

I Am Genuinely Lucky

(What it is like aging and in need of help)



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You've surely grasped by now my family, and I have been skirting disaster, perpetually stuck behind the eight ball.

My stress levels? Sky-high.

Denial? My unwelcome shadow.

I've pushed myself to the brink, desperately trying to claw out of a pit I never dug, facing the sobering truth I'm becoming invisible (obsolete) in the cutthroat corporate race.

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"Friends" have sometimes offered words to soothe the sting of reality, yet their 'comfort' often rings hollow, compounding the hurt. Offhanded remarks slip out, slicing through the air – these words, once unleashed, can't be reeled back in.

They force me to weigh their intentions: ignorance or malice?

I don't bare my soul for sympathy or idle chitchat; it's simply the unvarnished truth, burdened with fear and fragility that grips our every waking moment.

And yet, I count myself fortunate. Strange, right?

Indeed, there are souls in my life, people who pledge their help with an **"All you have to do is ask."** But when I muster the courage to reach out, their **"Not a good time"** echoes hollowly. Or **"Just ask"** followed with, **"Did I tell you I'm declaring bankruptcy soon?"** hijack my pain.

Heed this, for it is cruel beyond measure: to force a tormented spirit to beg is an act of viciousness.

If your intentions are truly benevolent, action should follow silently – compassion in its rawest form, not tainted by the sadistic pleasure derived from amplifying the anguish of the already downtrodden.

In short: act with kindness. Do not cloak cruelty in the guise of aid, nor bathe the wounds of the weary in the sting of disdain.

I must stress these individuals started the conversations.

Fortunate, I said?

There are those who offer empty hopes, and then there are angels.

Take this friend of mine in Australia, Wes. Though separated by miles and years, without a moment's hesitation, he stepped up, preventing my family from descending into homelessness. No strings attached. No demands for justification. His help is pure love, empathy, and the silent understanding that by admitting my struggle, my plight is grave.

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Acknowledging the truth within myself, this is the crux – for those of us scarred by relentless hardships, we are embroiled in a silent war with our own worth, battling the insidious belief we are undeserving of love and support. We recoil at the thought of being a burden, haunted by echoes of a past that ingrained in us the cruel lesson of our supposed insignificance.

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Pause and let that sink in.

A life battered by trials is a fortress of doubt, its walls steeped with the perpetual dread of abandonment, every shadow a menace of solitude.

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Like automatons, we have been meticulously molded by the pervasive grasp of our *Socials*, ensnared in the ceaseless compulsion to fabricate an idyllic tableau of our lives. Every post, a stroke in the masterpiece of illusion portraying nothing less than a utopian existence – even if the canvas of reality tells a starkly different tale.

The thought of losing everything, the fear of homelessness, it's a monster that breathes whispers of giving up into my ear. But it's the people who truly listen – those remarkable few who believe in action over empty platitudes – they give me strength. They transform the desperate energy into hope, not for the vacuous sound of it, but the tangible presence in my life.

Thanks to them, the possibility of a life erased is kept at bay. Instead, we build resilience, confronting challenges with the defiance of mirth rather than succumbing to surrender. There will always be a tomorrow.

And then there's my saviour – an angel not just in name. Last year he survived a dreadful accident, emerging minus a leg but with an unbroken spirit. Even in his own storm, he recognized the weight of the depth of my pain. This, this is the power of love – not just well-wishes or prayers.

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Listen closely, my friends, for when a soul bares its torment to you, it's a silent plea for understanding. If you find yourself powerless to act, acknowledge that. Sometimes, silence is a mercy compared to the cruelty of a dismissive will. When a person bares their soul, it should be an act of simplicity. But pressing a suffering soul to voice their pain—forcing words from their weary heart—is not just a sorry act; it is a visceral assault, a savage obliteration of their essence, a merciless dance with a void that crushes their spirit into the unforgiving chasm of nothingness.

Vanish from the scene if you must but do so with the grace of clarity. Leave them not stranded in a downpour of pity but standing firm in the knowledge of where they are, free from the humiliation of having to plead or justify their agony. Incidentally, they aren't pleading for a thing from you; their existence doesn't orbit around your essence. Instead, they are audaciously stripping away the veneers from their raw, unapologetic honesty.

Understand this: the mere act of revealing a wound should suffice. The crying heart does not seek an echo; it seeks solace, aid — a hand to hold.

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Compassion doesn't require perfect words, but an earnest readiness to embrace their struggle. To ask a wounded soul to iterate their despair is to turn away from the very essence of compassion; it is to do the bare minimum, and in doing so, you amplify their isolation.

If you find yourself at a loss in the shadow of another's grief, let your silence be your answer – it is an acceptable refuge.

And then, with that peace afforded, you may return to the curated illusions of flawless lives we too often parade online.

It's raw human connection we seek, not distant hopes or prayers. I'm no emblem of resilience, no battlefield hero. I'm painfully human, ensnared in a nightmarish reality, and I'm uncertain if there's escape.

And in the latest twist of fate, haunted by the specter of COVID-19 which plundered my career, fueled by corporate avarice, I find myself considering an alliance with the very architect of my despair.

With hollow promises of redemption for my 'brilliant mind' and 'artful writing,' am I being drawn back into the lair of the beast?

They say insanity is repeating the same mistakes and expecting different results. Where, then, do I stand on the brink of this maddening precipice?

As for my angel, thank you Wes, your love is profound, I'm grateful to have you in my life. A kindred soul.

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I was put on this earth to face challenges, get through them, and never lose sight of compassion, kindness, and understanding. Let's make the world a better place!

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