

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → BLENDS INTO → GLUE

There is nothing in life that could prepare you for the absurdity of saying *hello* to your mother for the *first time*, alongside her deathbed.

But here I am.

Imagine being a twenty-five-year-old man with your whole life ahead of you, and the day after your birthday, you watch your father lose his battle to The BIG C... Imagine, less than two-years later, The BIG C takes your mother away from you as well. You know you'll be okay because you are the youngest of seven, and the family will surely come together and coddle you. *But they don't.* Instead, you become an outsider, no longer part of the family.

Sixteen years pass. Two months of unyielding trauma began busting down your door in March 2003.

You lose your relationship + witness the deaths of five people, including your closest relative, aunt Priscilla.

You are too weak to kick out "*the love of your life*," who is now bringing home booty calls.

You're a fucking mess.

You decide to escape to Europe.

You need a new birth certificate to renew your passport. During the process, you accidentally discover the parents you watched die, and your six siblings aren't who they pretended to be – and you were a secret baby, born in a secret place, the shame of family, community, and religion. The news shatters your existence, causing you to dive deeply into your past to cobble together the truth, to find your identity + find happiness in the face of confusion.

During the aftermath, the quagmire you're being swallowed by is where **GLUE** picks up from where **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE**, left off.

That's my life. I discovered the identity of my real mother – a devastating revelation. I found the name of my real father – a mystery – who accepted me with open arms only to be stripped away from my reality because my mother had lied on my birth record.

I wrote **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE** during the healing process. I wrote it because the story is **LARGER** than just me.

In **GLUE**, I meet my father. I struggle to assign meaning to life. I fight to make healthy

choices. I fight to find happiness. I desperately try to glue the missing pieces of my life together. And then, **BAM**, I witness a man being smashed in the face, slamming his head on the tiling of a pub in a sickening thud, his life a fractured mess after the disgusting act. The first **HATE CRIME DESIGNATION** in Canadian legal history. I was a key witness. Then **BAM**, I'm informed my "real mother" is dying and if I'm ever going to find calm or the elusive closure, I needed to go say "hello" to her for the first time – and then "goodbye."

And then, **BAM**, I suffer a catastrophic brain injury (stroke), leaving my mind scattered and urgently trying to reset.

If you don't die or have life reduced to a drooling likeness of who you once were – you still must pay the bills.

AND

I can't rest.

I can't miss work.

2 I'm launching my book + performing my first twenty-five-minute stand-up comedy set. I'm in the middle of living life, nurturing love, trying to stay fit, of just like everybody else, trying to make sense of life, without burdening others and *remaining present*, without becoming another boring, bleeping sad story.

That is what **GLUE** is all about. It is about perseverance, regardless of what life throws at you, it's about opening your mind and heart, and no matter what life challenges you with, you must never lose sight that we are never alone – our stories bind us – and they all matter. And, if you can find the strength to press on, bring people together, + make them laugh at the ridiculousness of life, you just might be living magnificently!

I walked into my mother's hospital room. I said "hello" –

If only God had had a Twitter feed –

All I have is my voice; I am confident it is strong, + like no other!

In the words of my new doctor.

"Has anyone ever told you: you have an amazing voice? You're incredibly well-spoken. You should do podcasts!"