Monday, March 3 was like a bad dream. It was the day that our Siri, who had been with us for almost her entire life, left this world. Siri was part of the Idaho Pack and now only her sister Mehina is still with us. The Idaho pack was a family group of six wolf pups that Wolf Haven rescued from a hoarder in that state in 2000. Siri was of indescribable beauty. She was shy, but grew increasingly confident during her thirteen years at Wolf Haven.

As animal care staff was digging her grave, we talked about all the good memories we had of her, like how she and Kooskia, her brother and former mate, would lay low in the grass and play hide and seek with us (a trait she later taught her new mate Riley). In the summer when we would scrub and fill water tubs, she would pretend to grab the hose; I think she just liked watching us jump up and run to go pull it out so she could bite at the water. She was a great teacher for Riley, who became so bonded to her. When we discovered her on Monday, in obvious distress, Riley was standing guard in the deckpen watching over her. He was licking her head and tried to keep us from her. The feeling he had for Siri became painfully clear to us. It was heartbreaking to take her away from him, but we had to sedate Siri and take her to the vet. I wish more people could see and understand the intense and lasting bond that wolves share with one another.

Sadly, she did not get to come home with us. While still under anesthesia, Siri went into cardiac arrest, almost as if trying to make the decision for us.

I will never forget how honored and lucky I was to be able to care for her for so many years. I will treasure those memories forever. Revel In Paradise Siri.