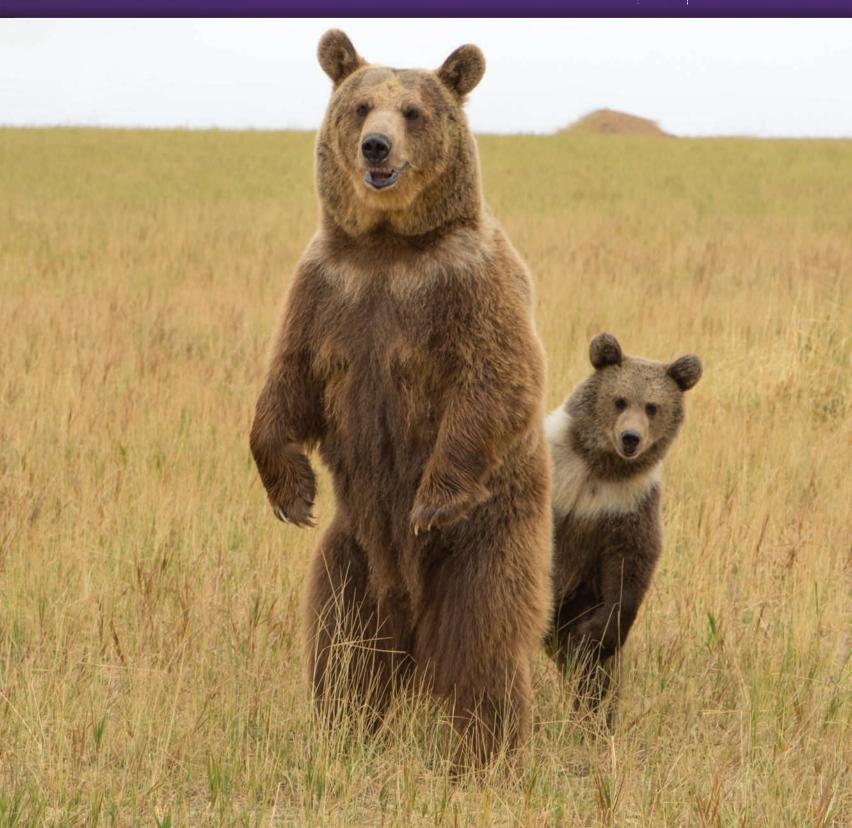
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NEWS FALL 2016







LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

If I only had a heart - just to register emotion, jealousy, devotion and really feel the part... I could stay young and chipper and I'd lock it with a zipper, if I only had a heart!

The Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz story may have had it right. Living without a heart (in the emotional sense) would be incredibly difficult, since you wouldn't be able to register emotion or feel anything that moved you in any manner – positive or negative.

No more tears, no more anger, no more sadness – a life without compassion. Would it make things simpler? Or would it be truly mundane? A tough question for sure.

Yet, when you see animals suffering greatly, and you cannot do a thing to help, it can be somewhat attractive to suddenly lose heart. For without a solution, the agony and suffering can be too much for one's soul - as it is for me and so many of you when we see animals suffering.

When I see or hear of an animal that is living terribly – or I should say barely hanging on by a thread – I immediately want to help end its suffering. And by end, I don't mean put it out of its misery; I mean help it become free from abuse and recover.

Yet, if there is no way to help, then I'm left with the agony of knowing this precious life will continue to suffer in despair and nothing can be done to stop it. How could anyone live with that kind of outcome?

I know I can't. Well, actually I can - or am forced to - as it's true there are times when none of us can stop abuse no matter how hard we try. It's a fact of life, and one that our species brings upon ourselves more than anything else.

Earthquakes happen... Tornadoes happen... Floods happen... and there's little we can do to prevent the suffering that ensues after one of these natural disasters takes place. Yet, most of the suffering I see on a daily basis is purely man-made.

People abusing animals as if they were nothing more than an object in their path that was put there to kick, burn, beat, starve or torture whenever they so choose. That's what I'm talking about when I see suffering at the hands of callous humans.

So when I'm faced with agonizing suffering and an undeniable knowledge of its existence - and there is nothing I can do to help... it breaks my heart. Even times when we go on rescues to horrible places like the one we just did in Iowa, I can hardly stand the pain while we are there witnessing the endless suffering that exists.



"...The profound pain and heartache that comes with feeling emotions and actually having a heart that cares deeply about the welfare of others is significant, as we may as well be made of tin if we ever become unable to feel empathy or have compassion for others!"

To realize animals are suffering and literally dying in front of your eyes is just too much to bear. How can we take just some of the animals, and leave others behind? How can anyone involved be OK with an ending like that?

Unfortunately, it's part of the business, as not all stories end with rainbows and butterflies. That was something I had to realize from the very beginning and be OK with the idea that not every animal will be rescued or get out alive.

It's incredibly sad and completely torturous to my heart and the soul of everyone working or volunteering at the Sanctuary to know we are limited in what we can do. It's insane to think we can help so many, yet leave others behind, destined to continue suffering.

Tin Man, I envy you sometimes.

Your life may seem simple, and I understand you may feel as if you are missing out. Yet, to never know sorrow, emotional pain or failed compassion is not such a bad thing in certain cases.

I know the joy and elation that follow successfully rescuing an animal in distress and being able to set its life back on course is what fuels our work and brings equilibrium to the dichotomy of emotions that dwell within abuse/rescue situations - and without our hearts being incredibly-intimate with sorrow, pain and anguish - we realize there would be no way for us to adequately measure or truly value the accomplishment of discharging one's pain or saving a life.

Yet, signing up for sadness on a regular basis is taxing and can only be done when your heart has a resilience that can be counted on when the hardest of hard cases comes along. Knowing the ache deep within your soul will get better with time is critically important in the early stages of a rescue, and that faith eventually becomes a clandestine partner when facing torture and abuse on a regular basis.

There is no joy in abuse, and there is no happiness in suffering, but there is an abundance of love that flows whenever we are working for the benefit of others, and that is enough to subjugate all else! The profound pain and heartache that comes with feeling emotions and actually having a heart that cares deeply about the welfare of others is significant, as we may as well be made of tin if we ever become unable to feel empathy or have compassion for others!

There is no room on this planet for heartless humans, and I believe those who are found abusing animals are actually suffering themselves deep inside. Yet, whether they are... or are not... I realize we and others are just as limited in being able to help them as we are their subjects, and can only hope the hard realization of what they have done will rouse their unconscious souls.

For in the end, it is the animals who are at a disadvantage



and require others to champion their wellbeing. It's hard to imagine how we, as frail humans, have found ways to control and take advantage of such powerful and majestic creatures.

Maybe that's why the Cowardly Lion and the Tin Man ended up in the same story together and being so closely related; the heartless man and the subjugated beast. It seems one is always found with the other in abuse situations...

So I do find myself from time to time feeling as if it would be nice to forgo the suffering and pain within my own heart as I witness the same for animals. Yet, knowing that becoming heartless could predicate evolving into an abusive and uncaring person who subsequently rationalizes acts of violence and tyranny by attacking the work of those who end up having to rescue their animals is not an option for me or anyone who truly cares!

So it's comforting to know the Tin Man is just a character in a story and not really something you or I can turn into. Although there are those that seem to be closely related to this character in real life... I know you and I are gladly not from that family tree.

Love, compassion and empathy are the waters that flow beneath our souls and we purposely let their current take our hearts to the valley where animals reside in peace and harmony. There, we choose to share our planet and all that is good with one another, and take pride in our desire to help and support each other in today's bled world.

so we can all relate to the characters in the Wizard of Oz in one way or another. Their desire to become whole and live as fully-functioning beings with an insatiable desire to do good is admirable, and probably something each of us could work on.

So take the good with the bad... never let the bad drag you down... and always remember that having a heart that is resilient, feels everything, and is filled with compassion, is the key to success!

Pat Craig,

Executive Director



Life is too pre-

cious to go through

it without a heart,

brains or courage,

THE CLOCK WAS TICKING.

Il rescues we do are important, and most are filled with harrowing examples of abuse, neglect and unbearable situations... but once in a while we go on one that stands out even more than normal! This was the case when we were called in to save two female African Lions living at a roadside zoo in Iowa.

Now, when we say "roadside zoo" there are many forms of this concept, but most people have a general idea of what these homegrown attractions

look like. Usually, these socalled zoos start with a small assortment of animals that someone collected in their back yard and when they finally have enough interested friends and relatives coming by to see them, they typically decide to throw open the doors and start charging admission for people to visit.

We've seen many variations of this concept over the years and they all seem to share a common theme such as small cages, cramped quarters, low-budget building materials, inadequate cleaning routines, poor nutrition, make-shift accommodations and so on. They almost always have owners that are comfortable with their creations, no matter how substandard the conditions are for the animals, and invariably will spend hours touting how much they love their animals and how they always treat them with the utmost care and respect.



Yet, by the time we are called in it has become apparent to hundreds, if not thousands, of their own visitors that conditions in the zoo are terrible and the majority of people are now demanding someone step in on behalf of the animals living there. Most times, we are responding to a court ordered confiscation or an official humane society directive that is in place - especially when conditions in the zoo have deteriorated significantly.

In this particular case concerning a classic roadside zoo, hundreds of animals were being kept on a very small patch of land butted up to a rural two-lane highway. Being located just outside the confines of a small farm town, the zoo was only open certain days of the week due to a lack of local patrons, as well as failing to attract tourists with their tacky motel-like zoo sign.

The "zoo" more or less consisted of two rows of cages filled with exotic animals and a small assortment of farm species. They were lined up directly behind the house, and on the other side of the driveway was a large dairy or possible feed lot operation that belonged to the owners as well. Cows standing knee deep in feces, urine, mud and spoiled food

were a major source contributing to the millions of flies that filled the air – as were other animals residing there like the five Grizzly Bears kept in one tiny cage.

We were not the first humans to be consumed by the massive clouds of flies that enjoyed feasting on whatever flesh could be found, as this facility had been forced to give up three Tigers and some Ringtail Lemurs earlier in 2016 after a judge found they had failed to provide adequate veterinary care to the endangered species living there.

We were now being summoned in response to a totally new



court case that had just been filed by the Animal Legal Defense Fund (ALDF) – which also happened to be the non-profit organization responsible for obtaining the recent Tiger and Lemur ruling. In this case, there were two African Lions that were the focus of an emergency court hearing which was based on numerous eye witness complaints stating at least one of the Lions remaining at the zoo appeared to be very sick.

Over the summer, many visitors to the zoo witnessed one female Lion in particular straining as if she was trying to go to the bathroom, but couldn't. They also noticed she seemed very weak and unsteady, with her tongue stuck hanging out of her mouth. Most took pictures of what they witnessed, and some even posted their concerns on the Internet.

With the previous ruling, only the Tigers and Lemurs were saved since the federal case was restricted by laws that only pertained to the care of endangered species. The court agreed with ALDF and the plaintiffs that all of the endangered animals living at the zoo (at the time) were not receiving the medical care that rare and endangered species require in order to protect their valuable genetics.

Given the roadside zoo had a USDA license, their inspection history should have prompted other government officials to act on behalf of the animals living there... yet none with jurisdiction chose to do anything (even after the court's intervention), so there was little hope for this incredibly-sick Lion.

However, with a very beneficial coincidence in timing, the United States Fish & Wildlife Service came out with a new ruling that moved African Lions from their threatened list, to the endangered species list. Prior to that, African Lions were only considered threatened, and not fully endangered, so this new classification in January 2016 opened

the door for ALDF to go back to court.

Filing similar charges of medical neglect based on the testimony of people who had witnessed the sick Lion struggling for an extended period of time, ALDF was able to get the same judge from

the previous case to order an emergency on-site veterinary evaluation of the Lions. In doing so, the court allowed The Wild Animal Sanctuary's veterinarian, Dr. Valerie Johnson, to fly to Iowa and visit the Lions in person.

Upon inspection, it was easy to see that one of the Lionesses was indeed very sick – so sick, in fact, that she was close to dying and definitely needed an emergency intervention in order to have any chance at saving her life. The court agreed and scheduled a follow-up hearing to proceed with the case.

However, the owners of the roadside zoo decided to relinquish both Lionesses rather than go back to court, so we were given the green light to rescue them as quickly as possible. With this permission, we immediately scheduled a trip to Iowa and made sure an ALDF representative and a veterinarian from the Blank Park Zoo in Des Moines would be there in order to help smooth the transfer process and ensure the best possible outcome for the Lions.

Of course we have been on countless rescues over the years that were very similar to this one - and having experienced an abundance of owner rage and disdain with the vast majority of those cases - we knew going in this would be a



very touchy rescue. The owners were well known to associate within a close-knit society of roadside zoo owners from across the U.S., and had already provided everyone involved in the Tiger/Lemur case with a provocative glimpse of their contempt for sanctuaries.

Like every rescue we do, all we care about is the welfare of the animals, and know there is no benefit going to other places and disparaging owners for what they have done - as words, opinions or any negative venting on our part would not change what has already transpired for the animals. We always remain calm, polite and tightly-focused on what we need to do in order to get the animals out as quickly and safely as possible.

We arrived in Iowa a day before we were scheduled to go in for the rescue and chose to stay in a small town that was located relatively near the roadside zoo. Options for places to stay within the town were limited due to the size of our rescue equipment (needing ample parking space), and given it was located deep within Iowa's virtual sea of open farmland.

The next morning we met with the Blank Park Zoo veterinarian and the Representative from ALDF prior to heading out to the zoo. We all agreed to initially focus on the sick Lion in order to evaluate her ability to load without having to sedate her. Doing so would surely be too much for her severelyweakened body, so we planned on doing whatever was needed to get her out of there alive.

After pulling into the relatively inconspicuous driveway and stepping out of our truck, we began to visually scour our surroundings. The cluster of buildings, bushes, old farm equipment (and endless clouds of flies) that peppered the landscape began to give way to telltale signs of corn-crib cages and other make-shift enclosures. As they began to stand out, the typical roadside zoo theme came rushing back to us once again.

We knew we would be challenged to gain access to the seemingly hidden location of the Lions simply by looking at the way the facility was laid out. Thin driveways, tight spacing, random equipment strewn about and ramshackle gates prevailed in our panoramic view.

As the first person emerged from the barn slogging along in her worn-out tee shirt, bright yellow running shorts and black rubber rain boots, we realized their life of mixing a dairy or feeder cow operation with running a roadside zoo were closely intertwined. Trying to look unfathomed by

the need to breathe through our teeth in order to keep from inhaling countless flies... we smiled and stepped forward to greet her.

Without skipping a beat she harshly exclaimed we would need to produce sanitary boot covers for all of our staff to wear if we were planning on going anywhere on their property. The irony related to how putrid everything there was... and her theory that she needed to protect her animals from harm (by us), was not lost on anyone.

In a normal situation protocols to prevent disease transmission are a valid concern. Yet when you are at a facility to rescue an animal that is already sitting on death's doorstep – as well as trying to get in and out of there without getting covered in animal waste and countless other cross-contamination substances – we actually would have had to wear full hazmat suits to truly be safe and... well, you get the picture.

Although it was pointless, we did don the blue booties the Zoo veterinarian provided us, and we headed off in the direction of an old trailer that looked like some sort of utility/repairman's truck-bed conversion. Its wheels were half buried in the ground from sitting motionless for decades and it appeared to be totally useless.

Yet, on the other side hidden under a canopy of tree limbs and vines was a galvanized "hog house" that was attached to the back of a small cage. Actually, the back half of the cage was there but not finished, so the small arched structure was sitting outside the fenced part of the cage.

It had one of its ends butted up to the part that was enclosed, and the other out in the open. Inside we could see a small Lioness lying on a pile of matted grass hay. With very little light making its way through the overgrowth of vegetation which had seemingly swallowed the enclosure, it took a minute or two for our eyes to adjust enough to evaluate her condition.

She lay there motionless, but was awake. She was lying in a sternal position and was looking in our direction, but there was something odd about her stare. Her eyes were constricted instead of dilated – which would not be normal for the low light conditions – nor was it normal for them to remain that way in the presence of strangers.

As we approached the fencing to get a closer look at her breathing rate, which had been reported by multiple eye witnesses to be elevated and labored to some degree... we



noticed her eyes never changed position. As we waved our hands back and forth just outside the fencing, she didn't blink an eye or show any acknowledgement of our novel motions.

In normal situations, most any carnivore would definitely react to the approach of strangers... let alone the aggressive nature associated with waving hands. Yet, she didn't. One by one, each team member tried communicating with her in order to gain her attention, but there was no reaction.

It was obvious she was in dire straits and her medical condition had worsened over the days since our Vet had seen her during the initial court evaluation. She had a bloated belly and was struggling to breathe, which wasn't a good sign, nor were the distinct rib outlines and jutting vertebrae that were obvious when observing her dull and dried-out coat.

Whether it was a growth, possible tumor, or some other significant medical issue, her abdomen was definitely putting pressure against her lungs and she had to work at taking each breath. Our concern for her was now elevated even more than before, with her combination of symptoms speaking volumes as to how critical her condition was.

With a flurry of communications between us and the owners that became sharp and pointed (putting it mildly) we expressed the need to get our transport crate over there and butted up to the hog house where she was virtually entombed. Of course our requests were met with refutation and verbal attacks.

We made it clear we were only concerned for this Lioness wellbeing, and receiving just a little cooperation would help ensure her survival. Rather than agreeing that her welfare was the one thing we all should be interested in... the owners and/or their gun-packing representative just kept saying "get it over with" — which we undoubtedly took to mean sedate her with tranquilizers so that she will just quit breathing.

Not wanting to have the situation escalate, it was time to employ the decades of experience we have with these kinds of situations. By remaining calm and reiterating our desire to only help the Lioness, and not bring any sort of personal agenda into the mix, we were finally able to reach some sort of deeply-suppressed compassion within the male owner, who then agreed to help rather than continue to fight.

Against the advice of his part-

weakened and incoherent state. but it was definitely worth a try.

Once our transport crate was in position, we began trying to tempt her to move with water and small pieces of raw meat. It was obvious neither food or water had been present in quite some time, with cob webs spanning dust-filled bowls and no sign of alternate vessels in sight.

With no response whatsoever to our visual displays of both liquid and fresh meat, Jonwah's blank stare continued as if she were in a trance. After giving her plenty of time to smell the food and hear the water trickling into a pan – just in case her odd stare was a sign of lost or impaired vision – it became apparent she was unable to react.



Staring into oblivion, there was little choice but to get much closer to her. After stepping into the cage and physically waving a hand just two inches from her face – with absolutely no reaction – we were convinced she was incredibly close to being gone.

Finally, and only by pouring a tiny stream of water from a bottle onto her dried and leathery tongue, did she began to drink! Thankfully, the water bridged the gap between her zombie-like demeanor and the reality of her severe dehydration.

With each lap of the cold water, Jonwah began to show

signs of awakening. Within a few minutes she was able to get her tongue to retract enough to accept a small piece of supple chicken breast. It wasn't much, but it connected her inner instinct to survive with our desire to get even the tiniest bit of energy into her body.

Soon, she drank more water and accepted another hand-fed

piece of chicken breast. And even though it would take her system much longer to digest the protein, it didn't matter, as her body seemed to bank on the concept that sustenance was being provided and it would be OK to expend what little energy she had left to get up.

With great effort and very little control over her muscles, Jonwah rose up and tried to walk! But sadly, as she peered out of the hog house hell-hole she was forced to live in, it was obvious there was a problem.

A steel highway barrier rail had been welded across the back side of her house as some sort of reinforcement and it stood between her and the transport crate. It was obviously too tall for her to step over. In fact, the mere 10 inches of steel standing between her and salvation might as well have been 100' tall, as her strength and coordination had been completely depleted over the last few months, leaving her trapped by an object that would normally be easy to step over.

It was heart wrenching to see her standing there so close and yet so far from being able to help herself obtain a better life. One step was all she needed but it just wasn't possible!

The Vet and our team discussed the possibility of going in to get her without sedating her, as she had just spent the last 10 minutes being hand fed and drinking water from a bottle we held inches from her mouth. It seemed possible even though she wasn't considered to be a tame Lion by her owners... and in fact, they said she had come from some drug-house bust with an extended history of abuse.

Yet, there had to be a way we could avoid tranquilizing her since her labored breathing meant she was already struggling to get enough oxygen into her lungs, and any relaxation of those muscles could cause her to go into respiratory arrest. We were definitely in a tough position and it would take just the right solution to keep her

from becoming another statistic in the world of neglected animals that weren't able to hold on long enough to be saved.

We decided to give her a tiny fraction of the amount of drugs that would normally be given to an adult Lion, which would get her to relax just enough to let us slip our soft silky gurney under her frail body. Of course giving her a shot would be easy since she was so tired and unable to control her own body, so the syringe went in and delivered a small dose without her even blinking an eye.

Within minutes, she was on her side and relaxed just enough for us to get the soft gurney under her. We lifted her up and over the steel guard rail that had stood between her and the emergency medical care she needed so badly, and placed her inside our transport crate.

The reversal drug was given immediately as we all stood motionless monitoring her breathing with great anticipation! Thankfully, her desire to live never gave way to the tranquilizing effects of the drug, no matter how little was on board.

Her distended belly kept rising and falling as her lungs continued to fight for enough room to breathe. Whatever mass was in her abdomen was enormous and the only way we would know what it was would be to get her back to Colorado quickly and

into the Sanctuary's hospital.

Yet, before we could leave, we had one more Lioness named "Njjarra" that needed to be loaded. Thankfully, she had not suffered from internal issues for months on end, and had enough energy to load if she wanted. However, every time she tried to walk through the gate that was open from her cage to our transport crate, she was met with the incredibly fury of five insanely-hungry Grizzly Bears!

Not five feet from her enclosure was a cage that resembled the kind of mud-wrestling pit one might find at a county fair or country western bar. But instead of cute girls in jean shorts wallowing around in a man-made concoction of mud... there were five giant Bears standing knee deep in what one could only imagine was made of poop, urine, water and who-knows-what.

Screaming at the top of their lungs every time one of our team went anywhere near Njjarra's cage (on the side they shared in common) the Bears quickly stymied any desire she had to bridge the gap between her primary cage and our transport crate. They were simply starving and were reacting to the tiny pieces of meat we had in our possession that were intended to sway Njjarra into transferring.

And, of course, there was no other viable doorway to use, so we ended up having to repeat the tranquilization procedure with her. The only outwardly apparent medical condition she had was a case of cataracts, so sedating her to avoid further harassment by the Bears was the best option for her overall wellbeing.

Minutes later, she too had been reversed and was sitting up comfortably inside our air-conditioned rescue trailer. With both girls ready to go, we did our best to shoo as many flies from inside the truck as possible – even though we were fighting a losing battle – and headed out the driveway.

Our send-off by the zoo owners was less than amicable, but that

was to be expected. We do realize it's never a happy moment for anyone to lose animals they've spent so much time with... but given the wellbeing of the animals had been tossed out the window long before we were called in, there wasn't a lot of sympathy flowing in that direction.

Our challenge now was to get back to Colorado with one incredibly-sick Lion and another that would also need medical attention. Stopping often to check on them, we wanted to make sure Jonwah was doing well, which could have gone either way. Being so weak and having such difficulty breathing – as well as being majorly dehydrated – we had great concern for her ability to hold on just a few hours more.

The trip from Iowa to Colorado was only going to take 10 hours, but each of those ten hours would be a monumental challenge for Jonwah, and quite frankly, for us too. Yet, there are many things about African Lions that stand out in comparison to Tigers and other big cats, and one of them is their ability to appreciate help. Yes, appreciate help!

Over the 36 years we have been rescuing large carnivores there have been many cases, one after another, where we have gone in to rescue Lions from deplorable situations - and without fail - we have seen these Lions react differently when loaded and traveling back to our Sanctuary. All seem to be grateful, and even somewhat relieved, in relation to our

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handling them and the traveling situation they have embarked upon.

We see it all the time and even more so with the ones who were severely abused. It's odd, as being abruptly uprooted and placed in a small transport crate inside of a moving vehicle would normally test the resolve of any animal.

It's usually a challenge for us to try to buffer this extreme life-changing event as much as possible for most animals. Yet, with Lions, the vast majority seem to be more positive and accepting toward this sudden and uninvited chaos.

We believe it is connected to their intense social and hierarchal instincts. It's possible they believe the attention being given to them is positive no matter how unnerving it may be.

Much like a drowning animal displays as rescuers approach with a life boat - they somehow know the frightening object coming at them is really their only chance at survival and willingly get in. In the case of Lions, they perceive the efforts we are putting forth as being in their favor – especially given the circumstances from which most come – and willingly accept our help.

Jonwah was a stunning example of this, as her weak and painful body graciously accepted our added pressure and requests to hold on. She consistently would struggle to bring her mind back from the depths to which it would sink when not being provoked... and would gaze up at us with the meager eyes of a harmless child.

Each time we were able to get her blank stare to morph into a difficult but concentrated focus in our direction, a small but discernable glimmer of hope could be found within her eyes. We found ourselves connecting with her voiceless call for help and reciprocated with our own silent pleas for her to trust us to be there for her!

As we continued to give her small amounts of food and water by hand, we kept returning to our concern for the mass in her abdomen. Whatever was in there couldn't be good, especially if it turned out to be a cancerous mass or vital organ in distress.

All we could hope was she would continue to hold on the few more hours until we could get her to the Sanctuary and stabilize her condition. There, we would be able to obtain blood samples and radiograph her abdomen to see what we were up against.

So as we pulled through the Sanctuary's front gate in the wee hours of the morning, we felt the first significant hurdle had been cleared. Jonwah and Njjarra were both alive and waiting to begin their new lives with us... and we were more than anxious to get them out of the trailer and into more comfortable accommodations.

Of course the minute we opened the doors to the trailer, some of the Sanctuary's resident Lion prides began to roar in the distance. The timing couldn't have been better, as Jonwah and even Njjarra stopped moving in order to listen.

We had heard there was a male Lion that lived with them at the roadside zoo previously, and that he had died not long before we were called to rescue these two Lionesses. It was sad to think they might be listening for his voice, and we felt terrible that we did not have an opportunity to save him as well.

As they sat motionless, intently listening to the reverberating cadence that brings each roaring session to a close, we could only hope their fading voices had begun conveying the promise of a better life. We knew additional authentication would soon follow via the contented behaviors and communications of the Lions who were

to become their new neighbors within the Bolivian Lion House.

We needed to get the girls situated in a comfortable place so they could rest - if even for a few hours - while we waited for the sun to rise and our veterinarians to arrive. Once inside their new enclosures, both Jonwah and Njjarra were given food and water again.

This time both girls ate as if there was no tomorrow! Each consumed robust amounts of fresh meat and drank volumes of water - which can be normal for animals that come from deprived backgrounds - but was very surprising for Jonwah. Given her grossly-apparent lack of nutrition for such an extended period of time, we wouldn't expect her to be ready or able to eat so well.

Whether her abdomen had a mass associated with some sort of tissue growth, or if she had a major blockage in her intestines, most animals in her situation would be unwilling or unable to eat as much. Yet, Jonwah was clearly starving to death in one form or the other and was now willing to eat fresh meat freely.

It may have been she was following through with being a Lion and was trusting her new life would somehow resolve her condition - so it would be OK to eat... or she may have realized she needed to eat to build her strength in order to be able to put forth one last concentrated effort to survive... but either way it was good to see her eating robustly instead of shutting down.

By morning light we had seen the girls eat, rest and spend time listening to the continued calls of the other Lions living at the Sanctuary. They both seemed comfortable to the best of their ability, with Njjarra being far better off at being able to assess her new home.

Her cataracts were clearly visible, and yet over time she had learned to cope with her impaired vision. Whether that was the source of her pain, or some other eye-related condition, we could see her left eyelid winced often. The doctors would obviously need to evaluate her eyes when checking her over, and would decide the best course of action to relieve her pain.

Other than her eyes, her outward appearance was definitely better than Jonwah's. Both



girls' coats lacked color and vitality, but that was more or less something to be expected with animals having a history of tight confinement and poor nutrition. We were confident Njjarra's road to recovery would be much shorter than Jonwah's and we were glad at least one of the two was fairly stable.

Within seconds of arriving and seeing Jonwah alive and somewhat coherent, Dr. Johnson was relatively shocked. When she had flown to Iowa and evaluated the Lions for the court system, Jonwah was much like we had found her when we arrived – clearly unable to respond to stimulus and incredibly close to dying.

So to see her at the Sanctuary, alive and holding on, was simply amazing! The doctor had great concern for Jonwah during her visit to the roadside zoo and had spent many days since returning to Colorado hoping and praying she would be able to hold on long enough to receive the help she needed.

The legal system is usually slow and cumbersome with many cases involving neglect, abuse and inadequate care, but the federal courts in Iowa had moved quickly this time and literally saved Jonwah with their decisive move to order an emergency trial. That decision coupled with their previous decision to remove the Tigers and Lemurs had convinced the zoo owners to give up the Lions instead of going forward with another lengthy legal proceeding.

Now, with Jonwah and Njjarra here in Colorado, they could receive the best medical care possible and would have a fighting chance. So after her second evaluation was over, Dr. Johnson decided the best course of action would be to let Jonwah have a couple days to build her strength – now that she was eating and drinking again – and then we would move forward with her radiographs and other tests.

Getting a couple days' worth of protein and liquids into her system was most likely the only way she would have enough strength to undergo sedation and evaluation, and we wanted her to have as many things in her favor going into the medical procedure phase. Yet, we had one more hurdle to cross in order to accomplish this.

Jonwah was so weak and unable to focus that she couldn't find — let alone reach — her food and water. Being so weak and disoriented, it was clear she did not have the strength, coordination or awareness to navigate her new enclosure and find the much-needed nourishment.



Rather than stuff her into a tiny box in order to minimize the proximity of her food and water – which would be more or less forcing her to go back to the kind of confined space she used to live in – we brought the food, water (and love) to her!

Keeping her inside the spacious quarters of the Bolivian Lion House, so she could continue to feel and see the tangible improvements in her life, we spent the next couple days hand delivering food and water to her.

Each time we went into her enclosure to deliver her care package we would take the time to hold the dishes up to her face in order for her to even know the food and water was there. She was so disconnected that she was unable to realize we had just brought dinner to her.

Our love, patience and added effort began to pay off with Jonwah eating and drinking very well each time we would repeat the procedure. Her focus and ability to be aware of our presence and special deliveries of wonderful provisions improved hour-by-hour and day-by-day.

Soon, we felt her ability to eat, drink, stand and walk (although very wobbly) had improved to the point where she was ready for the medical assessment. We decided to take her to Colorado State University (CSU) Veterinary Teaching Hospital for the procedure since the odds of her having a mass that could turn out to be cancer was significant.

We were hoping it was a blockage of her intestines, as that would be far better than cancer, but even with that kind of diagnosis it could become fatal in certain circumstances. Yet, either way, having access to a

battery of specialized equipment and vast team of specialists that could address either outcome quickly was by far the best option for Jonwah.

The Sanctuary's on-site hospital is well equipped and has significant resources of its own, but in this case, the element of surprise in what we might find dictated we take her to the University hospital. Given their 36 year history of helping the Sanctuary with difficult cases, it was a very good option to have.

As the x-ray results came in over the digital network at CSU's radiograph lab, an ocean of doctors and clinicians standing around the monitors were relieved to see the near-basketball sized mass in Jonwah's abdomen was an intestinal blockage and not a tumor. Although that would present its own challenges, at least she wasn't facing a guaranteed impossible battle with cancer!

Now the question was what to do about the giant mass of hay that was bound up inside her. One doctor after another looked at the x-rays and subsequently palpated her abdomen to see what they thought was possible.



Each came to the conclusion she would need surgery to remove the mass since it had been there so long and was now rock hard. The x-rays even showed actual rocks entwined in the mass of hay, as well as other foreign objects yet to be determined.

However, everyone who had spent the last couple days with Jonwah knew she didn't have the residual energy to make it through a surgical procedure, let alone an extension of the sedation she was currently under, so the discussion had to continue. Eventually, everyone agreed there was a tiny fraction of chance that a major league enema might actually be able to reach the blockage.

Although the chance of this rock-hard mass moving or even letting the fluid get by its pinch-point was slim, it was still definitely worth a try! Yet, five two-liter bags later, there weren't any positive results to report. Her blockage remained unfathomed and time was running out.

What little energy she had was slipping away with every tick of the clock and we had to find a solution quickly. Luckily, Dr. Johnson had continued to massage Jonwah's belly while the team was pumping the enema fluid into her colon from beneath her tail.

As the fluid reached maximum capacity and everyone there was beginning to feel we were going to have to stop, Dr. Johnson began to have a puzzled look on her face and asked another doctor to reexamine the blockage from her perspective. Thankfully, the second opinion matched hers, with both doctors believing the mass might be getting just a tiny bit softer!

This meant the fluid was beginning to penetrate the mass, which could result in the blockage freeing up. Within minutes, the softness increased and everyone started to hope for possible movement. It was time to see about attacking the blockage with some form of outside intervention.

Like drawing straws, but with a specific bias, the room was scanned for a volunteer that could reach in and see if they could actually grab the downstream side of the hay mass. One of the anesthesiologists in attendance happened to be a very slender young lady with decisively small hands.

She agreed to do whatever was necessary to save Jonwah's life, and quickly put on the long-sleeved plastic glove that so many bovine/equine vets are familiar with. She jumped onto the oversized gurney and positioned herself directly behind Jonwah to begin the procedure.

Her small hands and arms were perfect and were able to reach within Jonwah to attempt grabbing the mass. Everyone in attendance focused their eyes on her face, as that was the only location anyone would receive confirmation or any sort of tell-tail sign she was succeeding.

Soon, her face began to reflect what her fingers were feeling. Her surprise in reaching the mass was clearly evident... but soon turned to confusion and anticipation as she began to process what she was feeling. Her body began to twist and adjust so that her arm's angle of attack would do the same.

The room was frozen with the exception of her movements and those of the second anesthesiologist who had taken over for her and was now adjusting Jonwah's oxygen level. It was literally a race between the internal battle, and the one going on outside of Jonwah's body, as both were being waged on her behalf.

Both were intense efforts to save her life and everyone was working in unison toward that goal. With a sudden plopping sound, everyone turned their attention from her face to the floor adjacent to the gurney holding Jonwah. There on the ground was a massive handful of hay!



With everyone so intently looking at the young anesthesiologist's face, no one had realized she had pulled a fist full of hay from within Jonwah's rectal cavity. And before everyone's amazement had time to register, the anesthesiologist's hand was already back inside Jonwah beginning to search for another handful of hay!

Handful after handful of hay sounded off with a dull plop as each enema-soaked mass hit the floor. The pile grew in size until everyone was quite astonished. It finally ceased rising after a river of enema fluid began flowing freely without the anesthesiologist's help.

Success! The blockage was removed and Jonwah was now freed from the ever-present pain caused by having such an incredibly-large mass stretching her colon to near eruptive proportion. Her lungs could now fill and flow freely without pressure from beneath.

It was an incredible moment to savor and one that everyone in the room understood. We had dodged a bullet by forgoing putting Jonwah through a significant surgical procedure, and were now able to bring her out of anesthesia.

Getting her back awake and breathing on her own was a critical requirement, so everyone worked diligently to get her off of the ventilator and back awake. The removal of the mass would not only help her breathing, but would also resolve her digestive track restriction.

The only remaining question now was if Jonwah would be able to fully recover from the devastating effects of a severely-stretched colon, as well as the months of nutritional deprivation that had affected her neurological system. The clearly-evident signs, such as her tongue hanging out, loss of balance, diminished mental processing capabilities and so many other unnatural behaviors were all tied to the months of neglect she had endured.

Only time would tell and it was up to us to get her home where she could begin the healing process. Dr. Johnson prescribed a battery of antibiotics, pain and other recovery-related medicines that would assist Johwah in her fight to come back from the edge.

Once she was back at the Sanctuary, we picked up where we had left off and reinstated her hourly "assisted living" routine. Her meals were delivered to her by caring staff and she even received hand messages in order to help comfort her aching body.

Slowly, she began to show signs of improvement and her appetite increased significantly. She is now being fed only red meat with no bones or high fat content in order to help her

intestines process both food and waste.

It is important to provide sustenance that will basically turn into a soft paste as it passes through her digestive system, since the peristaltic wave that would normally exist to assist moving food through her intestines and colon will not be able to function properly until they return to normal size.

There is no guarantee that they will, as there is a chance the colon was stretched beyond what her body can repair on its own. In some cases like this we have seen the colon shrink back to normal or near normal size, which would allow the intestines and colon to function properly... and in other cases it turned out to be impossible to recover fully.

The end result could be devastating and may require surgery after all, but so far Jonwah has been able to eliminate waste on her own – which is a very positive sign this early on. It simply means she is currently pushing the waste out with her abdominal muscles as she bears-down... which is really her only option until enough time passes for her colon to heal.

So for now the future looks bright for Jonwah and Njjarra, with everyone at the Sanctuary – including our medical staff – holding onto hope their positive progress will continue. Njjarra has had her eyes examined by a specialist that works with big cats and cataracts, so we expect to receive the plan toward repairing her slightly-impaired vision very soon.

Meanwhile, both girls will receive the very best care and attention possible, and we hope you will send your prayers and well-wishes their direction.

Jonwah's strength and mental cognition continues to improve daily so we are pleased by her progress - even though we all know she has a long road ahead of her.

We are so glad we were called in to save these two girls! The Animal Legal Defense Fund deserves an incredibly sincere thank you and pat on the back for championing their wellbeing - as well as that of the Tigers and Lemurs who were previously removed from the same roadside zoo. The work they do to gain the release of animals like Jonwah, Njjarra and even Ricki the Bear is incredible and we are eternally grateful for the work they put into providing a voice for those who cannot speak or defend themselves from abuse.

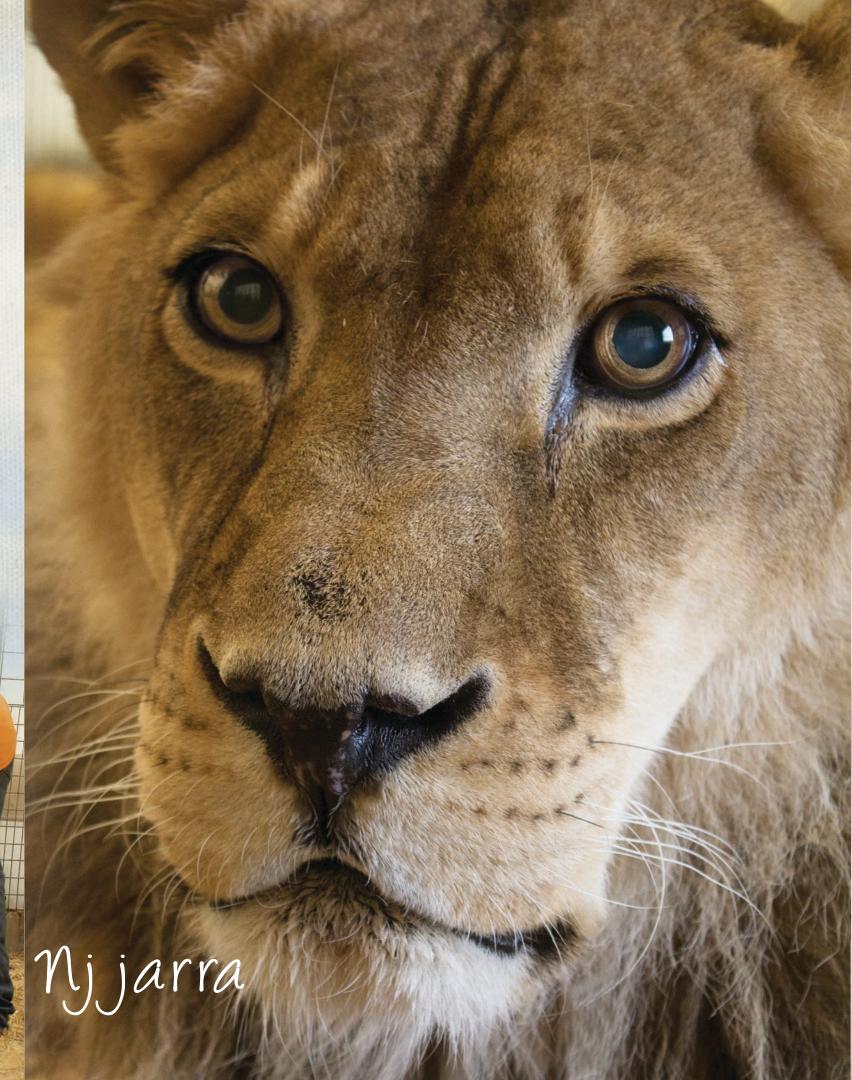
We also want to thank you, our supporters, who stand up for every animal in distress and help give them a voice as well. Your choice to get involved and help fund rescues like this one is nothing short of monumental, and there is no way for us to thank you adequately!

Jonwah is alive today because you chose to help provide the rescue and medical resources she needed. Both Njjarra and Jonwah will be able to live the rest of their lives in comfort and in the company of other Lions roaming freely in large natural habitats because you also provided for the infrastructure needed for their care.

Together, we can end the suffering of those who are being abused and neglected by others, and we can continue to educate hundreds of thousands of people each year concerning these atrocities. Jonwah and Njjarra can't thank you themselves, so we are speaking on their behalf when we say "THANK YOU FOR SAVING OUR LIVES!"

Bless you for caring and please stay posted for future updates on their progress!





lenerosity from the "Other Side"

questions supporters ask is, "How long do the animals live?" Of course, it varies with each species of animal, but in general animals at the Sanctuary live about 50% longer than their kin who live in the wild.

50% longer is just a rough estimation for the majority of the Sanctuary's animals since longevity varies a lot on an animal-by-animal basis. Sadly, a number of animals' lives will be shorter than that due to the abuse and neglect they suffered before being rescued—even with the world-class veterinary care they receive at the Sanctuary.

With that being said, Tigers and Lions can live 20-24 years while Bears can live 30-40 years. And some say our Camel, Morrison, and three Ostriches may live even longer than that! So it is easy to see that when the Sanctuary rescues an animal and promises it a forever home, it is no shortterm commitment.

For example, earlier this summer the Sanctuary rescued 12 Bears from Ohio and four of them are cubs born in 2016 no more than six or seven months old at present. Some quick and easy math tells us that these cubs will probably need to be cared for until at least the year 2050!

ne of the more common The year 2050, about 3 ½-decades in the future, is not meant to frighten anybody into non-action, but rather, let people know that The Wild Animal Sanctuary is serious about its commitment to our rescued animals. And though we wish it were otherwise, the problem of the Captive Wildlife Crisis most likely is not going to go away in the next few years.

> Therefore, not only is funding needed for current animal care. operations and land acquisition, it will continue to be needed for as long as animals are living in our habitats—living the lives of respect, safety and health they were previously deprived of and so deserve.

Just like Pat, the Sanctuary's founder, who almost did not begin rescuing excess zoo animals nearly 37 years ago, because it seemed like too big of a problem to even begin to tackle, so, too, many reading this may think they cannot make much of a difference.

And how wrong such thinking would be! The Wild Animal Sanctuary receives no government funding of any sort and it is only through the generosity of donors that it has been able to do its all-important work caring for those creatures who have no voice of their own.

Today's donations, monthly pledges and adoptions ensure funding in the shorter and

nearer term, but what about funding in the future?

Fortunately generous individuals include the Sanctuary in their estate plan (last will and testament) thus ensuring that their support continues even when they have passed to the Other Side through death.

The point here is not to be morbid or get into a discussion about what happens after we depart from this earthly life but, rather, how it is possible to continue one's philanthropic work once one has passed to the Great Beyond.

Because there are no more earthly monetary concerns, people are often able to leave substantially larger gifts upon their passing than when alive thus helping the Sanctuary carry out its mission in an even greater way.

Take for example a supporter named Stanley who began making a monthly pledge to the Sanctuary in August 2006 and at times over the years his donations were even matched by his place of employment.

For the next 10 years—until the spring of this year—he never missed a month's donation due to setting up an automatic monthly deduction as a part of his pledge commitment. His consistent actions demonstrated a deep and unwavering love for the animals and their wellbeing.

Then, quite sadly and outof-the-blue, this spring the Sanctuary was notified that Stanley had passed away and that he had included The Wild Animal Sanctuary in his will. The Sanctuary staff had no idea he had done this.

What an amazing surprise it has been over the past couple of months for Sanctuary staff members to see just how far-reaching and generous Stanley's gift was. As his estate has gone through probate, the Sanctuary has received tens of thousands of unrestricted dollars that have gone a long way to help complete needed habitat improvements and purchase pump equipment for new water wells. Rest in Peace and thank you from the bottom of our hearts, Stanley!

amassed the assets Stanley did in his life, but when it comes to caring for the animals, all amounts add up and make a big difference.

Supporters who would like to make a monthly pledge or include the Sanctuary in their estate plan can call our Development Office at (303) 536-0118.

Additional information can be found on our website:

www.wildanimalsanctuary.org

People that do inform us of their intent to make a bequest to the Sanctuary have the option of being enrolled into the Sanctuary's Circle of Life Society and can be recognized yearly for their benevolence. The 2016 appreciation luncheon was held this past April, and hundreds of loving members were in attendance.





readers may recall "The Music Man", a successful musical and popular motion picture starring Robert Preston and Shirley Jones. Besides its signature song, "76 Trombones", another favorite is "Ya Got Trouble (right here in River City)" where Professor Harold Hill tells the worried townspeople that they've got "trouble with a capital T".

Animal Sanctuary also has Trouble—in the form of a nearly-1/2 ton Brown Bear of the same name. But instead of River City, this Trouble can trace his origins back to coastal Alaska where he was wild born, which is a real rarity among the Sanctuary's 420+ animals.

Trouble was born in 1998 and sometime in the first two years of his life he became orphaned

jured his jaw—resulting in the loss of one of his canine teeth.

This now-mighty bruin was given the name Trouble because getting into 'it' began defining his life. As an orphan cub he repeatedly broke into the Alaska Zoo in Anchorage. No doubt he was looking for easy food, but his food following forays were also wreaking other havoc.

Naturally, something had to be done, and like most cases with Bears getting too close to humans one of the choices is putting the animal down. The other choice was to find a zoo where this adventuresome Bear could live out his life.

Fortunately for Trouble and all the people who have known and seen him over the years a municipal zoo in Minnesota was looking for a Brown Bear at the time. And for the next 16 years Trouble resided there and received much love, care and attention while sharing his enclosure with a female Kodiak Grizzly Bear until early 2015.

However, this Brown Bear enclosure was built in 1937 and with each passing year it became more and more substandard with regard to animal care requirements. And like in so many other cases, his care givers did everything they could with what they had to work with, to give Trouble the best life possible.

Then without warning, a giant flood caused the small stream that ran through the park to crest its banks and virtually wipe out the zoo. Most of the animals survived, but the zoo was more or less devastated by an excessive amount of water damage. Left with a great deal of devastation, the zoo made two correct decisions that landed Trouble in a new habitat at The Wild Animal

Sanctuary: the zoo made the decision to rebuild – but also chose to downsize their facility –necessitating the demolition of Trouble's enclosure, and then the zoo management made the heartfelt decision to find a new, permanent home for their beloved and publicly very popular Trouble.

In early May the Sanctuary's executive director was contacted by the zoo's Director of Animal Management who asked to come for a visit and to discuss Trouble's possible placement. As one would expect, the zoo director had done his homework and already knew a great deal about the Sanctuary and how well the animals are cared for.

His tour only confirmed everything he knew and believed about TWAS and he had no doubt that the Sanctuary would make the best possible Forever Home for the Native Alaskan Bear.

So later in May Trouble made the trip back west to his new home in Colorado. He was, of course, greeted as a long-lost son and was placed in a lock-out within a habitat. Lock-outs are used to allow new animals to begin getting used to their new home in a safe feeling and comfortably sized area prior to being released into their new habitat at-large.

Within a day or two Trouble began to do what Bears in

general, and Grizzlies in particular love to do: dig. Actually, given their incredible ability to move massive quantities of dirt it is more like excavation.

Trouble was simply enjoying doing what comes naturally, which was something he was unable to do in his previous home due to the wall-to-wall concrete floors that lined his exhibit. As a result, the Sanctuary's Operations/ Maintenance crew surrounded his lock-out with huge cement slabs to fortify Trouble's temporary enclosure with the expectation that his excavation skills could be cause for alarm.

Within a couple weeks Trouble was living in a multi-acre habitat located in the midst of many other Bear habitats. And even though the Sanctuary currently has over 160 Bears, he is not just a "number". None of the animals are. Each one is known and cared for as the individual that he or she is.

Trouble is getting more and more comfortable with his new life and home with each passing day and as can be seen in the accompanying photos, is even willing to ham it up for the photographer. No one at the Sanctuary is perfectly fluent in Brown Bear, but we're pretty sure he's giving a big "Thank You" to all the humans who have made his wonderful life possible.



VOLUNTEER SPOTLIGHT

Cody Heimann



What City do you live in? ~Boulder.

Where do you work? ~Animal Care intern at TWAS and Student at CU-Boulder.

What pets do you have? ~A Border Collie, Bentley and a cat, Blossom.

What is your favorite color? ~Yellow.

What made you decide to volunteer at the Sanctuary? ~I had visited a few times over the years, and been getting very interested in big cats, so i wanted an opportunity to get to know the animals and also to help out a the sanctuary.

What is your favorite volunteer task?

~Anything around the Round House and getting to spend time with my mom, who also is a volunteer.

What is your favorite thing about volunteering? ~Being able to help give the animals the lives they all deserve.

What do you dislike most about volunteering? ~Being outside when it gets really hot.

What year did you start volunteering? ~July 2014.

How often do you volunteer? ~2-3 times a month during the school year, but I'm here monday-friday over the summer!



Patty Sutterlin

What City do you live in? ~Brighton as of July 21.

Where do you work? ~ Girl Scouts of Colorado.

What pets do you have? ~2 cats (Timon 1 year old, Rafiki 3 years old); 2 greyhounds (Molly 13, Luna 10).

What is your favorite color? ~Purple.

What made you decide to volunteer at the Sanctuary? ~After visiting the sanctuary! ary I researched the facility. My beliefs in how animals should be cared for aligned with TWAS. Every animal deserves to be cared for and treated with the utmost respect.

What is your favorite volunteer task?

~I truly do not have a favorite.

What is your favorite thing about volunteering? ~Being around people who share a passion. Knowing that everything we do allows an animal to live out their lives loved and cared for. Seeing the animals healthy, happy and re' axed is priceless.

What do you dislike most about volunteering? ~ Not being able to be here more.

What year did you start volunteering?

~2014

How often do you volunteer? ~My goal is 4 days per month.

Busloads Of Bruins...

s so many of our longtime supporters have seen, we have been going to the State of Ohio for many years now. The Captive Wildlife Crisis was growing there for many years before the state finally passed a new and comprehensive law that restricted the ownership of exotic animals.

With their exotic animal auctions running rampant and backyard breeders selling cubs to anyone who would listen to them, the state had become saturated with wild and exotic

animals. The new law was a great step in the right direction, but the problem was so large there were bound to be issues with implementing the change.

One of the first things the state realized was there would be a need to build a holding facility where they could take in confiscated or abandoned animals and care for them until their court cases were over and/or they could find a new home for them. Once built, the facility would operate like a maximum security prison since the animals inside were dangerous, but even more so due to the

previous owners being crazy enough to want to break in and possibly steal their animals back.

So over the past five years or so, the state of Ohio has been operating this specialized facility and accumulating animals from various breeders, dealers and private citizens who thought they would have an exotic animal as a pet. Most would come and go in a somewhat regular fashion, with the less dangerous animals and smaller carnivores finding homes in Sanctuaries across the U.S. fairly easily.



However, the larger Lions, Tigers and Bears were not as easy to place and in many cases would end up staying at the facility longer than most of us would like to see. Some had lengthy court proceedings and could not be placed in a new home until the legal battle over their status had been completed.

Either way, the facility was not that large so there was a finite amount of space available, and from time to time, it was necessary to clean house by sending larger groups of animals out at one time. Such was the case when we were recently contacted by PETA and the Ohio Department of Agriculture (who were the folks in charge of running the facility).

It seemed Ohio had accumulated a large quantity of Black, Brown, Syrian and Grizzly Bears over the past couple years and were extremely motivated to get them out of the facility. Altogether a dozen Bears that had come from multiple facilities throughout the state had completed their legal battles and were now ready to go to a new home.

PETA had stated the Bears were in dire straits, with some being underweight, while others were obese. Some were declawed and suffering from intestinal parasites or broken teeth... and one Bear was emaciated and housed in a tiny cage inside a barn.

Three were living at a now defunct outfit called Heaven's Corner for Endangered Animals, and two of them had fractured teeth with exposed pulp and other painful issues. Cages at the roadside zoo were dilapidated and rusty, with some having sharp, jagged and rusted edges.

Since The Wild Animal Sanctuary is one of only a few Sanctuaries in the country that takes in Bears, and more importantly is the only one with large acreage natural habitats where bears can live together and roam freely, we were by far the best option for both entities to call. Of course our ability to participate would hinge on having enough space available for this busload of bruins... and thanks to our thoughtful supporters we did have a number of recentlybuilt habitats that could be allocated for this rescue.

PETA and the State of Ohio also chipped in, as did another wonderful animal friend from another state. Their gifts helped cover transportation costs and some of the special-built dens and other amenities we added to the habitats in order to meet the Bears' needs.

With a team of highly-trained animal care and operations staff, and a fleet of specialized trucks and trailers, the Sanctuary's rescue convoy was back on the road and

headed to Ohio one more time. Our plan was to get in and out of the state holding facility as quickly as possible so the Bears would not have to endure a lengthy loading process, while the state would be happy with our minimized presence.

Included in the Bear count were four cubs that belonged to two different mothers. One female had a single cub, while the other had three little rascals. We needed to get the cubs loaded without stressing the mothers and that would require some thoughtful planning on our part.

Some of you may already be imagining what might happen if someone were to grab a baby Bear while the mother was present... which wouldn't be pretty by anyone's standards! One ear-piercing scream from the cub would send the mother through the roof, so there was no way we were going to go in and just start grabbing cubs.

The only viable option in such tight quarters was to sedate the mothers and let them fall asleep. Yet, we couldn't do one at a time, as the mother of one set of cubs would panic just as easily hearing another baby cry, so we would need to sedate both mothers at the same time.

Once each mother was gently sedated and snoozing on the floor of their cage, we began to focus on the cubs. In both cases, the cubs were confused by their

mother's odd choice to sleep while strangers were present, so they instinctively chose to huddle next to their mothers for comfort.

Their quiet subdued demeanor only lasted until the first person laid hands on one and then all hell broke loose! Baby Bears are like baby Pigs when they are being chased, as they scream as loud as possible and run fast as lightning.

Luckily, their cage was not large so there was relatively no place to go but up the fencing on either side of the cage, which helped us to some degree. Grabbing the cubs from an elevated position while they were less mobile helped speed up the process, and all four were caught and loaded into their respective transport cages relatively quickly.

The mothers were also loaded into the transport crates with their babies so neither would be traumatized through separation. The cubs were very happy to be reunited with their mothers and all was well to move on to the remaining Bears.

The rest were loaded without incident and we were back on the road in a matter of a few hours. Now all that needed to be accomplished was to return to the Sanctuary where the rest of our team was busy preparing the temporary

introduction cages within three different habitats.

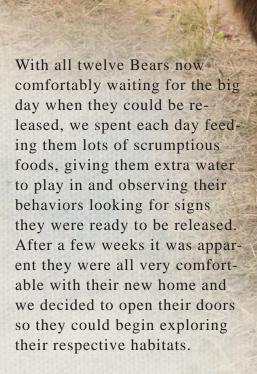
The mothers had been confiscated by the state from facilities that had long histories of breeding their Bears, so when they arrived at the state's holding facility both were already pregnant, and subsequently gave birth months later. The cubs had been born in January, so they were approximately 4 months old by the time we came to retrieve them.

When we returned to Colorado, the Bears' new digs were ready and waiting for them. We had prepared one habitat specifically for the mothers with cubs, but were also planning to allow the fathers of the cubs to live there as well since the facilities where these bears came from had kept the male/female pairs together for many years through breeding cycles and births without issue.

However, this would be the first time these mothers were able to keep and raise their young, so we would be monitoring the introduction process the entire time. It was going to be nice to see the mothers enjoying their babies as they grew, and given they would be going into a 20 acre habitat where they could run, play, swim and actually even hibernate together... we were very excited for them!

As usual, we placed each mother and cub(s) into their own introduction cage which was located

inside the spacious habitat so they could get used to the sights, sounds, smells and routines of the Sanctuary. The fathers were placed into their own introduction cages as well, while the remaining Grizzly and Black Bears were placed in two other habitats with introduction cages for each.





Once they realize there are plenty of dens and other structures to live in and employ as safe harbor, as well as finding lots of great things to play with - like ponds, logs, Bear toys, etc... they forget about their old cages and begin enjoying the habitats on a full time basis. Each Bear has their own level of comfort which is related to their background and where they came from.

For these twelve Bears, the only ones that didn't arrive with personal hang-ups were the cubs, since they had never known neglect, abuse or anything truly awful by having been born at the Ohio facility. They were ready from day one to go run and play out in the open, but their mothers weren't, so each time they went to run off like small children sprinting wildly during a day in the park... their mothers would huff and clack their teeth which is a specific danger call that urges the children to return and stay close to Mom.

Respectfully, they would come back and circle their mothers, all the while whining and moaning about being scolded and not getting to play. They were definitely ready to go have fun, but each mother wasn't quite ready to take her precious cargo into the vast wilderness just yet.

As the other Bears began to get used to their new spaces, and

gained confidence from their short jaunts outside the walls of the introduction cage, we waited and watched in order to see if we could do anything to help buffer their transitions. Yet, there really wasn't much that could be done other than be patient and give them time to figure out how great their new life would be if they just took a few more steps.

Finally, one by one starting with "Molly" the mother that had only one cub, they each discovered the wonderful amenities within their habitats. For Molly, it was fun to see her get far enough into the habitat to discover one of the underground dens, as well as a giant tank of fresh water.

Within seconds of discovering the cool, crisp water she climbed in for a nice refreshing bath. Her daughter "Betty Jean", who was now nearly six months old, was baffled at first but soon figured out how to climb up and over the side wall of the tank and joined her mother with great relief.

Splashing and playing, the two had a ball interacting with each other in the giant pool of water, which was something neither one had ever had the chance to do before! Frolicking in the water for quite some time eventually led to them getting out and chasing each other around in the tall grass.

They soon discovered one of the underground dens and quickly disappeared. Minutes later they emerged and continued playing tag with each other. This went on for hours as they made a point to explore every inch of the habitat.

By nightfall both Molly and Betty Jean were beat and headed for one of the dens to settle down and sleep. The other Bears had been watching the whole time, and one of the little female cubs named "Zelda" - from the mother "Ersila" who had three - kept moaning and calling out as if she missed her best friend.

Both Molly and Ersila had spent time in introduction pens purposely located just five feet from each other so the cubs were able to see one another and even play in a virtual manner by mimicking many of the behaviors that each set chose to do. Zelda and Betty Jean must have formed a bond from across the way and now that Betty Jean was out in the habitat, Zelda seemed to truly miss her.

Over time, Ersila began to feel more confident leaving her cage, but every time "Scott", "Zelda" and "Zoll" would start running around like little kids in a Walmart Store... Ersila would blow a fuse and gather them up and head back home. It was fine when they would all stay together, but whenever

they headed in three different directions, Ersila would begin to panic.

Eventually, the family of four began to manage their "re-main close and on guard at all times" skills and ventured much further into the habitat. Finally, one day Scott – the only male cub in the group, and by far the most ornery – discovered one of the large water tanks.

Within minutes, the party was on! Just like Molly and Betty Jean, this family went to town on the tank and its refreshing contents.

Never having the privilege of swimming in a large pool of water, it was great to see the cubs discover how awesome water really is! From that day forward, the cubs always looked forward to their trek to the public pool and Ersila became less concerned about the vast wilderness they were going into.

Along with the mothers and their cubs, many of the other Bears have begun exploring their new natural homes. Yet, we are still pretty early in the rehabilitation process, so it may take another month or two before they all gain the confidence and knowledge they need to fully enjoy the expansive part of their new home.

As winter comes knocking on Colorado's door, the Bears



should be ready to utilize their awesome underground dens for hibernation. First-year rescued Bears that never got to hibernate before usually take longer to fall asleep than others, but always do really well the second season.

We expect to continue our work in rehabilitating all of the Bruins that made the trip from Ohio to Colorado, and have great confidence in their ability to fully recover from the sorted pasts from which they came. Now that they have great food, lots of space and freedom to roam, as well as the company of other Bears who would love to have a friend, we look forward to watching them live happily ever after.

We hope those of you that would like to sponsor one of these Bears will take the time to drop us a line so we can get you set up as an adoptive parent. Otherwise you may want to come visit in person and spend some time watching the Bears as they follow their instincts while living in the habitats.

The Sanctuary now has many new high-powered binoculars that we freely lend for just that reason, since all of our 20 acre habitats allow the animals to be up close, or very far away. Come borrow a pair today and see if you can spot Zelda, Zoll, Scott and Betty Jean, that is, if they aren't playing in one of the water tanks and splashing so much that you can't even see them!

As always, we want to thank you for caring enough to help save these Bears, as they had no other option but to be put down if they couldn't come here. Without your wanting to help save them, and the added help of PETA, Ohio and our dear friend, our hands would have been tied.

On behalf of "Chaynn" "Romeo" - "Sherwood"
- "Sweet Baby" - "Wally"
- "Waylon" - "Ersila" "Zelda" - "Zoll" - "Scott"
- "Molly" and "Betty Jean"
we thank you for caring
about their lives!



The Old Swimmin' Hole is for More than Just Getting Wet

ith over 160 Bears and 40-plus Tigers, having enough large stock tanks, ponds and waterholes for these animals has always been an uphill battle that requires a great deal of resources to make a reality.

Of course, all of the Sanctuary's 420 or so animals need plenty of clean and fresh water for drinking on a daily basis. But in addition to that, Bears and Tigers especially love water for both soaking and playing in, and it is an essential part of an enriched life for them. At the present, we will speak more to how the Sanctuary's resident Bears utilize water.

To appreciate how important it is, one only has to think of Gus the Black Bear who arrived in 2014 with two other Black Bears from a dismal situation in New York State.

Gus went through the usual Bear introduction process and spent a few weeks in his habitat's lock-out structure getting acclimated to the new surroundings and being introduced to his new Bear neighbors.

Upon being allowed to venture forth from his lock-out, probably the first things Gus discovered was one of the habitat's large stock tanks. Within minutes this large Black Bear was nimbly perched on the tank's edge as he began to simply churn the water with his

powerful front legs—simply enjoying the feel and sound of splashing water—quite possibly for the first time in his life!

Likewise, those supporters who remember Max the Kodiak Grizzly arriving from Florida in 2013 vividly recall how this 1,600-pound brawny bruin, who could barely walk, immediately took to his enclosure's stock tank as he sought to relieve the pressure on his previously-injured and untreated spinal column.

Water literally became Max's salvation. Once he was moved to his large habitat with a specially excavated natural waterhole, Max began to swim and soak in the buoyant water on a frequent and regular basis.

As a result of Max's first year of his regular, and self-initiated, regimen of hydrotherapy, he regained the ability to walk almost normally and can now be seen strolling around his habitat by guests and supporters when he so-chooses.

Max, wisely, still spends quite a bit of time in either his stock tank or the waterhole because of the comfort and healing the H2O provides. Yet the natural substrate lining found in the walls of his pond included clay - which can be excessively slippery – so there were times when Max would have trouble exiting his pool.

In order to help Max with his favorite spot, we chose to line his naturalistic swimming hole

with concrete with a nice long set of stairs. Now Max can easily stroll up the stairs whenever he decides his therapy session is over.

Naturally, there are many, many more such tales to tell, but hopefully by now the reader is beginning to understand just how important water is for all the animals, and even more so for Bears and Tigers.

As the Sanctuary has received donated funds to do so over the past few years, more and deeper wells have been drilled across the Sanctuary's current 720-acre expanse. The drilling itself, electrical power and the pumps all add up to a fairly hefty expense per well.

With these new wells, the Operations and Animal Care many, if not most, of the habitats along with flow-thru waterholes.

Fortunately, a benefactor of the Sanctuary and the rescuer of Grizzly Bear cub, Eva, recognized just how important water is and recently made a donation to make major improvements to Eva and Marley's water feature.

Marley and Eva, whose story was so touchingly told in the Fall 2015 Newsletter, have been huge fans of their waterhole since being moved into their current habitat in June 2015. Untold thousands of guests have been amused for hours watching these two Grizzlies wrestle, play and frolic in their waterhole.

Being an earthen hole, it was subject to the water getting



edges and significant water loss. However, that has all changed since the waterhole is now concrete-lined.

And do Marley and Eva love it! Yes, they still frolic and swim and yes, they still wrestle and play—but now it is in water that stays cleaner and clearer longer. All of us who work, volunteer and support the Sanctuary, and especially Eva and Marley, extend a hearty "Thank You" to our generous supporter who made this new waterhole possible.

But this waterhole is much more than a garden-variety, backyard pool—at least concrete-wise. Because its primary users are Bears, the concrete is over a foot thick around the edge of the pool.

The Sanctuary staff learned by experience with Grizzlies Tiny, Tasha and Boris that tapering concrete to a nice smooth finish around the edges just does not work. Bears as a rule and Grizzlies to an even greater degree, simply love to dig and pull things up and out with their incredible claws and great strength.

Tiny, Tasha and Boris have snapped off (like people breaking a cracker it seems) areas of concrete around their pool over the years and then excavated underneath it—necessitating repairs and back-filling.

Needless to say, the Operations staff wanted to avoid such problems with any new concrete features so Eva and Marley's new hole has been greatly thickened and reinforced. Hopefully, it will stand the test of time and more importantly, the test of Grizzlies.

Shortly after Marley and Eva got their new pool, a new water well was drilled in the Tiger Roundhouse area near the Mountain Lion enclosure. This long-awaited well will now meet the needs of the Roundhouse and also supply water to the East Wolf, East Tiger and Mountain Lion habitats so each of them will now have a rivulet and flow-thru waterholes in addition to their water tanks.

As one can imagine, the Sanctuary staff is very excited about what this will mean to the animals who will benefit from the new and improved water features!



The other major beneficiaries of this new well will be the Black Bears living in the West Bear Habitat. With nearly two-dozen Bears living in here, keeping the many large stock tanks fresh and clean has required a lot of work over the years on behalf of the Animal Care Staff since each tank had to be cleaned and filled about three times a week.

But now that the Tiger Roundhouse area will have sufficient water from the new well, the water previously diverted from another location for the Roundhouse can supply a huge waterhole for these fortunate Bears.

In late August the new concrete-lined swimming hole was poured and filled with fresh water.

From the first moment water began flowing into the new hole (even before, actually), the Bears were checking it out with a sense of curiosity and anticipation. Then once the water was at least Bear-ankle deep, many of them began playing and splashing around in it and pushing around a large, red Boomer Ball.

Mind you, this new feature is quite large at over 120' in length and nearly 75' across and more than a few feet deep, so it didn't fill overnight. However, once it was full and the Bears got used to swimming laps in it, the new water hole became a giant hit!

As always, such necessities, amenities and features for the Sanctuary's animals are only possible because of the generous people who support the Sanctuary's mission and care for our wild, wonderful and wet animals. Thank you for your support!



Press Release

Sanctuary Opens New Welcome Center And Adds Another ½ Mile Of Walkway

After 37 years, The Wild Animal Sanctuary (TWAS) in Keenesburg not only has become the largest sanctuary in the world for rescued large carnivores; now, following the opening of its new Welcome Center this fall, "we're taking care of our human guests as well as we take care of our animals," says Executive Director Pat Craig.

The new, tented 48,000-square-foot structure—basically a biosphere—offers the amenities that its guests and supporters have been asking for since 1994, when TWAS moved from Lyons to Keenesburg, a half hour north of Denver and an hour east of Boulder. Designed by Craig, the center offers restrooms, food, shopping, information and spaces in which to relax—all under a cool, shady tent that is reminiscent of Denver's airport.

"We realized early on if our guests become uncomfortable, it impedes their learning about the world's Captive Wildlife Crisis," says Kent Drotar, the Sanctuary's Animal Ambassador and Education Director.

When TWAS moved to Keenesburg, no drinking water was available, no bathrooms, no shade, no food. "We always focus on what's best for the animals, and our visitors get that right away, but people needed food, bathrooms, water and a place to rest," Craig says.

In 2005, with donated concrete products recycled from the T-REX expansion of I-25, TWAS's first welcome center was built. In that space TWAS sold merchandise and tickets. But the number of guests—more than 200,000 last year—soon outgrew the 2,500 square foot structure, which housed the admissions desks, the gift shop and orientation sessions. "It became a log jam," Craig says.

"We needed to address a number of issues," Craig recalls. "Everything in this new space is in response to what had become an issue in the old space, or was directly requested by the public".

Today, the new complex is flanked by a 10-acre parking lot that alleviates the need for overflow parking and a secondary check-in area, which is what the Sanctuary had been utilizing previously.

Once inside, guests are greeted by life-size sculptures of African wildlife—created from scrap metal by Kenyan sculptors and shipped directly to TWAS. The sculptures are for sale—and indeed, the first shipment was immediately bought before the new center even opened and donated back to TWAS for a permanent display. Profits from the sale of sculptures are shared with the Kenyan artists.

After checking in at one of four admissions kiosks, guests watch the orientation video displayed on wall-size screens. They may shop in the new, spacious gift shop, admire the extensive, interior landscaping and water features, order fresh-cooked food in the new, cafeteria-style restaurant and enjoy treats from the ice cream store.

"It's like a mini-Main Street," says Craig, for guests strolling between the tall spruce trees, the flowing fountain, the picnic areas and the shops.

Besides the ice cream shop, restaurant and gift shop, a fourth building is a commissary amply equipped for caterers for TWAS fundraisers as well as private celebrations, family reunions and business dinners, meetings or retreats. All four buildings under the tent offer more than 10,000 square feet of connecting rooftop spaces with chairs and tables. Also available on the upper level is a 5,000 square foot interior reception area (plus an additional 4,000 square feet outside) for Sanctuary events, as well as weddings or corporate affairs.

"We're finally able to treat the humans really well, which maintains their interest in learning everything they can about our animals and where they came from," says Mr. Drotar.

The rooftops are accessible via the Grand Staircase, a winding, ADA-accessible ramp, and even an elevator! Once on the second story, guests can access the Mile into the Wild Walkway, which now has been expanded by half a mile, to reach the Bolivian Lion House. The elevated walkway, the longest pedestrian footbridge in the world, allows guests to watch the wildlife, without causing psychological stress to the animals, a concept pioneered by the Sanctuary. With the added half-mile, visits to TWAS will increase from an average of three to five hours to four to six hours now, Craig says.

The new Welcome Center was built with a loan for rural development from the USDA. It is self-sustaining. "We make sure that anything that costs money for human benefit pays for itself," Craig explains. The revenues generated in the gift shop, restaurant, ice cream shop and event rentals will go entirely to pay back the USDA loan. All donations and other revenues that are done in honor of or on behalf of the animals continue to go directly to the care of the animals.

"We've developed amazing ways to take care of and protect our animals," Craig says. "We wanted to replicate that for our guests, and feel we have succeeded. Everyone can now come, be comfortable, and enjoy the Sanctuary all year long!"





1946 County Road 53

Keenesburg, CO 80643

303-536-0118

information@wildlife-sanctuary.org

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