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[Home](#) > Postcards from Somewhere Over the Rainbow Bridge Ch 5

Postcards from Somewhere Over the Rainbow Bridge Ch 5

Wed, 2019-10-09 15:52 — Robin Olson

Dear Mama,

I want you to understand something that's going to be difficult to hear. I knew I was going to die. I know you were seeing the signs that my time was coming one day, but I could feel something was wrong. I could tell that my time was coming much sooner than you realized. I wish I could have told you, to spare you the shock of losing me. In truth, I knew I was going to die the last time we saw each other. I was grateful that it would be painless and quick for me, and that you didn't have to see the vets trying to re-start my failed heart. I'm sure imagining it is bad enough on you.

I love you so much. I wanted for you to not have to make the choice for me. I didn't want you to see me like that. I didn't want you to have to hold me and ask me to stay with you a bit longer. I just couldn't. I was older than you thought. My heart was in much worse shape than you knew.

I applaud you for all you did for me. You watched me so carefully, always racing me off to the vet, never balking at the costs, even though you went without things you needed so many times. I couldn't have asked for a better mama. I really couldn't.

I hope you understand that I was in a tough place. I wanted to stay with you more than anything, but I also knew if I had to leave you, that I wanted to spare you the worst of the suffering. You didn't have to see me waste away. You didn't have to come home and find me already gone. You didn't have to syringe feed me (and man, you would have hated that and you know it!).

We all make choices. We all see things differently and make different choices. I did the best I could for you. I know the only thing you really wanted was for me to be with you always, and as we've spoken before, I am always with you, just not in the physical sense.

I see your tears, even after a month. It pains me so much. I know you took the small wooden box that contains my ashes, to bed with you one night, and cried yourself to sleep again. If I could take your pain away, I would. Please don't despair, mama.

There's something that I could do for you. Your friend Karen realized it before you did. She recognized my message when you didn't even realize it. She's a great cat-mom, too, at least that's what her cats told me.

After I passed away, I spoke to the gerber daisies you planted in the flowerbox this spring. You really got a raw deal when you planted them; the first flowers you'd planted in ten years. How it wrecked you when in less than 12 hours, the squirrels had eaten the flowers, leaving only the green leaves. You even saw one running off with a flower in its' mouth. Part of you gave up you were so angry and frustrated. Yes, you dug up the remaining flowers and moved all but one of them inside because you didn't have enough pots. Most of them either died or never flowered.

You got pissed. You sprinkled lemon pepper all over the surviving plant that was outside. The squirrels left it alone. As the summer went on, they didn't bother with the flowerbox. Instead, they went in search of other food sources even though you feed the birds every day and leave out a bit of seed for whoever wants it.

It wasn't fair that you did all that and never saw a flower blossom again.

So I asked the daisy to bloom for you. The buds began to develop the day I died. There wasn't just one flower, there were two; *a symbol of our relationship*. They were a bit ratty looking at first-kind of how I looked when we first met. But as the days passed, they began to fill out, nearly glowing from their effervescent hue. It was my way of saying; ***I'm here, I love you, and don't give up on being happy again.*** Don't give up on loving another cat as much, or even more, than you loved me. It's ok. My love for you will never change and I know you feel the same way.



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Our lives pass in the blink of an eye. Why waste it crying when you could be loving someone? You can still honor me every day, with every pink candle you light, with every memory of me that leaves you smiling. And you can be the brave and strong mama I know you to be, and find a way to lift your head up again, to dry your tears, and to find that your heart still beats and can feel love again.

Love always,

Your "baby-man," Spencer

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Comments

Wed, 2019-10-09 20:51 — Ellen Pilch (not verified)

That is so sweet even if it ^[2]

That is so sweet even if it did make me cry. XO

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