

PAW Shakes



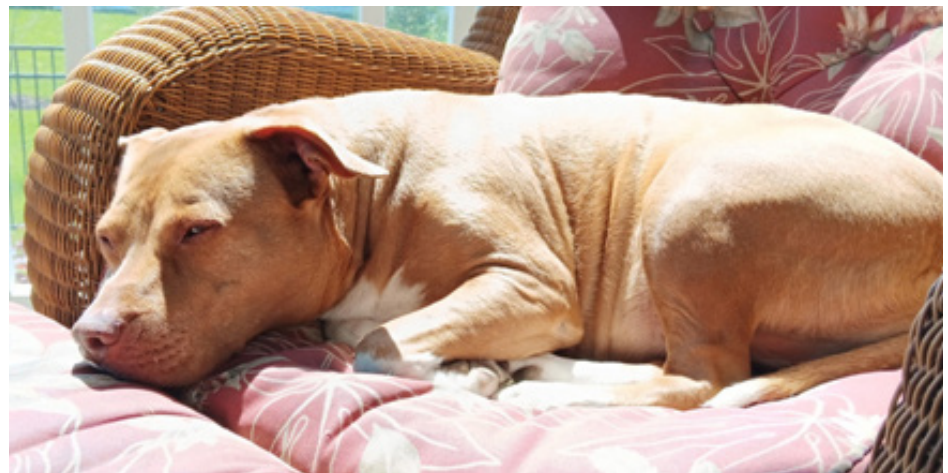
Partnership for Animal Welfare Newsletter ▪ Fall 2024
PO Box 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 ▪ www.paw-rescue.org

Honey, the Love of my Life

BY RALEIGH JAFFE

Honey came into my husband's and my life six years ago, after we lost our dog Gilly. I always knew I would eventually adopt other dogs, but I wanted to wait. As every pet parent knows, the hurt of losing a "pet" is overwhelming and grieving never ends. Several months after losing Gilly, my husband brought home a PAW foster dog he picked up from the Anne Arundel County Animal Care & Control shelter. The shelter named her Honey and at first I thought it was because of her coloring. No, it was because of her sweet nature. She is as sweet as Honey. She was supposed to go to the kennel, but because she was just spayed my husband decided she should recuperate at our home first.

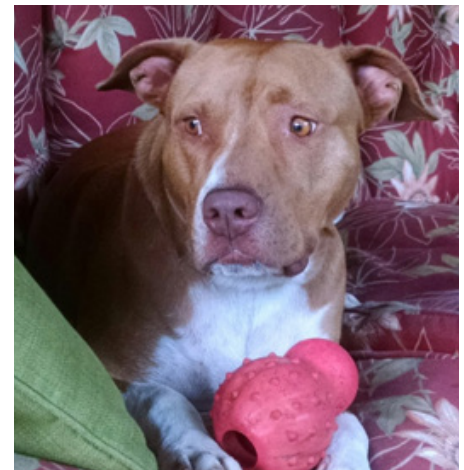
As so often happens with fosters, Honey immediately became part of our lives and family. She lounged on our bed, on the couch, followed us around the house—it felt as if she had always been there. Within weeks, my husband declared that Honey was the perfect dog for him and he wanted to adopt her. I wasn't so sure. Honey has a "bit" of Pittie in her and I wondered if we could handle her. What if she didn't get along with other dogs? All those negative stories about Pitties floated through my mind. When we took her to adoption shows Honey wasn't at her best, so unlike the way she was at home. At shows she barked, pulled on the leash, jumped up on people and basically was a spectacle. She didn't show well. I thought, "oh boy, good luck getting her adopted!"



We found out Honey is solar powered—she's recharging her batteries!



Honey loves laying in the sun.



Honey with one of her favorite toys.

But that summer we went to the Delaware beaches, and Honey came with us. She was a perfect passenger for the 3 hour drive, and made herself at home at the beach house we stayed at. When we went out to eat, we took Honey with us and she seemed to thoroughly enjoy

herself, waiting patiently for table treats. By the end of that summer, we made the decision to adopt Honey. For the 2nd time, we became foster fails. I know the saying, "A House is Not a Home Without a Dog" is cliché, but it is so true. Our house is a home now. 🐾

Lilac & Eloise



BY KAREN REZNIK

We adopted Lilac and Eloise very early in March 2021. Adjustment was a long, slow process, but adjust they did! To my stunned (and happy) surprise, Lilac decided to become a lap cat last December. She will demand that I sit down in her approved chair, then gives me some very enthusiastic lap time. Sometimes she will curl up and fall asleep, keeping me “trapped” for hours. Eloise acts as if she wants to be in my lap, and will sometimes jump on and immediately jump off. We are pretty sure both of them were abused before they were dumped—it took a long time for them to stop

flinching when we reached out to them, and Eloise had to have most of her teeth removed due to damage that the vet felt could not have happened without abuse. So we think she was hurt when trying for lap time, and remains afraid of it. Maybe one day she will trust one of us enough for that. In the meantime, she loves cuddles when we are lying down, where she walks all over us, stands on us and yells for petting, and—if we are very lucky—curls up against us and sleeps. Of course they remain adorable and extremely cute. 🐾



Eloise (L) & Lilac (R)

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I enclose an additional donation in memory/donation in honor of:

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Total Enclosed: \$ _____

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

Name: _____

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**Please make checks payable to: 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.

Adoption Update on Matt/Petey

BY COLLEEN MCENTEGART

Matt was the first dog in my life after losing my Nala girl after 15 years.

Nala was the most sweet and loyal best friend I ever could have asked for. I rescued her when she was just a puppy, and she was with me through so many stages of life—high school, college, every military move, all the highs and lows. Losing her was devastating, but she also made me incredibly passionate about dogs finding forever, loving homes—#adoptdontshop.

The plan was to foster and eventually find him a loving home, because I was not sure I was ready to have a dog full time again. Matt had different plans and won me over, so after a few weeks we decided we had to adopt him. Matt became Petey (inspired by The Little Rascals) and a permanent part of the family. Petey is an amazing dog and I am SO grateful PAW brought him into my life. We have been on many adventures and road trips, to many dog friendly restaurants and parks, in our 10+ months together.

Petey has never met a “stranger”—he loves everyone he meets, and it makes his day if someone stops us when we’re out to pet him and tell him how handsome he is. We’ve found that he LOVES



One of many hotel stays on our travels, Petey makes himself right at home.

ice cubes, snow, and anything cold. He has learned he also likes the beach and swimming, as of this past summer. Petey has figured out the world is not such a scary place, while teaching me patience and understanding along the way. He used to find many things terrifying when he first came to my home as a foster—ceiling fans, TVs, stairs, and other typical objects you’d find in a home. While he still has some things, or situations, that occasionally make him timid, his confidence has really improved and he is now totally comfortable in the house.



Petey loves sunbathing, especially when visiting his grandparents in Florida



Petey’s first time at the beach while visiting Ocracoke Island.

Petey is now almost finished with his AKC Canine Good Citizen (CGC) training, which includes a framework for training your dog on ten different test items covering functional behaviors that show they can be a polite member in the community. This includes such behaviors as sitting politely for petting, coming when called, a neutral reaction to distractions, etc.

Petey has recently been promoted to “foster brother!” Stu is another PAW Rescue dog we started fostering a few weeks ago, and Petey has been showing him the ropes. They’ve become best friends while we get Stu ready for his forever family.

Petey has been the best addition to the family—I am so glad I volunteered to foster him, and even more glad I failed and adopted him! 🐾



Petey in Union Station—took him to a few dog friendly locations in DC to hopefully get some adoption interest.



Petey loves a good accessory.

Our Boy Forrest, Forrest Gump

BY JOANNE GOLDMAN

We had just lost our first dog, Star, who did not get along with other dogs. We were sad and looking for a smaller dog when I was approached about fostering Bentley. Of course, I foster-failed! Shortly after Bentley arrived, a fellow PAW volunteer was fostering Forrest, who loved other dogs and was OK with cats. While she was on vacation, Forrest stayed with us, and in short order, we all fell in love with Forrest and decided to adopt him.

Soon Forrest became our Forrest Gump; he loved to run, and the saying “run Forrest run” soon became an everyday exclamation, just as it was in the movie!! Forrest quickly made himself at home, and took to our five cats, and over the years, adored our foster cats as well. He also loved Bentley and, over time, Bentley gave into Forrest’s playful moods. Forrest was a wonderful family companion. He loved romping in the sand at our home in Rehoboth Beach, and he always liked meeting other dogs—most of whom liked him back. He also loved the snow, running off the paths we’d cleared and jumping into piles of snow.

A few years later when PAW acquired a senior dog Steffi, whose owner



Forrest playing with Suzanne's foster, Mr. Moo



Snow Day with Steffi

had passed away, I brought her home and Forrest could not have been happier. Even though Steffi was a senior, she still had a lot of energy, and she and Forrest played constantly. Sadly, Steffi

died a few years later. Forrest still had Bentley, but Bentley was older, and no longer interested in playing with Forrest. I knew Forrest would be happier with a playmate.

I soon fell in love with another PAW dog named Loki. We changed her name to Molly, which was my grandmother’s name. Molly was only six or seven months old at the time, and VERY energetic. Forrest was thrilled to run and chase and play with Molly, and the affection between them was beautiful!

Forrest, Bentley, and Molly had many happy years together, though as Forrest aged, he had medical issues. When he stopped eating, and we were unable to entice him with different foods and treats, he just didn’t want anything. The vet told us that he didn’t have much longer, so we finally reached the decision to help Forrest make a peaceful transition over the rainbow bridge in our home.

Our family memories always include the canine members of our family, and we cherish all of the happy times we had with Forrest over the years. He was a fabulous family member—always happy and loving every person he met. We cherish our time with all of them, and continue to honor their memories. 🐾



Forrest & Molly, too pooped to pop after a playful morning



Forrest was a wonderful family dog, growing up with my grandchildren Nili and Kai



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.



Dixie and Troy

BY NANCY STURM

One late Sunday afternoon some 20 years ago, my partner and I were playing fetch with our energetic, young Lakeland Terrier Hartley in a make-shift dog playground in DC's Capitol Hill neighborhood. The sound of continuous tiny meows caught our attention. Tracing them to a nearby dumpster, we found a pint-size kitten underneath. A young neighbor, Jenny, who had just entered the play area accompanied by a gray-faced senior dog with short legs and a slow demeanor, soon joined in our efforts to coax the kitten out.

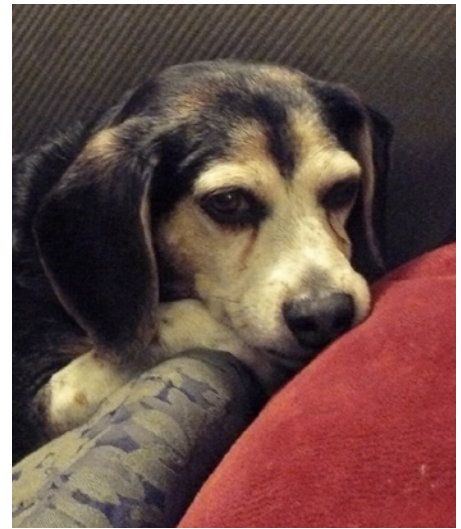
Once we had the kitten securely in hand, I wondered aloud how we could possibly care for it, even temporarily, given that Hartley was now lunging toward his new prey. Jenny explained that she was a PAW volunteer and, to our relief, offered to take the kitten home with her. The conversation turned to her foster Molly, the beagle-dachshund mix at her side, who we had been admiring. We were considering getting a brother or sister for Hartley, and seriously began sizing up Molly over the next few days for what became a trade. We adopted



Dixie cozying up on the sofa with Mom.

Molly, renaming her Dixie after she passed the Hartley compatibility test, while the kitty joined Jenny's household. Dixie lived out her last five years with us in comfort and indulgence.

After Dixie's passing, we turned to PAW again to fill the void. Scanning PAW's website, Troy, a young beagle caught our attention. When we met Troy at the next adoption event, his devoted



An elderly Troy enjoying a cozy rest time on the sofa.

foster mom showed us a tattoo inside his big, floppy ear, explaining that the shy, nervous fellow marked "10" had been rescued from a medical laboratory. It was clear he needed us, and vice versa.

Troy timidly spent his first night with us apparently plotting his escape. The next day, as we watched him explore the plants in our small, gated front yard, he craftily squeezed through the iron bars and took off running down the middle of the street! As my partner gave chase, an alert neighbor driving by stopped her car, opened the door and Troy jumped in—rescued again!

Over the course of several weeks, Troy began to accept that he was home. In the coming years, he would outlive Hartley, welcome a new non-PAW rescue pup into the household, and teach him the ropes while adding immeasurably to our lives. 🐾

Thank you PAW!



Junior, the cat, taught sofa-back balancing skills to Dixie.



A Bonded Pair

BY JUDY NOVAK

Have you ever passed a field of rotational crops where a misfit stalk or two of last year's corn invades a low-lying carpet of greens, and wondered what is it doing there? Life around it has moved on, yet it is stuck in last year. I feel like that wayward stalk of corn one year after Sashie's death.

Sashie and I formed a liberal interpretation of what dog adoption organizations call a "bonded pair", describing two dogs that must be adopted together, inseparable for their mutual wellbeing, whatever their history or circumstance. Sashie instinctively knew that we were conjoined from the very beginning, I sadly now, and with heartrending remorse, did not know until after she died.

In hindsight, Sashie was my canine incarnation, and I, her human embodiment. Our discordant personalities placed us off-key from the more dulcet mainstream. We were burdened with lifelong un-smoothable kinks and jags, both wary of the world, anxious, un-



Sashie on game day

comfortable with change, and content to avoid people.

I no longer count the grief-laden days and months without her waking up in my bed, following me everywhere in the house, or greeting me with renewed glee each time I returned. I can no longer quantify the loss, as it has persisted like the sting of eternal icy Decembers.

A deeper blaze burns, self-inflicted by blindness. I never fully appreciated Sashie's importance to me, I thought I loved her without reserve. Looking back, I loved her without truly appreciating her. I breathed her emotional oxygen, invisible, absolutely vital, yet unacknowledged.

Now, I understand that my appreciation was conditional, complicated because her fears and neuroses presented a daunting challenge. Yet, she radiated pure love and unqualified appreciation for me. I continue to flog myself for failing to realize while she was alive, that she made me feel whole, how I needed her to need me. Outwardly, she knew no slight, neither did I.

When we adopted her, naively, I expected a mostly turnkey rescue dog, perhaps with some remediable issues like unwanted jumping or housebreaking difficulties. I'd never envisioned a fractured dog with irreversible emotional damage. Selfishly, I expected a dog who fit my needs, one I could walk, take out in public, and entertain a very occasional guest without issue.

But her uncontrollable reactive barking precluded any of this. Cluelessly, I was unaware it welled from ingrown fear, as I perceived the barking an annoying and disruptive nuisance. I conjured intellectual "poor dog" pity only, not a considered compassionate understanding of Sashie.

No one advised me to modify my behavior and expectations of her, or recommended that I consider her needs. No one proposed the sanctuary of a small world that minimized her exposure to one that failed her. It's so sad and obvious in hindsight. I overlooked the possibility that I was the problem.

Ultimately, the adoption of a second dog, Raleigh, "fixed" most of the problems.



Curious Raleigh

He didn't fix Sashie by calming her and ushering her toward more suitable responses as we'd hoped, because he began to absorb her fears and mimic her reactions. Instead, Raleigh fixed me by providing the turkey dog I could walk and socialize.

Raleigh assumed my mundane custodial maintenance, while Sashie subtly thawed my chill and corrected my impaired sensitivity. Slowly, the fog of my self-absorbed myopia lifted to unearth a friend and bury a nemesis. I realized that I'd won the MegaMillions Doggie Lottery Jackpot, a dog so very loving, always affectionate, devoted, and truly brilliant. Right in front of my eyes, but heretofore eclipsed.

Retrospectively, an attendant sorrow is that Sashie's lifespan represented a

decade of lost footing for me, a substantial chunk of my life, ten years that just vanished. It was a dreadful, heart wrenching decade when both my siblings died. Sashie's life punctuated this span with an opening parenthesis of hope and a closing parenthesis of loss.

Immediately following her death, I hung a picture of her prominently in the bedroom, not wanting to forget her. It's an honest portrayal—Sashie, forlorn, looking down and avoiding eye contact with the camera, a rare occasion when she didn't scurry away. A handful of more flattering pictures exists, but this one personifies her best.

I'd hoped by now that I'd have recovered sufficiently to rejoice in her evoked

memory. But, I know if I look at the picture, it invites reflexive tears. Its acrylic pane is covered with lip prints from kissing and fingerprints from stroking lifeless pixels. My occasional reluctant inspection foments a roil of commemoration, guilt, and punishment.

Now, a return to the stark present, the lifeless crunch and brown hues of autumn mark the year anniversary of Sashie's death. I remind myself that the mourning meter should have expired, but, without deliberating, I insert more coins. Our once formidable physical closeness has vanished forever, yet, like sweet on sugar, innocence on youth, and purity on dogs, our melded essence is bonded forever. 🐾



Donations in Honor of and in Memory of . . .

In honor of people:

In honor of Joanne Goldman's birthday, by Vasilios Pournaras
 In honor of our veterinarian Dr. Barbara Henderson, by Nancey Parker
 In honor of our President, Robin Vinopal, by Victoria Balenger

In memory of people:

In memory of Rocky Heffernan, by Alexander Effendi
 In memory of Richard Hanewinkel, by Amy Bleich
 In memory of Suzanne Straniero, by Sandra Neverett
 In memory of Eric Michael Chalet, by Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Fishman

In memory of Eric "Rick" Chalet, by Ellen Gochnauer
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Michelle Murphy
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Andrea Jacobson
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Terry & Eva Jacobson
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Jeff Schechter and Family
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Gloria Luchinsky
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Dave and Maureen Bialzak
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Carol Prushan
 In memory of Eric "Ricky" Chalet, by Debbie Heilbrunn & Richard Toplin
 In memory of Eric Chalet, by Liz Symonds & Clayton Englar

In memory of Eric Chalet, by Amy Bleich
 In memory of our dedicated volunteer and animal lover, Eric Chalet, may his memory be a blessing, by Emily Ratner
 In memory of Eric "Rick" Chalet who was a gentle soul. May he rest in peace. by Sue and Bernie Katz

In honor of pets:

In honor of our dog, Carmen, by Sheri Leister
 In honor of Ziggy & Riley, by Wayne & T Humphries

In memory of pets:

In memory of Rocki, by David & Martha Heffernan

In memory of Luke, AKA Man Cat, & Zoe the Toe, by Skye & Daniel Chacon
 In memory of my cat he lived for 18 yrs, by Barbara Evans
 In memory of Oli, by Martine Guerguil
 In memory of Daisy, by Kathleen Murray
 In memory of Spunkie, Jami, Malik, Caleb and Ms. Fish, by Gail Shepherd-Smith
 In memory of sweet Daisy, by Pamela & Donald Gochenour

In memory or honor of people and pets:

In memory of Poocher, and in honor of Kutka, by Edward Pastula



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



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PAW Shakes to . . .

- PAW's ADOPTION SHOW HELPERS 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 College Park Animal Hospital; Rocky Gorge Animal Hospital; Caring Hands Animal Hospital; Dr. Hannah Levy at Cozy Cats—A Cat Practice; Dr. Solomon Perl, independent mobile vet; Petvacx Animal Hospital & Mobile Veterinary Service; Veterinary Referral Associates (VRA); and Veterinary Emergency Group (VEG), Columbia, MD.
- TRAINER Susan Sanderson for her generosity, help, and training advice for our more challenging dogs; and Liz Catalano, Dog Behaviorist, Coventry School for Dogs and Their People, Columbia.
- PREMIER DOG ACADEMY in Jessup, MD for their assistance with training and boarding.
- YOUR DOG'S FRIEND for offering free workshops, training referrals, and more.
- PRESTON COUNTRY CLUB FOR PETS in Columbia, MD, owner Fred Wolpert, Quan Harper, Fernando, Courtney, and all our friends at Preston.
- PUP SCOUTS in Rockville, MD, owner Henry Towberman.
- SNIFFERS DOGGIE RETREAT in Rockville, MD, owners Hillary Stains and Laura Mathieson Green, and all the Sniffers staff.
- BEST FRIENDS PET CARE in Gaithersburg, MD, manager Vanessa Hidalgo and assistant manager Catheren Hondros.
- Elizabeth Kloos for her accounting assistance, who we will be forever grateful to for her help and expertise.
- LAST BUT NEVER LEAST, Maryland—area PETSMART and PETCO stores for hosting our weekly dog adoption shows.

PAW Shakes

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