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Postcards from Somewhere Over the Rainbow Bridge Ch 1

Mon, 2019-09-09 17:48 — Robin Olson

On September 5, 2019, my 18-yr old soul-cat, Spencer died unexpectedly during a procedure while sedated. If you'd like to read about his last few days you can go [HERE](#) [1] and [HERE](#) [2].

What I could never have imagined is that our connection didn't end on that fateful day. Because of the deep love we shared, a door remains open to us. It's a rare gift, only for those who have a magical bond with their companion animal. Instead of keeping this secret to myself, I decided to share it with the world. Please read on.

Dear Mama,

I guess I better start off by saying, *I'm sorry*. I know you're hurting right now, not only because I left this mortal coil, but because it was so sudden and such a shock to you. I heard you cried so hard you got a migraine? Is that true? I would never want you to suffer like that, just like you never wanted me to suffer, but there are things that we can't control no matter how hard we try.

I know you miss me. I miss you, too. 17 years is a long time to be with someone. I **never** wanted to leave you. Even though my physical form is gone, I'm still with you.

In the end, I didn't suffer much. I was sedated when my heart gave out. I'm grateful for that. Yes, I was scared because you weren't there, but I was surrounded by others there that cared about me. Dr. Larry, Super-Deb, Dr. Mary, Judy. They were trying really hard to keep me around, even though I'd been a pain in the ass to them all these years. I gotta hand it to them for trying. I think they really care about you, which is why they were giving it a team effort. The thing is, my heart hasn't been good for awhile now. You didn't know it. I wish I could have told you.

Leaving you so fast was a bit of a shock to me, too, but in truth I could feel it was coming. I felt it for a long while now. You saw it in how tough it was for me to walk more than a few steps without having to rest. I didn't come upstairs any more. I missed meeting you at the door when you came home. My legs were getting pretty wobbly. I hated tripping over my paws some times. I know it upset you to see me like that.

I saw you trying to figure out what was wrong. You tried so very hard, for so very long, to find an answer. You took me for laser treatments for my legs. It felt good, but it wasn't my legs that were needing help. You saw the holistic vet and he gave me some really good remedies and the antibiotics you struggled trying to give me really did help me feel better over my last two weeks.

My health issues were really complicated over the years and man, did you go the distance for me. You raised, what, about \$5000 when you didn't have \$100 to your name, just so I could get that big mass removed off my pancreas when I was 16! Then the pathology hinted at cancer, and you jumped on that, fast. You figured out it wasn't true, but you had to work so hard to get answers about that. Before that time there were a zillion other problems, but you leaned in and learned as much as you could about every health issue I had so I would never have to suffer-*"Not on my watch,"* you said.

Then you had to give me fluids every day for over a year. I know you hated *"sticking me."* It took a toll on you, but you made it comfortable for me so I wouldn't stress out. I even enjoyed getting fluids some times.

Mama, honestly, you blow me away. You never gave up on me, even during so many dark times when it looked like my health was truly failing. I hope you find a way to see that and not feel guilty you couldn't save my life today. In truth, you did save my life, MANY TIMES, but sooner or later the day will come when "all the King's horses..." you know how it goes.

And it's not like I made anything easy for you. There is no way you could have figured everything, because you know how I get. I'm like you. You get pushed a bit too hard and you go into the *"red zone"* fast. How is anyone supposed to examine me when I flipped out so easily? Kinda like how you got when one of the other cats peed on the sofa (*I'm not saying names, but it started with a P., literally and figuratively*). Boy did that piss you off.

Yes, I still have a sense of humor. Just because I'm not there with you doesn't mean I can't try to cheer you up once in while.

The connection I felt with you when we were together, and now as we're apart, is on a molecular level. I know you didn't just love me like all the other cats that have been in your life. We had a bond that was so strong it continues to pull me towards you, to keep reaching out, to let you know I'm okay over "here," and to tell you I can write you now and let you know how I'm doing. That is, if you'd like to hear from me. I hope it's not too painful that I keep reaching out. I would not want to add to your grief.

Write soon?

Love always,

Spencer (aka, Wee-wee, Weedie-woo, Baby-Man...just proving to you that it really is ME and I'm okay so don't worry about me. I miss you!)

Dear Spencer,

With all my heart and soul I hope it really IS you writing me. When you died a few days ago, a big hunk of me died along with you. Losing you is so painful, I can't really think about it too much. I can look at a photo of you for only a second or two before the tears well up in my eyes and my head starts to hurt. I think about your last few days, but it's mixed up with so much regret, remorse, guilt, frustration, anger, and complete heartbreak that I can barely keep myself together.

I can feel the pressure build up behind my eyes. I'm going to cry again. I can't do that. If the dam bursts I will never stop crying. You were my everything, my sweet fluffy sassy shadow. You saw me through so many tough times. You made me smile, even when you drove me crazy. You always tucked me in at night. **You were my best friend and you never stopped loving me.**



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You never questioned if I loved you. You always looked up at me with this adorable expression of love mixed with curiosity. That purr of yours was non-stop and just gave me another reason to be completely charmed by you. I fell in love the first moment I saw you pop your head out from inside a cardboard cat carrier. You were my first foster fail oh so many years ago. I promised myself I wouldn't adopt you. I'm so glad I broke that promise.

But this is a game-changer-if I really could talk to you. This is so messed up. I can't believe it. I just got your ashes back tonight. They're in a little wooden box in the living room. Dr. Larry and Dr. Mary sent me a big bouquet of flowers. There are thistles mixed with the roses and hydrangeas. It's perfect. It's just like you. Beautiful and prickly at times, but I don't mean it in a bad way. I loved how sassy you were. You didn't take shit from anyone.



©2019 Robin AF Olson. Thistles.

I just hugged and kissed the wooden urn, then a few minutes later, I find your note. That's crazy!

All I can say is keep writing me, please! What's it like where you are? What are you doing? Can you see any of the other kitties like Bob or Gracie? Can you visit with humans? Or is the Rainbow Bridge segregated by species?

Will you ever come back to me? Please come back! How will I know it's you? How long will it be? Oh Weedie-woo, I miss you so much. This house is empty without you and my heart aches all the time. I want this bad dream to be over. I want you to be here with me still. **I wasn't ready to say goodbye. I never will be.**

Please write me again when you can!

Mama loves you, always.



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Comments

Mon, 2019-09-09 21:03 — [Eastside Cats \(not verified\)](#) ^[7]

[Angel Spencer](#) ^[8]

I truly believe that love never dies. I also know that our cats do not fear death; they are very pragmatic. An animal communicator friend told me that our furry friends transition easily, because they haven't the strings of doubt that we humans do. And humans like to second guess, but if we hold onto the faith that we were doing the best we could at the time, with the knowledge that we had, then we can release guilt. Hugs and purrs.

Tue, 2019-09-10 14:45 — [Tipper Bayley \(not verified\)](#) ^[9]

Story about Spencer ^[10]

I sat here and read your story and cried. I lost my to dogs a few years ago after 15 years of love and it hurt. But, that opened the door to my new cat babies. I love them so much already I can understand your love for Spencer. My sincerest sympathies.
TB

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