

18th November 2009

## FIND ME A SAFE PLACE TO CRY

DEAR DIARY, about a year ago, I allowed a stupid idiot to slip through the net and hurt my feelings with a severe act of betrayal. It hurt even deeper because I went against my gut feeling of being wary when people appear disingenuous. The lesson I learned is to trust my gut feeling without a shadow of a doubt. But last year, I exposed myself to lies; I was taken advantage of and made a fool out of and I was so incredibly angry, bitter, frustrated and hurt that I needed a private place to cry. I had to be strategic with the time and place because I knew it was going to be a crying session which was going to last all night long.

I dislike crying in front of other people with a passion. There are several private things I'd much rather to do than cry in the presence of another human being. Crying in public is at the very top of my loathe list! I have no idea where this loathing came from but like all things one dislikes with a passion, I'm sure if addressed, the origins could be tracked down.

Anyway, in my quest to find a private place to cry, I decided early on that to cry at home was an absolute No-No because the children know when I've been crying. My face turns red and my nose swells up like a daffodil bulb. Even when I wipe all evidence of tears away and drop eye brightener & whitener in my eyes, the children *just know*. I hate to alarm them or make them worry so I do everything in my power not to let my boys see me cry. I know, I know, it's a human emotion, but remember my loathing!



I try not to cry in the car. The tears blur my vision and if I crashed my Flo-Jo, then I'd really give myself something to cry for.



I've also learned the hard way not to cry in bed during the night. There have been many times when I can't leave the house in the morning because my eyes are puffy, swollen and bloodshot red due to an all night bout of crying. Even if you wear black from head-to-toe in an attempt to look like a grieving widow, the red puffy eyes are too tragic for my liking. So if the tears attempt to fall when I'm in bed, I shout at myself to make them go away.

So this night in particular some time last year, with calculated precision, I made a decision. I knew that I was going to be on the night shift working alone so I decided to cry myself out until I was completely dry.

I got to work and exchanged some worky necessities with one of my colleagues who left the office to go home within 15 minutes of me arriving. About 20 minutes later, the crying

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started. I cried for about four hours straight. I thought about every little thing about the situation that hurt me. In addition, I dragged in thoughts of other things that I needed to rinse out of my system just for good measure.

I cried again and cried some more and then my office door opened. I couldn't believe it! Everyone should have gone home by now. There's me crying my heart out and a tall dark figure was standing in the doorway. It was Jason the Security Guard. Jason said to me, "Jesus August, what's the matter"? I blubbed "oh, it's fine Jason, I specifically chose this moment to cry". He looked at me with pity which was very kind of him considering he must have thought I'd gone round the bend. He put his big masculine arms around me and patted me like you would pat a pet. Normally I'd karate chop a relatively unfamiliar man if he put his great big man hands on me, but I sensed Jason was not 'that kind of man'. I put my head on his chest and blubbed a bit more and then he gave me his neatly folded, crisply pressed hanky. I wiped my eyes, blew my nose and said "thank you". He stepped back a bit and said "I'll give you some time, but I'll call up again later just to make sure you're OK". I nodded and he left.



As soon as the door closed, I thought about manoeuvring a filing cabinet up against the door but knew that I'd be asking for a hernia and I started to cry all over again.



In the end I cried for approximately 8 hours and at the end of my bawling session, I reached the conclusion that sometimes, you have to mourn the death of a friendship like you would mourn the death of a person. My mourning was over.

That was a year ago and tonight was the first time in a year that I saw Jason the Security Guard again. Just seeing him brought it all back, but it also made me feel happy because I'm now so far removed from that dreadful feeling I experienced a year ago. Blubbing and crying and bawling and carrying on!

I saw Jason walking across the landing on the other side of the building and he stopped, placed both his hands on his chest over his heart and then kissed his finger tips and gestured blowing a kiss to me which I thought was incredibly sweet.

I suddenly thought I hope he doesn't come to collect his hanky because I'm sure it's in my desk drawer, as stiff as a board, covered in year old eye-water and bogey.

Thank God time really is a healer. I'm always giving out advice and saying stuff like don't worry, time's a great healer and this time next year, you won't feel the same or the pain will go away – often not really believing it 100% but on this



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occasion, I can honestly say *'no lo siento'* and time is a great healer and the pain I felt last year has really gone away.

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