



PAW Shakes

The Newsletter of the Partnership for Animal Welfare ■ Spring 2020
PO Box 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 ■ www.paw-rescue.org

Finding my passion in fostering

By Tracy Crotty

Quite often I am asked “How did you become a volunteer with PAW?” My reply is always the same: My son fell in love with a big brute of a dog named Rufus. At the time we had a 15-year-old border collie named Rex who was nearing the end of his life with us. My husband was firm that he was the last dog he would ever have, to which I would think, snickering (behind his back), “When Rex goes, we’re getting *two*.”

One of my sons, Tyler, worked at Preston Country Club for Pets. He kept telling my husband and me about this great dog he was in love with and how he should be our next dog. My husband was receptive to the idea. Since Rex was not in the best shape physically, I thought we should postpone bringing a new dog into our home until after he passed.

In mid-April, it was time. Rex was in a lot of pain and it was decided that he did not have much quality of life. The entire family dropped everything and gathered together to be with our loyal and loving family member as he entered a more peaceful and pain-free world. We were devastated.

Five people lived in our house; however, with Rex gone the house felt quiet, empty, and lonely. The next day my husband asked if Tyler had mentioned anything more about Rufus. We knew Tyler had been talking to



Cricket, Lily—and Rufus!



Rufus snuggles with Lily

some of the PAW volunteers when they came in to walk Rufus about our family possibly fostering or adopting him. I told him no and said, “I know enough about the rescue to know they will not consider us until we put in an application.” On my hearing the words “Let’s put one in,” I immediately went to my computer and filled out an application to foster and submitted it.

Having just lost our beloved Rex, we were not sure what we were looking for in a new pup, so I thought fostering would be the best way to help a homeless pet while we figured out what we wanted in our next fur baby. By the end of the week, we were joyful at having a dog again. While we were adjusting to having a lively dog in the house, Rufus was settling in as well. It did not take long for us to fall in love with him and “fail” as fosters. (For those who don’t know, a “foster fail” means that the foster parents failed as fosters—fell in love with the dog and adopted him.) Six weeks after Rufus first arrived, we signed the adoption forms. We were thrilled. He

had filled a hole in our lives left by the passing of our Rex.

We still wanted to continue to help the rescue and foster, so I was encouraged to attend a volunteer orientation. With that done, I began attending adoption shows, walking dogs, and fostering. Our working

with Rufus, who slowly started having issues with leash aggression and new people coming to the house, combined with my learning about the varying personalities of dogs PAW rescued, I learned a lot about myself and about dogs. My husband and I now have three adopted dogs (Cricket and Lily,

in addition to Rufus—all foster fails), and our sons have a PAW cat and dog (both foster fails). We continue to foster when we can. Because of PAW I have become a better dog person and handler, and I have found that my passion lies in the best place possible—in fostering the fur babies we call dogs.

16 foster dogs = 16 lives saved

By Julie Marks

When I started volunteering with PAW seven years ago, I had no intention of fostering. I didn't think I was strong enough to take care of, and then give up, a fur baby. My plan was to help at adoption events and with dog walking. And I did just that. I quickly fell in love with the volunteer work and began helping at adoption shows every weekend and walking kenneled dogs in the evenings when I could. Attending most of the adoption shows allowed me to meet and talk with people who were already fostering. I could see how much it helped the dogs who were being fostered.

Slowly the little voice in my head said maybe I could do this. I got the push I needed when my then-teenaged son said to the person in charge "My mom wants to foster." Before I knew



Macy and Rowan, two of Julie's 16 fosters



it, I was bringing my first foster home. She was a little one-year-old poodle. She stayed with me for about five weeks before finding her forever family. Did I get attached to her? You bet I did! And when I took her to her new home, I cried, I mean I was *ugly* crying. I vowed I would not do that again. Other fosters assured me that the first one or two are always the hardest and it got easier with time. But I was steadfast in my belief I could not do it again.

Time marched on, and I continued to walk dogs and help at adoption events. About two months after I said I would never foster again, I met Jaxson, a spunky little silky terrier who needed a foster. I decided to try again. This

little dog had a big personality. He stayed with me for a full 10 months—yes, it took 10 months to find him a home! But this time, I knew my family wasn't quite the right fit for him, and we waited until we found the perfect family for him. (He is now very spoiled and living a happy life!) This time, when I did *his* adoption, I managed to get out of the adopter's house, drive down the street, pull into a school parking lot, and *then* cry. Ah, progress!

One of the things I like about fostering for an all-breed rescue is that I get the opportunity to have all types of dogs. Besides the silky terrier and poodle, I have had lab mixes, schnauzer mixes, a beagle, a bichon, dachshunds,



Jaxson, the spunky silky terrier

shepherd mixes, and the list goes on. I continue to foster, and at this point I have had 16 fosters. That is a small number compared to some of my fellow foster parents. But just think, that is 16 lives saved! If I had kept my first

foster, I would not have gone on to save 15 more dogs! (Well, confession: I did keep one of my foster dogs.) Is it hard to give them up? Yes. Some are harder than others and I get a bit teary-eyed with each one, but I know when

they get adopted it allows me to save another dog. And if I ever think about stopping, I will head down to my local shelter and look at all the dogs waiting for a home. It is not always easy, but it's always worth it!

Fostering—the purr-fect prelude to adoption

By Rain Hall, Michelle LaRocca, and Heather Nawrocki

Cats and kittens need to be socialized, loved, and nurtured, just as humans and dogs do. Cats' inclination toward independence—as some humans view their behavior—belies their need for connection and bonding. Rain, Michelle, and Heather share some of their cat and kitten foster stories below.

Rain: I met Jay when he came to an adoption show in August of 2018. He wanted to meet Bobby whom I was fostering. Bobby was so sweet but very afraid when I got him, and it took a long time for him to let me scratch him under his chin. I couldn't touch the rest of him. He hid from me for a long time, but I could tell that he really wanted to be loved. I told Jay all about him and what a sweet and special boy he was, and Jay ended up adopting him and a kitten named Mango. It



Chase, camera-shy Cassidy, and Duncan

took a month for Jay to be able to scratch Bobby under his chin, but Jay never gave up on him. Bobby loves attention now and purrs to his heart's content while sleeping with Mango. Jay now says that getting his two furry companions far exceeded his expectations. It's so wonderful to see

these cats flourish and know that I played a role in helping them find a safe, happy, healthy home!

Michelle: Three kittens were found in a box in the middle of the street by a woman in my community. She had no idea what to do. I have been fostering kittens for

many years and offered to take them in. I reached out to PAW to see if they might consider taking them on to help them find homes, and to my delight, the cat coordinator said yes! I named them Chase, Cassidy, and Duncan, and continued to foster them, watching their daily antics, learning to play and purr until they were old enough to be taken to PAW adoption shows to find their loving, forever homes. It was gratifying to rescue these adorable, defenseless kittens who needed a helping hand (a PAW) to simply survive—but how they flourished!

Heather: Savannah and her five two-week-old kittens were transferred to PAW and became my fosters late last year. I've always enjoyed fostering kittens but appreciate it when there is a mama cat to help clean and feed them.

Among Savannah's litter was a tiny, orange tabby boy who was quite a bit smaller than his siblings, so I named him Munchkin. Despite his clear spunkiness and will to live, he just wasn't getting enough nutrition from mama. His siblings kept pushing him out of the way.

So, I became Mama Number 2, bottle feeding him three times a day. He was an eager, demanding eater, always drinking up the formula as fast as he could. But then one day,



Beautiful blue boy Bobby



Resilient little Munchkin

he didn't look quite right—he was so lethargic that I became worried that he was crashing, and his life could be in danger. We went to the ER in the middle of the night, and a good thing too: he had become dehydrated, which can be deadly for kittens. The vet fixed him up and home we went.

A couple of weeks later, his future adopter came to meet his sister and

brother; she wanted to adopt a pair of kittens. But Munchkin so charmed her with his spunk and personality—and by falling asleep in her lap—that she decided she had room at home for *three* kittens. It was a little hard to say goodbye to Munchkin, but any sadness I had about his leaving with his new mom was replaced with joy on seeing the photos of all three of them thriving in their new home— together forever.

Southern hounds: updates on Slim, Fred, Buck—and Monroe!

By Lalynn Kurash, Kayla Mitchell, and Alisha Rohrer

We catch up with the hounds whose path from foster dogs to family members was covered in the last issue, and we share Monroe's happy news. All four have gone from abandonment, abuse, and neglect to being coddled by hound-smitten humans, and baying and romping with their pals.

Lalynn: Oscar and Slim continue to host sleepovers and playdates with adoptable PAW pups. Walks with Fred and family are as fun as ever, with Fred and Oscar keeping a watchful eye on golfers while Slim and Daisy (Fred's sister) sprint farther ahead on the path, out of view! We also miss our boy Buck, but he's living the good life with his mom Kayla and his little brother Cash.

The beloved Monroe was recently adopted by his adoring family which includes his parents, Gail and Dave, and his fur siblings. He completed basic obedience training and just needed a chance to show off his smart, awesome self! I credit the perfect hosts Oscar and Slim with showing Monroe



Slim, Oscar, Lalynn's nephew Beau, and Monroe (upper-right)

the ropes of living happily in a home environment.

Kayla: Buck is such a momma's boy—he follows me to every room all day and he loves to lounge on his special spot on the couch. I have a large picture window, so he likes to lie at that end of the couch and soak up the sunshine coming through the window. He is so gentle with his human sister (Aubree) and is pretty fond of sharing her bed with her. His four-legged brother Cash gets



Slim and Monroe, friends forever

the best of him sometimes—nipping his legs and just plain annoying him when he's trying to be lazy. They get jealous of each other when it comes to attention from me. Buck isn't very fond of loud trucks or any vehicle with a noisy exhaust. It might have something to do with his not-so-great background and the terrible people who mistreated him. Other than that, he's a great, well-adjusted boy. He fills my heart with so much love and joy. I'm grateful to be able to spoil him



Monroe with Dave and Gail, and Lallynn

as much as he deserves to be spoiled.

Alisha: Slim, Oscar, Daisy, and Fred still get together for their walks. Lately we have been trying to avoid the deer in the park because once one starts howling, there is no stopping them! We always have treat time after our walks thanks to Aunt Lallynn!

Fred, thoughts: "If I stare at the treats long enough, they will magically appear in my mouth. Carrots! I love carrots, blueberries, watermelon, broccoli, and frozen green beans. Mom, you forgot

to put yummys in my dinner." He is *extremely* food motivated!

Fred loves cuddling up next to the fireplace during the cold winter months. He curls up into the smallest little circle possible and tucks his nose under his legs. I think it is the most adorable thing. I love knowing that he feels safe and comfortable and will forever have a warm and happy home. Sometimes he gives me a look that says, "Thank you for loving me," and it just melts my heart. He has grown into such an affectionate dog, which at first, I would have never imagined. Fred is the first to snuggle up next to me on the couch and nuzzle me until he finds his way under the blanket.

Currently we are working on learning "spin." Fred was super-quick to catch on to sit, down, and leave it. He has no concept of "stay," but we blame that on his being so friendly and sociable. He can't stand to miss a thing!

The plight of the Southern hound

You've probably heard the expression "That dog won't hunt."

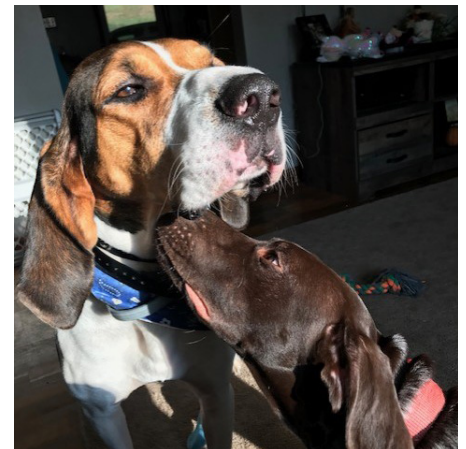
It happens at the end of every hunting season, mainly in our Southern states. Hounds show up on roadsides, at dumps, and in backyard trash cans searching for a morsel of food. They are victims of a practice shelters and rescue groups call "hound dumping." They might be young dogs who won't hunt; thus, their owners have no use for them. Or—they might be older dogs whose hunting days are over. Or—they might have simply wandered off and their owners don't bother to search for them. While many owners of hunting dogs are responsible and caring, many are not.

In some areas of the South, take a walk down the road and you'll probably see a hound chained up in the backyard. Sometimes a hound's value is measured as a single bullet. Ask former PAW dog Buck. The tragic story of the Southern hound isn't as well known as that of pit bulls, racing greyhounds, or even the galgos of Spain, but it's just as heartbreaking.

Coonhounds, foxhounds, and beagles are considered working breeds. As such, they are exempt from most of the already-lax animal cruelty laws of the South. Also, the notion that hounds don't make good pets is a fallacy, but it makes it harder for the lucky ones who escape lives of neglect and abuse to get adopted.

The truth is that former hunting hounds make excellent companions; they simply need to be socialized a bit more than other dogs because most have not been treated as family members—some have never even been inside a home. This alone should motivate potential adopters to consider hounds. The next time you search for a new family member, go meet coonhounds, foxhounds, or beagles at your local shelter or rescue.

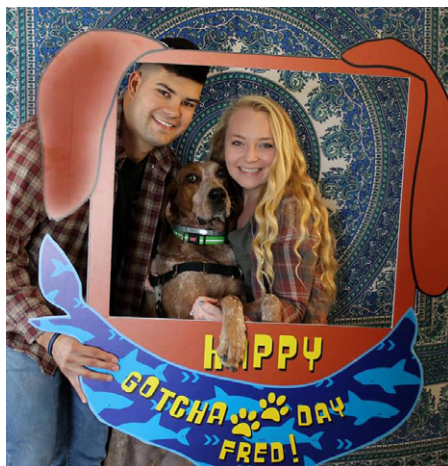
Just look at the rewards of investing time in dogs like Slim, Fred, Buck, and Monroe!



Buck and little brother Cash



Handsome Fred in a sunflower field



Arran, Alisha, and Fred

We celebrated Fred's Gotcha Day in October with Slim, Oscar, and his sister Daisy! I could write an entire book on how much I love Fred and how entertaining he is. When I walk in the door after work, he impatiently waits for me to sit on the floor and give him kisses.

Here is my Fred story of the year: Fred pulled me down and dragged me through a mud puddle right before my fiancé Arran proposed. I was covered in mud and was *so mad at him*—for about a minute. Leave it to Fred to “muck up” a life-changing moment yet provide a funny story I can tell my grandchildren decades from now.



Announcing WOOFIE'S FUND!

By Michael Weiss

When I was a boy, my family had an adorable black cocker spaniel named Jinx. But we lived in an apartment, Jinx would occasionally bark, and after perhaps a year or so, my parents, who knew little about how to train or take care of a dog, gave him away.

I never got over it. For the next 50 years, I always wanted a dog of my own, a dog like Jinx, but my career made it impossible for me to give a dog the time and attention that I would want to give.

Finally, when I turned 60 and had retired, the moment had come. Although I had always retained a special love for cocker spaniels (especially *black* cocker spaniels!), I needed to be careful about my allergies. That was when I made the happy discovery of cockapoos, whose dominant non-shedding gene (courtesy of their poodle half) was great for allergies!

After a lot of searching, in 2005, from upstate New York, I adopted Woofie, whose name I had dreamed up many years earlier and had saved quietly in my heart. He became the center of my life, and I loved him dearly. But sadly, at age 13½, he succumbed to kidney disease.

As a way of honoring and keeping alive Woofie's memory, I asked PAW to create Woofie's Fund. I will be endowing Woofie's Fund now and into the future, and my wish is that the Fund will help PAW continue its wonderful work of rescuing animals for many, many years to come.



Michael and Woofie

Membership/Donation Form for Partnership for Animal Welfare, Inc.

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PLEASE CHECK AS MANY AS APPLY:

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☐ Volunteer: I am willing to help in the following capacity:

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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 all PAW volunteers, by Joe and JoAnn Lamp
In honor of Amy Bleich, who rescued my dear beloved dog and many others, by Katrina Boverman
In honor of Charles Elchinger, by Sharon Estes
In honor of Chester Seiden, by Cheryl & Steven Morris
In honor of Daniel Aldana, by Kathleen Zajackowski
In honor of Dr. Barbara Henderson, by Nancey E. Parker
In honor of Dr. Tom McMichael, celebrating his recent retirement and his multiple decades of caring for numerous PAW animals and volunteers, by Katrina Boverman
In honor of Drs. Lou Montgomery and Sherril Moon, by Lisa & Peter Wells
In honor of Jan & Greg Dunn, by Deborah Boettcher
In honor of Jo Hahn—thanks for helping out, by Bob and Nancy Klein
In honor of Mrs. Louise Pike Short, Mr. William H. Pike, and Mrs. Mary Maier, by Albert Pike
In honor of Natalie Cummings, foster for Hockner & Ruby, by Charles Smith
In honor of past & present PAW volunteers, by Ginnie Maurer
In honor of Twyla Henderson & Mike Backenheimer, by Vicki Scott
In honor of Twyla Henderson, by Michael Backenheimer

In memory of people:

In loving memory of Diane C. Ronchi, who adopted many cats and dogs over her lifetime, by Katrina Boverman
In memory of Betty Lightner, by Ilene Pollack & Kenneth Lightner, Jr.
In memory of Bud Terry, by Joe and Becky DuVall
In memory of Carol Landou, loving mother of our colleague, Jeff Landou, by NARA N6C staff
In memory of Christian Lay Bailey, by Steve & Shelly Morrison
In memory of Debbie Breuer, by Sue Miller
In memory of James S. Young, by Christina Young
In memory of Linda Mona, by Diane Haddick
In memory of my wife, Sylvia J. Hargrove-Haberman, by John Haberman
In memory of Selma Berger, by Steve & Shelly Morrison
In memory of Suzanne Mattingly, by Dennis & Cindy Cunningham
In memory of Sylvia J. Hargrove-Haberman, by John, Michael, Edward, & Nicholas Haberman

In memory of William “Bill” Mortfeld and his heart for animal rescue, by Elizabeth Borgwardt
In memory of Frank Bennett, who passed away at the age of 5 months, by Terri Bennett and family

In honor of people and pets:

In honor of Cindy/Mink, and Tracy, for finding us our forever girl, by Lis Unger
In honor of Hilary Swann and Speedo, by Mandy Swann

In memory of people and pets:

In memory of Jane Cantor and Pepper & Bart, by Mary Miceli
In memory of Rosemary & Pepper, by James & Jo Carol Porter

In honor of pets:

In honor of Annabelle, by Lawrence & Beth Pratt
In honor of Annie, by Carol H. Boettinger
In honor of Bellini, by Madeleine Oakley
In honor of Caleb, by John Nilsson & Jennifer Knight
In honor of Darla Kitty, by Kathy Freund
In honor of Ernie, by Cheryl & Patricia Johnson
In honor of Gretchen, by Dianne Thompson & Robert Kengle
In honor of Junie, by Junie & Matt Haley
In honor of Kate & Bella, by Jennie & Lou Pilato
In honor of Lily, by Jeremy Weirich
In honor of my pound dogs, by R. David Gary
In honor of our wonderful PAW rescue, Monty (AKA Ruffles), by Susan & Richard Burger
In honor of PAW dog, Casey, and in memory of PAW dog, Coakley, by Wendy & Jay Smith
In honor of Peach, by Eleanor Glatly
In honor of Piper, by Gina Shamsak
In honor of Rossini & Bellini, by Frieda Weise
In honor of Sadie, by Suzanne Dawley
In honor of Sophie, by T & Wayne Humphries
In honor of Thelma Lou, by Gilan & Tim Hanagan
In honor of Tippy (now Jasie), by Elizabeth Symonds & Clayton Englar
In honor of Whiskey, by Joshua & Jennifer Keeps
In honor of Winston & Ziti, by Jennifer & Alvin Mineart
In honor of Ziggy, by Carolina Cerrone

In memory of pets:

In loving memory of Camellia, a 2001 PAW kitty adoption, by Judy Tuttle
In loving memory of Katie & Raven, by Ms. Kyle Z. & Mr. Alan G.R. Bell
In memory of Chelsea, Yuri, & Megan, by Carol Rathburn & Diane Geiman

In memory of Cheyenne, by Charles and Charlotte Trainor
In memory of Cosi & Luna, by Julia Marshall
In memory of Cricket, by Karen Drake
In memory of Curly, our beloved miniature poodle adopted from PAW in 1999, by Elizabeth Seastrum
In memory of Daphne, Sandra Pressman's beloved canine companion who filled her heart with love for close to 17 years, by Michael Weiss
In memory of Delilah, by Sara Tappan
In memory of Duffy, Rags, Norman, Sam, & Daisy, by Joseph Chapdelaine
In memory of Dylan, Tucker, & Dary, by Madeleine Oakley
In memory of Faye, Bella, & Cammie, by Pauline Lee
In memory of Gershwin, Rusty, & Honeysuckle, by Mary Lou Starling
In memory of Joy, my godcat, by Linda Ward
In memory of Kemper & Blackjack, by Ellen & Judd Moul
In memory of Kramer, by Michael Backenheimer & Twyla Henderson. Forever in our hearts.
In memory of Leroy, my beloved scruff bunny mixed terrier, by Katrina Boverman
In memory of Lily & Amon, by Jennifer & Alvin Mineart
In memory of Lily, by Maleen Godwin
In memory of Luke, AKA Man Cat, & Zoe the Toe, by Skye & Daniel Chacon
In memory of Marco, by Dorna Richardson
In memory of Max & Tallulah, by Elinore Tibbetts
In memory of my best friend/dog, Tazz, by Kevin & Karla Moore
In memory of my granddog, Alex, by Catherine Wiedenmann. Miss you Buddy—Gee
In memory of my PAW dog, Billy, by Catherine Stirling
In memory of Nicholas, Sandra Pressman's beloved feline companion for 18 years, by Michael Weiss
In memory of Olivia, best deaf gal ever, by Jackie Threatte
In memory of our beautiful girl, Marble, by Donna & Brian Almquist
In memory of our beloved Lacey, by John and Jan Burtt
In memory of Pebbles, the beloved mastiff, by Carolyn Kujawa & Melvin Schools
In memory of Storm, our gray cat adopted from PAW, by Barbara Evans
In memory of wonderful pets: Bourbon, Kaiser, Willow & Tabitha Greulich, by Linda & George Uram
In wonderful memory of our PAW dog, Tyke—a handsome boxer/mastiff mix who lived to 13½ years, by Kathleen Beres & Miller Einsel



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- 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; Animal Behavior and Wellness Center & Amy Pike, DVM, DACVB, Jessey Scheip, and Kayla Paugh; College Park Animal Hospital; Dr. Boyd's Veterinary Resort; Pet+ER/Columbia, MD; and CVCA/Columbia, MD for providing reduced-cost medical care to PAW's homeless dogs and cats.
- TRAINERS Beth Joy, Joyce Loebig, Sarah Stoycos, Jen Boyd-Morin, and Jennifer Owens, and Jackie Moyano 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, Sarah Horstkamp, Tyler Crotty, and all our friends at Preston.
- 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 for the kindness and energy they give to PAW dogs.
- PUP SCOUTS BOARDING AND DAYCAMP in Rockville, owner Henry Toberman, and Monica Franco for the TLC they show our dogs.
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