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We'll Never Really Know for Sure-Part One

Fri, 2011-06-10 14:53 — Robin Olson

As I drove to the Vet to pick up some ungodly expensive cat food for Cara, all of a sudden, I got this really bad "feeling." It was a dark sense of dread, like I knew something very bad was going to happen. I tried to focus on the feeling. Would it further guide me? I felt like I needed to drive home on the backroads instead of taking the highway. I felt like it was a very big, but I didn't get a sense of exactly what it was.

Am I flakey? I don't think so. Sometimes I just get a gut feeling about something and I try to just go with it. Usually it does make sense some time later, OR I find a way to make it make sense. I get that, but I believe there's more going on in our minds, that we have more capability than scientists can prove with a test or wires tapped to someone's head.

Haven't you ever just got a feeling about someone or something that turned out to be correct?

I got home safely. Driving the backroad reminded me that a new Ice Cream shop, called Ice Cream Heaven, just opened. That certainly wasn't bad news!

At 1pm, **we packed Bob into his carrier to take him for his 11th (!) chemotherapy treatment** . The drive to Wappingers Falls, NY takes about an hour. It was bloody awful hot and humid. I was determined to sit in the back seat and keep Bob company, but it was very uncomfortable in the car. I reflected on that sense of dread I had, but I was too hot to think deeply.

Sam was driving. He kept spacing out. I had to remind him not to exit, then later, TO exit the highway. He was hot and tired and had driven one too many trips to New York City to see his Mother the past eight weeks since her suicide attempt and his "auto-pilot" kept making him want to head south, instead of west.

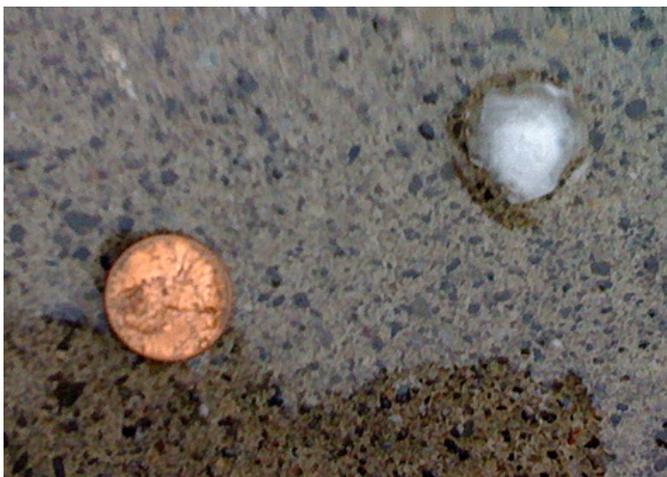


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As we were finally getting off the highway, I noticed a helicopter flying very low. No sooner than we got off the ramp, I saw the road was blocked in both directions. The helicopter was a rescue chopper that was heading to the scene of a very serious car crash. There were all sorts of emergency vehicles blocking the road. Maybe that was what gave me the sense of doom I had earlier?

We were late getting Bob to his chemo. All I could think about was the poor people whose lives were changed forever.

As always, we have to wait about two hours for Bob to get his chemo so we left for our favorite hangout, Panera Bread, to get some lunch. I knew that the weather was going to pick up due to the incredible heat wave we were suffering under. I looked at the weather radar and sure enough there was a line of very strong storms headed towards us and one small rogue cell about to dump some rain.



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It poured. **You could barely see it rained so hard.** It was time to go get Bob. We debated going outside, but we figured it would let up soon. Two seconds after we got into the car, it started to hail, hard. Sam's car was getting pelted. It was so hot outside the hail melted quickly. I did my part and used my brand new NOAA Official Weather Spotter card to call the National Weather Service to report the hail. A very nice lady told me to call back if the hail was larger than a pea. As she said that, we saw hail that was about quarter sized hit the ground. As I told her it was getting larger, she laughed and agreed with me, saying she could hear it hitting the car. I ran out and got a quick photo, which left me drenched, but my heart was pounding with excitement.

The Vet called. The storm took out some of their equipment and they were re-booting the systems. They needed us to kill another hour. **We decided to play tornado chaser.** The sky looked very foreboding. The weather radar showed a distinct hook in the shape of the storm.



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Was THIS my bad feeling coming to life?

We drove around watching the sky churn. I noticed that the radar indicated the storm was moving to Connecticut and was going to hit our house square on. I wanted to get Bob and go home. I was really feeling anxious and rightly so. **A funnel cloud was spotted very close to where we were driving and my nephew, Ryan called me to say that the power just went out and the weather picked up.** Ryan lives 2 miles from my house. I suddenly wished he had a key so he could go check on the cats.



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Some times Bob looks out the car window and HISSES at the traffic going past!

We weren't able to pick up Bob until nearly 6pm. **The GOOD NEWS was that he had GAINED 5 ounces in four weeks.** On a person, that would have been about a 5 POUND weight gain. **This was the first weight Bob's gained since he was diagnosed with small t-cell lymphoma in January!** We were delighted.

The storm passed as we left New York and headed home. I still felt that sense of dread. We couldn't get home fast enough, but traffic was slow. **Why they call it "Rush Hour" is beyond me. No one ever rushes anywhere. It should be called "Slow, Frustrating & Annoying HOURS."**



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Bob—back seat driving yet again.

As we got into town, every so often I'd see a big tree limb snapped off, lying in someone's yard. There was a lot of debris on the road, but nothing too serious. I looked at the homes in our neighborhood. Their lights were on, so that was a good sign. **As we pulled into the driveway, we quickly realized a big tree had fallen, just missing the house.** If Sam had left his car outside the garage, which is does most days, it would have been smashed. My side of the garage was blocked so I could not get my car out.



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Missed us by "this" much!

We got Bob inside and started to check around the house. I went out on the deck and surveyed the property. No more fallen trees, but the flowers in my planters were stomped on. We focused on getting the cats fed, then we had to see what we could do about the tree.



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I began chopping off as many branches as I could, but we don't have a working chain saw. **I guess buying one 20 years ago and having it still be in the box, never used, is not going to help us.** I chopped and Sam cleared. It rained on us, but I hoped we wouldn't get hit by lightning. I just wanted to get done. It was almost 9pm. We were both soaked, sweaty and wiped out.



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Freshly denuded tree. Now if we could just cut those long branches down.

The temperature had dropped over twenty degrees, but even in the 70's it was still too humid. We dragged ourselves inside to shower and take a break. I sent out emails to friends who had working chainsaws, to see if anyone could help. By then I was ready to fall over.

We have a joke about many TV shows that are documentary-ish in nature. Often, at the end of the show, the narrator says; "We'll never really know for sure..." regarding how the story ends.

And I say, we'll never really know for sure if I had ESP yesterday or if what happened was just coincidence. All I

do know is we found something out about Bob last night, in addition to the happy news he gained weight, **there was something more troubling on the horizon. The results of his blood test were very sobering, indeed.**

I think I'm getting that bad feeling again and I know, for sure, how this is going to end.

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Comments

Fri, 2011-06-10 16:43 — [I HAVE CAT \(not verified\)](#) ^[7]

OH MY! ^[8]

Thank goodness you missed anything serious happening Robin! Wappangers is near where my parents live (Hopewell Junction). So happy to hear the good news about Bob! I love that name for a ginger cat!

Fri, 2011-06-10 19:29 — [Catnymouse \(not verified\)](#) ^[9]

Blood test ^[10]

Don't leave us hanging!!

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