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Somewhere Over the Rainbow Bridge Ch 3

Mon, 2019-09-23 15:26 — Robin Olson

Dear Mama,

I can feel your heartache and hear you crying. I want to take your pain away, but I know you have to process the suddenness of my departure. I know it takes time. I hope my words help you heal, at least a little.

Yes, I did send you some messages to you. You didn't notice them all, but don't worry. I will send more if you need them. I want you to know I'm okay. I'm free from my weak, old body. I'm free from pain and suffering. I'm simply, **free**.

Please don't cry. I promise we'll be together again one day. You know we're all just stardust in different shapes and forms. One day you're you and one day you'll be part of something else and the same goes for me. We had a blessed connection this time around, but guess what? We've had this before. That's why you knew I was the one for you when you first laid eyes on me so very long ago. You recognized that we already knew each other. You knew it in your heart.

We have been together many times before in different ways. Each time we've had a connection, whether it be mother and son, or dear friends, or any creature large or small. It didn't matter our shape or exactly how we cared for each other. **What mattered always was our heart-connection, and that never ends, ever. It continues on through time and space.**

So that's why when I tell you we will meet again, we will. We won't have the same memories of our most recent life together, but the familiar tug in our hearts will help us recognize each other again.



I saw the shrine you put together for me. It's very sweet. I even get my own table top. There are so many cards and flowers on it. It looks like you had to move some of them to another table!

I saw you take a pink votive candle out of its' box yesterday morning and light it, just for me. You do it every day, don't you? I know you chose pink because of the color of my nose, right? I saw how you reached out and touched the small wooden box that contains my ashes, then you whispered; "*Mama loves you,*" as you said to me so many times during my life.

I love you, too, mama. I always will. Whatever shape or form or for however long we have, our love is infinite

and our connection never ends. You can bank on that.

Love,

Spencer

Comments

Tue, 2019-09-24 11:07 — [Eastside Cats \(not verified\)](#) ^[1]

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It's hard. We know. And it's a path walked alone, even when you have friends.

Hugs and purrs.

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Links

[1] <https://eastsidecats.blogspot.com/>

[2] <https://coveredincathair.com/comment/10780#comment-10780>