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Postcards from Somewhere Over the Rainbow Bridge Ch 4

Mon, 2019-10-07 13:21 — Robin Olson

My Sweet Boy,

I've been trying to work up the nerve to write your Memorial, but I can't look at photos of you for too long without losing it. Photos will be the key to show just what an amazing creature you were and I have thousands of photos to look over. So far I managed to look at about 100 before I just couldn't look any longer.

Yes, they bring up happy memories, but mostly it leaves my heart in ruins. Tomorrow will mark three weeks since you died unexpectedly during a dental procedure ⁽¹⁾ and the pain is worse now than when you died. I keep feeling like it's been long enough that I haven't seen you. You should be home by now, but I know that's a foolish wish. I know you can never come home again.

Thank you for your letter ⁽²⁾. Of course you're right about us having a connection that lasts beyond the constraints of one life. We always have been together, just in different forms. I should have understood that better when I joked about how you always had to "tuck me in" every night. You acted like my mom. Maybe you once were?

You'd sit on my pillow and purr so loudly into my ear there was no way I was going to be able to sleep. You'd purr away while I gave you some skritches, but after about 10 minutes you'd get up and walk to the foot of the bed and lay against my leg. It was your way of saying goodnight. The last time you did that was late in April. I cherished it every time you did it. I knew that one day no one would tuck me in and I was right. I often sleep alone now. Either none of the other cats come to bed, or little Freya will join me, but she stays on the corner of the mattress.

I don't really want the connection any more. It's okay to sleep alone. After you died, I just quit caring about feeling connected to anything. Yes, I still have a house full of cats and foster kittens. I love them all, but not "like that;" not the way I loved you.

I don't need the connection any more. The one I needed is gone forever. It's not a replaceable thing. I'm working on finding a place to be okay with just being grateful I had a connection with you, and that although the world feels so gray, it's okay. I saw things in color for a long time. I was lucky.

I'm trying to be kind to myself, but I'm eating too many carbs. I really shouldn't. I've been getting out to do my morning walk as often as I can, but I don't know why I'm bothering.

Last weekend I took myself out for brunch. Part of my choice was simply because I really enjoy going to Mothership Bakery ⁽³⁾, but I also admit I was feeling pulled to go there. I don't know why and I don't know why I felt like I had to hurry up to get there, too. It was odd. In my mind, it didn't matter when I got there as long as they were open, but once I got there it all became apparent.

I brought a book with me to read while I waited for the lunch special to be prepared. I sat off in the corner of the cafe, a ray of sunlight was peeking through the skylight onto my face. I turned slightly to get the sun out of my eyes and noticed two women sitting to my right. As I turned back to my book, I overheard one of them say; "I don't know what to do. She's so upset about her cat dying, all she does is cry. It's been going on for weeks."

The woman across the table from her replied; "What was that cat's name, again?"

"Blue."

Many years ago, my mother got my father a kitten as a birthday present. He was a tiny chocolate point Siamese with stunning turquoise colored eyes.

His name was Blue.

What are the odds this would happen? That I would be in the right spot...that I would hear this snippet of conversation. I felt compelled to talk to the women and tell them I run a cat rescue and that their friend could contact me and come visit our kittens if it would help her feel better---not to push an adoption on her. I was brutally depressed. I wanted to work up the courage to talk to them, feeling I'd had a sign to do so, but I just couldn't do it. It was difficult enough not to break down and cry in public.

Someone was sending me a message, but I didn't know who sent it. Was it my mother, who I'm at odds with after finding out she lied to me about my brother not being my full-blood-brother? I didn't find out until after she died! Was my father sending me a sign? Was it you? **Did you do it?**

I know you sent me yet another sign, Spencer. I was watching Hulu and the show (*the remake of Four Weddings and a Funeral* [4]) featured a character named **Ted SPENCER**. Are you KIDDING ME?! **Is everyone on television named Spencer now? There were posters all over the wall in one scene because fictitious Ted Spencer is running for political office. I had to take a photo of the TV screen so someone else would believe me.**

This is craziness! I don't trust that this is real. I'm just open to hearing your name, right? That's it. It's just coincidence.



In 2005, my mother and I were talking about if we would come back in some way after we died. Of course my mother said; **"I'm not coming back. I am not leaving any signs. I will be dead. The end."**

Yeah, she really knew how to be comforting, that one.

So as much as I want to believe it, having faith was never my strong suit. I'm trying, Wee, I'm trying. Keep sending the signs!

I just bought 72 votive candles, yes, in pink, like the color of your nose. My hope is that if I burn one every day that when the box is empty, maybe I'll have started to feel a bit better. If I don't, that's ok. I know you don't think I'm honoring you by being in so much pain and by crying so often. I know you want me to be happy. I'm trying.

But you probably saw what happened when I had to bring Nora to the vet yesterday.



©2019 Robin AF Olson. Nora not thrilled that it's time for yet another...enema.

She got constipated yet again. At 19-years of age we can't hope it goes away. She has to get to the vet. When I got there they

put me in the exam room...the exam room where I last saw your body after you died. You weren't even the first of our cats who died in that room, but it didn't matter.

You mattered.

I couldn't handle it. I kept having flashbacks of seeing you dead. I tried so hard to stay cool, but I started to sob. They had to pull us out of the room and put us in another exam room. It was just too much to be there. In my heart, I'm not sure if I'll ever be able to go back in that room again. The pain is brutal. I want to scream bloody murder. I want to rip my hair out. I want to cry until my eyes burn.

God how I miss you. You were such a magnificent creature, my dove. There will never be another cat as fabulous as you were. I will never care as much for another cat ever again. I'm grateful I had the honor of being in your fluffy- presence for seventeen years.

Mama Loves You

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Comments

Mon, 2019-10-07 16:52 — [Eastside Cats \(not verified\)](#) ^[7]

[Angel Spencer](#) ^[8]

I really like your idea about lighting the candles. A ritual, that might help condense your heart pain.

Tue, 2019-10-08 14:40 — [jmuhj \(not verified\)](#)

[RE: SPENCER](#) ^[9]

I rarely check my home page these days, and so I'm just reading the chapters concerning Spencer's passing.

I know words are just words, so I won't write a lot of them here. Just want you to know I empathize and care.

And whether you have Faith or not, you will be together again in due time. May this comfort you in time.

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Robin @ [Google+](#)

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[3] <https://mothershipbakeryandcafe.com/>

[4] <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt7587362/>

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