



**Dr. Jackie Gai, DVM**

Pat was a powerful force — indeed, at times, a veritable force of nature.

She spoke her mind and heart, and never minced words — a strong, clear voice for those who cannot speak.

Her astounding vocabulary sent even the most articulate running to the dictionary.

She was keenly observant and had an acerbic wit that cut right to the point.

Her rescued animals lit up with joy at the sound of her voice, and with her tender touch.

At once fearless and fierce, her tenacity knew no bounds, bravely blazing paths where the average fear to tread.

She is PAWS' very foundation — the guiding beacon, and grounding center of everything we do.

*With heartfelt gratitude and admiration, Dr. Jackie Gai, DVM*

**Brian Busta, ARK 2000 Sanctuary Manager/Senior Elephant Keeper**

There isn't much more I could say in writing, that hasn't already been said, here and in the press, about how special Pat was to the animal world. So I'll let the PAWS' animals, then and now, tell you.

The African girls:

71, Mara, Ruby, Lulu, Maggie. . .

*Rumble their **thank you!***

The Asian family:

Neena, Tammie, Annie, Minnie, Rebecca, Tinkerbelle, Winky, Wanda, Gypsy, Nicholas, Sabu, Prince. . .

*Chirp their **thank you!***

The orange and black-striped gang:

Boris, Rijo, Anna, Raje, Grace, Nelson, Sherkahn, Blaze, Kim, Claire, Roy, Apollo, Zeus, Jake, Ravi, Ray, Amelia, Erica, Sunita, Couch, Fluffy, Mata-Hari, Quiggle, Alka, Mookie, Patty, Ginger, Rex, Rodney, Grace, Gus, Jesus, Pele, Peja, Winston, Claude, Willie, Spanky, Artemis, Bo, Jon-Jon, Malabar, Logan, Majesty, Hammer, PK, Emily, McGuire, Lily, Charlotte, Miss Kitty, Cherokee, Mama. . .

*Chuff a resounding **thank you!***

Black and brown bears alike:

Sweet William, Gwendolyn, Seymour, Lenny, Poo-Bear, Boo-Boo, Winston, Tuffy, Manfred, Arthur, Jack, Cinnamon, Sampson, Oma, Scarface, Sasha, Cindy, Ben. . .

*Give a honey-tongued **thank you!***

The cougars:

Sosha, Diz, Blake, Samantha, Shasta, Christopher and Chauncey. . .

*Chirp a big "Hi" **thank you!***

Wallaby and Wallaroo:

Willy and Chico, from the bottom of their pouches. . .

*Pull out a heartfelt **thank you!***

The lions:

JC, Flo, Denny, Pfeiffer, Max, Sheba, Amanda, Simba, Bambek, Daktari, Camba, Elsa, Chaquita, Pat and Fran. . .

*Let out a throaty **thank you roar!***

Tuffy, Robert, Misha, Rufus:

*Puurrrr their **thank you!***

Buster, Mica, Jackie. . .

*Let out a big howling **thank you!***

Harriet, Ferguson, Ella, Jacques, Grouch, Zeppo, Harpo, Chico, Bea, Dea, Lil Mac, Chris and Butchie. . .

*Pick out ticks in **thank you!***

Spikeman, Lucretia, Alexander, Jason, Paka, Spot, Clyde. . .

*Spot you a big **thank you!***

Opi, Ozzie, Harriet, Tweety, Igor, and the rheas and emus. . .

**Thank you!**

Ruth, Oryx, Hoppi, Grace, Murdough, Molly, Malcolm, Bridget, Paris, Marie, Mojo. . .

*A thundering herd of a **thank you!***

**From me. . .**

*I say **thank you** for everything you have done for animals across the world, and everything you have done for me. **Thank You Pat!** - Brian*



## **Janice Clark, Galt Sanctuary Manager, PAWS' Photographer**

I met Pat Derby back in 1985 when I was volunteering for the Mountain Lion Foundation. She walked into the office in downtown Sacramento, and Sharon Negri, then Director of the Mountain Lion Foundation, introduced me to Pat and told her I was a photographer. Pat invited me to come down and photograph her animals, particularly her mountain lions, which were my favorite animals.

Sharon explained that Pat had Christopher, the Lincoln Mercury cougar who growled on the famous Lincoln Mercury sign. So I made plans to come out on a weekend to photograph Pat's animals, and eventually gave her a stack of photos I had printed from my first visit. She offered to let me come out every weekend if I wanted after that and so I did! I became her photographer and I became a volunteer and that eventually led to me becoming one of her keepers.

Pat told me later, that when I came out to PAWS that very first time, I had said exactly the right thing to her, otherwise she wouldn't have let me anywhere near the animals! She asked me if I remembered what I'd said during our first meeting. I didn't know exactly, but I remembered saying something like, "I just want to watch them and photograph them." She said, "Exactly. You didn't say you wanted to hug them or touch them or anything like that, you just wanted to observe and photograph them. And that's when I knew you had the right idea!"

So I learned from Pat that not all animals want to be touched by strangers anymore than we humans do. Animals deserve our respect, our consideration and our distance. We don't always have to get in their face to appreciate them. Indeed, I use telephoto lenses, and the perfect photos are ones taken from distance, where the animals are just being themselves — not agitated or intruded upon.

I'm a bird person. I usually spend my days off visiting bird sanctuaries, photographing the birds. I laugh when I remember Ed telling me once how he knew Pat was a great animal person when he was digging a hole to plant a bottlebrush after Pat told him that Hummingbirds loved Bottlebrush because of the red flowers. Moments after Ed plopped the little bush into the hole he had dug, a hummingbird flew right in front of his face checking it out.

It is one of those perfect memories of a woman who had such great instincts about animals and birds. She told me how the cats and monkeys liked my cartoon voices, but not the elephants! I was to talk slow and low to the elephants because that's what they liked. You can't find this kind of knowledge in a book or a video. It's something Pat had in her head. I am honored and feel privileged to have known her and benefitted from the knowledge she has shared with me over the years. I feel I am a better advocate for animals and for PAWS, because of it. — *Janice*

## **Catherine Doyle, Director of Science, Research & Advocacy**

Pat Derby was a force of nature. That was apparent to me right from the start. She had the confidence of someone who is not just an expert but a visionary in her field, was as fiery as her red hair suggested, and she was wholly dedicated to the welfare of the elephants and other captive wild animals for whom she advocated and provided refuge.

I first became aware of Pat in 2003 when I was the plaintiff in a lawsuit against the Los Angeles Zoo regarding the elephant Ruby, who eventually was sent to sanctuary at ARK 2000, where she lived out her final years. We were thrilled to have her support as an expert because of her keen intelligence, recognized expertise, and depth of knowledge. Not only did that lawsuit set me on a lifetime path of advocacy for elephants, it was the first of many collaborative efforts with Pat on behalf of elephants.

The more I learned about Pat, the more I was in awe of her, from her insights gleaned from working directly with elephants, to her leadership in fighting for elephant protection from the Capitol in Sacramento to the halls of Congress, to creating a new model of how elephants in captivity can better live, to her dedication to educating the public about the plight of elephants in captivity. Pat was fierce in her exposés of circuses, zoos, and the animal entertainment industry, and she condemned the use of chains and bullhooks to train and control elephants. She shrewdly documented the failures of these industries in the PAWS “Everything You Should Know About Elephants” booklets, citing experts and scientific sources, recording elephant histories, and providing the facts about the damaging physical and psychological effects of captivity on elephants.

While Pat asked the hard questions and called out those responsible for elephant suffering, she also befriended and encouraged individuals who were progressive minded and committed to elephant welfare. She brought together those who cared about elephants, from activists to zoo directors, in a series of conferences meant to inform and to create a dialogue that would promote advances in elephant welfare. I’ll never forget attending my first “Summit for the Elephants” at PAWS in 2004, with presentations by great thinkers and leading experts. It was like being in the presence of rock stars, with Pat shining the brightest. She inspired newcomers to the elephant protection movement and reinvigorated those already working for change. I attended every conference after that, and was honored to be an invited speaker at two of them.

Every discussion I had with Pat was an education, and I always learned so much from her. Her “Rumblings from PAWS” blogs are brilliant ([please read them](#)). She was a gifted writer and deftly used her deep institutional knowledge to remind the high and mighty of their own shortcomings with elephants and that maybe things hadn’t changed as much as they professed when it comes to welfare. Pat’s rebuttal to an AZA article on sanctuaries versus zoos is still one of my favorite pieces. She wrote:

*Much of our time, resources and educational activities promote conservation and protection of habitat for wild species. We do not attempt to persuade the public and the media that we are performing some panegyric service to the species that we are forced to confine; we demonstrate the need for conservation of wildlife and habitat...*

*The hypocrisy of breeding animals in captivity who will be doomed to live in unnatural enclosures in the name of conservation and science, is a practice which should be eliminated by AZA and replaced with truthful information about captivity and the compelling need to protect wild species and their habitats.*

Through her actions, Pat taught me about perseverance, integrity, dedication, courage, and love. You have to really love what you're doing to be as strong as Pat was, to spend your life doing the hard work of providing care and love for animals who have suffered so much in their lives, and then finding the strength and energy to fight for changes so that other captive wild animals will not have to suffer the same horrors in the future.

Yes, Pat was a force of nature. And, like nature, she will always be with us. We'll see Pat in the eyes of every elephant forced to perform tricks and spend their lives in chains, and in those who long to just be an elephant again. Wherever there is an elephant in need, Pat will be there. She will speak to us and remind us that captive elephants and other wild animals are worth fighting for, and we at PAWS will continue to advocate for them each and every day.

I'll miss you, Pat, as a mentor, a fellow activist, and a friend. *All I do for the animals will be in your memory and your honor.* - Catherine



**Vickie Limon, Galt Office**

Dear Pat, I didn't know you long, but I will miss you and I thank you. *I will continue to do my best here in the office, for you and for the animals.*

**Michele Franko, ARK 2000 Elephant Keeper**

*Thank you, Pat Derby*

For anyone who wonders what they can do about the desperate predicament of captive wildlife, and the humane treatment and wellbeing of all animals, just ask yourself, what would Pat Derby do? You will know how to proceed. . . *Thank you, Pat, I will continue to see through your eyes and act with your spirit.*

**Janet Aamodt, Galt Office**

When someone dies, all we have left are our memories. The passion for animals bonded us and it was that experience that forged our unique friendship. You have left an incredible legacy which we will proudly continue to support. Tim and I will treasure your friendship forever. *Your love will remain in our hearts.*

**Tami Chleborad, RVT**

Pat saw something that was wrong and she stood up against it. She saw a better way of being and she changed. For those two "simple" facts, I will always have a deep respect for Pat Derby. And every time I see an elephant napping on a hill, a bear foraging under an oak tree, or a tiger hiding in the grass at one of her sanctuaries, I will think of Pat and I will be grateful that she lived. And I will forever be in awe of her courage, strength, and dedication to animals. Thank you, Pat, for working tirelessly to improve the lives of animals. Thank you for giving them a beautiful place to live out their lives in peace. Thank you for fighting for what's right. *And thank you for P.A.W.S.*

**Larry Reinking, Galt Sanctuary Keeper**

There's a place in a dream where animals teem  
The big cats, the monkeys and bears  
The elephants roam on vast land that's their home  
And they share it with people who care.  
It might just be a dream but I think it's quite real  
A place where we'll all get along  
And I think that Pat's there where the animals care  
For the people who did them no wrong.

*I wish I had known Pat longer. Her dedication has inspired me to be a more caring person than I was before knowing her.*



**Renaë Smith, ARK 2000 Tiger Supervisor**

Growing up I was always an outcast, never really feeling like I belonged anywhere. When I came to work for PAWS almost 7 years ago I had no direction in my life, no goals and felt as if I had no real purpose. After being here for a year and a half Pat gave me the opportunity to be the ARK Tiger Supervisor. It only took two months when I went to her with tears in my eyes and thanked her for the position. I had finally found my purpose and for the first time I felt like I belonged. Words can never express the gratitude I feel toward Pat and Ed for what they have done in my life. For the lives you saved, for the chances you gave, for the purpose you bring. It is with my deepest gratitude that I say thank you. You have forever changed my life and will always hold a place in my heart. *Always, Renaë*

**Michele Harvey, ARK 2000 Elephant Keeper**

***Pat Derby***

Someone though small of stature  
carried around such an enormous heart  
When you open the sanctuary gate  
you can feel her presence

I see Pat in every elephant  
their gentle greetings  
their rumbles purrs and trumpets  
snoozing on the green grass  
eating till their hearts content

I can hear Pat as I make the treats  
their likes and dislikes  
the carefully measured meals  
the acacia branches set out

I can see Pat in the scattered oak trees  
the blackbirds chattering  
the heron by the lake  
and in the yellow daffodil that just bloomed

The peace and the beauty is all around  
Pat is still here  
she has just taken another form.

*With love, Michele*



**Glen Ruth, Manager, Amanda Blake Memorial Wildlife Refuge**

I'll miss "Peppermint Patty", my nickname for Ms. Derby who I have known for more than 25 years. Just like the old Frank Sinatra song, she did it her way.

**Gina Legault, Galt Sanctuary Keeper**

I'm honored to have worked for someone like Pat, who made her dream a reality. It encouraged me to never stop dreaming.

**Randy Stoddard, ARK 2000 Tiger Animal Care Staff**

I would like to say thank you to Pat and Ed for giving me the opportunity to work at PAWS. I have enjoyed everything about PAWS and what Pat has done for these animals is amazing.  
*Sincerely, Randy*

**Lisa Jeffries, ARK 2000 Office Manager, PAWS' Photographer**

I consider myself so lucky and honored to have known Pat as a friend, and to work with her daily — to watch her interact with the animals, but especially her elephants that she fought so hard to give a better life. Pat inspired me to believe in the impossible. She made it look easy, but we all know it takes guts to take a stand. She was a fighter for the good and she fought to the end. I will miss you Pat. I will miss seeing you driving your big gray truck; your little red head behind the steering wheel you could barely see over. I will miss watching cooking shows with you. I will miss you calling Lulu in your singing voice, and Lulu swiftly (well a slow walk, really) making her way to her favorite person in the world. I know your legacy will live on and I am honored to be a part of it. Thank you Pat for all that you have done for the voiceless animals.  
*You are their hero, and mine! – Lisa*

**Elliott Genovia, Galt Sanctuary Office Manager**

There is no doubt Pat Derby was truly unique and will be missed. Pat spent her life *being* the PAWS philosophy of protecting performing and abused animals. She was their human voice when no one could hear them, and their ferocious advocate when anyone tried to ignore their plight. The animal world has lost a powerful ally now that she is gone, but PAWS is her vision come to life and remains her enduring legacy — to protect, to care and to provide sanctuary to these exotic animals.

### **Kim Gardner, PAWS Director of Programs**

PAT DERBY

A determined woman of vision.

An architect and champion for change.

A valiant leader.

A mentor to tomorrow's stewards.

A woman who in her brief lifetime, created an enduring transformation through her unfaltering vision of making the world a better place for captive wildlife and performing animals.

It is here, at ARK 2000, where she inspired others to help her give the animals a sense of peace and dignity. . . to let them be a lion, be a tiger, be a bear, be an elephant.

*With Reverence and Respect, Kim Gardner*

### **Sandee Trousdale, Accountant**

Through so many years we played, we grew, we learned, we changed, we laughed, we cried, we stressed, we drank, we ate, and we sang. We shared so many things — excitement, joy and sorrow. Experienced many new places, things and people. Enjoy your adventure.

*You will be truly missed my dear friend. – Sandee*

### **Carol Haft, PAWS Board of Directors**

I first met Pat Derby in the fall of 1989 at a circus protest at Arco Arena. I will never forget my initial impression of her — that flaming red hair, her short stature and this POWER that emanated from her; it radiated out and just grabbed me. I found myself standing before her, mumbling something about wanting to volunteer. She looked me up and down, literally starting with my shoes, then she said in that voice of hers, "come out to the property this Saturday." That Saturday, I went out to Galt and Pat Derby, Ed Stewart and 71 changed my life forever — and for that, I will always be profoundly grateful. *Thank you Pat Derby from the bottom of my heart.*

### **Ed Minghelli, PAWS Board of Directors**

It has been my privilege, throughout my life, to meet some of the most unusual people ever placed on this planet. In the spring of 1996, I met not one, but TWO of the most unusual AND best people I have ever encountered.

That year, I traveled from Las Vegas to California, on the guarantee of a young lady who would later become my wife, Cindy, specifically to see what I was told would be one of the nicest groups of people ever to run an animal sanctuary. Those were pretty promising words, especially to someone who had already spent just about every year of his life, since high school, involved in the animal-loving and protecting side of life.

I had never heard of PAWS. I really don't know how that happened, but it was a slight that was about to be remedied. I had also never heard of Pat Derby or Ed Stewart. Yet now I remember it as if it was yesterday. The sun was shining as I awoke and got ready to visit PAWS in Galt. The temperature that Spring Open House day was just fantastic. After Cindy and I arrived at PAWS, we soon strolled around, looking at all the wonderful conditions that were available for the lucky animals at PAWS. I was quickly struck at just how different it seemed to be. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. The animals there all seemed to have been so well taken care of. I was brought back to many experiences I had in the past. I saw many "small-ish zoos" (yes, shame on me, but I actually thought in my mind "zoos") before that bright sunny day. But I had never seen so many people so devoted to caring for the animals. I have to admit that I also didn't know just how important of a role PAWS was to play in my life. I also learned quickly about that word. You know, the "zoo" word!

As we turned the corner to look at the bears, I noticed in the far back view I could see a cute little red-headed gal coming down to meet us. She was bubbly and effervescent, seeming like someone out of a Fitzgerald novel. Of course, it was Pat Derby. With her inimitable smile, quick gaze and gentle pace, I could see her clearly now for the first time. Then she saw my wife and a friend of ours from Las Vegas. She let out a shriek that I will never be able to forget, as she announced "Cinnnnnnnnnnn-deeeee!" I heard her belt it out with a genuine mixture of laughter, cheer and a sheepish grin. She reached out to hug Cindy, who became my wife a year later. "And THIS must be the guy we've heard about," she exclaimed! She looked right into my eyes, as only Pat could. She had that enviable way to look straight at a person, as if you were the only person in the world right then.

Having gone through college on music scholarships, I spent my college years hob-nobbing with the opera set. After that, I had been a businessman, so I had experience with hundreds of people in various positions. I was used to gregarious people. However, when I reached to shake her hand and tell her that, yes, my name is Ed, just like her Ed, it happened. I actually felt her hand. Oh, I had felt many hands before and what seemed sometimes as nearly an inexhaustible number of handshakes, but none was like this one. This one was magic. Pure magic. I learned more about Pat Derby in that handshake than I have learned about most people I have known my whole life. Here was the "genuine article" – the "real deal", as they say. Oh, I had lots of people before telling me they were the genuine article, but how quickly I found them out.

Hers was a handshake that was a total surprise to me. I felt the calluses that can't be faked and aren't handed out to us, just because we spend time helping others. No, this was the handshake of a person who spent countless hours putting in the HARD, coarse work, that I would only find out later would be such a trademark of her remarkable life. I didn't know it then, but I was in the presence of true greatness. It would take me nanoseconds to know that I wanted most of my monies and support to narrow down to this one organization. It would take me years to fully realize all the true strength and honor that both she and Ed Stewart would wear so comfortably as their personal traits.

Pat excitedly turned around and yelled, "Ed-eeeeeeeeee, come over here. I have someone I want you to meet!" As Ed Stewart approached, I saw this tall, slender, handsome man meandering toward us. He was smiling so big that I actually thought someone must have just told him one heck of a good joke. I would later come to realize that Ed is always that way. As he approached us, Pat introduced us two "Eds." That was when the next amazing, yet everyday-occurrence happened. He held out his hand. We shook. I immediately said to myself, "Of course. . . they're a matched set!" Yep. The same coarse, finely-built hands of the male equivalent of Pat Derby greeted me, with a mixture of excitement and gentleness. There they were, so raw, so unassuming, standing in front of me. Two people who I immediately had a quite inexplicable reverence towards had just shaken my hand and by doing so, left their never-ending impression on me. They say that you can never take back a first impression. Pat and Ed were/are two people who did/have spent their entire lives not wanting to ever take back anyone's first impression of them. That first, amazing impression is exactly what you get.

Over the years, I have learned so much from Pat Derby and Ed Stewart. Pat's words to Cindy and me, "Just put in the work," during one Halloween party is now our slogan for the sanctuary that Cindy and I have set up. Using the PAWS model of never-ending space and a natural environment, for the rescue, rehabilitation and adoption of thousands of cats and dogs, we operate FatKittyCity today because of her influence. Pat and Ed have passed on their legacy to another type of group now, helping other species of her "loved ones." Every day I spend at FatKittyCity, helping the kitties rehabilitate in a large, free-roaming facility where they have room to be themselves and climate-controlled buildings for respite, I remember Pat and those words to me. "Just put in the work. The support will follow."

Pat graced me by sharing her life's moments, some great, some not so great, and some just plain 'ol hard, with me and my loved ones. She and Ed graced me by asking me to join the Board of Directors at PAWS, a position I have held for a dozen years with great love. She graced me by introducing me to Ed Stewart, one of the finest men I have ever come across in my sixty-three years on this planet. She graced me by leading the way, showing Cindy and me that there is a better way than what we have seen others do. To her, there was always room for improvement, and always room for the future. One only had to think out of the box, and with a pure heart of love for the animals.

She and Ed Stewart showed the world that, when they stuck out their necks and opened ARK 2000, even to the chagrin of an awful lot of their friends and supporters. She was right! Ed was right! The world was wrong, and they knew it, instinctively. She and Ed knew it from the very beginning. Pat could always see the future. There was no yesterday. There was only a tomorrow, where elephants, tigers and bears along with a lot of other animals, could find a loving, caring and comfortable life free of having to "perform" or "do something" for the entertainment of others. Oh, others have certainly been entertained watching them over the years, but only as they will, not as we will.

In the end, fate would have it that I would be thrown into the hospital, undergoing a very lengthy and painful back surgery and rehabilitation when I learned that Pat was struck yet

again. I remember just screaming. I also admit to crying about as hard as grown man can. Somehow, someway, I knew that I might not be able to ever see my precious "sister" again. As I struggled to come see Pat, my back reminded me that there was no way for me to get into a car, let alone travel for the hour and forty-five minutes it would take for me to see her, if only once again. I envy all of you who got to be there with Pat. We are all to be envied by the world, just because we were able to know her.

I could go on forever, with seemingly endless experiences with her, Ed and the others at PAWS. I can remember so many years full of laughter, humility, awe, and even sorrow. Mostly, I will always remember my "adopted sister" Pat for her very presence and humanity. The grace of a past ballerina and the hands of true love of work. I have so many "Pat-isms" in my mind that I pray to God I will never forget even a single one. No — not even a part of one! They are now, quite suddenly, as if they are irreplaceable gems of precious weight and importance. They now take the form of a priceless family "heirloom", one that needs to be passed down to others, but never exploited. She was a bright light in a growingly dim world. I know that I will never meet another Pat Derby, of course. None of us will. Only one was made. Then, begrudgingly, I'm afraid that mold was thrown away. — *Ed, friend of Pat Derby forever, and unofficial "adopted brother"*