



Eve, JULIE LAWRENCE PHOTO.

Eve

EVE'S NAME BEFITTED HER: the period of time immediately before an event or occasion. Eve embodied that space in time. Her quiet, reserved and gentle soul was ever-present and unassuming.

Eve's history was a sad one. She was born at a roadside wolf attraction in Alaska and lived there for nine years on an eight-foot chain attached to a metal post. When she first came to Wolf Haven, it took several days before she ventured out of the deckpen into her enclosure. Thankfully Eve's curiosity won out,

and it wasn't long before she was fully exploring her new space and interacting with the wolves around her.

We are saddened by Eve's history but it is not how we remember her. We remember her striking eyes that shone against the grizzled gray coloring of her fur. We remember that she was gentle and a little shy and loved scent enrichment, often wriggling on her back enthusiastically as her companion Yukon looked on. We remember her following and investigating the animal care staff

in order to check out whatever they might be doing. We remember that though she was curious, she remained ever wary of humans.

Eve was also very stoic; she passed away of cancer quietly overnight in the comfort of her enclosure, with Yukon her companion. Never had she shown any signs of distress or discomfort. Eve died as she lived, ever the gentle, reserved and unassuming soul. We will always carry her wisdom with us. 