In mid-November, we said goodbye to Shiloh, a wolfdog who resided at Wolf Haven for nine of his ten years. Shiloh was humanely euthanized at the vet clinic due to a massive, inoperable tumor found in his abdomen.

It was a somber trip home from the vet that day, and as I stared at Shiloh’s lifeless body, I was reminded of the last time I rode in a van with Shiloh. We traveled to California to rescue him after he had been picked up as a stray by Ventura County Animal Control. Shiloh hunkered in the back of his crate with eyes as big as saucers as the miles rolled by. “Just wait” I remember telling him, “It will be ok, I promise.” And so it was. Shiloh was just over a year old when we rescued him – young and goofy and full of life. He came as a companion for Jesse, a female gray wolf four years his senior and she became his universe.

In the nine years they were housed together, very rarely would you see Jesse without Shiloh close behind. Even when she wanted her space and growled at him, he was never deterred – in fact it seemed to just egg him on and he would nip her rump or swat at her head if she tried to ignore him. Even now as I write this, I can’t help but smile as I think of him. I am ever reluctant to ascribe human “stuff” to our animals, but through his relationship with Jesse, Shiloh showed us all what it meant to “love” deeply and completely. What a beautiful legacy. Rest in peace, sweet Shiloh.