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THE OPRAH
MAGAZINE

ENJOY YOUR BEST LIFE

Oprah asks the
hard questions,
**ELIZABETH
EDWARDS**
answers every
single one

FOR THE LOVE OF DOGS...

birds, rhinos,
ears, and one cool
it named Joan

US: Oprah's
option drama

Suze Orman
Trust!
really good
vice for really
allenging
nes page 42

Say hello to **Sadie**,
Oprah's new puppy
(upper left), and
friends at the PAWS
Chicago shelter

JUNE 2009 \$4.50



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PAWS Chicago director of development Lisa Nowak (far left, with Dax) and veterinarian Kelly Kostuch.

To the Rescue

We photographed this month's cover at PAWS Chicago, the city's largest no-kill animal shelter. Since PAWS Chicago opened in 1997, the number of animals euthanized in Chicago has dropped by more than 50 percent, and in 2008 PAWS Chicago found homes for more than 3,000 pets.

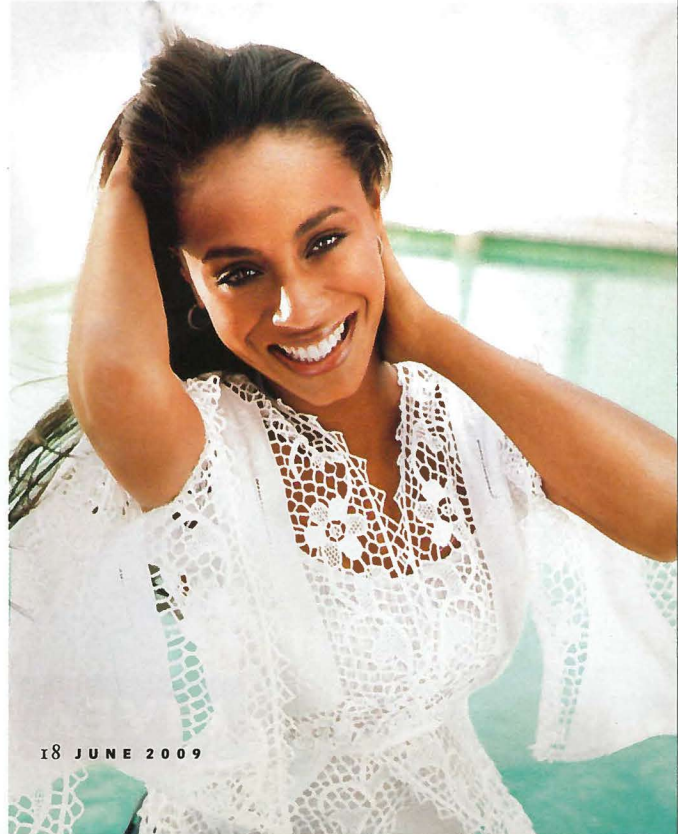


PAWS Chicago founder Paula Fasseas and her pooch, Pippen.

The shelter, whose staff is 80 percent volunteer, has been working with the city to pass a law requiring that pet owners spay or neuter their dogs and cats once they are 6 months old. In 2007 it also opened a state-of-the-art adoption center, where animals live in suites instead of cages and enjoy natural light, 30-foot ceilings, and 100 percent fresh-air ventilation. In April 2008 Oprah visited the center with her show for a series on puppy mills and pet homelessness and decided to sponsor a suite in memory of her cocker spaniel Sophie. The pale yellow room has tufts of grass painted on the walls, a chandelier, and a painted banner reading "In honor of my beloved Sophie."

"Point fingers at people?
That doesn't help.
I don't point fingers
anymore because it
disempowers me. I have the
power to fix things."

—Jada Pinkett Smith, "Aha! Moment," page 46.
Pinkett Smith will star in the new TNT drama series *Hawthorne*.



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Eliza Petrescu

"The Secret Language of Brows" page 180

Armed with just tweezers and wax, New York-based eyebrow specialist Petrescu can bring out any woman's personality, as she did with nine women in this issue's beauty feature.

O: Why eyebrow shaping?

EP: I started doing my mother's brows when I was 8; she said my hands felt like butterflies on her face. After high school in Romania, my mother said, "Get a real job." I became a certified accountant, but I wanted to follow my dream.

O: When did you start your business?

EP: I came to the United States in 1981 with two babies, knowing ten words in English. I started as an aesthetician at a Romanian salon. My reputation grew by word of mouth, and in 1998 I opened the first boutique for eyebrow shaping.

O: Do you still check out women's eyebrows everywhere you go?

EP: Yes! Being on the subway is torture! I'll probably be doing this when I'm 80.

Eugene Linden

"What Are They Thinking?" page 164

A longtime senior writer for *Time* and author of the books *The Parrot's Lament* and *The Octopus and the Orangutan* (both Plume), Linden is a leading expert on animal intelligence, the environment, and man's relationship with nature. In more than three decades of research, Linden has visited "a lot of very remote places—New Guinea, the Amazon, Africa—mostly to look at animals." His travels will be chronicled in his next book, *The Ragged Edge of the World*. He lives in Nyack, New York. **O**



O | what I know for sure

Meeting Sadie at PAWS Chicago, February 28, the day before I adopted her.



THAT'S SADIE ON THIS month's cover, hugging my right shoulder, making her bid for a new life with me. Right before we shot the photo—at PAWS Chicago, the city's largest no-kill humane shelter—she had licked my ear and whispered, "Please take me with you."

Out of all the pups in that picture, Sadie was the one I felt an instant connection with. But just to be sure I wasn't caught up in a moment of overwhelming puppy love, editor at large Gayle King said, "Why don't you wait and see how you feel tomorrow?" So I waited 24 hours. The next day, Chicago had a whiteout blizzard—not a good day to bring a puppy home, I thought. Especially if you live in a high-rise. It's hard to house-train from the

"My heart spoke to Miss Sadie, the runt of the litter. I love making the underdog a winner."

77th floor even when the sun is shining.

Nevertheless, Stedman and I donned our winter gear and used our four-wheel drive to get across town. Just to "have another look." Lots of folk were telling me, "Might as well get two. Just as easy to

train." But my heart spoke to Miss Sadie, the runt of the litter.

I love making the underdog a winner.

An hour later we were at Petco, buying a crate and wee-wee pads, collar and leash, puppy food and toys.

The crate started out next to the bed. And still she cried. We moved the crate up onto the bed, right in the center, so she could have a full view of me and not have separation anxiety her first night away from her brothers. More whimpering and whining, then full-blown yelping. So I took her out of the crate and let her sleep on my pillow. I know that's no way to train a dog. But I did it anyway.

And I'm still doing it. Sadie now thinks *I'm* her littermate. By the time I wake up in the morning, she has nuzzled her way between my [CONTINUED ON PAGE 209]



From left: Sadie and I at the cover shoot; two weeks later, in the hospital, fighting the deadly parvovirus; finally, sweet relief—a clean bill of health in March.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210] neck and shoulder. That's her most comfortable sleeping position.

Five days after bringing her home, I lost track of good sense and let myself get talked into adopting her brother Ivan. For 24 hours, two was indeed better than one. Ivan was Sadie's playmate, and I didn't have to be. (Some relief from games of fetch the ball and rubber squeeze bunnies.)

Ivan had one full day of romping in the sun with Sadie and my two golden retrievers, Luke and Layla. Then he refused dinner. And then the diarrhea started, followed by vomiting and more diarrhea. That was on Saturday. By Monday night, we knew he had the dreaded parvovirus.

I'd been through parvo 13 years before, with my brown cocker, Solomon. It nearly killed him. He stayed in the hospital for 20 days. He was over a year old when he got it. Ivan was only 11 weeks. His young immune system wasn't strong enough to overcome it. Four days after we took Ivan to the emergency clinic, he

died. That morning, Sadie refused to eat. Even though she had tested negative before, I knew she had parvo, too.

“At one point I told her doctor, ‘I’m prepared to let her go. She shouldn’t have to fight this hard.’ But fight she did.”

And unfortunately I was right. So then began the ordeal of trying to save her. Plasma transfusions. Antibiotics. Probiotics. And daily visits. I wish for every citizen of this country the kind of healthcare and treatment this little dog

received. The first four days, she got increasingly worse. At one point I told her doctor, “I’m prepared to let her go. She shouldn’t have to fight this hard.”

But fight she did. By the next day her white blood cell count started to improve, though she was still weak and lethargic and couldn't keep food down. Two days later she was happily eating bits of chicken.

And shortly afterward Sadie came home, skinny and frail but ready to start life anew. She has fully recovered. And is into chewing everything, including the blanket at my feet right now.

During the time she and Ivan spent in the hospital, I was worried and restless and got little sleep—the same as it would have been with any family member. Which is what I know for sure pets represent in our lives: a connection to caring that's unconditional. And reciprocal.

Puppy love. Nothing like it.

Oprah