

12th August 2009

CELEBRATE, CELEBRATE AND CELEBRATE AGAIN!

DEAR DIARY, August is my favourite month of the year; my celebratory month! August is my namesake for good reason – it's always a special month for me. My parents were married in August 1963. I also came along many Augusts later. My youngest son was born in August and my Godson Trae was also born in August so August is THE BOMB.

In terms of celebrating the month of August, it all started last Friday night. I managed to round up 9 females to help me to celebrate my birthday. We all met up at *The Satay Bar* so that we could explore the long menu of cocktails. I started off with a surprise Piña Colada. I say a surprise because it was bought for me by a couple who I've never met before. We started talking while I was waiting to be served. They introduced themselves as Kyla and Merck from Senegal and they started the ball rolling by offering me a birthday Piña Colada which was very special of them. It didn't even occur to me that they were trying to drug me with Rohypnol, but that didn't happen so in my books, they were very generous and not dodgy druggies at all. I then had a Long Island Ice Tea and that was followed by a wonderful glow in the dark blue drink my sister-in-law bought me, but I can't remember the name of it. But it tasted like blue heaven on ice.



We had a lovely spicy Asian meal and then off we went clubbing with full bellies and smelling slightly of kahlua and rum.

I had an absolutely fabulous night and really enjoyed the company of my close friends and family. Everyone who was there meant something special to me. My sister, my in-law, cousin, school friends, work colleagues and new friends. We all had a fabulous night and I fell into bed with a smeared lip-gloss smile on my face.

I spent Saturday in another form of celebration. I went to my annual family reunion and that was also a very lovely day simply because I come from a huge family and we don't get to see each other all at the same time very often so it's great to do a lot of catching up. The annual family reunion is the one day of the year that I get a hug from so many people that I lose count. It's made extra special because all the hugs come from people who are not only related but are a very important familial blue-print in my life. Saturday was a great day.



Sunday was D-Day. Or should I say B-Day. My actual birthday. Of course this day was special because I'm now a year older, a bit wiser and very happy with who I am. I still have a burning ambition to deal with which frightens me, I still have a lot of money to earn, I'm still a single mum with two teenaged boys to keep on top of and I still have to make sure that me, myself and I are at one!! But it was also a

The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

day of feeling special and spoilt. The day that I could rip open all the cards and pretty packages that I so love to do. So in true form, friends and family again bought me the most gorgeous presents. I'm obviously transparent and easy to read because I got everything I would have asked for if I were given a wish-list.



round!!

I also spent Sunday, my birthday being included in another celebration. My friends Gem & Lee christened their baby girl Harmony on Sunday. It was a very emotional and special day for many reasons and baby Harmony celebrated her first birthday on Monday. So champagne all

More celebrating you may ask? Well to answer your question, yes.

Monday saw the wedding anniversary of my parents. They didn't have a party or anything, just some large brandies. If I were to get married this afternoon, I still wouldn't be married for as long as my parents unless I live to be about 1,002!

So Tuesday came along and my son celebrated his 16th birthday. The baby of the family is now allowed to legally do all sorts and he stands taller than me when he was once a tiny little chubby cheeked boy who would raise his little hands up and say pick me up mummy.

It's been hard, hard, hard, hard work raising my son and his 17 year old brother. HARD! But I've had plenty of helping hands so I've been incredibly lucky. I've also been very blessed to have children who are actually nice boys. But I do have a problem with my 16 year old. He's like me! He's a stubborn, emotional, determined, argumentative, bratty, "I'm the King of this Jungle", show off! But on the flip-side, we understand each other and we also have the same good traits and being determined, emotional and feeling like you're the King isn't always a negative thing. I'm lucky to have him – he, along with his brother are blessings.

My August celebrations will hopefully end with a fabulous bang at the Notting Hill Carnival and in between, hopefully I'll have a few more good days just to make August 2009 very special.

August Mayfield

