

# Survivors Speak

TESTIMONIALS FROM PEOPLE YOUR SUPPORT HAS HELPED



AMANDA WOOD KINGSLEY

with daughter Nora & her dog Dottie, Pt. Townsend, WA

“What I’ve watched over the years in amazement is this small organization actually starting a national movement—not just against the use of USDA Wildlife Services poisons, but against the agency overall. They are remarkable.”

“In 1994 I lost my dog Ruby and I, myself, was injured by an M-44 sodium cyanide device on my family’s farm near Harrisburg, OR. In our search for help and answers, Predator Defense was the only corner of support we found. They seemed to be the only outfit with the guts to fight the powerful, corrupt, and dangerous operation responsible [USDA Wildlife Services]. From my own experience I know what an enormous and daunting battle this will continue to be, but I have been thrilled to see the battles Predator Defense has won to date against Wildlife Services, including a statewide ban on M-44s in Oregon. Predator Defense has my undying support and gratitude for their courage and perseverance in taking on a very nasty Goliath. I greatly hope they will get the support they need to continue this fight for the sake of all of us.”

- Amanda Wood Kingsley

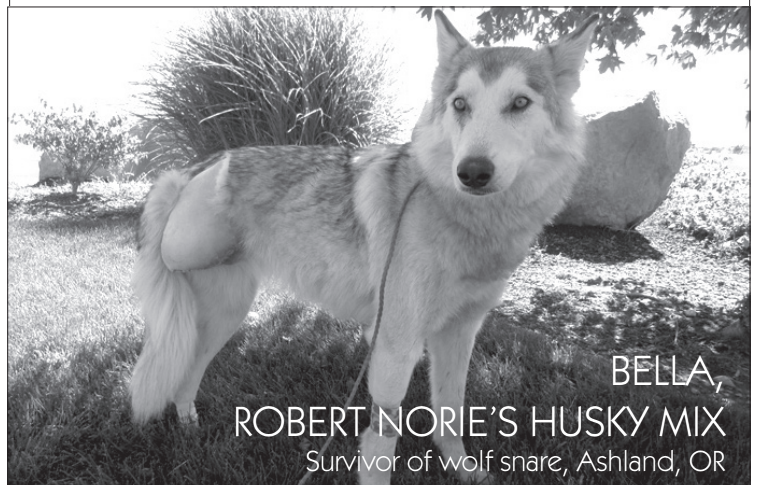
“If you are a frequent follower or supporter of Predator Defense you have probably read my tragic story about Bella, my Husky mix, getting trapped in a wolf snare in August 2010. In a desperate attempt to free herself she chewed off her right foot, resulting in the amputation of an entire leg. All this by no fault of her own. She was just another innocent animal/nontarget species getting in the way of the federal government’s haphazard and irresponsible methods of wildlife management. This was a very traumatic time for me, not to mention my unfortunate best friend and companion, Bella. Just imagine finding your close pet friend in this situation—in shock, bleeding, missing a foot, with parts scattered around and miles from your vehicle. Later that day I would hear of a little-known government agency named USDA Wildlife Services for the first time.

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After the incident a few months went by and I felt the need to somehow get my story out—perhaps part of the healing process. I reached out to Defenders of Wildlife, on a tip from someone, as a viable organization that would be interested in what had happened. I emailed my story to them and they seemed very excited and sincere. But after several weeks of close contact I no longer heard back from them. Then a friend showed me a newspaper clipping about a fellow named Carter Niemeyer who was promoting his new book, “Wolfer,” up in Portland. With nothing to lose I contacted him and sent him my story. Carter ended up telling me about Brooks Fahy and Predator Defense. What a stroke of fortunate luck!

Brooks was extremely sympathetic and I felt I finally had the ear of someone who would put my story out. I came to realize that he was a true warrior in the fight to expose Wildlife Services, the agency that had caused myself and Bella so much harm. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Brooks and Predator Defense for all they have done in the fight against this rogue government agency, and for standing up for the wildlife that we should be respecting, not killing.”

- Robert Norie & Bella



BELLA,  
ROBERT NORIE’S HUSKY MIX  
Survivor of wolf snare, Ashland, OR

Celebrating  
**30** years!

## A FATHER SPEAKS FOR A FAMILY COMPLETELY CHANGED

"On March 16, 2017 our lives changed forever. As many of you know, my son Canyon Mansfield walked up the trail to his usual spot where he studied and prayed, just 300 yards from our home. However, on this day he would not get any homework done.

While playing fetch with Kasey, his best friend and my dog, he spotted a small sprinkler type device stuck in the ground. Curious, he bent over and began touching this foreign object. Kasey, being an extremely well trained lab completed a front heel placing himself straight across from Canyon with this thing in between them. Canyon, just 14, felt a wire spring on the side of this object and it clicked and slid. He jumped back and covered his face with his left arm as an orange, almond-smelling powder shot him in the face. With the sudden pop and shock of it all and the stinging in his eyes, Canyon inherently knew that something really bad had just happened. He ran to the spring snow, yet unmelted, and irrigated his eyes and face. Just as he began to come to his senses he heard the groans and moans of his best friend. As he looked over he witnessed the anaerobic suffering of a suffocating dog dying from the inside out. Kasey died violently with bloody foam coming out of his mouth while seizing. In just a few minutes he succumbed to the hydrogen cyanide gas as Canyon watched helplessly. In a matter of minutes, USDA Wildlife Services stole a member of my family and a piece of my son's innocence forever.

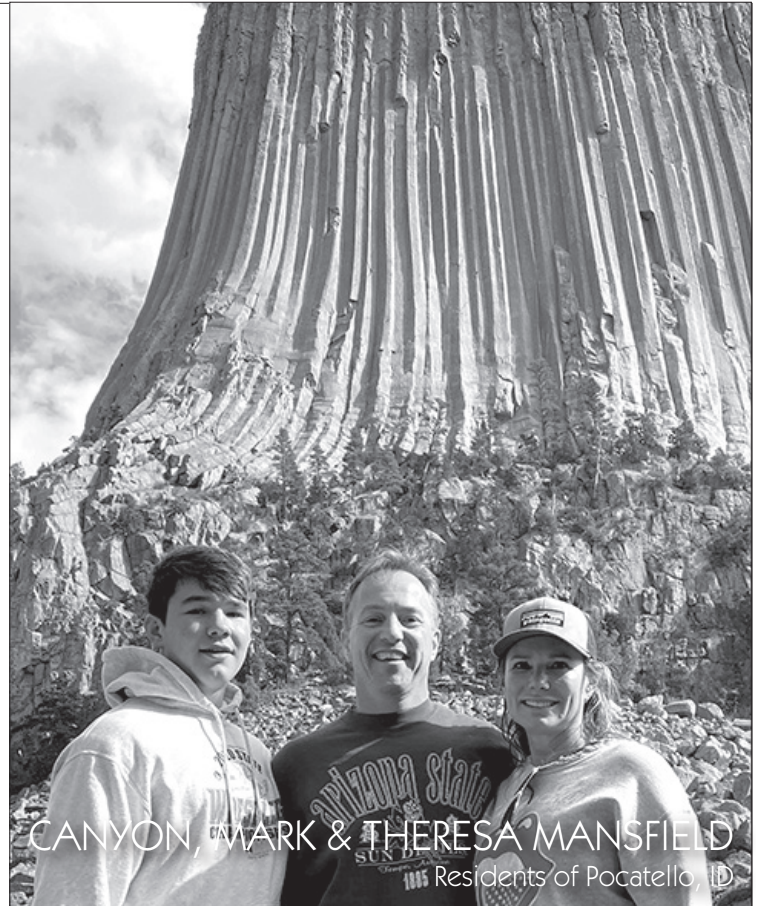
I received a call from my frantic son and I knew something unthinkable had just happened. I dropped everything and went to the place where Wildlife Services killed my dog and almost killed my son. We had the Sheriff's Department and the Hazmat team to the house, but no one knew what this poisonous device was. Hours later the M-44 would be identified by an ex-trapper. At that time, and for the first time, I would dub the device a "cyanide bomb" because it was filled with a deadly material and designed to go off and to kill. But no one could help us—not the sheriff, not the emergency room physician, not even my medical education.

My wife Theresa and I felt helpless as Canyon experienced the worse headaches of his life for a month straight; they did not go away day or night. He had nausea and vomiting and numb hands. We talked with a regional toxicologist and he had to see a neurologist. He underwent a brain MRI and multiple blood tests. Our son suffered immensely. He did not sleep much for a month. He came to our room many nights when he had "attempted" to sleep in his room. All of this does not even begin to address the emotional burden that being sick weighs on a boy—not to mention seeing the shadows form in Kasey Mansfield's eyes as his life left him. In the meanwhile the only peep anyone ever heard from Wildlife Services was their POLITICAL RELATIONS person commenting to various news organizations across the nation.

While nothing could be done for Canyon, who had been assaulted by a sub-lethal dose of cyanide, we searched for understanding of why someone would put a cyanide bomb by our home. Wildlife Services was nowhere to be found. We were very angry and hurt, mostly scared, lost and lacking in knowledge. In the meanwhile the media swarmed us like honeybees on a hive. We limited our exposure at first, due to our lack of understanding and our need to help our son. A few days later my career-long receptionist asked me if I had called "the guy from Oregon" back. She knew we were suffering. I said I had not and she looked at me empathetically, with tears in her eyes, and said, "I think this man can tell you what happened to you guys." Still angry and suspicious I instead asked my wife Theresa to call him back, and the rest is history. When I arrived home, Theresa told me of a man (Brooks Fahy of Predator Defense) who knew what happened to us and for what intended purpose—and that most of all, he cared.

Brooks helped us through a very emotional and unusual time that was completely foreign to us. He explained what the M-44

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cyanide bomb was and why it was ridiculously placed by our home. He gently taught us the historical perspective of Wildlife Services and this indiscriminate device. Of course I didn't want to believe him and double-checked all that he said, and all that he said was accurate. The understanding that he gave us helped us through one of the most difficult times we have ever experienced in our lives. Though my son suffered badly, Brooks helped him to not lay victim of Wildlife Service. Instead he became a warrior against them. Without Brooks we would have been just another family of non-target casualties.

Over the last three years we have fought alongside Brooks to get cyanide bombs out of our nation. We have traveled to Washington, D.C. twice and all over the West, answering questions as panelists at the documentary made surrounding this incident, "Lethal Control." Together we worked to introduce "The Chemical Poison's Reduction Act" (aka "Canyon's Law") in the U. S. Congress with Rep. Peter DeFazio that will hopefully one day be passed. We have succeeded thus far in keeping M-44s out of Idaho and getting them permanently banned in Oregon. Cyanide bombs have also been withdrawn from public land use in Colorado and Wyoming.

After Oregon's governor signed their ban into law, we all talked on the phone as Brooks drove home.

He was hesitant to celebrate; he wanted to talk about what was next. I encouraged him to stop and breathe in the fresh air, void of cyanide:

"You did it Brooks! Enjoy this tonight. You can work tomorrow."

Brooks has been a mentor for us in this realm and has become a very close friend. We have spent a great deal of time with him over the past three years and love him beyond my ability to write. Good can come out of bad, I know this to be true. I thank God for directing the wind to save my son and for guiding Brooks to mentor us and be our friend."

- Mark Mansfield, M.D.

Meet the Mansfields and others involved in this incident in the film "Lethal Control" at [www.predatordefense.org/lethalcontrol](http://www.predatordefense.org/lethalcontrol).