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[Home](#) > For Freya. Bonus Part 3.

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Thu, 2014-09-25 22:29 — Robin Olson

(continued from [Part 1](#) ^[1] and [part 2](#) ^[2])

I took Freya back to NVS for a checkup 48 hours ago. She had a new set of x-rays done, but sadly they didn't show any improvement. The good news is she didn't get worse, so at least she was considered to be in stable condition. Dr. Andrews and I discussed next steps. Once again we agreed that we should wait to do the surgery, instead of doing it that day. I asked about a goal weight or age for her and he said really that it was most likely too risky to wait long. Freya could get an infection in her urethra that could go into her bladder, then kidneys. Of course there was the constant concern about how much stool was inside her and the effect that had on her intestines. He told me he'd reached out to Dr. P. but hadn't heard back yet so it was wait and see as to when the surgery would occur. I figured it would be a few more days, tops.

I was faced with going home and wondering how I could keep my schedule clear for the next week? weeks? When? Could I keep Freya comfortable? Could I find a way to exist and not lose my mind from the stress of worrying about her and from flat out being exhausted.



©2014 Robin A.F. Olson. Freya, mid-bath.

That night Sam made us dinner. Rice pasta and sauce. I was grateful I didn't have to cook. **I was so hungry and tired. I just wanted to sit down and eat in peace, maybe watch a little bit of television to settle my nerves.** I had about two bites of dinner, as I sat on the sofa holding my plate in my lap as we watched the truly moronic and cringe-worthy show, *"Love Prison."* ^[3] **I was contemplating changing the channel when I saw my cat, DOOD, appear at my feet. He looked up at me and right away I knew what that look that meant — "I'm going to jump in your lap." I couldn't react fast enough to stop my stupid cat from jumping into my plate of pasta. I screamed as he slid across the plate, then jumped over my shoulder, running for his life. I let lose a psychotic rant about how I was SO F'ING SICK OF THE F'ING CATS!** My legs were scratched. I felt two fingertips on my right hand begin to sting as if bees had just attacked me, then looked down to find he'd somehow sliced them open. But the worst sight was in my plate. Two big paw prints smashed into the food leaving some cat hair behind. Most days it wouldn't be a big deal, but right then and there, my world had stopped spinning. **I'm surprised I didn't start foaming at the mouth I was so ANGRY and UPSET.** If I had any wine I would have run to the liquor cabinet and slammed it down or better yet grabbed a bottle of vodka to quell my rage, but all I could do was cry and somehow try to pull myself together long enough to clean myself up.



©2014 Robin A.F. Olson. *Trouble, thy name is DOOD.*

Sam put something together for me to eat on a clean plate, but it wasn't much of anything. I lost my appetite as a monster of a headache crept between my temples. It was already almost 9pm. Why was I eating anyway? I knew it was too late to eat, but most days it seems that's when we finally had time to take a break.

I finished my nightly rounds, getting the foster kittens fed and Fernando's eye medicated in a very sour mood. When I got to Freya's room I told her that I had to get some sleep. I was going to set the alarm for 6:30 AM instead of 4:30 AM. It was nearly midnight and though I'd worry about her, I had to sleep or it could be bad for me. She looked up at me with her periwinkle blue eyes and meowed. She understood. I gave her a kiss and said good night.

It was the first real sleep of longer than 4 hours I've had in weeks. Even after I got up at 6:30 AM, after 2 hours of feeding and playing with Freya, I went back to bed for a few more hours. I felt like a greedy bear on a winter's day.

Changes need to be made. Freya would only be here a few more days. I could push through this difficult time, then re-focus on getting my fosters adopted and getting work done. I had to have faith I could keep Freya going and if not I felt I could spot when she was in trouble and get her help quickly. I needed to CALM DOWN and give myself more time to rest if needed. It would be all right.

Then Connie & Katherine called me and it changed everything.

The plan for Freya's surgery was finally settled. Connie and Katherine were practically giddy when they spoke. Katherine urged Connie to tell me the GOOD NEWS. She asked me if I was sitting down. I told her I was, wondering what she was going to tell me. There is no way I saw this coming...

Freya is to stay in foster care for SIX MORE WEEKS. At that time Dr. Andrews and another surgeon are going to take Freya to Boston where Dr. P. will do the surgery at Angell Memorial. There will be THREE surgeries in total. The first two may occur relatively closely together. The third will happen some time later. The last surgery will be to remove what they expect to be some of Freya's colon which will have become a megacolon.

After she recovers Freya will still be incontinent, but only with stool. Since she'll be able to pass stool from a newly created opening, that means **she won't be leaking any more. She won't be in pain. She will only drop a poo here and there, instead of leak and drip all over the floor and herself.** She won't need to be bathed all the time. I know if we eventually put her on a raw diet, her poo won't smell and she'll hardly go poo at all and when it comes out, it's dry as dust. It won't even leave a stain. **But there's a very long time between today and that "some day" and a lot of risky and difficult procedures she has to survive.**

©2014 Robin A.F. Olson. Freya washes her face and we all swoon.

It's going to be a VERY LONG ROAD for Freya. I don't know how long she'll be in Boston or how many trips she'll have to make. I know that [Angell Memorial](#) ^[4] is living up to its name. They're providing sanctuary and hope for Freya and they're going to work with us on costs. The fine details are as yet to be revealed. One day I may ask all of you to help us with donations for her. **Right now, in addition prayers and good wishes, I could really use some MORE towels! I also need some cat food and another little hut for Freya to sleep in (so I can get my laundry basket back) . I'll post those things on our [Amazon.com Wishlist](#) ^[5] if you'd like to send Freya a little gift.** Other than that, I'm going to ask that you think good thoughts for me, too. **I'm 100% dedicated to Freya, but I need to do a better job finding balance.** I've got 10 kittens and 2 adult cats to find homes for as soon as I can and another 14 in Georgia with Moe who need to get here soon to find their homes, too. **I keep promising myself I'm going to take a break. I just hope this challenge doesn't break me first.**



©2014 Robin A.F. Olson. Need a mountain to move? Freya knows just how to do it with that sweet face.

As for Freya, she hit the jackpot of all time. From a tiny, flea-covered kitten with a once hopelessly incurable birth defect who was born outdoors to a wild mother, to being the focus of many highly-skilled surgeons, a few very devoted rescuers and a worldwide group of fans, I'd say it doesn't get much better than that. Freya is a magnet for love and compassion. She's a great teacher and for that I'm truly grateful.

Of course this story will continue but for right now we can exhale until the next chapter arrives.

Comments

Thu, 2014-09-25 22:46 — [Teri and the ca... \(not verified\)](#) ^[6]

Hip Hip Hooray! ^[7]

Amazing and gratifying and so wonderful when networking and fundraising and hard work pay off!

Thu, 2014-09-25 23:21 — Shelley Wilkinson (not verified)

Freya, happy thoughts and healing purrs ^[8]

Robin, I truly do not know how you do everything that you do! I totally understand hitting that breaking point, losing it a bit and letting off some steam. If The DOOD hadn't pushed you over the edge, it might have happened at a worse time/place. Maybe someday you'll be able to laugh about it. Hopefully, now that there is a game plan for the surgery, you can relax (relatively speaking) a bit. Freya is such a precious little girl and it is amazing how much care, love and attention she is getting! You are an absolute angel for all you do for so many kitties and especially everything you are doing for little Freya! Take care of yourself as best you can. I will continue to send happy thoughts along with my 6 kitties' healing purrs for you and Freya...

Fri, 2014-09-26 14:01 — Catnymouse (not verified)

Friend for Freya ^[9]

Hey Robin, I was just thinking about little Freya, could you have one of your older cats, one that has a nurturing personality (if you have any like that, lol) spend some time with her? I know with my Rusty (even though he is a boy), anytime there is a kitten in the house, he takes over being a mother. He snuggles with them and gives them a bath. I just thought about it this morning and thought what a break that would give you, and she would probably like it too?

Fri, 2014-09-26 14:46 — jmuwj (not verified)

RE: FREYA and THE DOOD [10]

Awww, don't be mad at THE DOOD! He's so sweet, and I'm sure he didn't mean any harm. He just wanted to share some affection.

Continuing "PRAYERS* and good healing thoughts for FREYA!

Fri, 2014-09-26 19:59 — Catnonymouse (not verified)

gift for freya [11]

hi robin

just sent you a gift for precious freya.....sooooo happy to help!!!

i will keep sending lots of love your way. thank you so much for all that you do <3 <3 <3

love & hugs

edie & 10 (you know..... ;)they're covered in fur and they purr :D

Fri, 2014-09-26 20:12 — Jeanne B (not verified)

Just like human kids, [12]

Just like human kids, sometimes they're just a bit much. We all get tired and reach our breaking points--so do kitties. I have all kinds of scars on my body from wayward ricocheting cats. I remember the time when one was laying on my belly, and spooked, and dug in with his hind feet. No, that is not the scar from my C-section or lipo. The pain was indescribable.

I had a similar experience once where I'd just sat down with a plate of leftovers from my favorite Mexican place, balanced on my knees as I settled in to watch TV, and along comes A CAT and the plate, like buttered bread, ended up face down on hairy carpet.

That cat almost didn't get fed his dinner that night, I was so mad.

I'm glad it's working out for Freya. She's in my prayers--as are you.

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