



# PAW Shakes

The Newsletter of the Partnership for Animal Welfare 🐾 Spring 2018  
PO Box 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 🐾 [www.paw-rescue.org](http://www.paw-rescue.org)

## Remarkable Transformations

By Bob Klein, with Tracy Crotty and Julie Marks

This is the story of four dogs whose lives were a misery and of how love, care in a safe environment, and rescue groups to look after them turned their lives into a joy. One of them, David, I fostered then adopted several years ago, and the other three were PAW foster dogs.



Amos takes a stroll

David was a cocker spaniel who spent his first 12 years in a rabbit hutch as a puppy-mill stud. I was fostering PAW dogs at the time and a cocker adoption volunteer with ties to PAW, who knew that my wife and I took in difficult dogs, convinced me to bring David into my house. How could I *not* help him? He was allowed out of his puppy-mill cage occasionally to help make more puppy-mill cocker spaniels. He was dumped by the puppy mill when his eye became ulcerated and they couldn't be bothered with treating him. Imagine the pain.

Luckily David was scooped up by a rescue group, and he came to me—minus an eye. He was afraid of everything. The first week or so at my home he stayed hidden in his crate with the door open. We decided to close the crate door after coaxing him out to encourage him to interact with us and the other resident dogs. He slowly came around, acclimating to scary things like that green spiky stuff that grows in the yard and the dreaded steps. And suddenly, it seemed, he turned into a puppy! Little David was now looking for trouble: shoes, trash cans . . . anything he discovered, culminating in his chewing through my printer cable. I wasn't happy about the cable, but I just had to love seeing him act like a real dog—a youngster even. David only lived about a year, but I like to think it was the best year of his life.

PAW very recently had three dogs in our ranks who had endured horrible neglect. Amos had more medical problems than can be described in this account. He obviously had little to no medical care or nurturing. Mr. Pie and Banjo were taken from a home as cruelty cases. They were living in a barn when Animal Control found them. The older male, Mr. Pie, was somehow stuck to a dog house and couldn't move.

I fostered Mr. Pie, and he spent the first two weeks at our house hiding and trying to stay out of the way. He slowly gained confidence, which accelerated



Banjo and Mr. Pie, paws in sync

into his charging around with the other dogs. But then, Mr. Pie got into everything. As with David, no unguarded shoe was safe, and trash cans were among his favorite targets. When he chewed through a lamp electrical cord (with hardly any teeth) I knew that he, too, had regressed to puppyhood.

I told this story to the volunteers who fostered Banjo and Amos—because it was a funny, touching story, and, lo and behold, both fosters had similar stories about their hard-luck pups. Banjo's foster said, "I'm having a similar experience with Banjo. He's getting into things. Yesterday he got into a small space and tried to chew a cord that was close by. He picks up things he shouldn't and chews on them. He loves running around chasing after my dogs." Amos's foster had these comments: "He plays nonstop with all the dog toys and balls he can get hold of, and he'll go into the kitchen and grab

water bottles with his mouth. When he's outside, he goes to the recycling bin and grabs empty cans and bottles and walks around with them."

These four dogs from soul-crushing environments have gone through remarkable transformations. However, these changes didn't occur overnight. It took them a while to realize that where they were living was safe. In each case, there were other dogs in the house. I have no doubt that these

terrified dogs took their cues from the other dogs, as if the others were saying, "It's okay—no one's going to hurt you," or "Let's go out in the yard," or "It's dinner time!" By following the other dogs' leads, Amos, Mr. Pie, and Banjo started running with the pack and doing the things young dogs naturally do. They were finally having all the good puppy times they were deprived of in their earlier lives of neglect and abuse.

There is a wonderful conclusion to this story. Banjo and Mr. Pie have been adopted into the same forever home. Their new mom says that they follow each other around, coming more and more out of their shells, and leading the good, carefree life that all dogs deserve. Amos has been adopted into a home that his foster mom was delighted with, and she says Amos is much loved in his new happily-ever-after paradise.

## Happy Endings

One of our favorite parts of being a PAW volunteer is helping the animals find their forever homes. We love hearing happy stories from adopters and wanted to share some here.



### Two cats and me

By Jean Newcomb

**W**e're now in our third year together. I scooped up Mac (Malcolm Cedar), a Maine Coon tabby, from PAW two years ago. Along with Connie from another rescue group (who looks just like Mac), we all went home together. And now, we are strangers no more, having forged a unique and quite congenial unit with an occasional uprising that dissipates with no harm done to anyone. Fur flies, but peace



**Malcolm Cedar**

settles in once compromise is reached and energetic bursts retreat.

Mac had been returned to PAW after an unsuccessful stint with another family who already had a long-established feline member. The bonding did not happen, but coincidentally, because I had tried to adopt him earlier, and he was returned the same time I showed up to see other cats, I had my papers in order. I got a chance to see if our fate was sealed after all. He was going home with me and another tabby that looked just like him. All of us strangers, no one sure what would happen.

Well, so far so good—we're a blended family that was completely unplanned, but we're making progress day by day. Mac likes rough-housing and Connie lets him know when enough is enough. He has learned to temper his enthusiasm for such spontaneous bursts of exuberance, and she makes herself clear when he has crossed the line. They actually seem to



**Connie lounging**

kiss and make up, head-butting after the fur settles.

Together they play, and they wake me up at the same time in the morning, take bird-watching seriously, visit running water anywhere (bathroom and kitchen sinks, especially the shower), chase one another up and down the stairs, and chirp at squirrels. They let me know their litter box needs attention immediately after use by casting penetrating stares in my direction. Both are crazy for pounc-

ing on light beams from lasers that dance all over. It's convenient that my house is equipped with so many useful perches—chairs, a long couch, tables, benches, chests, a closet of shelves, bookcases unencumbered by stuff, and a loft that was tailor-made for a leaping lord and lady cat of the house. Convenient, too, that I removed my lamps that impeded the flow of furry beings making the rounds.

Mac surprises me often, and he absolutely loves company. No human visitor goes unexplored and he routinely guides all willing fingers toward his ears and throat for a massage. He has taught me that when he places his paw on my chin, he wants my fingers on *his* chin as well. Recently, for the first time, he decided his bed is less desirable than mine, so he climbed under the covers during the worst of this past winter's arctic blast. He spent the night snoring away, and definitely warmer.

I really didn't expect to learn how gregarious a cat can be; I've found no evidence here that cats, by nature, are solitary creatures. We all three agree that we can't wait for spring to appear; even a Maine Coon says the icy cold is best left to the polar bears.

## The story of Hope and Tico

*By John Moyer*

**H**ope came into my life when I wasn't planning to adopt. My son Max (a Jack Russell terrier mix) had recently passed away at 15 years old, and I never could have prepared myself for the intense grief during that time. I couldn't sleep or eat, and the thought of repeating that experience was not even on my radar. I know what you're thinking. It's selfish to not adopt and I would agree with you now, but at the time my heart was completely and unquestionably broken.



*BFFs Tico and Hope*

Then came Hope—and a divine intervention, of sorts. Hope's original name was Rosie, but I changed her name to Hope because that is what she restored in me on many levels. Hope was on a transport from Kentucky, where she was thought to be a runaway in an area of the state where beagle mixes are abandoned or shot if they don't learn to hunt. After a whole lot of soul searching that afternoon, April 19, 2014, and interpreting the signs that were undeniable, I adopted my Hope.

Unfortunately, Hope was experiencing a high degree of separation distress (a disorder confirmed by my veterinarian). Any loud noises caused severe anxiety. Although I didn't have much information about Hope's background or history, her condition was understandable, given her earlier environment.

I tried everything to increase the quality of her life. To start, I took her to positive obedience training. Then came ThunderShirts, homeopathic treatments, dog-appeasing pheromone diffusers for the wall socket, relaxing music, TV at a low volume, and then fluoxetine, among many other suggestions. I decided to try fluoxetine as one of two last resorts and it seemed to help.

However, a Maltipoo named Tico made the biggest difference in Hope's life. He was rescued by PAW from Prince George's County Animal Services. The first interaction between Tico and Hope was a non-starter.

They barely acknowledged each other. Even so, I was approved for a home visit, during which they seemed to enjoy each other's company. Jodi Koehn-Pike and Julie Marks were very insightful and saw a wonderful friendship in the making. They were right!

Tico and Hope have grown to respect and care for each other in our little pack. I see the transition take place daily. They accompany me to work at the Humane Society of the United States, where we have a "Pets in the Workplace" policy. I seriously couldn't be prouder of my babies, Tico and Hope! I love them with all my heart. Tico has a lot of confidence and is a comedian. I think those attributes have rubbed off a little on Hope. I think that Tico has learned from Hope too. She still has short terms of anxiety, but Tico comforts her with his companionship, and they truly seem to complete each other.

Thanks to Jodi, Julie, and Bill (Tico's foster dad) for allowing Tico to become a huge part of my family. I couldn't imagine a day without my Tico or Hope.

## The life of Riley

*By Meghan Sweeney*

**R**iley was two years old, 19 pounds, and feral for half his life when he came into our home. Most people who meet Riley can't believe someone

opened their door and purposely let him wander free, out of their homes, and into the wilderness. He was microchipped when PAW found him. PAW called his owner who no longer wanted him. These are the unfortunate circumstances he endured before becoming a member of our family.

The first time we met Riley was in a park behind a strip mall. He chewed on the leash and when his escape attempt failed, tried to drag his foster mom on a nearby foot trail between the neighborhood and



**Riley at rest**

the shopping center. He was more interested in exploring the unknowns of the path behind us than he was in meeting his new potential family. That was fine by us. We were looking for an athletic dog who would be able to comfortably live with us in an apartment, hike with us, run with us, and take road trips with us in the back of our jeep.

His foster mom explained that Riley was a dog who could easily spend hours watching TV or running long distances, and he'd be just as happy doing either. She told us how sweet he was and how he would often try to cuddle on her lap. She asked us to think him over and let her know if we wanted to proceed with the adoption. I declared him our dog the moment my spouse and I were alone in the car. My spouse, a first-time dog owner, nervously agreed.

Riley arrived Memorial Day weekend—one day after we unpacked our new apartment. He was more interested in his new toys than receiving my all-too-eager affection. He growled and snapped at me. His foster mom explained it takes about six weeks for dogs to settle in. I understood where he was coming from. I also did not like to be smothered with affection, particularly by strangers. I was already in love with Riley and knew we were kindred spirits.

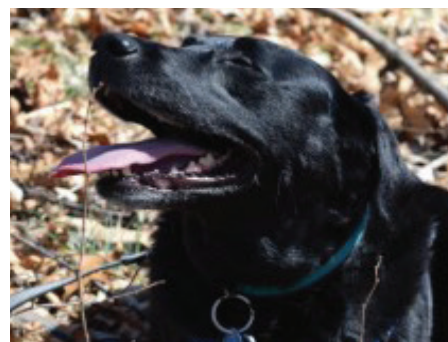
My spouse laid out a series of strict ground rules primarily centered on dogs on the furniture. That night as we settled in for bed, my spouse expected to see Riley dutifully asleep on his pillow in the bedroom. Instead, Riley waited beside our bed for his welcome to the land of soft pillows and warm blankets. My spouse turned to me, then to Riley and said, “Just this once,” and patted the mattress. Riley has slept with us every night, sleeping everywhere from on our heads to snuggling up next to us on our pillows.

He loves long evenings on the couch, dozing beneath blankets and occasionally sitting with us at the kitchen table when we have company after the food is put away. Riley turned into our best friend and the missing piece of our family. He enjoys car trips with cheesy pop music and long walks in Rock Creek Park. His favorite place is on our lap. If he can't be there, he will settle for lying across our feet. We never expected to have a 30-pound lapdog who hogs all the blankets when we settle in for a movie night. We never expected to have a dog who loves to sleep and cuddle so much that when we wake him up earlier than 6:00 a.m. he refuses to leave the bed and will leave only if we carry him to the front door. But now that we do, I couldn't imagine any other way of life.

## Liz Lemon loves life

*By Hannah Krug*

Three summers ago, following the difficult losses of two pets, my wife and I decided it was time to start looking for a dog again. We knew of PAW thanks to our colleague, Marc Pound, and so we checked out the website. We fell in love with five-and-a-half-year-old black lab Penny as soon as we saw her listing. She was described by her foster mom as “kooky,” so we chose an appropriately kooky name for her—Liz Lemon, Tina



**Liz soaking up the sun**

Fey's character on the TV show *30 Rock* (it's easy to tell who has or has not seen the show, as when people ask her name, there are two reactions: complete confusion or utter delight!).

Liz Lemon has been the perfect addition to our household. She's so excited to play with other dogs on walks that people think she's a puppy; only her grey chin and her occasional hobble give away her age. If she had her way, she'd spend every single minute playing fetch with her trusty tennis ball, as long as there were occasional breaks for food, belly rubs, and squirrel chasing.

She and our eight-year-old tabby Simba bonded very quickly and have become the best of friends. I'll often come home from work to find that they've spent the day snuggling on the couch together. When we last moved apartments, we kept Simba behind until the moving company finished.

Liz Lemon became more agitated than we'd ever seen her, and we didn't figure out why until she finally calmed down once we went back to the old place and retrieved Simba. She thought she had lost her brother! We always try to make their vet appointments together, as each is so much more relaxed when the other is around.

We are so thankful to PAW for rescuing Liz Lemon from the shelter, fostering her, and helping us find her. We had suffered two pet traumas within nine months of each other, so we thought it would be just us and Simba for a while, but she came to us at the perfect time and has been the perfect dog. She's playful, loyal, and sweet as can be to humans and pets alike. We'll be forever grateful for the PAW volunteers who made this happen.

## Ziggy—meant to be

By Maria Aguiar



Ziggy walking in blossoms

He's cute! He's friendly! He's smart! These are the words to describe our dog. He came into our lives at just the right time. The stars aligned for him to be ours. For a long time, our daughter had asked for a dog, but we never had one because we worked long hours and sometimes traveled. Instead, we always dog-sat for our friends' dogs, especially my neighbor's dog. This dog was half ours, half theirs. One year I dog-sat her for the entire summer. After she went home, I missed having a dog in my

life, so I talked to my family and we decided to adopt a dog.

We came across the picture of an adorable dog on the PAW website and I immediately loved him. His sad eyes caught my attention. We applied for him and then had a home visit from his foster mom. When he arrived with his foster mom at our house, he was like a toddler—wandering, exploring, discovering—yet always coming back to his foster mom to give kisses. I knew this was our dog! Coincidentally, the day of that visit was our daughter's birthday *and* his foster mom's birthday. It was a day of celebration! I had a house full of guests and everybody petted the dog. We loved him, but we knew that it was a big decision and we needed to be certain.

I prayed for a sign that *this* dog was meant to be *our* dog and that we could give him a happy life. A little later, my daughter's boyfriend came by the house with some flowers, and as I was arranging them in a vase, I found the card with an image of a painting by the Spanish painter Miro. The painting was from his series *Constellations* and was called "Figures and Dog in Front of the Sun." For me, it was just the sign I needed!

We prepared the house for our dog and bought everything needed

to bring him home. The day he came to us, he cried for a few hours after his foster parents left—but then, he sat next to my daughter and chose her as the love of his life. Of course, he loves all of us but the way he looks at my daughter is special. From that moment, he was ours. Our beloved dog was now part of the family.

We named him Ziggy and we kept his PAW name Peanut as his middle name because it is part of his history. He soon adapted perfectly to our schedule. He chose a red armchair in our living room to be his observation post of the neighborhood. He loves looking out the window (I say it's his TV). He loves going on walks with his dad, mom, and sister. His favorite toy is a lamb and his favorite spot to take a nap is under the guest-bedroom bed. I tell everybody that he is my son. I joke that he has the same color eyes as his sister's.

Our lives have been full of kisses, barks, love, and laughter since he arrived. I now know the real love a dog can give and receive. As the saying goes, "If you want to know love, adopt a dog." How true! I tell everybody "Your life is better with a dog by your side. Adopt one!" Thank you, PAW, for giving my family this dog!

### Membership/Donation Form For Partnership for Animal Welfare, Inc. PO BOX 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 • [www.paw-rescue.org](http://www.paw-rescue.org) • 301-572-4PAW



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#### Please make checks payable to the Partnership for Animal Welfare and mail to the address on this form. The animals thank you.

The Partnership for Animal Welfare is an officially recognized non-profit organization which is funded through donations and adoption fees. Donations are tax-deductible (Tax ID # 52-1979581). If you would like to help, you can do so by donating money, earmarking your charitable donations to PAW, helping with some of our fundraising activities, or donating food, blankets and other supplies.



## Donations in Honor of and In Memory of . . .

### In honor of people:

In honor of Al Dyson, by Ken & Cathy Dyson  
In honor of Alan Jenkins, by Trevor & Rachel Jenkins  
In honor of Alice Bishop, by Kathlin Smith & Bernard Van Leer  
In honor of all PAW volunteers, by Joe & JoAnn Lamp  
In honor of Bob & Cindy Edmonson, by Anonymous  
In honor of Dr. Barbara Henderson, by Nancey E. Parker  
In honor of Jan & Greg Dunn, by Deborah Boettcher  
In honor of Joanna Lee & Andrew Bouis, by Whitney Moore  
In honor of Jodi & Greg Pike, by Lisa Skrzycki  
In honor of Joyce Shore, by Dale McNeill  
In honor of Katherine McKnight, by Trevor & Rachel Jenkins  
In honor of Kyle Jacobs, by Ken Greenleaf  
In honor of Lawanna Houchens, by Christine Flaker  
In honor of Lily & Dave McIntyre, for finding my cat, by Sally Wechsler  
In honor of Lisa Altmann, by Anonymous  
In honor of Maddie & Audrey Martin, by David VanDelinder  
In honor of Mike, by KB Management LLC  
In honor of Mrs. Louise Pike Short, William H. Pike, and Mrs. Mary Maier, by Albert Pike  
In honor of Nancy & Dennis Schiavone, by Dawn Crist  
In honor of Patsy, Breagan, & Dorothy Murphy, by Carol Smith  
In honor of Robin Vinopal & Michael Hickey, by Linda Cronin  
In honor of Stephanie Lewis, by Anonymous, Paula Stern, Jennifer Reichbach, Lois S. Cohen, Evelyn Pinsky, Lissa Baumann, Laura Loeb, Nita Kramer, Elaine Geisinger, Maureen Scott, Jenna Steckler, Lee Stern, Lynn Klein, and Ann Fleming  
In honor of Sue Silver, by Inara Gravitis  
In honor of the work of Mike & Phyllis Courlander, by Paul and Emily Singer  
In honor of Van Nguyen, by Anonymous

### In memory of people:

In loving memory of my father, Walter, by Bob & Karen Huguley  
In memory of Anna Klein, by Bob & Nancy Klein  
In memory of Bruce Rager, by Twyla

Henderson & Michael Backenheimer  
In memory of Bud Terry, by Joe & Becky DuVall  
In memory of Debbie Breuer, by Sue Miller and Carol Broadhurst  
In memory of Dongsuk Shin, by Anonymous  
In memory of Harley P. Garret, by Regina Greaves and Margaret Harris  
In memory of Jim Scott, by Michael Backenheimer & Twyla Henderson  
In memory of Joan Mulligan, by Don & Carey Randall, Jeffery Hendershot, and Robert & Carol Dowling  
In memory of Linda Mona, by Diane Haddick  
In memory of Mary Janicke, by Jeanette McCarthy, Jean Francis, and her friends at ACA  
In memory of Mary Lou Taylor, by Ilene Pollack  
In memory of my loving grandmother, Maxine Chidester, by Kristin & Donald Greulich  
In memory of my mother, who first taught me to love all animals, by Mary C. Scott & Cindy Todd  
In memory of Robert Walton, by Rosemary Kuperberg, Janell Gaucher, and Anonymous  
In memory of Suzanne Mattingly on what would have been her 61st birthday, by her sister, Beverly, and her mother, Charlene

### In honor of pets:

In honor of Barley, by Brian & Helga Thomson  
In honor of Addie, by Kim Geary & family  
In honor of Annabelle, by Lawrence & Beth Pratt  
In honor of Bandit (FKA Rocco), by Nichole Priolo  
In honor of Bodie, by Barbara Giddo  
In honor of Buttercup, by Anna Butler  
In honor of Casey, our adopted PAW dog, by Wendy & Jay Smith  
In honor of Crystal, by Linda & Steve Friedman  
In honor of Ernie, by Cheryl & Patricia Johnson  
In honor of former PAW pups, Maurice, Frida, & Nigel, by Erin Antognoli  
In honor of Gandalf, by Anonymous  
In honor of Gretchen, by Dianne Thompson & Robert Kengle  
In honor of Izzie, by Jane Cantor  
In honor of Jorge, by Lou Zell and Sam Joshi  
In honor of Kaden, by Anna Butler

and Donna Jones  
In honor of Kash, by Laura Kinney, Sharon House, and Cynthia Eaton  
In honor of Keifer, by Donna Moore and Karen Douglas  
In honor of Lili, by Barbara Rubin  
In honor of Lilly, by Jeremy Weirich  
In honor of Lola, by Ilene Pollack  
In honor of Luna, by Barbara & Joe Haurand  
In honor of Mee & Jamie, my inside cats, by Iris Rainone  
In honor of Mellie, by Ed Renaud  
In honor of my cat, by Carmen Revenga  
In honor of my granddogs, Ales, Charlie, Joey, Molly, & Winston, by Catherine Wiedenmann  
In honor of PAW cats, Dash & Violet, by the Loftus Family  
In honor of PAW dog, Kira, by Kerri Phillips  
In honor of Sophie, by T & Wayne Humphries  
In honor of Winston Churchill Bear, by Caroline & Jon Bolas  
In honor of Ziggy, by Carolina Aguiar  
In honor of Zoe, by Robert & Carol Dowling

### In memory of pets:

In loving memory of our tortoise shells, Katie & Raven, born in July 1999 and adopted from PAW in December 2004, by Ms. Kyle Z. & Mr. Alan G.R. Bell  
In memory of Annie, my PAW rescue dog, by Nancy Galloway  
In memory of Ayla (formerly Savannah), adopted from PAW in January 2004, by Mary Meinhold  
In memory of Barnabas "Nab" Thomas, a gentle & playful soul, by Kristin & Donald Greulich  
In memory of Blue, Duchess, & Kobe, by Eloise Ross Rubincam  
In memory of Bourbon Greulich, by Linda & George Uram  
In memory of Brandi & Laci, by Carol Kossuth  
In memory of Chewy, loved by the Caponiti family, by Amy Bleich & Mike Simpson  
In memory of Clancy, the most beautiful kitty in the world, by Joanne Goldman  
In memory of Cricket, Rascal, & Roscoe, by Catherine Wiedenmann  
In memory of dearest Kiku & her brother Musashi, both of whom are truly missed, by Gordon & Linda Aoyagi  
In memory of Fernando, beloved cat of Brian and Glenn, by Diana Gough

# Mary E. Janicke

## March 23, 1926 – August 11, 2017

By Amy Bleich

Long-time PAW volunteer Mary Janicke did anything and everything she could for our organization. She was a fundraiser, weekly adoption-show transporter, foster, dog walker, Board member, and host of yard sales, among many other things. When she started with PAW, she was already in her 70's and still working, but she was able to drive for PAW transports and volunteer.



Mary loved all the animals but was especially fond of big dogs. She was amazingly kind and giving, but what always struck me was her strength, dedication, and resolve. Mary could handle and walk some of the big guys, which required a lot of physical strength. She helped with basket bingo events and worked the PAW booth at Bowie Baysox baseball games in the heat and on her feet for hours on end. Remarkable. Few her age have the life force to give so much, for so long, even if they *do* have the resolve.

Yes, the past few years she had stopped driving her beloved Mustang and couldn't join us to volunteer, but she was nearing 90 and had been helping out at least weekly well into her 80s. How special is that? Everyone, please lift a glass to Mary. Many, many, PAW animals were waiting to see her last August at the Rainbow Bridge.

In memory of Goldie, by Charlotte Ryan  
 In memory of graceful Jasper, by Diana J. Watson  
 In memory of Hampton, by Suzanne & Trey Goulden  
 In memory of Hoover Coogan, by Catherine Keen  
 In memory of Jinx, my beloved childhood cocker spaniel, by Michael Weiss  
 In memory of Kate, by Jennie & Lou Pilato  
 In memory of Kramer—forever in our hearts, by Michael Backenheimer & Twyla Henderson  
 In memory of Lacey, Sammy, & Pookie, by John & Jan Burtt  
 In memory of Lily, by Jennifer & Alvin Mineart  
 In memory of Lily, by Maleen Godwin  
 In memory of Lovey & Lucy, by Karen & Arnie Reznak  
 In memory of Luke (aka Man Cat) & Zoe the Toe, by Skye & Daniel Chacon  
 In memory of Maggie, by Philip Wood  
 In memory of Marco, by Dorna Richardson  
 In memory of Miss Phee, my precious kitty who left way too soon, by Gail Golden  
 In memory of Monty, by Pawtricity Partners, LLC  
 In memory of my beloved kitty, Finnegan, by Rosalind Elahi  
 In memory of our PAW dog, Tru. He passed 5 years ago, but is never forgotten,

by Leslie Plant  
 In memory of our "easy dog," Marble, by Donna & Brian Almquist  
 In memory of our beloved PAW dog, Tyke, by Kathleen Beres & Miller Einsel  
 In memory of our cat, BlackJack, by Ellen & Judd Moul  
 In memory of our dog, Tazz, and his "cousins" Sparkie & Skipper, by Kevin & Karla Moore  
 In memory of PAW dog, Kate, by Louise Davidson  
 In memory of Pyewacker, Fluff, & Breezy, by Penny LeRoy  
 In memory of Rhett, by Bee L. Attkisson  
 In memory of Rosie, by Jo Ann Tolson  
 In memory of Rudy, loved by the Yom/Buxton family, by Amy Bleich & Mike Simpson  
 In memory of Samantha, by Deborah Niver  
 In memory of Senator Pickles, by Faith Williams  
 In memory of Shelby Altmann, by Anonymous  
 In memory of Shelby, by Elaine Wishnow  
 In memory of Shelly, a wonderful Sheltie who gave us 14 great years, by Barbara Seth  
 In memory of Sophie (cat), adopted from PAW in May 2003, by Kathleen Murray  
 In memory of Suzi, by Don & Terri Lundy  
 In memory of Tommy, adopted from PAW (2003), by Catherine Shea  
 In memory of Twinkie, Chris Lord's

darling foster, by Susan Tipton & Frederic Margolis

### In honor of people and pets:

In honor of Stephanie Lewis and Jenni's adoption, by Lisa Reiner  
 In honor of Smokey, my beautiful black dog, and Jodi Koehn-Pike & Sue Silver, by Joan Gardner

### In memory of people and pets:

In memory of Curly, our beloved miniature poodle, and Rosemary Watton, who fostered him in 1999, by Elizabeth Seastrum  
 In memory of my mother, Ruth, cousin Roy, and PAW cat Megan, by Carol Rathburn & Diane Geiman

### In memory of pets and in honor of people:

In memory of LeRoy, my beloved mixed terrier, and in honor of Amy Bleich, who got him out of the shelter in 1997, by Katrina Boverman

### In memory of people and in honor of pets:

In memory of Suzanne Mattingly and in honor of Zeke, by Dennis & Cindy Cunningham



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## PAW Shakes to . . .

- PAW's ADOPTION SHOW HELPERS, DRIVERS, and FUNDRAISING VOLUNTEERS for sacrificing many hours throughout the week to help keep our group going.
- PAW's KENNEL BUDDIES, who exercise and socialize our kennel dogs all week.
- TRANSPORTERS, who take them to and from the vets. The dogs and cats are so grateful.
- PAW's FOSTER and ADOPTIVE FAMILIES—we couldn't save lives without you.
- VETERINARIANS AND STAFF at Beltsville Veterinary Hospital, Beltway Referral Associates, Chesapeake Veterinary Cardiology Associates, Behavior Medicine/Amy Pike, DVM, DACVB of the Veterinary Referral Center of Northern Virginia, College Park Animal Hospital, Dr. Boyd's Veterinary Resort, Kenhaven Animal Hospital, Metropolitan Emergency Animal Clinic, The Spay Spot, Vets Inc./Blue Ridge Veterinary Associates, VCA Veterinary Referral Associates, Veterinary Dentistry and Oral Surgery, and Veterinary Orthopedic and Sports Medicine Group for providing reduced-cost medical care to PAW's homeless dogs and cats.
- TRAINERS Beth Joy, Adrienne Crank, Banu Qureshi, Joyce Loebig, Sarah Manipady, Sarah Stoycos, Jen Boyd-Morin, and Jennifer Owens for their generosity, help, and training advice for our more challenging dogs.
- YOUR DOG'S FRIEND, Debra Ekman for offering free workshops, training referrals, and more.
- DALE'S PET GROOMING in Laurel, Dale Martins for free grooming of PAW dogs and cats.
- PRESTON COUNTRY CLUB FOR PETS in Columbia, owner Fred Wolpert, Quan Harper, Nikki Ice, Sarah Horstkamp, Tyler Crotty, and all our friends at Preston.
- RUFF HOUSE DOGGY DAY CAMP & SLUMBER PARTY in Rockville, where owner Sidd Kashyap provides a safe and fun environment with excellent service and loving care for our dogs.
- SNIFFERS DOGGIE RETREAT in Rockville, owners Hillary Stains and Laura Mathieson Green, for boarding some of our dogs at discounted rates, and all Sniffers staff, especially Kate Byrne, Bryan Dowall, and Ashley Blandford for the care and kindness they show our pups.
- PRINTING IMAGES for printing this newsletter at reduced cost.
- LAST BUT NEVER LEAST, Maryland-area PETSMAST, PETCO, and MIGHTY HEALTHY PET stores for hosting our weekly dog and cat adoption shows.

## PAW Shakes

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*Editors:* Lisande Bissonette and Jodi Koehn-Pike

Partnership for Animal Welfare, Inc.  
P.O. Box 1074  
Greenbelt, Maryland 20768  
(301) 572-4PAW (4729)  
[www.paw-rescue.org](http://www.paw-rescue.org)

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