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LIFE, MONEY AND MURDER

DEAR DIARY, it's been alleged that a millionaire, Christopher Foster killed his wife, his teenaged daughter and the family's horses and dogs at their £1.4 million mansion in Maesbrook, Shropshire recently. Why? Because he was facing financial ruin.

Money shows it's ugly side yet again; on this occasion, determining whether a family will live or die and we're not talking about poverty. It's not lack of food and dying of hunger or lack of heat and dying of hypothermia. Nor is it lack of money for healthcare and dying because you can't get your hands on the right medication. The Foster family died because of fear – the fear of facing debt, bankruptcy and the shame of it. Mr Foster MUST have been in the darkest recesses of his mind to be able to do what he did. Shooting, starting fires, moving horse boxes to block gates, killing dogs. I mean, that's pretty extensive stuff. It's also difficult to determine whether Mr Foster decided to do away with everyone on the spur of the moment or did he make plans in advance to take everyone's lives on Bank Holiday Monday? Nobody knows and no one ever will and no amount of speculation and investigation can determine the whole truth.

Money really has a lot to answer for. It really does. It warps people's judgement – making them believe it's far more important than life itself. I'm no preacher and I can't speak for everyone but what on earth are people thinking when they place money on such a high pedestal that it's far more important to kill your wife and your child than face life without a certain amount of money. Love is more important than money, surely. Health is more important than money don't you think? Money is just the butter on the bread. The sugar in the tea. The icing on the cake... and all those other worn out clichés.

It's been reported that Mr Foster's immediate family knew nothing of his massive debts but because having it all and then loosing it all can be such a shameful situation to be in then I think well why should he have confessed? But confession sometimes is essential because it sets you free. In our rational thoughts, we all know that keeping secrets is a road to hell. Lies, deceit and pretense can be such a poison in our everyday lives but we all do it.

Most people are either nousey enough or concerned enough to want to hear your bad news, then they're in a position to help or do something about it, or not as the case may be; but

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once you've purged, it's out and you can then move on instead of standing on a dining table with a noose around your neck ready to make a jump for it.

How many times do you hear of people, afraid to tell their parents about their sexual orientation and when they finally approach their family, mother invariable says I knew all along dear, I was just waiting for you to tell me. Bad news, or shocking news has never ended the world to date and I doubt it ever will!

Maybe if Mr Foster spoke about how worried he was about the state of his finances and the state of his mind, someone would have been able to help him, counsel him, point him in the right direction. Just anything to prevent him from taking lives. Someone may have made Mr Foster understand that the thing about life is that you can always start over again.

Even if Mr Foster was hell bent on taking his life, then someone could have tapped into his conscience and told him not to take the lives of his loved ones too.

What's done is done though. There is no conversation to be had. There can be no counseling or asking why. Death is too final for a remix.

I guess we all live on a knife edge and no one knows who or what's going to tip us over the edge. There are many of us two drama's away from a psychiatric unit or a bottle of Paracetamol or a gun, a fire and a horse box.

August Mayfield