bodi, and Serena has a new puppy from them also, named Koda. Sadly, Colleen's beloved pet, Lily, passed away. Colleen's parents, John and Mary, have contributed so much to the success of WolfWood this past year. Please check out the website that John does such a good job on.

WolfWood lost a good friend when Pat Carlson died. She was 78 and was one of the first photographers to take pictures at WolfWood. She was an animal lover and a truly good woman that will be missed greatly.

We also mourn the loss of Serena's grandmother, Madeleine Dorato. When the Alaska puppies came off the plane, she is the woman who opened her home to us for cleaning, feeding and medical care of the new arrivals. She ordered pizza for us, and her family washed out all the crates and got us back on the road. Madeleine was always kind to us and her family is an important part of our family.

I am sure this is not all the news or thanks. So many things happen at and around the refuge everyday. We are so busy, we are so blessed. We continue our daily work of saving lives, we continue to need you to do so.

You are all wolf angels!!

VOLUNTEERS

WolfWood currently has a small, but extremely dedicated group of volunteers. Our volunteers are the heart of this organization and help take care of and save lives every day. Neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow, nor even MUD keeps them from their duties.

NEW VOLUNTEERS



Mary and John O'Brian (aka Colleen's parents)

John and Mary are the volunteers who travel the farthest to work at the refuge. They come all the way from New Jersey several times a year, to work hard, take us to dinner and make financial donations. That's what we call dedication! John has a corporate background and is now a teacher. Among his many talents, he is our webmaster and answers Paula's many computer questions. Mary is a nurse. She was invaluable with the success of this year's art auction. They are always there for the wolves. Both are good photographers, and their enthusiasm and involvement help keep WolfWood the special and safe place it is for our animals.



WOLFWOOD VOLUNTEERS HAVE FUN!



WolfWood Refuge 2014

ORDER YOUR CALENDARS FOR CHRISTMAS

The Chosen, by Paula Watson

I was there to look for a yellow lab. My husband and I had recently rented a house with a large yard and I was ready for a dog. While visiting friends in northern Arizona I decided to go to the local shelter and take a look.

I walked through the rows of incarcerated dogs, glancing through the steel bars, not really making eye contact, distracted by the din of barks and yips like tin cups running back and forth across metal. Not wanting the inmates to think it was visiting day for all of them, I had just picked up the pace when I was brought up short. There, sitting calmly amidst the ruckus, was the largest canine I had ever seen.

I moved to the front of the pen, drawn by his size, his demeanor and good looks, his aura of contained power. For his part he leaned against the door, three inches of fur pushed through for petting. He stood up, paws against my upraised hands, slender cold nose poking my forehead. I shook myself and stepped back. I was here to look for a yellow lab. I turned and walked away, feeling his eyes watching me down the length of the corridor. I moved to the next row, other furry bodies wiggling and squirming for attention. I turned the corner and headed back to the calm in the center of the storm. Once again he rubbed against the pen, stretched and flexed 120 lbs of muscle, stood up, looked me in the eye ... and smiled.

A kennel worker sauntered by, keys jangling, belt creaking, a big stick slapping against his thigh. The words, "Can I take him out" just popped out of my mouth. I was almost as surprised as he was. "Well O.K." he replied cautiously, "but he hasn't been walked in a week. This monster is really strong; you have to hold on tight because he's gonna bolt." The guard clipped a leash on through the bars, opened the door just a crack and handed the leash to me. I braced my feet. I wrapped the leash around my hand three times. I squared my shoulders, gritted my teeth and nodded. The guard opened the door all the way and jumped back. There was about a two second pause, where I swore a collective hush fell over the whole room. And then the "beast" on the other end of the rope moved slowly out of his cage, sat down, leaned his whole weight against my body and looked up at me ... and smiled.

Oh no,no,no. I was here for a yellow lab. I handed him back to his keeper and once again walked away. I sat down. At this point the self talk began, the part where my head lawyers up and starts presenting logical arguments to my heart. I was driving my brand new Thunderbird. This trip was its maiden voyage. It still had that new car smell, not a mark on it. What would he do to the interior? Was my fence strong enough? What would Craig say? Oh no, this was not even close to a yellow lab. Case closed.

I looked up just as a young couple walked by to look at "the big guy." They cooed and clicked. They whistled and cajoled. They offered a treat and reached through the bars to their shoulders. "The big guy" turned around, paced to the very rear of his cage, turned his back and laid down. No amount of coaxing would convince him to even lift his head to look at them.

Oh no, no, no, my head objected, but it was too late. My heart's right to the pursuit of happiness won over the pursuit for a yellow lab. As the couple walked off muttering, I went to his door, just to be sure. He ran over, jumped up and licked my face. He smiled. He had great closing arguments. I went to the front counter and confirmed what I already knew. He was a wolf/dog and was on death row. He was scheduled to be put down in two days. I signed the necessary paperwork and posted his bail. I walked back to tell him what he already knew. I would be back to get him in the morning.

The next day I bought a blanket for the back seat, called Craig to tell him I was bringing him home a surprise and went to pick up my not-a-yellow-lab. He walked calmly to my shiny black car, sniffed several times, jumped in the backseat and lay down. He did not move a muscle for the entire eight hour trip back home.

When I arrived at the house, Craig, my 200 lb, bodybuilding husband, opened the door. He was no match for the flying furry body that slammed him chest high, knocked him flat on his back, straddled him and licked his face over and over. "I take it this is my surprise," Craig gasped. "You know, this is not a lab."

Winslow lived to be fifteen and became the alpha male of a pack of nine other wolves and wolf /dogs. He lived a rich and full life packed with adventures, teaching me a lot along the way. The most frequently asked question I get asked by people I meet is "How did you ever get started rescuing wolves?" I look them in the eye ... and smile. I tell them I never intended to have a wolf refuge. I tell them I was chosen.

Winslow



Wolf..... teach me to know