

**i THINK**  
**I THINK**

if **i** lose my mind. will **i** lose me?



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

# ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.  
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.  
His Father is his Grandfather.*

*His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.*

*His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.*

*That turned them into Brunkles.*

*His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.*

*That turned them into Sisaunts.*

*The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.*

*How could any of them be, okay?*

*Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?*

HUMANITY + RACISM  
HUMANITY + RACISM

C'MON *WE ARE* BETTER THAN THIS  
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ARE **WE** THIS FLAWED?  
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# ARE WE THIS FLAWED?

14 MARCH 2020

CONTAINS PROFANITY

If only we look, we'd finally conclude: A white man can never truly understand what a black man goes through, nor; can a black man possibly understand how devastating the decades infused with the disease of intolerance can be. If we do open our ears, then, and only then, together, we can bridge the gaps dividing us, in turn, allowing us to turn down the volume of noise.

THURSDAY MORNING, 12 MARCH 2019



I'm upset, tired, sad, troubled.

I pull up to Broadway + Main Street; it's 10 AM. I stop at the light. I glance right and become appalled at what I see. I think about reaching for my phone to snap a photo. I don't. I don't want to risk the ticket.

*I rectangle the block.*

I come to the corner again. I pull over, close to the sidewalk. I lower the passenger window to snap a shot. Again, I decide not to risk the fine



My eye(s) site isn't fooling me. I rectangle the block once more, eventually pulling over close to the sidewalk. I jump out of my vehicle. A white Ford Escape I dubbed: Honky. I thought: Cracker would've been offensive. The racial slurs associated with the naming of my car have zero effect on me. I've never been oppressed, + I'm not a Caucasian who's ever screamed *"Reverse racism."*

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Having said that, I'm not ignorant enough to claim, *"I don't see colour."*

I snap the photo.



*What the bleep?*

It's 2019 for (profanity ending with "CK") sake.

*I feel sad, defeated; what's the point?*

*How can humanity still be here?*

Sure, I know, it's not the majority, but, c'mon, this is a sign on the corner of a busy intersection, in a significant international and culturally diverse, liberal city, in 2019.

*Am I naïve?*

*Have I chosen to look at life through a rose-coloured lens?*

The answers are "NO" and "NO."

I must channel my outrage. I debate writing. I worry sharing may be precisely what the conveyers of hate want us to do. Pushing this ridiculous, lazy, trope forward – well – it's frankly disgusting. However, talking about it is necessary.

*Neil deGrasse Tyson.*

He's not part of this article; okay, he is now. He's a watermark.

I'm going to express my feelings in the next, less than 259 words.

Upon further inspection of the poster, I discovered it is supposedly posted by those opposed to this White Supremacist (I won't type his name) speaking at UBC.

*Why bother fighting him?*

*And, for bleep's sake, why would you throw these posters up around the city "advertising" he's coming?*

**SERIOUSLY.**

His message stands for hatred, intolerance, ignorance – preached to a group of fucking disgusting lowlifes. I know that sounds harsh. But, how else would you describe them?

So, this fucker thinks if he can only rally his like-minded-low-life-non-thinkers together to express how hard they've been done by - by people supposedly less intelligent, then and only then can they move forward to utopia. How fucking absurd.

Just imagine, the speaker spews his hate-filled vitriolic message, and a light goes on for one of his followers, *"That's, um right. I'm not the dumbest one. That one, over there – is? I'll be able to sleep better now. Life is going to be grand. Ouch, my head hurts. I'm thinking. I don't like thinking."*

**TAKE A MOMENT TO BREATHE**

I have no desire to go to this event.

*Should it be cancelled?*

Hmm, free speech is essential, but — I think, yes, it should be cancelled — but I also think it's best to know who attends. So, I suggest setting the audience up like a wedding.

**TO THE LEFT:** the racist pieces of garbage who need validation of their stupidity can sit.

**TO THE RIGHT:** people who need to purge people from their lives.

I hate this event; I despise the speaker and any like-minded thinker.

I think they are ignorant, imbecilic, stupid, and not Neil deGrasse Tyson. They are trapped in their marginality laced with generational conditioning filling their heads with fear instead; of embracing the absolute brilliance of the world.

I don't feel sorry for them. They are not part of the future. I just hope they refrain from destroying those they bring into this world. They are sick.

They are dinosaurs.

They are not part of the future.

I feel sad for the world, WE NEED TO STOP DIVIDING EACH OTHER.

We need to stop reporting how many Canadians die in a plane crash. It's not the Olympics; we don't need statistics.

We need to stop listening to blowhard politicians pushing agendas who talk about "*Black unemployment*," "*Hispanic unemployment*," "*Women unemployment*" — anything other than "*Human unemployment*."

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I hate I'm a product of the noise dividing us. I've seen the movies. Watched the news. Listened to the politicians. And like the rest of us, I'm not immune. I might even overcompensate to the point where when I show my disgust, my voice is loudest to those who've dealt with systemic racism their entire lives. I worry my disgust might be construed as racist. My caring may be self-serving.

Nah, I matured enough to realize most people are trying to get through their days with love, health, and happiness.

I grew up in insular, primarily Caucasian, Saskatoon, many moons ago, and no matter how pickled me, or my friends would get, we'd often call our indigenous people "drunken—" I'll stop, I've evolved.

I hate that I'm profoundly sad.

*Why?*

Because, as much as I knew humanity is flawed and racism + hatred rage on, I'm sad because it is 2019, and this is still a thing.

Be kind to each other; wouldn't kindness be a fantastic starting point?

I took the first paragraph of this OPED from my thoughts on the movie *Green Book*, and I think they ring loudly here.

## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where |society deemed| unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

*Lindsay's life began with a lie.*

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

*The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.*

*Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.*

*Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.*

## SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, *"I must thank you. I've listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I've learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend."*
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

*LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.*

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can't talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.

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