

24th June, 2006

... I WONDER WHAT JESUS WAS THINKING?

DEAR DIARY, I think I'm God fearing because there are certain things I won't do because I wonder what them up there in the heavens would think of me. I find that I make a lot of decisions based on my day of judgement. I really don't see why I should burn in hell for eternity if there's another option.

I mean, I do wonder what Jesus was thinking when my mum asked me if I liked her new wig when I actually thought she looked like Elvis. I didn't want to hurt her feelings by saying it made me think of a Las Vegas Wedding so I said it looked... erm, nice. I thought it was better to lie than to hurt her feelings. It was only my opinion; someone else may have thought she looked wonderful. Did she really want me to tell her what I *really* thought or did she think it looked good anyway and fully expected me to think so too. So will I get punished for lying or is it better to do anything I possibly can not to hurt my mother's feelings unnecessarily?

I wonder what Jesus would think if I betrayed my son's confidence by becoming an informer. He told me a secret about a family friend's daughter. She's pregnant. She's 14. Her parent's have no idea. I know her parents. My son swore me to secrecy. Do I keep my mouth shut and keep the secret because I don't want to betray my son's trust or do I tell the parents of the girl? I'm already 99.9% sure that I've found the answer to my question which is I have no intention of betraying my son's trust, but I still feel a prayer coming on.

What was Jesus thinking when I was given too much change in Tesco's. I knew I'd received too much, but instead of giving the money back to the cashier and pointing out his error, I pocketed the money and felt pretty good about it too. Tesco's makes loads of money and it wouldn't be missed and I didn't steal it, it was given to me. My receiving it had nothing to do with me! But would Jesus think I was a thief anyway, taking what didn't belong to me? Will I be punished?

What was Jesus thinking when Paul at work said he loved my new hair-do and then asked me if it was "mine" and I said yes. Well first of all, that's like asking a woman her age or if her breasts are real! Yes it was mine, OK it was sewn on, but it did belong to me. But I knew Paul meant is it a weave but I was so vex that he would ask me such a question. I

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know Paul knew my hair wouldn't grow 10 inches over a weekend but he shouldn't have asked. Actually, he had every right to ask because Paul and me talk about EVERYTHING so he thought he was close enough to me to ask because he practically knew everything else about me. Anyway, was it a lie? Yes and no. Will I be punished? Most probably yes.

What does Jesus think when I kill spiders. I don't like them; they give me the creeps but is that good enough reason to kill. I could just chuck them out, but in all honesty, I want it dead. I want it dead as punishment for frightening me and I want to make the dead one an example to other spiders who make the mistake of coming to my house (as if spiders consciously make a decision to enter a particular house). Anyway, I kill because they make me feel uncomfortable and nervous. They're ugly and serve no purpose. But is that good enough reason to be judge and jury over their short little lives. Supposing someone thought that I was ugly, I gave them the creeps, my life served them no purpose and I made them feel uncomfortable. Is that good enough reason to kill me? I don't think so, so when I kill one of God's creatures, someone in heaven must be up there shaking their heads thinking who does she think she is?

What was Jesus thinking when I had children out of wedlock? Did he think does this girl know nothing? Is there no bible in her house? Did her mother and father not send her to Sunday school? It says in the scriptures that fornication outside of the confines of marriage is a sin. I shouldn't really ask the question as I already know the answer.

What was Jesus thinking when I cussed some extremely bad words to the traffic warden outside the school. I was in the wrong after all and had parked where I wasn't supposed to park according to the convoluted message the parking notice was trying to tell me, but I was tired of wardens hovering around like vultures. I was fed up of paying fines when I had proper bills to pay and quite frankly I wanted a fight and he was an easy target. I knew no one would have sympathy with him no matter what the case may have been and I vented my week's worth of anger on him and said the most awful things in full view of children and their parents and felt happy to have a round of applause when it was over. But something inside me felt bad. I dislike traffic wardens with a passion but I know they're "just doing their horrible little jobs". There was no real justification for doing what I did and I know somewhere in Heaven, Jesus and his people must have been thinking we can't let her get away with that or maybe traffic wardens are already being punished by Jesus for something they've done in their lives, that's why they're traffic wardens.

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What was Jesus thinking when I claimed to have no recollection of meeting someone I actually did know. He was my sister's ex boyfriend and a prick of major proportions. He saw me and called out my name. I ignored him but this wasn't enough so he ran up to me and said it's Simon, don't you remember me... I ought to be awarded a BAFTA for my first class performance. I said to Simon no. He said I used to go out with Sheba. I narrowed my eyes and said no, sorry, I can't place you, obviously you know me but... sorry. He said come on August, stop messing about, it's Simon McDonald! I said sorry, no I don't remember you. I said I'm normally good with faces, but I just can't remember you. He then started looking at me with both hands on his hips with a confused look, like is she taking the mick but he wasn't too sure. He said remember when we all went to Margate with your brother in his new car and we had an argument in the car about whether or not Whitney Houston was gay. I said "no" yet again, as if I was terribly bored and walked off. For all I know he could still be standing there, frozen in confusion. I don't think Jesus will hurt me too badly with that one, McDonald was a son-of-a-bitch.

I do like the idea of being rewarded for the good we do, although it frightens me that I'm not doing enough good to outweigh the bad sometimes.

August Mayfield