

# The Mama's

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HERE AT WOLF HAVEN we have the honor of rescuing animals that would otherwise be killed or live the rest of their life in deplorable conditions. I have been on many rescue trips and seen the lives that these animals were given to live. None of them asked to be where we found them. They are merely placed into an existence, with little if any concern to what they want from their life.

When we met Mama's she was merely an empty shell, basing all of her choices on mere survival. Her body was weak, her mind was scattered, and her spirit was meek. She was slowly dying. The intangible feeling that was present on the property that Mama's was forced to call home was dark to say the least. There was so much fear, anger, sadness, and disparity on that land that it became an inescapable blanket that smothered all the life present. Though I only had a fleeting glimpse of this experience, the horrors that I saw and smelled will stick with me for a life time. The Mama's and her family knew bitter and no sweet. This had been her world for fifteen years. Unable to change it, she was forced to cope and continue.

We found Mama's in a dark dirty hole that she had crawled into. That hole was merely a physical manifestation of what she was like inside. Long ago she found a hole inside herself to crawl into and escape the horror that she was accustomed to calling her life. Mama's was on the verge of giving up when we found her. She had enough fight to flee from us and huddle inside of a dilapidated shelter box. At that point she just wanted to be left alone so that she could find the end of her road. Mama's was letting go of all the bad and what



The Mama's spent the best part of her life in a beautifully wooded enclosure here at Wolf Haven. PHOTO BY JULIE LAWRENCE.

little good she had left.

She had no clue that we were given the honor to be her guardians. Mama's had no clue that we were her friends, as we tried to extirpate her from this never ending nightmare that had started fifteen years ago. She had no clue that we would take her from this place never to return again. She did not know that she wouldn't have to walk over dead family members to find water collected in trash, to fill her basic need for thirst again. Mama's was unaware that she would be able to eat good wholesome food, brought to her by the hands of friends. She did not understand that we would not bother her until she needed us. She wondered why it was so important to us that she had clean, dry straw to sleep on, never before was such a fuss made over her. Mama's didn't understand any of this because for so long love and empathy was not a part of her life. She must have wondered, why now? Why would one human

imprison me for an eternity in hell while another carefully spreads my bedding out so that I may sleep well? Mama's soon became familiar with a better life. She did a lot more living here in the two years that she was with us then the fifteen that she spent in Idaho.

It must have been like two totally different lives, the only similarity was you, though while you were here you were a much different girl. You were able to find yourself at last here amongst love and respect. The words I am sorry, cannot contain the sadness that I have for you and your family. Your life should not have been filled with such evil. I understand why you never truly opened up to any of us. I will not pretend to understand what you went through, but I will remember what I experienced. I am thankful that you were able to look upon a human and know that you were safe, to know that we can be good as well as bad. We were not close friends, but you knew that we were different from the other humans that you were given along your journey. We gave you love, and though unfamiliar and odd you knew what it was. Those times that we would share a moment of stillness, and I would tell you that I loved you were very important to me, and possibly more important to you than I ever knew. I am proud to be your guardian Mama's. It is an honor that I hope to carry on throughout my life. I will always remember that brief moment in the shelter box in Idaho. That is where you and I exchanged a precious bond of trust. That moment sits next to my heart as a treasure. Till next time, Mama's.

