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## Freya 2.0. Neither Snow, Nor Rain, Nor Gloom of Night. Part 8

Sat, 2014-12-13 11:05 — Robin Olson

**My father grew up with a fairly serious case of Italian Guilt inherited from his father; “Every good thing always comes with a price.” he’d tell me. Of course that rubbed off on me over the years and a few days ago it became the theme of my journey to Boston with Freya.**

Freya had run out of time. Her colon was loaded with so much stool that fairly soon she’d start vomiting because her stomach was pushed too far out of its normal position and she couldn’t hold any volume of food inside it any longer. She’d suffer, laying on her side, groaning as her muscles contracted in a vain attempt to move some of the trapped stool out of a very tiny opening in her vagina. It was the only way any stool could leave her body. We’d hoped she’d make it to January when we were told she’d be big enough to handle a multi-hour surgery that might create a rectum, something she was born without, but desperately needed.



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But we couldn’t wait any longer. The surgery was quickly re-scheduled once we saw her latest x-rays. Her intestines looked like over-stuffed sausages, roping and twisting through her abdomen. Not only was it dangerous, it had to be very painful for Freya.

**On Tuesday she and I left for Boston; my little car with not-so-great tires, had to make the trip, no matter what. Even if there was a terrible nor’easter predicted with battering rain, little visibility and damaging winds to battle through, I HAD to get Freya to Boston for her surgery the following morning.**

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I admit I'm not wired to handle stressful situations with grace and elegance. I get sick to my stomach. I can't sleep. I run every scenario over and over through my head. I have this silly feeling that if I don't come up with every way the situation can go then the one I didn't think of will happen. I may feel in my heart that Freya is going to be ok, but I don't want to jinx it. I won't say that aloud. I will think back about what her surgeon, Dr. Pavletic, told me about all the complications that could kill her during and after surgery. The stitches might not hold then she'd die of sepsis. Once the surgery started he might find another abnormality we didn't know about that might make doing any repair impossible. Long surgeries take a toll on a kitten's body temperature and her organs could shut down and she might die on the operating table. I had to stop thinking that this could be the last 24-hours of Freya's life and start focusing on the road. There wouldn't be anything to worry about if we didn't make it to Boston and ended up in a ditch instead. The weather was so terrible that it was a very likely possibility.

From the moment I left the driveway I spent the next 3.5 hours white-knuckle driving across flooded highways, desperate to keep the car on the road, while the wind had other ideas. I chided myself for not getting new tires, but in truth I can't afford them and there wasn't time to do it. I had all day to get to Boston, even if it meant I had to drive at granny-speeds to do it.

What shocked me was how foolish the other drivers were. It's bad enough people over-drive their cars in good weather, but I got tail-gated by semi-trucks (*I was in the right lane on a 3-lane highway*), morons in SUVs or newer cars flew by me doing over 60 mph (*because that's the fastest I could safely travel and most of the time I had to go a lot slower*). My heart racing, my blood pressure ticking upwards, I kept wondering when I'd paid the price for Freya. Four months of early morning feedings, cleanings, fussing with this kitten. Four months of tears and fear about if she'd keep going long enough to get her surgery. There was a blur of vet visits, emails to peers and beyond asking for help; so much time spent. Didn't I already do enough? Why does this trip have to be so difficult?

**In the fog and pouring rain south of Hartford, I looked at the clock on my dashboard. It was 1:44 PM and I did the math that I was very behind schedule. As I looked up, appearing out of the gloom, laying on its side in my lane was the fender of a semi-truck. It was as high as the hood of my car. Time stopped as everything in my body tensed, readying for impact as I realized in a flash that maybe we weren't going to make Boston after all.**

I'd been careful driving so that I wasn't near other cars if I could help it. I think that's what saved our lives because I had to do a very quick, careful, maneuver around the fender that put me out of my lane for a few seconds. I couldn't overdo the turn. I flashed back to "**C-P-R**," (*correct, pause, recover*), a move I learned taking a [Skip Barber Professional Driving class](#) <sup>[1]</sup> 15 years ago when my life was a lot more carefree and I drove a zippy yellow Mustang GT with a 250hp motor and 18" wheels. The road was so flooded if I wasn't careful with the correction, with the crappy condition of my tires I would have spun out of control and been hit. As it was I thought I was going to hit the fender no matter what I did and I held my breath waiting for the screech of metal on metal to flay the paint off the right side of my car.



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Thankfully I just barely missed the fender and was able to get over to my exit heading us east a few moments later. Freya had no idea what was going on, but I was so angry and upset that the sky should have dried up right then and there. **The toll had been paid; the price collected out of the sprouting gray hairs on my head, but the rain and wind continued to batter us as it made me even more determined to get to Boston.**

-----to be continued...

## Comments

Sat, 2014-12-13 13:33 — Midge Ruhl (not verified)

### **Amazing courage** <sup>[2]</sup>

I am amazed by what I am reading.....this story will make a great novel.....God Speed to you both.

Sat, 2014-12-13 14:34 — jmuwj (not verified)

### **RE: FREYA'S JOURNEY** <sup>[3]</sup>

Looking at that bright-eyed little hopeful face, I know that you know it's more than worth it. ;)

Sat, 2014-12-13 16:36 — Mary Hargett-Hiduk (not verified)

### **The Journey To Boston** <sup>[4]</sup>

lthough the trip has given you new gray hairs, the journey has given Freya a new lease on life.

Thank you for loving this little creature and for allowing us to love her also.

Sat, 2014-12-13 19:58 — [Lynda](#) <sup>[5]</sup>

### **You're amazing** <sup>[6]</sup>

I don't know how you do it, Robin but I can see why you do it. That sweet face just melts my heart! As does all you do for Freya and all the others. What a journey..... prayers, purrs and hugs.

CICH @ [Google+](#)  
Robin @ [Google+](#)

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