

PAW Shakes



Partnership for Animal Welfare Newsletter · Spring 2024
PO Box 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 · www.paw-rescue.org

Thank You, Babies!

BY MICHELLE GAMES

In 2007, freshly separated, getting divorced, feeling devastated, I did what any normal person would do - jumped online and started looking for a doggie companion. My search led me to a scraggly, skinny little terrier from Georgia and rescued by a tiny operation based in Pennsylvania. One application and home visit later I found myself doggie mother to Charlie.

Charlie was a scamp—full of mischief and some kind of mix (who knows what). He must have had beagle in him because he loved to walk and had a nose that could find anything. He gave me the joy and companionship that helped get me through that hard year. I felt guilty leaving him home alone all day while I went to work, so I decided it was time for a second dog.

This time I found another little terrier. Her name was Missy but she soon had many nicknames like Mimi, Smimi (sweet mimi), and the little engine that could. She started out as a skinny little thing but ballooned into a small tank. Her legs were short but she was determined to keep up and would trundle along on every walk right at my heels. She was the only one of my dogs I could let off leash because she always kept her eyes glued on me, knowing that if she lost me she would lose the source of her kibble.

After about a year with my family of two, I thought maybe I could do more to help. So when a coworker mentioned a dog needed a foster, I agreed to take



Michelle with her “babies.”

her. And so Nikki came into my life. It wasn't until she had an adoption application (which happened quickly because she was cuteness itself), that I realized I couldn't let her go. Nikki was a bright light filled with joy and everyone who met her loved her. It was, indeed, a “foster fail,” and my little pack became three.

For a decade the three of us roamed the trails and the neighborhood, went on adventures, and snuggled in bed. Every day they brought me so much joy as I came home to their happy faces and wagging tails. But dogs' lives are short, and one by one, I lost them. Because of the joy my dogs gave me, I started working in pet rescue with PAW. I hope that by helping dogs find their families, and families find their dogs, it will bring them the same joy that my babies brought me. 🐾



Charlie



Missy



Nikki

A Life-Changing Walk

BY JYOTI HENCH

One morning I took a walk that changed my life. I had just embarked with my Chihuahua mix, Odie, when I noticed a woman and her dog ahead of us. It was a beautiful dog, with its long-ears and lovely markings: tiny brown speckles on all four legs.

As our pets greeted one other, I complimented the woman, who was actually fostering the Beagle for eventual adoption. I was excited, but then thought,



Odie with his new BFF Dottie.

My husband would never go for this. We had adopted Odie from a rescue organization the previous year and had always been a one-dog family. Still, before leaving, I inquired further.

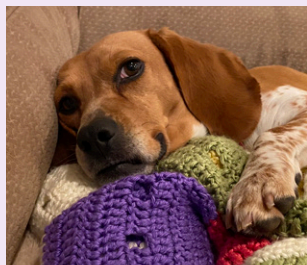
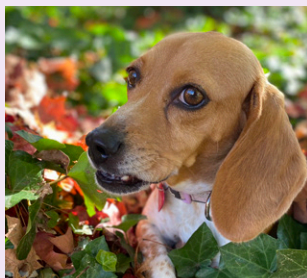
My husband was, indeed, reluctant to add Dot to our family, but our two children were enthusiastic. After reading online articles from many sources, I felt that having two dogs could work well for us, and that Odie would enjoy a playmate. Our family discussed how we would handle the increased responsibilities: walking, feeding, bathing, and cleaning.

After a formal meet-and-greet, everyone agreed that Dot should join our family – now Dottie. When I picked her up two days later, her tail wagged uncontrollably as she rolled over for a long belly rub. I could not believe my good fortune that this happy, beautiful dog was now part of our family.

I followed the PAW Dog Coordinator's instructions for re-introducing both dogs. First, we went on a "parallel walk" (separately on their own leashes), and then let them roam freely in the backyard with their leashes dragging. They sniffed everything, and drank water together, and later entered the house. When I brought Dottie to pick up the kids from school, she got belly rubs from everyone!

At first, Odie was an overly energetic "kid", constantly initiating play with Dottie and doing "zoomies" before bedtime. Dottie quickly established boundaries, however, being older, calmer, and more confident. We followed PAW's advice to give the dogs ample time apart, even as things were going well. Their crates, plus individual human-dog time, worked well for this, and after the first week, both dogs were comfortably settled into their new routines.

Odie and Dottie are a delightfully "odd couple." Odie is a playful two-year-old Chihuahua mix who trembles at the vet, but barks like a German Shepherd. Dottie is a mellow seven-year-old Beagle who naps most of the day, but gladly spends hours sniffing ("beagling") in the backyard. Together, they are a heartwarming, hilarious brother-and-sister duo. We love to watch them play chase, cuddle on the couch, and walk side-by-side on the same sidewalk where they first met. Since stealing our hearts on that fateful morning walk, Dottie has filled our lives with unmatched joy. ❤️



CARLOS: My Cutie Patootie

HEIDI LEWIS



"I want to give you a heads-up that Carlos is not going to be one of those super affectionate cats to humans," Carlos' foster mama fairly warned me two summers ago. "He is obsessed with other animals, though," she said encouragingly. One of my primary goals in adopting a second cat was to find an ideal match for my resident kitty, Petey. I was perfectly fine with adopting Carlos to be Petey's new BFF rather than both of ours!

Carlos had lived as a colony cat on the streets of Maryland for the first two years of his life and had a tough time receiving love from people. He has a permanent patch of missing fur above one eye from the long nights of crying for attention and rubbing his face against the metal crate in his first shelter. Yet, when someone would approach him, he would immediately cower and hiss—typical of former 'street 'cats. In fact, I needed a PAW volunteer to help me get Carlos into his carrier to bring him to the vet. After deep exhales from the wild encounter in the bathroom with him, I will never forget what she said: "We call cats like him spicy!"

It took several weeks of trust for me to be able to touch him, but Carlos now craves cuddles and will even enjoy my picking him up on occasion. It took

him a long time to come out of his shell. I mostly separated Carlos and Petey for about a month, hoping that such boundaries would better secure a lifelong friendship. Carlos is a uniquely spicy kitty with never-ending quirks and cuteness.

Since I brought him home two years ago, Carlos has taught me how to practice more patience in my own life. He gives me unconditional love and cracks me up all the time. For example, music is one of his favorite things; he can be in a deep sleep on a different floor, but if I start playing a song he comes running over. He loves playing with toy mice, catching worm wands, and chasing around with brother Petey.

Carlos completes our small family, and I am so happy to call him mine. He is such a sweetheart and I am proud of how much we have grown together. I love my little kitty cutie patootie Carlitos! 🐾



ATTICUS: Our Dream Dog

BY JEAN-JACQUES DETHIER

Atticus was a beautiful Chocolate Lab. When we met him he was quite skinny but getting better in the care of PAW. He had been abandoned in a basement with other dogs and cats, with no food and no water. Fortunately, the dogs barked so much that a neighbor called the police and freed them.

Our family—then in Washington DC—adopted him in January 2015. We were told that he was about six years old. At first, he was very shy and mostly stayed in his crate or under the table, but soon, he became an energetic, loving and lovely companion. He loved his daily walks in Rock Creek Park.

In May 2018, my wife got a job in San Francisco and we moved—by car—to California, settling down in a house in Berkeley. Atticus enjoyed his walks there too, especially those in Tilden Park. However, as his arthritis worsened, it became increasingly difficult for him to walk in spite of the Gabapentin and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) he was receiving. In the end, he was hardly walking (only a bit in our backyard) because it was hurting him so much.

By late 2023, his muscular mass having shrunk due to the lack of exercise, it became hard for him to stand. Soon when he was unable to get up and we made the difficult decision to say good-bye. He was on my lap as he passed away, very peacefully December 13, 2023. He must have been 16, which is quite senior for a lab.

Atticus was the loveliest dog we could have dreamed of. I think he had a good and well deserved life with us. We think of him every day and miss him tremendously. . . our house is so empty without him. 🐾



Atticus 2019



Atticus 2023

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.



WOLFIE—Wags to Riches

BY JOSEPH BORDONARO

I worked in Puerto Rico for 5 years and my part-time hobby was rescuing abandoned dogs and pets. I met a lot of like-minded people, and one in particular was a local named Diego, a former Marine. After I moved back stateside, a friend in Diego's neighborhood said there was a dog that was hit by a car. Diego reached out to me if I could help.

I reached out to PAW to see if they could do a fund raiser for his surgery and put him up for adoption. The PAW community was awesome and raised \$2,200 in three days! Wolfie got his name because he was discovered under a full moon—hence Wolfie. As you can see in the photo left his face is scarred. The vet theorized that someone threw acid on him.



Because of Joe's attentive and loving care, Wolfie and several additional dogs from Puerto Rico got their 'second chance.'



After a few weeks of recovery, we found a flight for him to Philadelphia where I went to go pick him up for placement in the PAW foster program. After leaving the PHI airport, I got a flat tire on I-95, and it was 9:00 PM.

I had a business flight the next morning, and the spare tire was only good for 50 miles. After exploring numerous options, I engaged a towing company to tow me and Wolfie 130 miles back to the DMV. It was NOT cheap!

Well, at this point, I figured “in for a penny in for a pound,” and told PAW, “I’m keeping him.” Fastest adoption ever, perhaps? For me, what was one more rescue dog when I already had 4 others . . . (and I got one more since Wolfie—from Diego again!)

So, I told PAW I was keeping him!

As a footnote. . . a year later I learned his intestines had broken through his diaphragm from the trauma of being hit by the car (this wasn't detected in Puerto Rico) and his gagging and coughing was the clue. I “get” rescue, and I understand the risks. All I know is that some cosmic force sent him to me and created these circumstances for me and my wife to keep him and give him a good life! That's what rescue's all about, right?

No regrets! He's a really good boy. Happy go lucky. . . Love him to tears! 🐾



ARGY'S STORY

BY JANINE MCLAUGHLIN

My name is Argy! I am a two-year old and a chihuahua, dachshund, shih tzu, pekinese designer mutt! When my family rescued me last year, I was an emaciated stray, with matted fur, kennel cough, fleas and a tick!

I barreled into my new home one blustery January day like a little runaway white snowball, bouncing with energy and mischief. My family could barely keep up with me. I played hard, and chewed everything from furniture to toilet paper. The living room looked like a tornado had hit it, but still, I brought bundles of joy every day.

Clearly, I needed toys—lots of them. I played with rubber Kong toys, crinkle



Argy, living the life!

toys, rope toys and toys filled with treats. Many got destroyed with chewed out eyes and dismantled limbs.

But my favorite toy of all is, well, nameless and unassuming. It once looked like a duck, but now is unrecognizable!

It has a wonderful squeaky stomach. It always reappears—somewhere in the house. I love to bite down on it to hear that wonderful tweet. Sometimes I just play by myself, walking around the room, and my family hears me upstairs.

Best of all, though, is playing with my humans. Tug of war is so fun— I have a special play growl, and I come close and don't quite let them get it. It's mine, after all. But sometimes, if they're really good, I let them have it. If they grab it with two hands, the fun's on. My dad even likes to pick me off the ground. Then we play fetch, and I bring it back because I want to play more. I'm so lucky to have such a great family!

ANNABELLE or Competition

BY Yael HARRIS-GOLDWATER

We adopted our first dog, a cocker spaniel, from the Baltimore County Humane Society in 1998. We named her Annabelle Lee after the Edgar Allen Poe poem (a tribute to our proximity to Baltimore). She was a fiery red-head with an attitude to go with it. She was the center of our universe, and I envisioned having a child one day that would play with Annabelle just as I did with my dog when I was a toddler, sharing a playpen with my furry sister.

Once we were expecting, we researched handling the transition for the dog—who knew there were so many books on helping a dog adjust to a new member of the family? As researchers, we diligently took notes to make sure we covered everything, and we spoiled Annabelle rotten to reassure her ahead of the changes to come. That was probably our first mistake. . .

After our daughter was born, we took every precaution. My husband brought items with our daughter's smell and sat with Annabelle to familiarize her with our new arrival.

The next day, he waited in the car with the newborn while I entered the house with the hat she had been wearing in the nursery. I had Annabelle smell the hat and get some one-on-one time with me before my husband brought our daughter into the



Annabelle—who's in charge?

house in her carrier. We put the carrier with the sleeping baby on the floor and encouraged Annabelle to come over and sniff the new member of the house. We kept petting her and telling her what a good girl she was. We then rewarded her with a treat as we took the newborn upstairs to try to settle her into her crib.

Annabelle eagerly followed us upstairs with her tail wagging. We were so proud of ourselves for taking all of the right steps to introduce the dog to her new sister. However, as we placed the baby in her crib, Annabelle promptly walked under the crib, squatted and peed. We didn't know

whether to laugh or to cry. . .

I wish I could say that Annabelle and our daughter became good friends, but Annabelle asserted that she was the alpha dog and our daughter came second. From the start, there were places our daughter couldn't crawl because they were "Annabelle's places," and co-sleeping was NOT going to happen because the bed belonged to her.

We realized that in all of our efforts to make sure Annabelle felt loved and treasured, we had inadvertently created a situation where our daughter learned early on that Annabelle called the shots in our house. 🐾

Lend a Paw and VOLUNTEER!



BY JOANNE GOLDMAN

One of my greatest discoveries in life is a group by the name of Partnership for Animal Welfare, PAW. I discovered PAW in 1997, when my family wanted to adopt our first dog. After visiting several rescue groups, and the last one we met with was PAW, and that's how my story began.

Since adopting, our first dog, Star, I've volunteered with the group, beginning with monitoring the phone line, and later, monitoring the PAW email account with a few other volunteers. I also fostered cats and kittens, while serving on the PAW board, as secretary.

However, for the last 25 years, my main job has been to monitor the PAW email account, answering all inquiries about our dogs and cats, directing people to resources to help them with their dogs and cats, and taking applications for our dogs and cats. In fact, at one time we even had a few bunnies!

I'm sure I've corresponded with many of you who are reading this article. I love "talking" to prospective adopters and feeling their excitement about a potential adoption. Sometimes, I get as excited for them as they are.

However, I also get the sad emails from those people who find it necessary to give up their cats or dogs. Sometimes, it is very frustrating, because the person doesn't have time or is not willing to train, or other sad reasons for wanting to rehome their pets. Sometimes we are able to help those people, but often I have to advise them about other resources. Because we rescue our dogs and cats from high-kill shelters, where the



After being discarded by her family, Cuddlebug became my first PAW foster. We soon found her a loving 'forever' home.

animals are on "death row", we are unable to take dogs and cats from people who don't have time for them, or don't want to train them.

Over the last 25 years, I have not only volunteered for PAW, I have also adopted several cats and dogs from PAW. Each one has been perfect in his or her own way. I love each and every one of them and I cannot imagine my life without them.

Perhaps you can see why I feel PAW is one of my greatest discoveries in my lifetime. I love the work I do, and I simply cannot imagine my life without PAW. These volunteers are dedicated, devoted, compassionate, and kind people who want to help each and every animal in need. Unfortunately, we cannot always succeed in this effort, but we do our very best to help as many animals as possible.

We Love, Love, Love hearing from adopters, so please do keep in touch! ❤️

For more info about volunteering with PAW contact us at: volunteer@paw-rescue.org

FIONA, Walk with Me

BY BARBARA SENSENIG

If you see a woman walking her dog in a messy drizzle. . . and on snowy days. . . Yes, that's me with the umbrella, walking my friend Fiona in all kinds of weather!

You see, Fiona expects a walk at least two times a day. She follows me in the early morning for the first walk, and then jumps at our back door at 3 pm for her afternoon walk with my husband. She's relentless!

Fiona also enjoys drives to the dog park to meet her friends, where we've also made human friends, too. And, of course, Fiona expects us to talk with them about HER!

Yes, she is a bit demanding, but in the best ways! ❤️





Donations in Honor of and in Memory of . . .

In honor of people:

In honor of Becca Hardesty, a wonderful "kitten momma" angel, by Donna Kisutcza
 In honor of Doreen Reynolds, by George Kostas
 In honor of Jeremy Greenland, by Elizabeth Schrader
 In honor of Randy Epstein on her milestone birthday, by Cheryl Segal & Ellen Podgor

In memory of people:

In memory of Osbourne Powell. With love from Matt & Desiree Stover
 In memory of Martha Bokee, by Edwin Bokee
 In memory of Stella Cunningham, by Dennis & Cindy Cunningham

In honor of pets:

In honor of JJ, by Barbara & Joe Haurand

In honor of Ernie, by Cheryl & Patricia Johnson
 In honor of Nina from her moms
 In honor of Fitz, by Kathleen Hinman
 In honor of Roxie, by Bernadette Bailey
 In honor of Sassy, by Catherine Williamson

In memory of pets:

In memory of my sister's little kitty, India, by Carol Rusta
 In memory of Duffles & Sandy, our beloved dogs we adopted from PAW, by Cheryl & Steven Morris
 In memory of Luke, AKA Man Cat, & Zoe the Toe, by Skye & Daniel Chacon
 In memory of my sweet girls, Jellee & Juno, by Kathleen Murray
 In memory of Bogart, adopted and fostered from PAW in 2007 who passed away in Oct 2023, by Katherina Zotos

In memory of PAW alumni Bandit, by Nichole Priolo
 In memory of adopted PAW family pet dog Dalton, who passed away in Nov 2022 at 13 yrs old, by The Meyers
 In memory of Hansel, Cinna & Marble, by Donna and Brian Almquist
 In memory of Eddie, by Linda Bauknecht
 In memory of Sundance, a PAW-pup adopted by Carolyn & Brian Jackson, who was deeply loved and lived an amazing life, by Nicole Dalrymple
 In memory of Max & Benny, by Teresa Meeks & Fred Teal
 In memory of Spunkie, Jami, Malik, Caleb & Ms. Fish, by Gail Shepherd-Smith & Rudolph & Atiya Smith
 In memory of Mitzy who passed away in Oct 2022, by June Raney

In memory of Benny & Max, by Jeri Holloway
 In memory of Duke & Nina, by Kathleen Swartz
 In memory of Katie & Raven, who came to use from PAW and were much loved, by Kyle and Alan Bell

In memory or honor of people and pets:

In honor of Zeke, and in memory of Suzanne Mattingly, by Dennis & Cindy Cunningham
 In memory of Curly, our beloved miniature poodle, and Rosemary Watton, who fostered him in 1999, by Elizabeth Seastrum



WOOFIE'S FUND Continues!

IN MEMORY of his beloved cockapoo, Woofie, Michael Weiss continues to generously support PAW in his name. We thank Michael for helping us save the lives of more companion animals than we could have otherwise. The PAW kitties and pups send Michael and Woofie their love, and the PAW humans send their gratitude.



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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Single (\$25) Family (\$45) Renewal (Please check here if this is a renewal membership.)

Additional donation: I am enclosing an additional gift of \$ _____.

I enclose an additional donation in memory of:

A person: _____ A pet: _____

I enclose an additional donation in honor of:

A person: _____ A pet: _____

Total Enclosed: \$ _____

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

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Please make your tax-deductible checks payable to Partnership for Animal Welfare and mail to: P.O. Box 1074, Greenbelt, Maryland 20768.

The Animals Thank You!

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To access a detailed form or donate online, visit: paw-rescue.org/donations



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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; Rocky Gorge Animal Hospital; Animal Behavior and Wellness Center & Amy Pike, DVM, DACVB; College Park Animal Hospital; Muddy Branch Veterinary Center; Veterinary Orthopedic Sports Medicine Group Pet+ER/Columbia, MD; CVCA/Columbia, MD; Dr. Hannah Levy at Cozy Cats—A Cat Practice; Dr. Solomon Perl, independent mobile vet; and Petvacx, mobile vet; and Veterinary Referral Associates.
- TRAINERS Beth Joy, Joyce Loebig, Sarah Stoycos, Jen Boyd-Morin, Jennifer Owens, Dylan Selvage, Khristian Kirk, 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, Fernando, Courtney, and all our friends at Preston.
- PUP SCOUTS in Rockville, owner Henry Towberman.
- SNIFFERS DOGGIE RETREAT in Rockville, owners Hillary Stains and Laura Mathieson Green, and all the Sniffers staff.
- BEST FRIENDS at Muddy Branch, manager Vanessa Hidalgo and assistant manager Josh.
- LEGAL ASSISTANCE from Scott Mirsky, Esq., Miller, Miller & Canby; and Nancy Ortmeyer Kuhn, Shulman Rogers.
- LAST BUT NEVER LEAST, Maryland-area PETSMAST and PETCO stores for hosting our weekly dog adoption shows.

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Editor: Anne Constant
Partnership for Animal Welfare, Inc.
P.O. Box 1074, Greenbelt, Maryland 20768
(301) 572-4PAW (4729)
www.paw-rescue.org

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